

Anon., I must complain  
 (Lbl Add. MS 15,177, fol 19)

Thomas Campion

Theorbo or Archlute in A

Editorial transcription of tablature (archlute voicing)

I must complain, yet do enjoy my  
 Hence is my grief, for Nature while she

Tablature:  $\begin{matrix} c & d & a & c & a & d & d & d & d & c \\ d & d & d & d & d & d & d & d & d & d \\ a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a \end{matrix}$

5

love. She is too fair, too rich and in beauty's  
 strove, with all her graces and divinest

Tablature:  $\begin{matrix} a & a & c & d & d & c & d & a & d & d & a & d & c \\ c & c & d & d & d & c & d & a & d & d & a & d & c \\ c & d & a & a & a & c & a & c & a & b & a & b & d \\ a & & & c & d & a & c & d & c & a & c & a & \end{matrix}$

10

parts. To frame her too, too beautiful, to frame her  
 arts.

Tablature:  $\begin{matrix} c & a & c & d & c & d & d & d & d & b \\ d & c & d & d & d & d & d & d & d & d \\ a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a \end{matrix}$

Anon., I must complain

(Lbl Add. MS 15,177, fol 19), 2

15

too, too beautiful of hue, she had no leisure least to make her true.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics underneath. Below the lyrics are three lines of lute tablature with letters 'a', 'c', and 'd'. The second system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The third system is a continuation of the piano accompaniment.

Should I have grieved and wished she were less fair?  
That were repugnant to my own desires.  
She is admired; new lovers still repair.  
This kindles daily love's forgetful fires.  
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,  
She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

Thus my complaints from her untruth arise,  
Accusing her and Nature both in one,  
For beauty stained is but false disguise,  
A common wonder which is quickly gone.  
A false fair face cannot with all her feature,  
Without a true heart make a true fair creature.

Extra stanza from Och Mus. MS 439, p. 63

*What need'st thou plain, if thou be still rejected?  
The fairest creature sometimes may prove strange.  
Continual complaints will make thee still rejected  
If that her wanton mind be given to range.  
And nothing better fits a man's true parts  
Than with disdain t'encounter their false hearts.*