

Say, Love, if ever thou didst find

John Dowland

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

Say, Love, if ever thou didst find A woman with a
 [But] could thy fiery poison'd dart At no time touch her
 [How] might I that fair wonder know That mocks desire with
 [To] her then yield thy shafts and bow That can command af-

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con-stant mind? None but one. And what should that rare
 spot-less heart, Nor come near? She is not sub-ject
 end-less "No"? See the moon That ever in one
 fec-tions so. Love is free; So are her thoughts that

mir-ror be? Some god-dess or some queen is she? She, she, she, she,
 to Love's bow; Her eye com-mands, her heart saith "No", No, no, no, no,
 change doth grow, Yet still the same; and she is so, So, so, so, so,
 van- quish thee. There is no queen of love but she, She she, she she,

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