

O what unhop'd for sweet supply Thomas Campion

O, what un-hop'd for sweet supply, O, what joys exceed-ing!
 She that a-lone with bright re-lief, Long to me ap-pear-ed;

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What an af-fect-ing charm feel I From de-light pro-ceed-ing?
 She now a-lone with bright re-lief, All those clouds hath clear-ed.

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That which I long des-pair'd to be. To her I am, to
 Both are im-mor-tal, and di-vine, Since I am hers, since

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her I am, and she, and she to me.
 I am hers, and she, and she is mine.

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