

Thomas Campion

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

XIII. Beauty is but a painted hell

1 Beauty is but a painted hell,
 Aye me, aye me,
Shee wounds them that admire it,
Shee kils them that desire it.
 Giue her pride but fuell,
 No fire is more cruell.

2 Pittie from eu'ry heart is fled,
 Aye me, aye me,
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
 Constant vowes turn truthlesse,
 Loue cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

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