

Beauty is but a painted hell Thomas Campion

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Beau- ty is but a paint- ed hell. Ay me! Ay me! She
Pi- ty from ev-'ry heart is fled. Ay me! Ay me! Since
Sor- row can laugh and Fu- ry sing. Ay me! Ay me! My

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wounds them that ad- mire it; She
false de- sire could bor- row Tears
rav- ing griefs dis- cov- er I

kills them that de- sire it. Give her pride but fu- el,
of dis- sem- bled sor- row, Con- stant vows turn truth- less;
liv'd too true a lov- er. The first step to mad- ness

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No fire is more cru- el.
Love cru- el, Beau- ty of cru- el.
Is the ex- cess of sad- ness.