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

BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)

[CANTUS]

She that can now dis - cov - er,
She marks he hath 'bout him - plen - ty;
Cal - I'd Love, a
You shall know him.

[CANTUS]

4
lit - tle boy,
Al - most na - ked, wan - ton, blind,
Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss,
Wings he hath, which though ye clip,

[BASS]

7
how or where her self would wish;
And his breath a flame en - tire,
Who brings him to

[BASS]

10
mongst you say;
His moth - er shall have that kiss, and run - a - way.

4
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.

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.
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