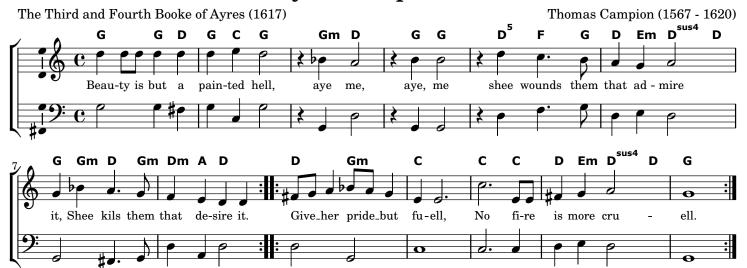
Beauty is but a painted hell



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.