

BRIDAL Night. To the foregoing Tune.



Come from the Tem - ple, a - way to the Bed, As the Merchānt tran-sports home his Treā - sure;
Be not so coy La - dy, since we are wed, 'Tis no Sin to taste of the Plea - sure:



Then come let us be blith, mer - ry and free, Upon my life all the wai - ters are



gone; And 'tis so, that they know where you go, — say not so, For I



mean to make bold — with my own.

What is it to me, if our Hands joynd be,
If our Bodies are still kept asunder:
It shall not be said, there goes a married Maid,
Indeed we will have no such wonder:
Therefore let's Embrace, there's none sees thy Face,
The Bride-Maids that waited are gone;
None can spy how you lye, ne'er deny, but say Ay,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Sweet Love do not frown, but pull off thy Gown,
'Tis a Garment unfit for the Night;
Some say that Black, hath a relishing smack,
I had rather be dealing with White:
Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,
Since we two are together alone;
I invite you this Night, to do me right in my delight,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us Kiss, and tast of our Bliss,
Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd;
If all Maids should be of the humour of thee,
Generations would soon be destroy'd:
Then where were the Joys, the Girls and the Boys,
Would'st live in the World all alone;
Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not Coy for a Toy,
For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,
For my Humour I cannot prevent it;
You are so streight lac'd, and your Top-knot so fast,
Undo it, or I straitway will rent it:
Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it with a Knife,
'Tis too long to stay 'till it's undone;
Let thy Wast be unlac'd, and in hast be embrac'd,
For I long to make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and sweeter than the Air,
That dallies on *July's* brave Roses;
Now let me be to thy Garden a Key,
That the Flowers of Virgins incloses:
And I will not be too rough unto thee,
For my Nature to mildness is prone;
Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
For this Night I'll make bold with my own.