

# 1. O Griefe

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

O Grief, O Grief, how  
O Fate, O Fate, why

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di-verse are thy shapes where- in men lan- guish? The  
shouldst thou take from kings their joys and trea- sure? Their

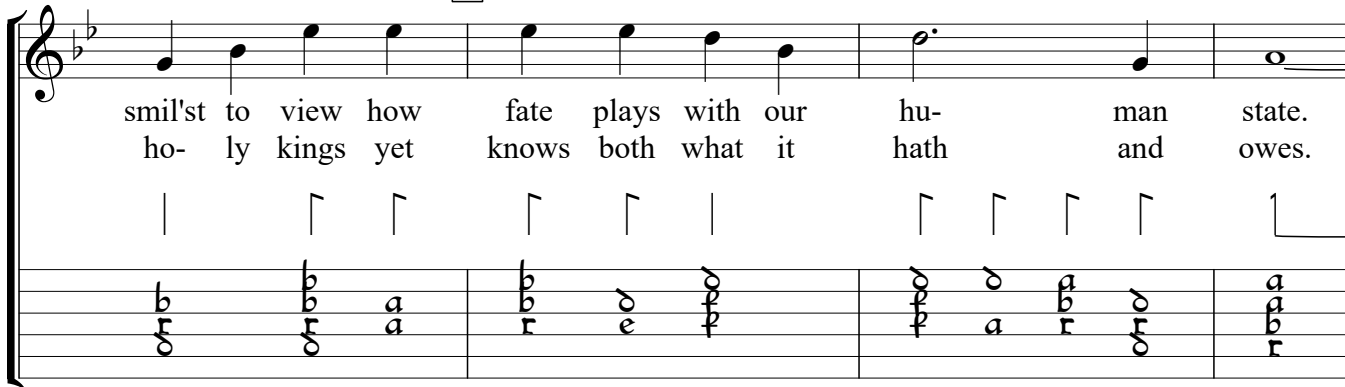
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face some- time with tears thou fill' st, Some- time the  
im- age if men should de- face, 'twere death, which

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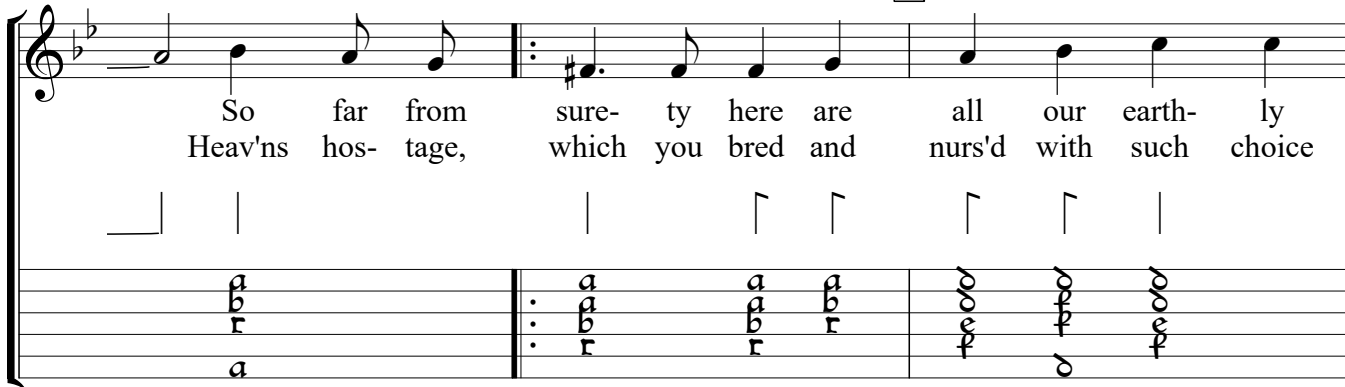
heart thou kill' st with un- seen an- guish. Some- time thou  
thou dost race e'en at thy plea- sure. Wis- dom of

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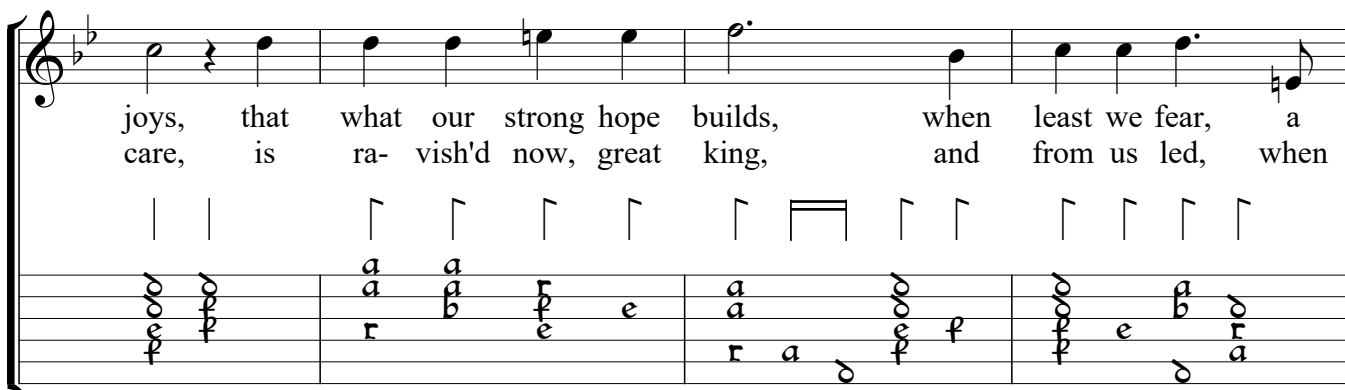


smil'st to view how fate plays with our hu- man state.  
 ho- ly kings yet knows both what it hath and owes.

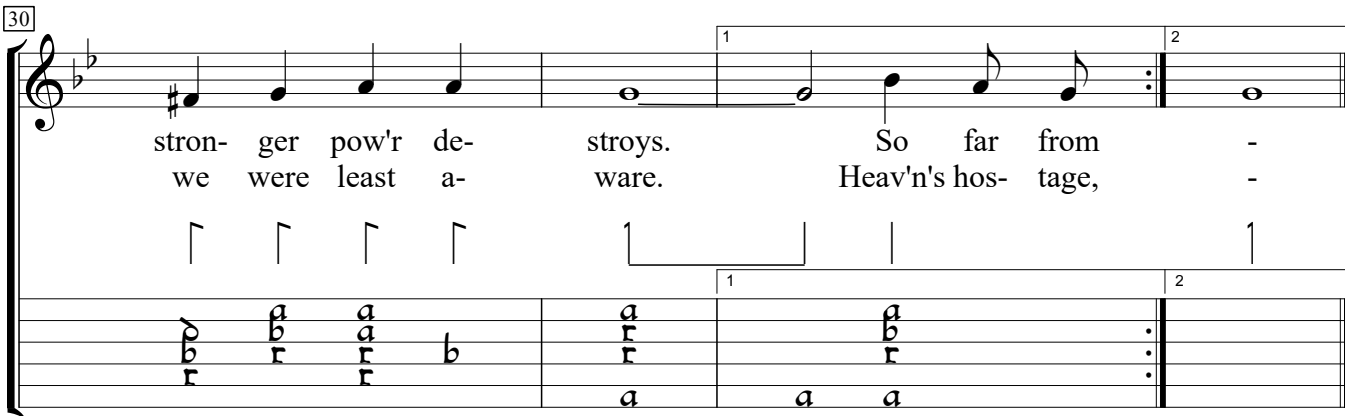
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So far from sure- ty here are all our earth- ly  
 Heav'ns hos- tage, which you bred and nurs'd with such choice



joys, that what our strong hope builds, when least we fear, a  
 care, is ra- vish'd now, great king, and from us led, when



stron- ger pow'r de- stroys. So far from -  
 we were least a- ware. Heav'n's hos- tage, -