


N.2.2


See, the chariot at hand here of Love

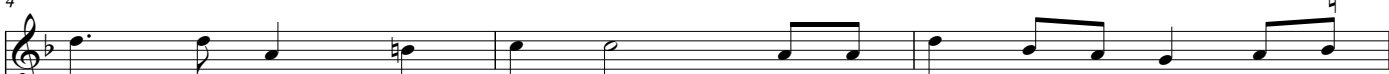
BEN JONSON

?JOHN GAMBLE (d.1687)


[CANTUS] 


1. See, the char - - iot at hand here of Love, Where-  
 2. Do but look on her eyes, they do light All  
 3. Have you seen but a white li - ly grow, Be -

[BASS] 


4 


in my la - dy rid - eth! Each that draws is a swan or a  
 that Love's world com - pris - eth! Do but look on her hair; it is  
 fore rude hands hath touch'd it? Have you mark'd but the fall of the



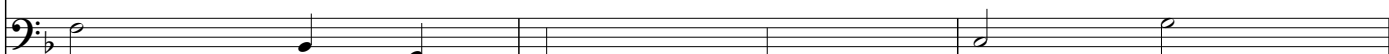
7 


dove And whilst the coach Love guid - eth. As she  
 bright As Love's star when it ris - eth! Do but  
 snow Be - fore the earth hath smutch'd it? Have you




10 

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



13 

beau - ty; 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 -



15

might But en - joy such a sight, That they still were to run by her  
 grace Sheds it - self through the face, As a - lone there tri - umphs to the  
 ar? Or the nard in the fire? Or have tas - ted the bag of the

18

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

21

she will ride, whe - ther she would ride.  
 good,] of such el - e - men - tal strife.  
 sweet is she,] Oh so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON

## See, the chariot at hand here of Love

JOHN GAMBLE (d.1687)

1. See, the char - iot at hand here of Love, Where - in my la - dy  
 2. Do but look on her eyes, they do light All that Love's world com  
 3. Have you seen but a white li - ly grow, Be - fore rude hands hath

rid - eth! Each that draws is a swan or a dove And whilst the coach Loveguid - eth. As she  
 pris - eth! Do but look on her hair, it is bright As Love's star when it ris - eth! Do but  
 touch'd it? Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow Be - fore the earth hath mutch'd it? Have you

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

beau - ty; 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 But en - joy such a sight, That they still were to run by her side, Through the  
 grace Shedsit - 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 Loye** ?JOHN GAMBLE (d.1687)

