

1. O Griefe

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

O Grief, O Grief, how
O Fate, O Fate, why

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di-verse are thy shapes where- in men lan- guish? The
shouldst thou take from kings their joys and trea- sure? Their

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face some- time with tears thou fill' st, Some- time the
im- age if men should de- face, 'twere death, which

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heart thou kill' st with un- seen an- guish. Some- time thou
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.
 ho- ly kings yet knows both what it hath and owes.

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So far from sure- ty here are all our earth- ly
 Heav'n's hos- tage, which you bred and nurs'd with such choice

joys, that what our strong hope builds, when least we fear, a
 care, is ra- vish'd now, great king, and from us led, when

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stron- ger pow'r de- stroys. So far from -
 we were least a- ware. Heav'n's hos- tage, -