

# O what unhop'd for sweet supply Thomas Campion

Cantus

O, what un-hop'd for sweet supply, O, what joys exceeding!  
 She that alone with bright relief, Long to me appeared;

Altus

Bassus

Lute

5

What an affecting charm feel I From delight proceeding? That which I long desired  
 She now alone with bright relief, All those clouds hath cleared. Both are immortal,

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pair'd to be. To her I am, to her I am, and she, and she to me.  
 and divine, Since I am hers, since I am hers, and she, and she is mine.