


There is none, O none but you Thomas Campion


Cantus



Tenor




Bassus

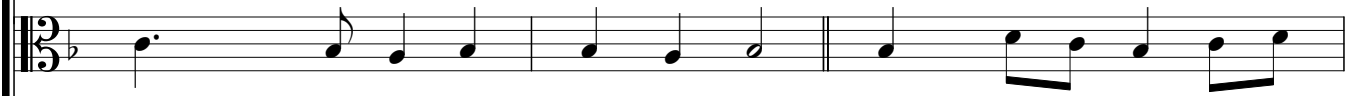




There is none, O none but you,
 Oth- ers' beau- ties o- thers move,
 Wo- men in frail beau- ty trust,
 Sweet, af- ford me then your sight,
 Which when af- ter- a- ges view,

5



In you I all gra- ces find: Whom mine eyes af-
 On- ly seem you fair to me, Yet prove tru- ly ef-
 That sur- vey- ing all your looks, End- less vol- umes
 All shall won- der, and des- pair, Wo- man to find

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.

