

On his M^r going to bed.
 Some M^r some my power all west Defy
 Untill I labour I in labour lye
 The for oftentimes having the for in fight
 Is tired with standing though he never fight
 Of with that girle like to heaves zone glistening
 One a faire favour word intompassing
 Virgin that spangled breastplate that you wear
 That if may see my skin that shines so faire
 Unless you selfe for that harmonious chime
 Tels me from you that was tis your Cathin
 Of with that happy buske which I use
 That still will be and still will stand so long
 Your gown going of such gaudious state vernal
 As when from flowry meads hells shadows strike
 Off with that shew of court and shew
 The hair diadem with on you doth wear
 Off with these shew to and then softly tread
 In this loose hallowd temple this soft bed
 In such white robes heaves angels to be
 Advised by men, then angels bringst with thee
 I hearely Paradise and though
 He spirits walks in white we are the land
 By this these Angels from an evil spright
 They set our haire but they our flesh spright
 Lett me my roving hands and let them go
 Behind behind, above, between, below.
 O my America, my now-found-land;
 My Kingdoms fastfoot when with our man made
 My mine of precious stones, my empori
 How best am I in discovering thee
 All soules undonned bodied and bound
 For best whole joyes. Give that you women see

For like Atlantic, balls rest in mens breast
 When a fools sight lighteth on a gem
 His greedy eyes might count these and let them
 Like into both with gaudy trappings made
 For lay-men, and all women thus arrayd.
 Then floss and musick-books which only were
 When their ingutted grate will dignify
 Must see rebald: then sweet that I may know
 As bidding, as to a midwife show
 Thy selfe, rest all you this white linnen house
 There is no pleasure due to incoate
 That into those bonds is to be free
 Show where my hand shall set my feet
 To teach that, if an naked first, why then
 What rest thou other, resting thy man
 On a Gentlewoman in a bath
 Be guided you vaister beauties that sparkle
 Lustre in gold and satten for a dross
 Spin up your tresses and put your submission
 Leave to repeat into a fashion
 Had you my eyes, and were for inst to see
 What a faire ornament above springs would be
 You would wearo bathes hereafter and not more
 Thinke people agons and terrors a Memphor
 They strike her dugs and heape upon her face
 Tagging their wanton streamers into a lace
 That best her breast her best to kiss and smelle
 While the ambitious bubbles turne to peales
 Sometimes they climb her brighter necke
 But down for many perfect strokes of golde
 Sometimes they hug her shoulders, and against
 Led by her shoulders silver to a chain
 The flow that kisses her faire skin must be
 something thats like but beyond tiggamy.