

# 1. O Griefe

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

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O Grief, O Grief, how di-verse are thy shapes where-  
O Fate, O Fate, why shouldst thou take from kings their

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in men lan-guish? The face some-time with tears thou fill' st, Some-  
joys and trea-sure? Their im-age if men should de-face, 'twere

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time the heart thou kill' st with un-seen an-guish. Some-time thou  
death, which 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. So far from  
ho- ly kings yet knows both what it hath and owes. Heav'ns hos- tage,

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sure- ty here are all our earth- ly joys, that what our strong hope  
which you bred and nurs'd with such choice care, is ra- vish'd now, great

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builds, when least we fear, a stron- ger pow'r de- stroys. So far from -  
king, and from us led, when we were least a- ware. Heav'n's hos- tage, -