

# 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.