

There is none, O none but you Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

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

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Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

Whom mine eyes af- fect to view, Or chain- ed ears hear with de- light.
 Such is the ef- fect of love, To make them hap- py that are kind.
 Yet prove tru- ly kind and just, For that may not dis- sem- bled be.
 End- less vol- umes I may write, And fill the world with en- vied books.
 Wo- man to find man so true, Or man a wo- man half so fair.