

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

XVII. I must complain

I must complain, yet doe enioy my Loue ;
She is too faire, too rich in loues parts :
Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she stroue
With all her graces and diuine Arts
 To form her too too beautifull of hue,
 Shee had no leasure left to make her true.

Should I agrieu'd then wish shee were lesse fayre ?
That were repugnant to mine owne desires :
Shee is admir'd, new louers still repayre,
That kindles daily loues forgetfull fires.
 Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolute at last,
 Shee hath more beauty then becomes the chaste.