

7. O poore distracted world

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

O
Mourn,

poor dis-
all you

trac- ted
souls op-

world,
press'd

part- ly a slave to pa-
un- der - yoke of gans' sin- ful
Christ- ian- hat- ing rage, part- ly ob-
- yoke of gans' sin- ful
Thrace; ne- ver ap-

scur'd with igno-
pear'd more like- nance of all the means that save,
li- hood to have that black league broke,

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

[15]

of heav'n- ly grace: O how they are di- vi- ded
of earth- ly fiends: O how is zeal in- flam- ed

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δ a a δ a δ a δ a

e r r b r r a r a a

[20]

with doubts late by a king- ly pen de- ci-
with pow'r, when truth, want- ing de- fense, is sham-

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δ δ a δ a δ a δ a

a f b r a e r a e r a

[25]

ded? O hap- py world, if what the sire be-
ed? O prince- ly soul, rest thou in peace, while

1 | . [] | . Γ Γ Γ Γ

δ r a δ r a δ e a δ e δ

a : δ r a δ r a δ e e δ

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gun had been clos' d up by his re- li- gious son.
we in thine ex- pect the hopes were ripe in thee.

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δ a a δ a δ a δ a δ

b r b a r r a r a :