

Kind in unkindness

Philip Rosseter

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Kind in un- kind- ness, when will you re- lent And cease with
 In her fair hand my hopes and com- forts rest. O might my
 O let not beau- ty so for- get her birth, That it should
 Love one that on- ly lives in lov- ing you, Whose wrong'd de-
 Thus till my hap- py sight your beau- ty views, Whose sweet re-

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faint love true love to tor- ment? Still en- ter- tain'd, ex- clud-
 for- tunes with that hand be bless'd! No en- vious breaths then my
 fruit- less home re- turn to earth. Love is the fruit of beau-
 serts would you with pi- ty view; This strange dis- taste which your
 mem- brance still my hope re- news, Let these poor lines so- li-

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ed still I stand, Her glove still hold, but can- not touch the hand.
 de- serts could shake, For they are good whom such true love doth make.
 ty; then love one Not your sweet self, for such self- love is none.
 af- fec- tions sways Would re- lish love and you find bet- ter days.
 cit love for me, And place my joys where my de- sires would be.