

I must complain

Words by Thomas Campion

John Dowland

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I must com-plain, yet do en-joy, en-joy my-love;
Should I, ag-griev'd, then wish, then wish she were less-fair?

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She is too fair, too-rich in beau-ty's parts. Thence
That were re-pug-nant-to my own de-sires. She

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- is - my grief: for Na-ture, while she strove With
- is - ad-mir'd; new suit-ors still re-pair That

all her gra-ces and di-vin-est arts To form her
kin-dles dai-ly love's for-get-ful fires. Rest, jea-lous

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too, too beau-ti-ful of hue, She had no lei-sure,
thoughts, and thus - re-solve at last: She hath more beau-ty,

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she had no lei-sure, no lei-sure left - to make her true.
she hath more beau-ty, more beau-ty than - be-comes the chaste.