

John Coprario
Songs of Mourning

1613

TO THE MOST SACRED
Queene Anne.

I.

Tis now dead night, and not a light on earth,
Or starre in heauen doth shine:
Let now a mother mourne the noblest birth
That euer was both mortall, and diuine.
O sweetnesse peerlesse ! more then humane grace !
O flowry beauty ! O vntimely death !
Now Musicke fill this place
With thy most dolefull breath:
O singing wayle a fate more truely funerall,
Then when with all his sonnes the fire of Troy did fall.

II.

Sleepe Ioy, dye Mirth, and not a smile be seene,
Or shew of harts content,
For neuer sorrow neerer touch' t a Q U E E N E,
Nor were there euer teares more duely spent:
O deare remembrance, full of ruefull woe !
O ceacelesse passion ! O vnhumane hower !
No pleasure now can grow,
For wither' d is her flower.
O anguish doe thy worst and fury Tragicall,
Since fate in taking one hath thus disorder' d all.