

BRIDAL Night. To the foregoing Tune.

The musical notation is written on four staves in a single system. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the notes, aligned with the syllables. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line.

Come from the Tem - ple, a - way to the Bed, As the Merchant tran-sports home his Treasures;
 Be not so coy La - dy, since we are wed, 'Tis no Sin to taste of the Pleasure:
 Then come let us be blith, mer - ry and free, Upon my life all the waiters 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 joyned 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.