

# 7. O poore distracted world

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

O Mourn, poor dis- trac- ted world,  
all you souls op- press'd

5

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

10

scur'd with ig- no- rance of all the means that save,  
pear'd more like- li- hood to have that black league broke,

and ev'n those parts of thee that live as- sur'd  
for such a 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

20

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

25

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

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