

There is none, O none but you Thomas Campion

There is none, O none but you, That from me es-
 Oth- ers' beau- ties o- thers move, In you I all
 Wo- men in frail beau- ty trust, On- ly seem you
 Sweet, af- ford me then your sight, That sur- vey- ing
 Which when af- ter- a- ges view, All shall won- der,

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trange your sight, Whom mine eyes af-
 gra- ces find: Such is the ef-
 fair to me, Yet prove tru- ly
 all your looks, End- less vol- umes
 and des- pair, Wo- man to find

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fect to view, Or chain- ed ears hear with de- light.
 fect of love, To make them hap- py that are kind.
 kind and just, For that may not dis- sem- bled be.
 I may write, And fill the world with en- vied books.
 man so true, Or man a wo- man half so fair.

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