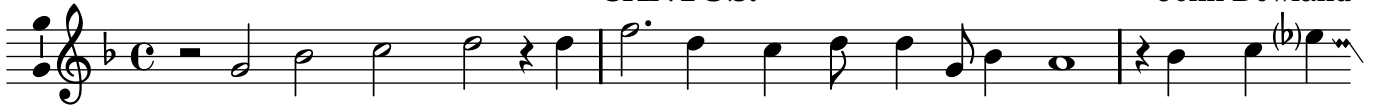




XVII. I must complaine,

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 grieffe
pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad- mir'd,



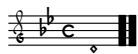
for na- ture while she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est artes,
new su- ters still re- paire, That kin- dles day- ly loves for- get- full fires,



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 lea- sure left to make her true.
she hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.



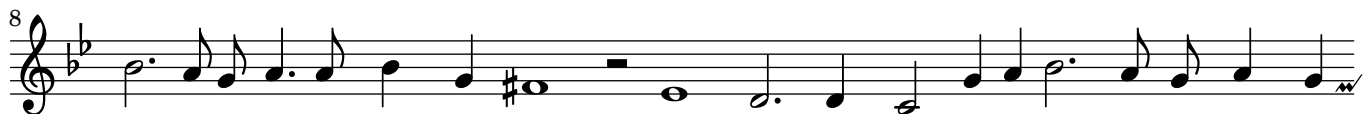
XVII. I must complaine,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



I must com-plaine, yet do en-joy my love, my love She is too
Should I a- griev'd wish she were lesse faire, lesse faire, That were re-



faire, too rich in beau-ties parts Thence is my grieffe 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 artes,
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,



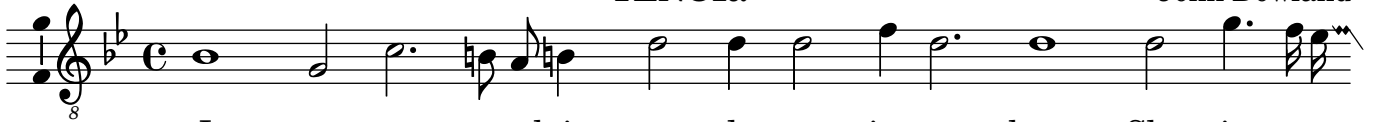
she had no lei- sure no lei- sure left to make her true.
she hath more beau- tie more beau- tie then be- comes the chast.



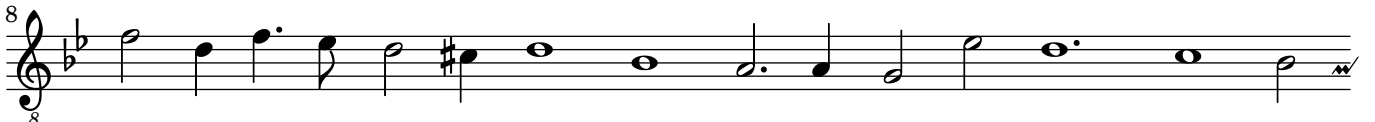
XVII. I must complaine,

TENOR.

John Dowland



I must com- plaine, yet do en- joy my love, She is too
Should I a- griev'd wish she were lesse faire, That were re-



faire, too rich in beau- ties parts Thence is my grieffe for na- ture while
pug- nant to my owne de- sires, She is ad- mir'd, new su- ters still



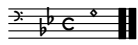
she strove With all her grac- es and de- vin- est artes,
re- paire, That kin- dles day- ly loves for- get- full fires,



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,

BASSUS.

John Dowland



I must com-plaine, yet do en-joy, en-joy 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 beau-ties parts Thence is my grieffe
That were re-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
new su-ters still re-paire, That kin-dles day-ly loves for-get- full



artes, To forme her too too beau-ti- full of hue, She had no
fres, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, She hath more



lei-sure, she had no lei-sure no lei-sure left to make her true.
beau-tie, she hath more beau-tie more beau-tie then be-comes the chast.