

I must complain

Thomas Campion

I must complain, yet do enjoy my love. She is too
Should I, ag-griev'd, then wish she were less fair? That were re-

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fair, too rich in love-ly parts. Thence is my grief; for Na-ture, while she strove
pug-nant to mine own de-sires. She is ad-mir'd, new lov-ers still re-pair

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With all her grac-es and di-vin-est arts To form her too too beau-ti-
That kin-dles dai-ly love's for-get-ful fires. Rest, jeal-ous thoughts, and thus re-

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ful of hue, She had no lei-sure left to make her true.
solve at last: She hath more beau-ty than be-comes the chaste.