

John Dowland**"WHO EVER THINKS OR HOPES OF LOVE"**

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Who ever thinks or hopes of love:
Or who belov'd in Cupid's laws doth glory:
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
Who by this light-god hath not been made sorry:
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
With dark clouds of an earth quite over-run.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour armed,
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,
Looking on me let him know, love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites

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