

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,

5

trange your sight, Whom mine eyes af- fect to view, Or
 gra- ces find: Such is the ef- fect of love, To
 fair to me, Yet prove tru- ly kind and just, For
 all your looks, End- less vol- umes I may write, And
 and des- pair, Wo- man to find man so true, Or

chain- ed ears hear with de- light.
 make them hap- py that are kind.
 that may not dis- sem- bled be.
 fill the world with en- vied books.
 man a wo- man half so fair.