

# 7. O poore distracted world

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

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O Mourn, poor dis- all you trac- ted souls op- world, press'd part- ly a slave to un- der - yoke of

pa- gans' sin- ful rage, part- ly ob- scur'd with ig- no- rance of all the Christ- ian- hat- ing Thrace; ne- ver ap- pear'd more like- li- hood to have that

10

means that save, and ev' n those parts of thee that live as- sur'd black league broke, for such a heav'n- ly prince might well be fear'd

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of heav'n-ly grace: O how they are di- vi- ded with doubts late  
of earth-ly fiends: O how is zeal in- flam- ed with pow'r, when

20

by a king-ly pen de- ci- ded? O hap- py world, if  
truth, want- ing de- fense, is sham- ed? O prince- ly soul, rest

25

what the sire be- gun had been clos'd up by his re- li- gious son.  
thou in peace, while we in thine ex- pect the hopes were ripe in thee.