

M.5.1/1(a)

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

BEN JONSON

HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)

CANTUS

CANTUS SECUNDUS

BASSUS

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*

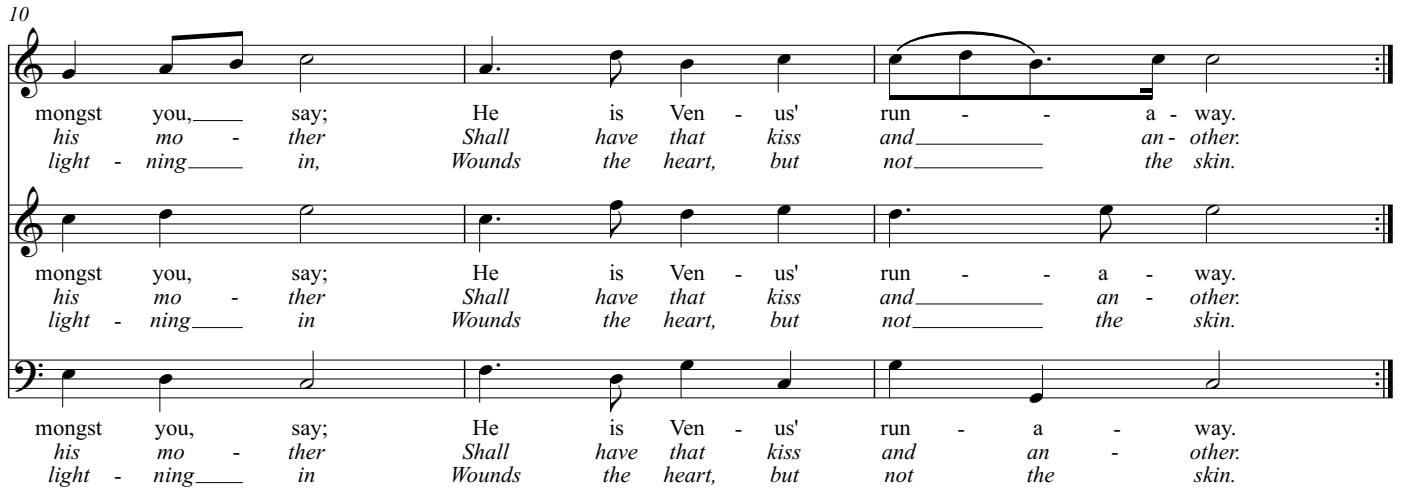
4

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

9

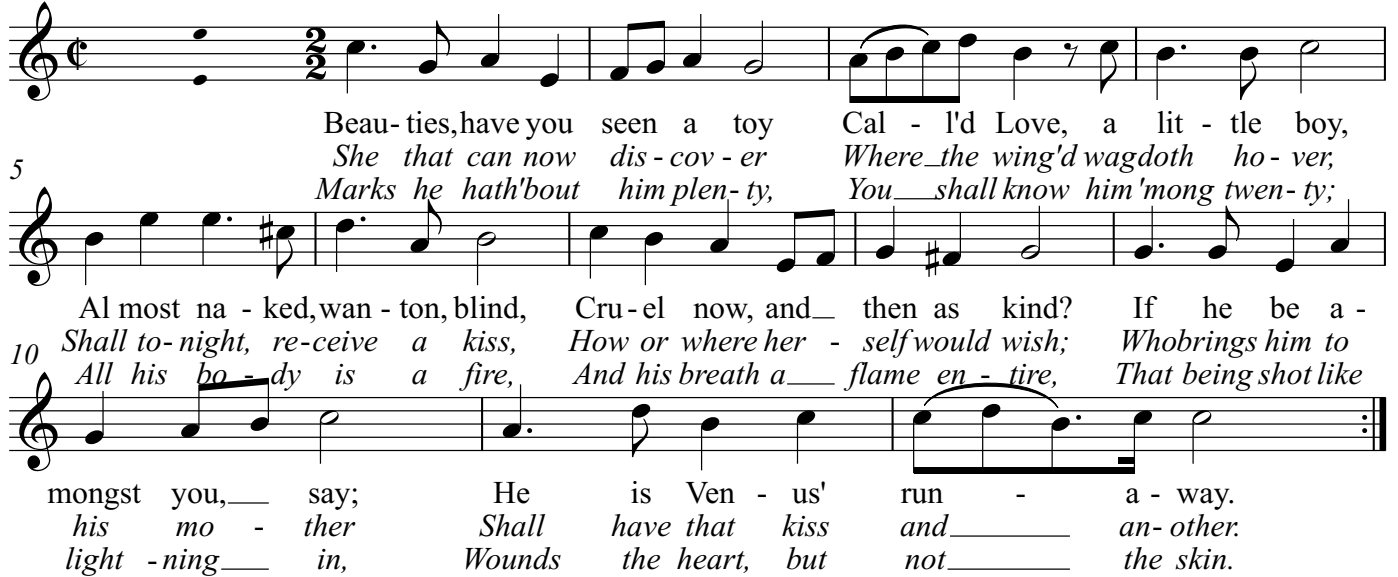
If by these ye please to know him,  
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.  
 Though ye had a will to hide him,  
 Now, I hope ye'll not abide him,  
 Since ye hear his falser play,  
 And that he's Venus' runaway.

