I must complain

John Dowland

#17 from the Third and Last Book of Ayres
parts Thence is my grief for nature while she strove, while
parts Sire's, She is ad-mired, new suit-ors still re-pair, still
parts Thence is my grief for nature while she strove, while
parts Sire's, She is ad-mired, new suit-ors still
parts Thence is my grief for na-ture while she strove, while
parts Sire's, She is ad-mired, new suit-ors still

for nature while she strove With all her graces
new suit-ors still re-pair, That kindles dai-ly
she strove With all her graces and di-vin-
re-pair, That kindles dai-ly love's for-get-
she strove With all her graces and re-pair,

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

est arts, To form her too, too beau-
ful fires, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-

est arts, To form her too, too beau-
ful fires, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-

est arts, To form her too, too beau-
ful fires, Rest jea-lous thoughts, and thus re-
She hath more beauty, - she hath more beauty, - more beauty - than
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 left to make her true.
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty than be-

becomes the chaste.

She had no leisure, she had no leisure, no leisure left to make her true.
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty than be-

becomes the chaste.

She had no leisure, she had no leisure, no leisure left to make her true.
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty, more beauty than be-

becomes the chaste.