

[?Robert Johnson], *Have you seen but a white lily grow* [See the chariot at hand]

(Lbl Add. MS 15,177, fol. 17v)

Ben Jonson

Theorbo or Archlute in G

Editorial transcription of tablature (theorbo voicing)

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10

Have you seen but a white lily grow be -

- fore rude hands had touch'd it, have you mark'd the fall of the snow be -

- fore the earth hath smutch'd it; have you felt the wool of beaver, or

[?Robert Johnson], *Have you seen but a white lily grow*

(Lbl Add. MS 15,177, fol. 17v), p. 2

15

swan's down ever, or have smelt of the bud of the briar, or the nard in the

fire, or have tasted the bag of the bee? Oh so white, oh so

soft, oh so sweet, so sweet, so sweet is she.

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[?Robert Johnson], 15Have you seen but a white lily grow
(Lbl Add. MS 15,177, fol. 17v), p. 3

Extra stanzas from NYp Drexel MS 4257, no. 2

1. *See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And whilst the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through woods, through the seas, 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
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone their triumphs delight
All the gain, all the good, of such elemental strife.*