

John Coprario
Songs of Mourning

1613

To the World.

I.

O poore distracted world, partly a flaue
 To Pagans sinnefull rage, partly obscur' d
With ignorance of all the meanes that saue,
 And eu' n those parts of thee that liue assur' d
Of heau' nly grace : Oh how they are deuied
With doubts late by a Kingly penne decided ?
 O happy world, if what the Sire begunne
 Had beene clos' d vp by his religious Sonne.

II.

Mourne all you soules opprest vnder yoake
 Of Christian-hating Thrace; neuer appear' d
More likelyhood to haue that blacke league broke,
 For such a heauenly prince might well be fear' d
Of earthly fiends : Oh how is Zeale inflamed
With power, when truth wanting defence is shamed
 O princely soule rest thou in peace, while wee
 In thine expect the hopes were ripe in thee.