

O what unhop'd for sweet supply Thomas Campion

O, what un-hop'd for sweet sup- ply,  
She that a-lone with bright re- lief,

O, what joys ex- ceed- ing! What an af- fect- ing  
Long to me ap- pear- ed; She now a- lone with

charm feel I From de- light pro- ceed- ing?  
bright re- lief, All those clouds hath clear- ed.

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

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