

Say, love, if ever thou didst find
from The Third and last Book of Songs (1603)

John Dowland 1562 - 1626

1. Say, Love, if e - ver thou didst find A wo - man with a con-stant mind?
 2. But could thy fier - y poi - son'd dart At no time touch her spot-less heart,
 3. How might I that fair won - der know, That marks de - sire with end-less no.
 4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can com - mand af - fec-tions so:

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None but one. And what should that rare mir - ror be? Some
 Nor come near? She is not sub - ject to Love's bow; Her
 See the moon That ev - er in one change doth grow, Yet
 Love is free; So are her tho'ts that van - quish thee. There

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god - dess or some queen is she; She, she, she, she,
 eye com - mands, her heart saith no, No, no, no, no,
 still the same, and she is so; So, so, so, so,
 is no queen of love but she, She, she, she, she,

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she, she, and on - ly she, She on - ly queen of love and beau - ty.
 no, no, and on - ly no; One no an - oth - er still doth fol - low.
 so, so, and on - ly so, From heav'n her vir - tues she doth bor - row.
 she, she and on - ly she, She on - ly queen of love and beau - ty.

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