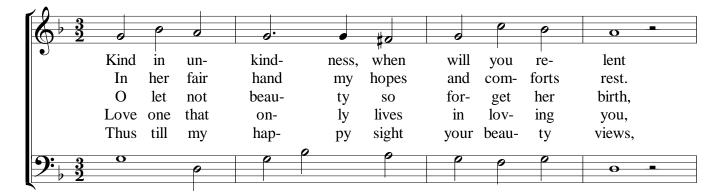
Kind in unkindness

Philip Rosseter



þ	0	0	^	0	0	0	0	0.	•	±o
	And	cease	with	faint	love	true	love	to	tor-	ment?
	0	might	my	for-	tunes	with	that	hand	be	bless'd!
	That	it	should	fruit-	less	home	re-	turn	to	earth.
	Whose	wrong'd	de-	serts	would	you	with	pi-	ty	view;
	Whose	sweet	re-	mem-	brance	still	my	hope	re-	news,
			0	p.		• •		20		0

10 0 0 Ø٠ 0 Still tain'd, cluded still Ι terexstand, en-No vious breaths then my de- serts could shake, en-Love the fruit of beaulove is ty; then one strange your This distaste which affections sways li-Let these poor lines socit love for me, ο 15 0

