


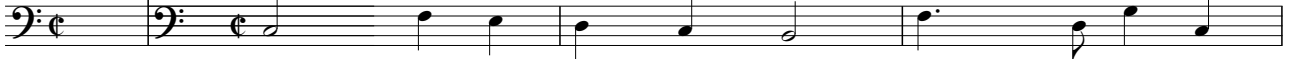
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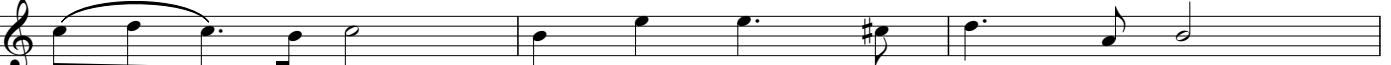
Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version b)

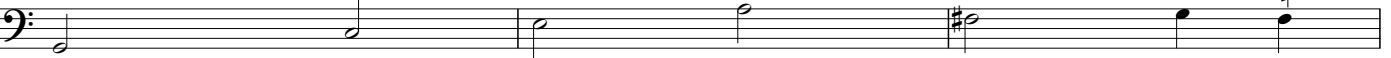
BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)

[CANTUS]  *Beau - ties, have you seen a toy Cal - l'd Love, a
She that can now dis - cov - er Where the wing'd wag
Marks he hath 'bout him plen - ty; You shall know him*


[BASS] 

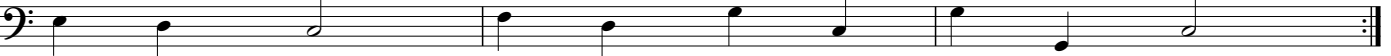
4  *lit - tle boy, Al - most na - ked, wan - ton, blind,
doth ho - ver, Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss,
'mong twen - ty. All his bo - dy is a fire,*



7  *Cru - el now, and then as kind? If he be a -
How or where her - self would wish; Who brings him to
And his breath a flame en - tire, That being shot like*



10  *mongst you, say; He is Ven - us' run - a - way.
his mo - ther Shall have that kiss, and an - other.
light - ning in, Wounds the heart, but not the skin.*



4
Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But nee'r stay any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

7
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.

5
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.

8
Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys.
'Tis th'ambition of the elf
To have all childish, as himself.

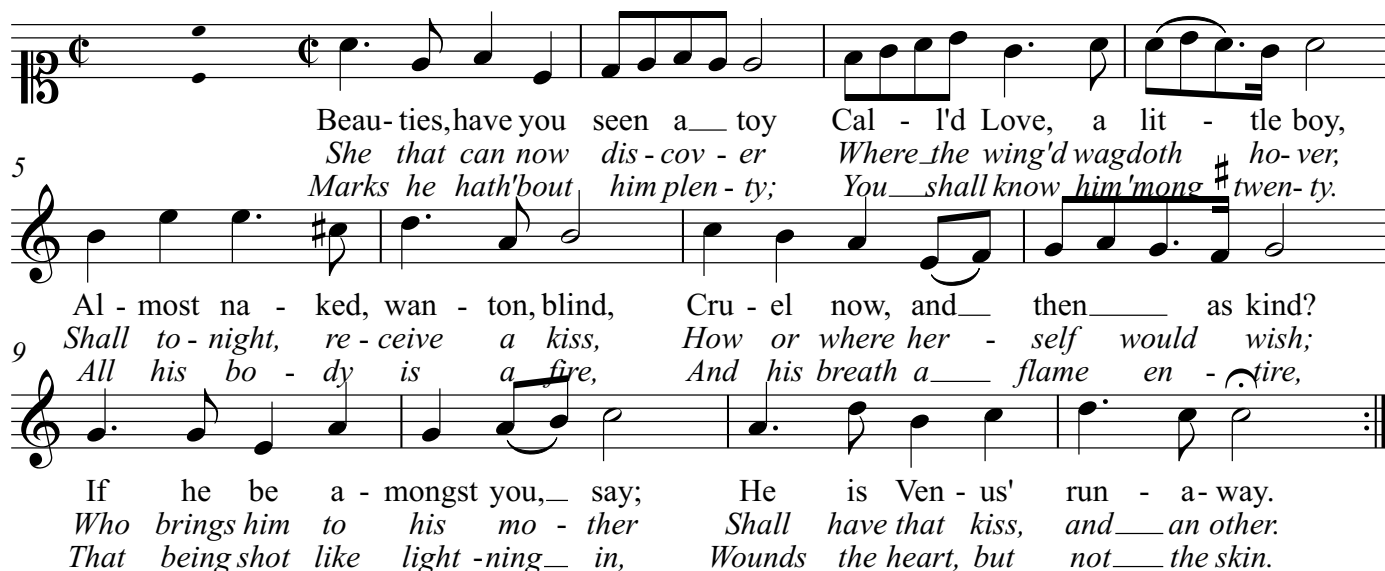
6
Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be so cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood.
Naught wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

9
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 b)

BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)



Beau-ties, have you seen a toy Cal - l'd Love, a lit - tle boy,
 She that can now dis - cov - er Where the wing'd wagdoth ho-ver;
 Marks he hath'bout him plen - ty; You shall know him'mong #twen - ty.
 Al - most na - ked, wan - ton, blind, Cru - el now, and then as kind?
 Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss, How or where her - self would wish;
 All his bo - dy is a fire, And his breath a flame en - tire,
 If he be a - mongst you, say; He is Ven - us' run - a - way.
 Who brings him to his mo - ther Shall have that kiss, and an other.
 That being shot like light - ning in, Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

4

5

6

Wings he hath, which though he doth bear a golden bow,
 He will leap from lip to lip, And a quiver, hanging low,
 Over liver, lights, and hearts, Full of arrows that out-brave
 But nee'r stay any part; Dian's shafts; what if he have
 And, if chance his arrow miss his head more sharp than Nought,
 He will shoot himself in kisses, With that kiss he strikes his mouth,
 And he rates none like to Reason

7

8

9

Trust him not. His words, though his sweet, are his reign,
 Seldom with his heart do men the straggler makes Beauties,
 All his practice is deceit; By presenting maids with Toys,
 Every gift it is a bait; And would have ye think No joy
 Not a kiss but poison bears, 'Tis th'ambition of the elf
 And most treason in his tears, To have all childish, as him, And that he's Venus' runaway.

[BASS]

BEAUTIES, HAVE YOU SEEN A TOY (SETTING 1, VERSION b)

BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)



4

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

7

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.

5

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.

8

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

6

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,
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