

[?Robert Johnson], *See the chariot at hand/Have you seen the white lily grow?*
(NYp Drexel MS 4257, no. 2.)

Ben Jonson

See the chariot at

hand here of love, wherein my lady rideth. Each that

draws is a swan or a dove, And whilst the coach Love

guideth. As she goes all hearts do duty un -

- to her beauty, and enamoured do wish, so they

might but enjoy such a sight, that they still were to run by her

original:
[Bass clef, Bb, 4/4, quarter note, quarter note, quarter note, quarter note]

[?Robert Johnson]. *See the chariot at hand/Have you seen the white lily grow?*
(NYp Drexel MS 4257, no. 2.), 2

side through the woods, through the seas, whither

she will ride, whither she would ride.

2. Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth;
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth.
Do but mark, her forehead smoother
Than words that soothe her;
From her raised brows sits grace
Shades itself through the face,
As alone their triumphs delight
All the gain, all the good, of such elemental strife.

3. Have you seen the white lily grow
Before rude hands hath touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the earth hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver
Or swan's down ever?
Have you smelt to the bud of the briar
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have you tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh so white, oh so soft, Oh so sweet is she.