

John Coprario

Songs of Mourning

1613

TO THE MOST SACRED

King James

I.

O Griefe, how diuers are thy shapes wherein men languish ?
The face sometime with teares thou fil' st,
Sometime the hart thou kill' st
With vnseene anguish.
Sometime thou smil' st to view how Fate
Playes with our humane state:
So farre from surety here
Are all our earthly ioyes,
That what our strong hope buildes, when least wee feare,
A stronger power destroyes.

II.

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from K I N G S their ioyes, and treasure ?
Their image if men should deface
'Twere death, which thou dost race
Euen at thy pleasure.
Wisedome of holy Kings yet knowes
Both what it hath, and owes.
Heau' ns hostage which you bredd
And nurst with such choyce care
Is rausht now great K I N G, and from vs ledd
When wee were least aware.