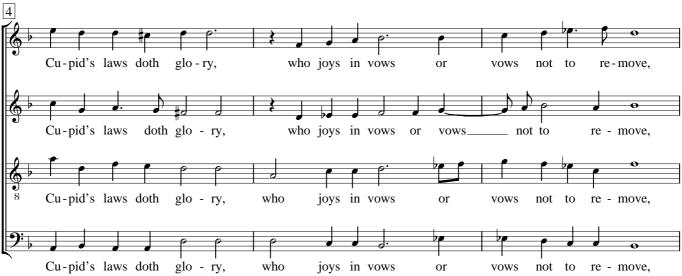
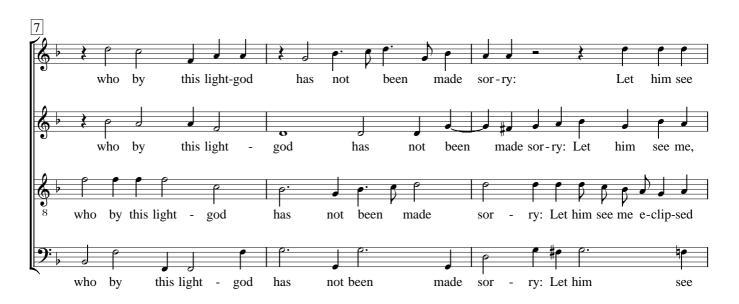
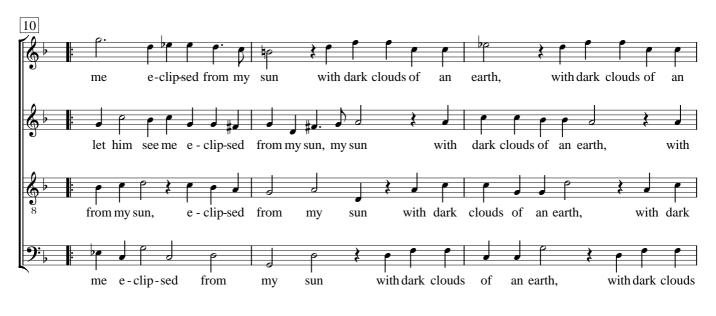
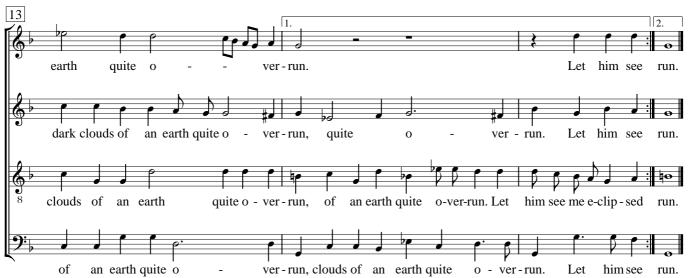
## II. Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love











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