

# 17. I must complain

Thomas Campion

I must com-plain, yet do en-joy my love. She is too  
Should I, ag-griev'd, then wish she were less fair? That were re-

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fair, too rich in love-ly parts. Thence is my grief; for Na-ture, while she strove  
pug-nant to mine own de-sires. She is ad-mir'd, new lov-ers still re-pair

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With all her grac-es and di-vin-est arts To form her too too beau-ti-  
That kin-dles dai-ly love's for-get-ful fires. Rest, jeal-ous thoughts, and thus re-

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ful of hue, She had no lei-sure left to make her true.  
solve at last: She hath more beau-ty than be-comes the chaste.