

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XVII. I must complaine, yet do enioy.

I must complaine, yet do enioy my loue,
She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts.
Thence is my griefe for nature while she stroue
With all her graces and deuineſt artes.
To forme her too too beautifull of hue,
She had no leiſure left to make her true.

Should I agrieu'd then wiſh ſhe were leſſe faire,
That were repugnant to my owne deſires,
She is admir'd, new ſuters ſtill repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Reſt iealous thoughts, and thus reſolute at laſt,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chaſt.