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

1. Say, Love, if ever thou didst find A woman with a constant mind?

2. But could thy fier-y poison'd dart At no time touch her spot-less heart,

3. How might I that fair wonder know, That marks desire with end-less no.

4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can command affection so:

None but one. And what should that rare mirror be? Some
Nor come near? She is not subject to Love's bow; Her
See the moon That ever in one change doth grow, Yet
Love is free; So are her th'o's that vanquish 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,