Beauties, have you seen a toy

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

Cal'led Love, a winged boy,
Where the wing'd wag doth hover,

You shall know him among twenty.

Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Shall to night, receive a kiss,

Cruel now, and then as kind?
All his body is a fire,

How or where herself would wish;

And his breath a flame entire,

If he be amongst you say;

Who brings him to his mother,

He is Venus' runaway,

Shall have that kiss and another.

Wounds the heart, but not the skin.
Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 2)

BEN JONSON

CANTUS

ANON.

Beauty, have you seen a toy
Called Love, an wing-ed boy,
She that can now dis cov-er
Where the wing'd wag-doth ho-ver,
Marks he hath'bout him plen-ty;
You shall know him 'mong twen-ty.

Almost 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 body is a fire,
And his breath a flame en-flare.

If he be a-mongst you, say;
He is Venus' run-away.
Who brings him to his moth-er,
Shall have that kiss and an-other.
That being shot like light-ning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.
BEN JONSON

Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 2)

ANON.

[Music notation]