

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

Thomas Campion

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

Theorbo or Archlute in A

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

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

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

Anon., I must complain

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

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 plaints 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.*