

14 Oft Thou Hast

John Coprario
(Funeral Teares — 1606)

1. Oft thou hast with greed - y ear,
 Drunk my notes and words of pleas - ure, In af - fec - tion's
 c - qual meas - ure, Now my songs of sor - row hear.
 Since from thee my griefs do grow, Whom a - live I priz'd so dear:
 The more my joy, the more my joy, the more, the more my woe.

2. Music, though it sweetens pain,
 Yet no whit impairs lamenting:
 But in passions like consenting,
 Makes them constant that complain:

And enchants their fancies so,
 That all comforts they disdain,
 And fly from joy, and fly from joy to dwell,
 To dwell with woe.