

John Coprario

FVNERAL  
*TEARES*

1606

*VII. Foe of mankind why murderest thou my loue ?*

Canto. Foe of mankind why murderest thou my loue ?  
Alto. Forbeare he liues.  
C. Oh where?  
A. In heau'n aboue.  
C. Poore wretched life that onelie liues in name.  
A. Man is not flesh, but soule, all life is fame:  
C. That is true fame which liuing men enioy.  
A. That is true life, which death cannot destroy.  
Chorus. Liue euer through thy merited renowne,  
Faire spirite shining in thy starry crowne.