

John Coprario

FVNERAL
TEARES

1606

II. O sweete flower

O sweete flower too quickly fading,
Like a Winter sunshine day :
Poore pilgrim tir'd in the midway,
Like the Earth it selfe halfe shading.
So thy picture shewes to mee,
But onely the one halfe of thee.

2 O deare Ioy too swiftly flying
From thy lovues enchanted eyes :
Proud glorie spread through the vast skies,
Earth of more then earth enuying:
O how wondrous hadst thou been,
Had but the world thy whole life seene.