

[?Robert Johnson], *Have you seen the white lily flow'r* [*See the chariot at hand*]

(Lbl Add. MS 29,481, fol. 21)

Ben Jonson

Have you seen the white lily

flow'r before rude hands have touch'd it? Have you

mark'd the fall of the snow before the earth have

smutch'd it? Have you felt the wool of beaver, or

swans' down ever? Have you smelt to the bud of the

briar or the nard in the fire, or have tasted the bag of the

[?Robert Johnson], *Have you seen the white lily flow'r*
(Lbl Add. MS 29,481, fol. 21), p. 2

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bee? Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so
sweet, so sweet, so sweet is she.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are 'bee? Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so'. The second system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The lyrics are 'sweet, so sweet, so sweet is she.' The bass clef staff in both systems provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes.

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.