

John Coprario

FVNERAL  
*TEARES*

1606

*III. In darknesse let me dwell.*

In darknesse let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,  
The rooffe despaire to barre all chearefull light from me,  
The walles of marble black that moistned stil shall weepe,  
My musicke hellish iarring sounds to banish friendly sleepe.  
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tombe,  
O let me dying liue till death doth come.

My dainties grieffe shall be, and teares my poisoned wine,  
My sighes the aire, through which my panting hart shall pine:  
My robes my mind shall sute exceeding blackest night,  
My study shall be tragicke thoughtes sad fancy to delight.  
Pale Ghosts and frightful shades shall my acquaintance be:  
O thus my haples ioy I haste to thee.