Say, love if ever

John Dowland

Soprano

Say, Love, if e-ver thou didst find A wo-man with a con-stant mind?
But could thy fi-ery 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:

Alto

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-ish thee. There is no queen of love but she,

Tenor

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.

Bass

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.

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