

# Shall then a traitorous kiss?

Philip Rosseter

Shall, then, a trait- tor- ous kiss or a smile All my de- lights un-  
 Deeds me- ri- to- ri- ous soon be for- got, But one of- fence no  
 Beau- ty is not by des- ert to be won, For- tune hath all that

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hap- pi- ly be- guile? Shall the vow of feign- ed love re-  
 time can ev- er blot; Ev- 'ry day it is re- new'd and  
 is be- neath the sun; For- tune is the guide of Love, and

ceive so rich re- ward, When true ser- vice dies  
 ev- 'ry night it bleeds, And true with blood- y streams  
 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.