

John Coprario

Songs of Mourning

1613

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MIGHTY

Fredericke the fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhein.

I.

How like a golden dreame you met and parted
That pleasing straight doth vanish :
O who can euer banish
The thought of one so princely and free harted ?
But he was pul' d vp in his prime by fate,
And loue for him must mourne though allto late.
Teares to the dead are due, let none forbid
Sad harts to sigh, true griefe cannot be hid.

II.

Yet the most bitter storm to height encreased
By heau' n againe is ceased :
O time that all things mouest
In griefe and ioy thou equall measure louest :
Such the condition is of humane life,
Care must with pleasure mixe and peace with strife :
Thoughts with the dayes must change, as tapers waste
So must our griefes, day breakes when night is past.