

\* sup Going to Bed

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Come misters come all rest my pow'rs defy  
untill I labour & in labour lye.

The foe (oft times) having his foe in fight  
is tyed w<sup>th</sup> standing though he never fight.

Off w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> waste like heav'ns zone glistring  
but a faire faire world encompassing:

uppon y<sup>e</sup> spanned best plate y<sup>e</sup> you see,  
y<sup>e</sup> th'eyes of busy fooler may be stop't there.

Unlace your gelfe, for y<sup>e</sup> haermonious chyme  
tells me from you, y<sup>e</sup> nowe 'tis y<sup>e</sup> bed tyme.

Off w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> happy buske y<sup>e</sup> I enoye,

if still can be still will be so nighte.

Y<sup>e</sup> gown thrown off, such beauidous stuff reveals  
as when through flowery meads hills shadows steals  
off w<sup>th</sup> that noise y<sup>e</sup> coronet y<sup>e</sup> showe  
The hayre of madme y<sup>e</sup> on you doth growe.

Now off w<sup>th</sup> these shoes w<sup>th</sup> then safely tread  
in this loovs hallow'd Temple, this soft bedd.

In such white robes heav'ns anjells use to be  
recrewd by men: thou, Anjell, being'st w<sup>th</sup> these

a heav'n like Mahomets Paradyer; & tho  
all spieits walke in whyte, we easily knowe

by this, these Anjells from an evill spieit,  
they sett our hayres, but these our flesh upright

Lyener my coming' handes, & let them goe  
before, behind, betwene above, belowe.

O my America! my newe found land!

my Kingdoms safest when w<sup>th</sup> one man mand.

My mine of precious stones! my Empery

howe blest am I in this discoverye!  
 To enter in their bonds, is to be free,  
 Then where my hand is sett, my seal shall bee.  
 Full Nakednesse; all joyes belong to thee,  
 As foules unbody'd, bodies uncloth'd should bee  
 to best whole joyes: Lemms, y<sup>e</sup>, you women, use  
 are, as Atlantars balls, cast in mens veins,  
 y<sup>e</sup> when a fooles eye lieth on a gemme  
 his earthly eye might covet y<sup>e</sup>, not them.  
 Like unto bookes, w<sup>th</sup> gandy coverings, made  
 for lay-men, are, all women, thus array'd:  
 Their felows are only mysticke bookes, whoe ever,  
 whom their imputed grace will dignifye,  
 must see revealed: Then (sweet) sister I must knowe  
 as liberally as to a mydwife, shewe  
 thy selfe; cast all, yea this white hymen hence  
 & there is no permanence due to innocents.  
 To teach thee, I am naked first why than  
 what need'st thou have more clothyng then a man?

\* why may not a man write his own Epithalamion if he can do it  
 so modestly