I must complain

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

Soprano

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy
Should I a-grieved wish she were

Alto

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy my
Should I a-grieved wish she were less

Tenor

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy, en-joy
Should I a-grieved wish she were, she were

Bass

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy, en-joy
Should I a-grieved wish she were, she were

Practice

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy
Should I a-grieved wish she were

joy, en-joy my love, She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts
less, she were less fair, That were repugnant to my own desires,

love, my love, She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts
fair, less fair, That were repugnant to my own desires,

joy my love, She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts
less fair, less fair, That were repugnant to my own desires,

my love, my love, She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts
less fair, less fair, That were repugnant to my own desires,
Thence is my grief for nature while she strove, while she
She is admired, new suits or still repair, still repair,

Thence is my grief for nature while she
She is admired, new suits or still repair,

Thence is my grief for nature while she
She is admired, new suits or still repair,

I must complain - Dowland
To form her too, too beau-ti-ful of hue, She had no leis-ure, she had
Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-solve at last, She hath more beau-ty, she hath

no leis-ure, no leis-ure left to make her true.
more beau-ty, more beau-ty than be-comes the chaste.

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