

Kind in unkindness

Philip Rosseter

Kind in un- kind- ness, when will you re- lent
In her fair hand my hopes and com- forts rest.
O let not beau- ty so for- get her birth,
Love one that on- ly lives in lov- ing you,
Thus till my hap- py sight your beau- ty views,

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And cease with faint love true love to tor- ment?
O 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,

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Still en- ter- tain'd, ex- clud- ed still I stand,
No en- vious breaths then my de- serts could shake,
Love is the fruit of beau- ty; then love one
This strange dis- taste which your af- fec- tions sways
Let these poor lines so- li- cit love for me,

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Her glove still hold, but can- not touch the hand.
For they are good whom such true love doth make.
Not your sweet self, for such self- love is none.
Would re- lish love and you find bet- ter days.
And place my joys where my de- sires would be.