

VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



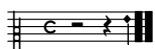
con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
changedoth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



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



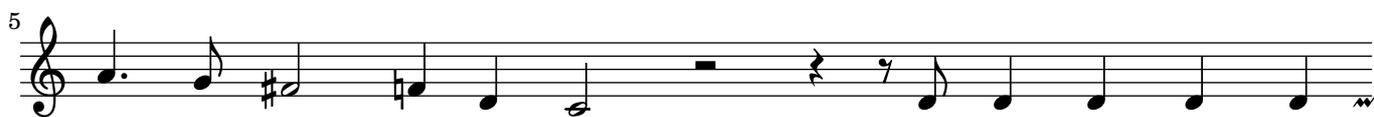
VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
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 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her hearts saith no, No, no, no, no,
 changedoth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so, so, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee,



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



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con- stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
spot- lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub- ject
end- lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir- ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee,
to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her heart saith no, No, no,
changedoeth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so,
van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee,



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



VII. Say love if ever thou didst find,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Say love if e- ver thou didst find, A wo- man with a
2. But could thy fi- ry poy- sned dart At no time touch her
3. How might I that faire won- der know, That mockes de- sire with
4. To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe, That can com- mand af-



con-stant mind, None but one, And what should that rare
 spot-lesse hart, Nor come neare, She is not sub-ject
 end-lesse no See the Moone That e- ver in one
 fec- tions so: Love is free, So are her thoughts that



mir-ror be, Some God- desse or some Queen is shee Shee, shee, shee, shee,
 to Loves bow, Her eye com- maunds, her hearts saith no, No, no, no, no,
 changedoeth grow, Yet still the same, and she is so So, so, so, so,
 van- quish thee, There is no queene of love but she, Shee, shee, shee, shee,



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