

Say love if ever thou didst find

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus

1. Say love if ev - er thou didst find, A wo - man with a con - stant mind,
 2. But could thy fie - ry poi - soned dart At no time touch her spot - less heart,
 3. How might I that fair won - der know, That mocks de - sire with end - less No?
 4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can com - mand af - fec - tions so:

Altus

1. Say love if ev - er thou didst find, A wo - man with a con - stant mind,
 2. But could thy fie - ry poi - soned dart At no time touch her spot - less heart,
 3. How might I that fair won - der know, That mocks de - sire with end - less No?
 4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can com - mand af - fec - tions so:

Tenor

1. Say love if ev - er thou didst find, A wo - man with a con - stant mind,
 2. But could thy fie - ry poi - soned dart At no time touch her spot - less heart,
 3. How might I that fair won - der know, That mocks de - sire with end - less No?
 4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can com - mand af - fec - tions so:

Bassus

1. Say love if ev - er thou didst find, A wo - man with a con - stant mind,
 2. But could thy fie - ry poi - soned dart At no time touch her spot - less heart,
 3. How might I that fair won - der know, That mocks de - sire with end - less No?
 4. To her then yield thy shafts and bow, That can com - mand af - fec - tions so:

Lute

Lute tuning: D, G, c, f, a, d', g'

C.

5

none but one, And what should that rare mir - ror be, Some
 nor come near? She is not sub - ject to love's bow, Her
 See the Moon, That e - ver in one change doth grow, Yet
 Love is free, So are her thoughts that van - quish thee, There

A.

T.

B.

None but one, And what should that rare mir - ror be, Some
 Nor come near? She is not sub - ject to love's bow, her
 See the Moon, That e - ver in one change doth grow, Yet
 Love is free, So are her thoughts that van - quish thee, There

9

C.

 God - dess or some Queen is she, She, she, she, she,
 eye com - mands, her heart saith 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,

A.

T.

 God - dess or some Queen is she, She, she, she, she,
 eye com - mands, her heart saith 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,

B.

13

C.

 she, she and on - ly she, she on - ly Queen of love and beau - ty.
 No, No and on - ly No, One No an - o - ther still doth fol - low.
 so, so and on - ly so, From heaven her vir - tues she doth bor - row.

A.

 she, she, she and on - ly she, She on - ly Queen of love and beau - ty.
 No, No, No and on - ly No, One No an - o - ther still doth fol - low.
 so, so, so and on - ly so, From heaven her vir - tues she doth bor - row.

T.

 she, she and on - ly she, She on - ly Queen of love and beau - ty.
 No, No and on - ly No, One No an - o - ther still doth fol - low.
 so, so and on - ly so, From heaven her vir - tues she doth bor - row.

B.

 she, she, she and on - ly she, She on - ly Queen of love and beau - ty.
 No, No, No and on - ly No, One No an - o - ther still doth fol - low.
 so, so, so and on - ly so, From heaven her vir - tues she doth bor - row.

/a

Source: John Dowland, *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires* (London, 1603), no. 7.

II.8.3: e'
 Underlay of stanzas 2-4 is editorial.