Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version a)
Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But ne'er stay any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be so cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood.
Naught wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.
Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version a)

Ben Jonson

Henry Lawes (1596-1662)

She that can now discover
Marks he hath 'bout him plenty;
You shall know him 'mong twenty;
Cal'd Love, a little boy,
Where she wing'd wagdoth ho- ver;
You shall know him mong twenty;

All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears;

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But ne'er stay any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys.
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish, as himself.

He doth bear a golden bow
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows that out-brave
Dian's shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be so cruel,
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And that he's Venus' runaway.
Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version a)

Ben Jonson

Cantus secundus

Henry Lawes (1596-1662)

Music notation:

Text:

Beauties, have you seen a toy
She that can now discover
Marks he hath 'bout him plenteous;
Trust him not. His words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But never stay any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys.
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish, as himself.

He doth bear a golden bow
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows that out-brave
Dian's shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be so cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood.
Naught wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Test him thou a little boy,
Shall to-night, receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish:
Who brings him to amongst you, say;
He is Venus' run away.
His mother shall have that kiss and another.
Lightning in Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Though his practice is deceit,
By presenting that with toys,
Though he had a will to hide him,
But in itself is any part;
And his shafts why it is he loves joy;
And his path he'll in vertue in.
Note the kiss that poison be his,
Miss'd by the ambition of the elf.
Straight wound his listless play,
Advised strove to silest kiss.
With that kiss dishonorable and that he's Venus' like to toy.
Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version a)

BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)

Bassus

She that can now discover Marks he hath 'bout him plenty;

Trust him not. His words, though sweet, Where the wing'd wag doth hover;

Though ye had a will to hide him, Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,

All his practice is deceit; Every gift it is a bait;

He doth bear a golden bow And a quiver, hanging low,

Not a kiss but poison bears, And most treason in his tears.

But ne'er stay any part; And, if chance his arrow misses,

Wings he hath, which though ye clip, He will leap from lip to lip,

Over liver, lights, and heart, But ne'er stay any part;

And, if chance his arrow misses, He will shoot himself in kisses.

If by these ye please to know him, Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

Though ye had a will to hide him, Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,

Lovers' hearts are all his food, And his baths their warmest blood.

And, if chance his arrow misses, He will shoot himself in kisses.

If by these ye please to know him, Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

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