No Man Is An Island

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Music: Chris Hutchings
Lyrics: John Donne (1572-1631)

Andante (♩ = c. 72), always flexible

No man is an is-land, en-ter of it-self;

Ev’ry one is a piece of the con-tinent, a par-t of the main;

If a clod be washed a-way by the sea, Eu-rope is the less,

As much as if a pro-mon-to-ry were, as much as if a

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pro-mon-to-ry were, as much as if a ma-nor of thy friend's or a
were, as much as if a ma-nor of thy friend's or if a
ma-nor of thine
cause I am in-volved in man-kind.
And there fore ne-ver send to know
for whom the bell tolls, ne-ver send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee, it tolls for thee.