

# Say, love if ever

John Dowland

1

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

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

4

None but one. And what should that rare mir - ror be? Some god - dess or some queen is she;  
 Nor come near? She is not sub - ject to Love's bow; Her eye com - mands, her heart saith no,  
 See the moon That ev - er in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so;  
 Love is free; So are her tho'ts that van - quish thee. There is no queen of love but she,

7

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

she, she, she, and on - ly she,  
 no, no, no, and on - ly no,  
 so, so, so, and on - ly so,

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