

# 7. O poore distracted world

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

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

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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

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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.