XVII. I must complaine,
CANTUS.

John Dowland

I must com- plaine, yet do en- joy, en- joy my love, She is too
Should I a- griev'd wish she were lesse she were lesse faire, That were re-
faire, too rich in beau- ties parts Thence is my griefe
pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad- mir'd,
for na- ture while she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est ar- tes,
new su- ters still re- paire, That kind- les day- ly loves for- get- full fires,

To forme her too too beau- ti- full of hue, She had no leis- sure,
Rest jea- lous thoughts, and thus re- solve at last, She hath more beau- tie,
she had no leis- sure no lea- sure left to make her true.
She hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.
XVII. I must complaine,

ALTUS.

John Dowland

I must complaine, yet do en-joy my love, my love She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts Thence is my griefe for na-ture while she pug-nant to my owne de-sires, She is ad-mir'd, new su-ters still re-strove, while she strove With all her grac-es and de-vin-est ar tes, paire, still re-paire, That kin-dles day-ly loves for-get-full fires, To forme her too too beau-ti-full of hue, She had no lei-sure, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, She hath more beau-tie, she had no lei-sure no lei-sure left to make her true. she hath more beau-tie more beau-tie then be-comes the chast.
XVII. I must complaine,

TENOR.  

John Dowland

I must complaine, yet do enjoy my love, She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts Thence is my griefe for nature while pugnang to my owne desires, She is admir'd, new su-

ters still she strove With all her graces and devinest artes, re-
paire, That kindles day-

ly loves for-get-full fires,

To forme her too too beau-
ti-full of hue, She had no lei-
sure, Rest jealous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, She hath more beau-tie,

she had no lei-
sure no lei-
sure left to make her true.

she hath more beau-tie more beau-tie then be-
comes the chast.
XVII. I must complaine,  
BASSUS.  

John Dowland  

I must complaine, yet do enjoy, enjoy my love, my love,  
Should I a griev'd wish she were, she were lesse faire, lesse faire,  

She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts Thence is my griefe  
That were repugnant to my owne desires, She is admir'd,  

for nature while she strove With all her graces and de vinent  
new sueters still repaire, That kindles dayly loves forget full  

artes, To forme her too too beauti full of hue, She had no  
fires, Rest jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last, She hath more  

leisure, she had no leisure no leisure left to make her true,  
beautie, she hath more beautie more beautie then becomes the chast.