

# Shall then a traitorous kiss?

Philip Rosseter

Shall, then, a trait-tor-ous kiss or a smile All my de-lights un-hap-pi-ly be-guile?  
 Deeds me-ri-to-ri-ous soon be-for-got, But one of-fence no time can ev-er blot;  
 Beau-ty is not by des-ert to be won, For-tune hath all that is be-neath the sun;

Shall the vow of feign-ed love re-ceive so rich re-ward, When true ser-vice dies  
 Ev-'ry day it is re-new'd and ev-'ry night it bleeds, And with blood-y streams  
 For-tune is the guide of Love, and both of them be blind, All their ways be full

neg-lect-ed and wants his due re-ward? When ward?  
 of sor-row drowns all our bet-ter deeds. And deeds.  
 of er-rors which no true feet can find. All find.