See, the chariot at hand here of Love

1. See, the chariot at hand here of Love, Where-

2. Do but look on her eyes, they do light

3. Have you seen but a white lily grow, Be-

4. In my lady's hands hath touch'd it? Each that draws is a swan or a

5. That Love's rude hand smutch'd it? Have you mark'd but the fall of the

6. And whilst the coach hath riseth. As she

7. Be fore the earth hath smutch'd it? Have you

8. Do but

9. As Love's star when it riseth!

10. Goes, all hearts do duty

11. Un to her

12. Beauty; And, en am or ed, do wish, so they

13. Soothe her! And from her rais ed brows, sits
might grace Sheds itself through the face, That they still were to run by her
ar? Or the nard in the fire? Or have tasted the bag of the

side, Through the woods, through the seas, Whether
life All the gain, all the good, [all the
bee? Oh so white! Oh so soft! [Oh so

she good,] will ride, whether she would ride. Of such elemental strife.
sweet is she,] Oh so sweet is she!
See, the chariot at hand here of Love

JOHN GAMBLE (d.1687)

CANTUS

1. See, the chariot at hand here of Love, Where in my lady
    rid-eth! Each thatdraws is a swan or a dove And whilst the coach Loveguid-eth. As she
2. Do but look on her eyes, they do light All that Love's world com
    pris-eth! Do but look on her hair; it is bright As Love's star when it ris-eth! Do but
3. Have you seen but a white li-ly grow; Be-fore rude hands hath
    the fall of the snow Be-fore the earth hathmutch'd it? Have you

    goes, all hearts do du-ty Un-to her
    mark, her fore-head's smoother Than words that
    felt, the wool of beaver? Or swan's down

    beauty; And, en-am-or-ed, do wish, so they
    soothe her! And from her rais-ed brows, sits
    ev-er?
    Or have smelt to the bud of the bri-

    might Buten-joy such a sight, That they still were to run by her side, Through the
    grace Shedst-self through the face, As a lone there tri-umphs to the life All the
    ar? Or the nard in the fire? Or have tas-ted the bag of the bee? Oh so

    woods, through the seas, Whe-ther she will_ ride, whe-ther she would ride.
    gain, all the good, [all the good.] of such el-e-men-tal strife.
    white! Oh so soft! [Oh so sweet is she.] Oh so sweet is she!
[BASS]

BEN JONSON

See, the chariot at hand here of Love

JOHN GAMBLE (d.1687)