## II. Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love

John Dowland





Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden, Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd, Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden, Who thinks that change is by entreaty charm'd; Looking on me let him know loves delights Are traceures hid in course, are traceures hid in course, but kept by entit

Are treasures hid in caves, are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites.