Say love if ever

John Dowland

1. Say love if ever thou didst find, a woman with a constant mind, none but one,
2. But could thy fiery poy-sened dart At no time touch her spot-lesse hart, Nor come neare,
3. How might I that faire wonder know, That mockes desire with end-lesse no See the Moone
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can command af-fec-tions so: Love is free,

and what should that rare mir-ror be, some God-desse or some Queene is she
She is not sub-ject to Loves bow, Her eye com-maunds, her heart saith no,
That ever in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so;
So are her thoughts that van-quish thee, There is no queene of love but she,

none but one, and what should that rare mir-ror be, some God-desse or some Queene is she
Nor come neare, She is not sub-ject to Loves bow, Her eye com-maunds, her heart saith no,
See the Moone That ever in one change doth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so;
Love is free, So are her thoughts that van-quish thee, There is no queene of love but she,

shee, shee, shee, shee, and one-lie she, she one-ly Queene of love and beau-tie
No, no, no, No, no, no and on-ly no, One no a-no-ther still doth fol-low.
So, so, so, So, so so and one-ly so, From heaven her ver-tues she doth bor-row.

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