

Kind in unkindness

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Philip Rosseter

Kind in unkindness, when will you relent And cease with
 In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest. O might my
 O let not beauty so forget her birth, That it should
 Love one that only lives in loving you, Whose wrong'd de-
 Thus till my happy sight your beauty views, Whose sweet re-

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faint love true love to torment? Still entertain'd, exclud-
 fortunes with that hand be bless'd! No envious breaths then my
 fruitless home return to earth. Love is the fruit of beau-
 serts would you with pity view; This strange distaste which your
 mem-brance still my hope renews, Let these poor lines so li-

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ed still I stand, Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.
 deserts 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.
 affections sways Would relish love and you find better days.
 cit love for me, And place my joys where my desires would be.