

# Beauty since you

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Beau-ty, since you so much de-sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire: A - bout you some-where

doth it rest, Yet ne - ver harbour'd in your brest: Nor\_gout-like in\_ your\_heele.or toe, What foole would

seeke Loves flame so low? But a lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, but a

lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher: There, there, o there lyes Cu - pids fire.

2. Thinke not when Cupid most you scorne,  
Men iudge that you of Ice were borne:  
For though you cast love at your heele,  
His fury yet sometime you feelee,  
And where-about if you would know,  
I tell you still not in your toe:  
But a little higher, but a little higher;  
There, there, o there lyes Cupids fire.