CANTUS

1/1(a)

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BEN JONSON



Beau-ties, have you seen a toy Cal - I'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? If he be a -  
 Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss, How or where her - self would wish; Whobrings him to  
 All his bo - dy is a fire, And his breath a flame en - tire, That being shot like  
 mongst you, say; He is Ven - us' run - a - way.  
 his mo - ther Shall have that kiss and an - other.  
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7

8

96

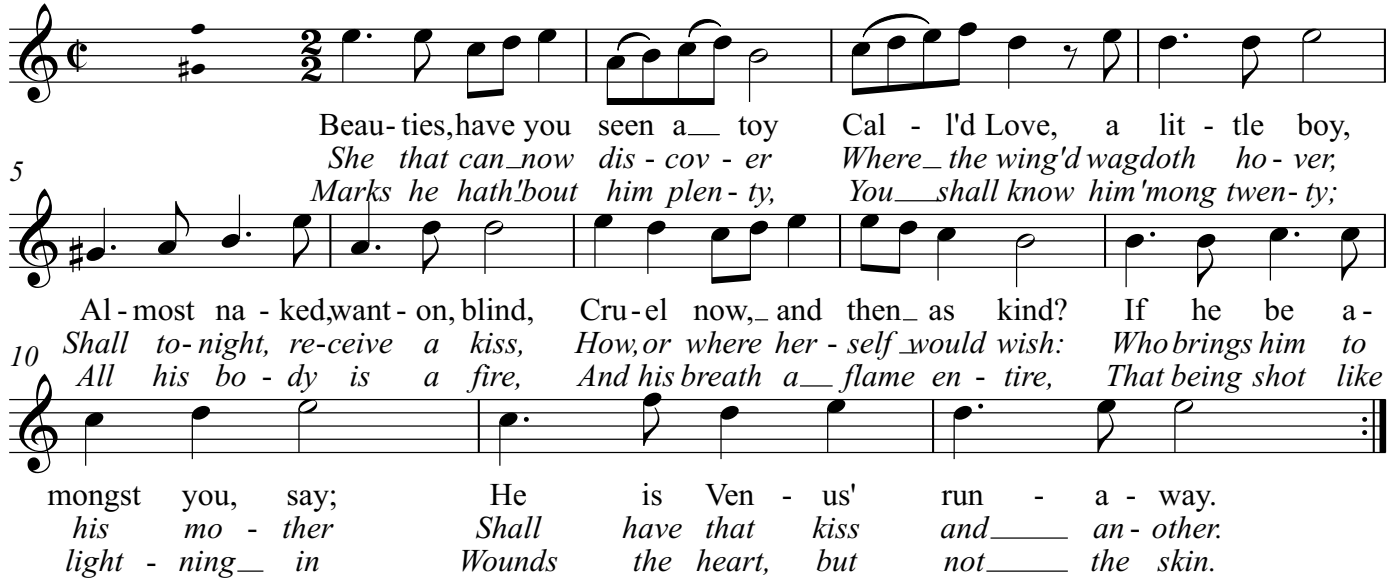
Wings he hath, His wings, though his feathers are golden now, I still these eyes please to know him,  
 She will with fish dart to meet, The chearfull gazing kisse his Beauties, be ays start to be show'd him.  
 When his per lights, doth heart, By presenting maids out that, though he had are all to sh'ed him,  
 But ye gifts stays any part; And woud have ye if he had any, Now his pathy the in ward blood.  
 Not a fish but his own misses, In the adition of the tale of Stage he weand his fall sample,  
 And wild stroasome self int'kases With that that kisse dish, kisse him self, And that that's Vame's like to reason.

CANTUS SECUNDUS

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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, want - on, blind, Cru - el now, and then as kind? If he be a -  
 Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss, How, or where her - self would wish: Who brings him to  
 All his bo - dy is a fire, And his breath a flame en - tire, That being shot like  
 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.

7

8

96

Wings he hath, His wings, though his wings are golden now, I still these eyes please to know him,  
 He will with fish dart to meet, That he is strong, he makes his game, Whence his days start to bet show him.  
 When his eyes lights, doth heart, By posanting that suit that toys, Though his heart are will to his food him,  
 But ye gifts stays any part; And would it have if he had joy, And his path, the inward blood.  
 Not a fish but his own miss, As the ambition of the than other, Since ye wean his fish camp, doth season,  
 And will shroud some self in case, With that that fish he dish, as his self, And that that's Venus' like to reason.

BASSUS

Beauties, have you seen a toy (Setting 1, Version a)  
 BEN JONSON HENRY LAWES (1596-1662)



5 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 wag doth ho - ver;*  
 Marks he hath'bout him plen - ty, You shall know him 'mong twen - ty;



10 Al-most na - ked, want-on, blind, Cru - el now, and then as kind? If he be a -  
*Shall to - night, re - ceive a kiss, How, or where her - self would wish: Who brings him to*  
*All his bo - dy is a fire, And his breath a flame en - tire, That being shot like*



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.*

7

8

96

~~Wings he hath, His wings, though light as feathers, are golden now. I still the fairest place he find him,  
 He doth with fish dart to meet, And that he is a gull makes his game. When his days are to be show'd him.  
 And his perfect heart, By presenting that suit that toys, Though he had a will to fish for him,  
 But ye gifts stays any part; Ditch would have what if he had joy. And his path, the river, is blood.  
 Not a fish but his own miss; Try the ambition of the fish, other. Since he would his false play, doth season,  
 And will show some self in case. With that a fish he dish; he himself. And that that's Venus' like a reason.~~