

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The second Booke**

**XIX. Kind in vnkindnesse.**

Kinde in vnkindnesse when will you relent,  
And cease with faint loue true loue to torment,  
Still entertain'd excluded still I stand,  
Her gloue stil holde, but cannot touch the hand.

In her faire hand my hopes and comforts rest,  
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest,  
No enuious breaths then my deserts could shake,  
For they are good, whom such true loue doth make.

O let not beautie so forget her birth,  
That it should fruitles home returne to earth,  
Loue is the fruite of beautie, then loue one,  
Not your sweete selfe, for such selfe loue is none.

Loue one that onely liues in louing you,  
Whose wrong'd deserts would you with pity view,  
This strange distast which your affections swaies,  
Would relish loue, and you find better daies.

Thus still my happie sight your beautie viewes,  
Whose sweet remembrance stil my hope renewes,  
Let these poore lines sollicite loue for mee,  
And place my ioyes where my desires would bee.