

# O Never to be moved

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm D Gm D D Eb Cm Bb Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G Dm Dm Bb

O Ne-ver to be mov-ed, O beau - ty un - re-lent - ing: Why did I  
Hard hart too deare-ly lov-ed, Fond love too late re-pen - ting!

7 F Gm D Cm D Bb Cm<sup>7</sup> F Bb Bb Eb Bb C C Am Dm

dreame\_ of too\_\_\_\_much blisse? De - ceit - full hope was cause\_\_\_\_ of this. O heare,

13 Bb Eb Cm F G C D D Gm D D G Cm G C

o heare, o heare mee speake, O heare mee speake this and no more, this

19 F Bb F Eb C Am D Bb Eb Cm D Bb F Eb Bb D Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

and no more, this and no more, Live you in ioy, while I my woes, my woes\_\_\_\_ de - plore.

2. All comforts despayred  
Distaste your bitter scorning,  
Great sorrowes unrepayred  
Admit no meane in mourning:  
Dye wretch, since hope from thee is fled;  
He that must dye is better dead.  
O deare delight, yet ere I dye  
Some pittie shew, though you reliefe deny.