

# Beauty, since you so much desire Thomas Campion

Beau- ty, since you so much de- sire To know the  
Think not, when Cu- pid most you scorn, Men judge that

place of Cu- pid's fire, A- bout you some- where  
you of ice were born. For though you cast Love

doth it rest, Yet ne- ver har- boured in your breast,  
at your heel, His fu- ry yet some- time you feel.

Nor goat- like in your heel or toe. What fool would  
And where- a- bouts, if you would know, I tell you

seek still, Love's flame not in your toe, low? But a lit- tle

15  
higher, but a lit- tle higher, but a lit- tle

higher, but a lit- tle higher, There, there, O

20  
there lies Cu- pid's fire.