

John Coprario  
Songs of Mourning

1613

To the most disconsolate  
*Great Brittain.*

I.

When pale famine fed on thee,  
    With her vnsatiate iawes,  
When ciuill broyles set murder free  
    Contemning all the lawes,  
When heau' n enrag' d consum' d thee so  
With plagues that none thy face could know,  
    Yet in thy lookes affliction then shew' d lesse  
    Thou now for ones fall all thy parts expresse.

II.

Now the highest States lament  
    A sonne, and Brother losse;  
Thy nobles mourne in discontent,  
    And rue this fatall crosse;  
Thy Commons are with passion sad  
To thinke how braue a Prince they had :  
    If all thy rockes from white to blacke should turne  
    You couldst thou not in shew more amply mourne.