I must complain

John Dowland

#17 from the Third and Last Book of Ayres
parts Thence is my grief
sires, She is ad-mired,
parts Thence is my grief
sires, She is ad-mired, new suit-ors still re-pair, still
parts Thence is my grief
sires, She is ad-mired, new suit-ors still

for na-ture while she strove, While she strove With all her gra-ces
new suit-ors still re-pair, That kindles dai-ly she strove With all her gra-ces and di-vin-

she strove With all her gra-ces and love's for-get-

she strove With all her gra-ces and That kindles dai-ly love's

and di-vin-est arts, To form her too, too beau-ti-ful of hue love's for-get-ful fires, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, di-vin-est arts, To form her too, too beau-ti-ful of hue

love's for-get-ful fires, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, di-vin-est arts, To form her too, too beau-ti-ful of hue
She hath more beauty, - she hath more beauty, - more beauty -
She had no leisure, - she had no leisure, - no leisure left

She had no leisure, she had no leisure, no leisure left
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty than

She had no leisure, she had no leisure, no leisure left to
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty than be-

She had no leisure, she had no leisure, no leisure
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty

to make her true.
becomes the chaste.

make her true.
becomes the chaste.

left to make her true.
than becomes the chaste.