

THE  
**THIRD AND**  
LAST BOOKE  
OF SONGS OR  
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

VII. Say Loue if euer thou didst finde.

Say loue if euer thou didst find,  
A woman with a constant mind?  
None but one,  
And what should that rare mirror be,  
Some Goddess or some Queene is she,  
She, she, she, and onelie she,  
She onely queene of loue and beautie.

But could thy firy poysned dart  
At no time touch her spotlesse hart,  
Nor come neare,  
She is not subiect to Loues bow,  
Her eye commaunds, her heart saith no,  
No, no, no, and only no,  
One no another still doth follow.

How might I that faire wonder know,  
That mockes desire with endlesse no  
See the Moone  
That euer in one change doth grow,  
Yet still the same, and she is so;  
So, so, so, and onely so,  
From heauen her vertues she doth borrow.

To her then yeeld thy shafts and bowe,  
That can command affections so :  
Loue is free,  
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,  
There is no queene of loue but she,  
She, she, she, and only she  
She onely queene of loue and beautie.