

Shall then a traitorous kiss?

Philip Rosseter

Shall, then, a trait- tor- ous kiss or a smile
Deeds me- ri- to- ri- ous soon be for- got,
Beau- ty is not by des- ert to be won,

All my de- lights un- hap- pi- ly be-guile?
But one of- fence no time can ev- er blot;
For- tune hath all that is be- neath the sun;

Shall the vow of feign- ed love re- ceive so rich re-
Ev- 'ry day it is re- new'd and ev- 'ry night it
For- tune is the guide of Love, and both of them be

ward, When true ser- vice dies neg- lect- ed and
bleeds, And with blood- y streams of sor- row drowns
blind, All their ways be full of er- rors which

wants his due re- ward? When ward?
all our bet- ter deeds. And deeds.
no true feet can find. All find.