

Beauty is but a painted hell

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Beau-ty is but a pain-ted hell, aye me, aye, me shee wounds them that ad - mire
it, Shee kils them that de-sire it. Give her pride but fu-ell, No fi-re is more cru - ell.

2. Pittie from ev'ry heart is fled,
Aye me, aye me,
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
Costnant vowes turne truthlesse,
Love cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

3. Sorrow can laugh and Fury sing,
Aye me, aye me;
My raving griefs discover
I liv'd too true a lover:
The first step to madnesse
Is the excesse of sadnesse.