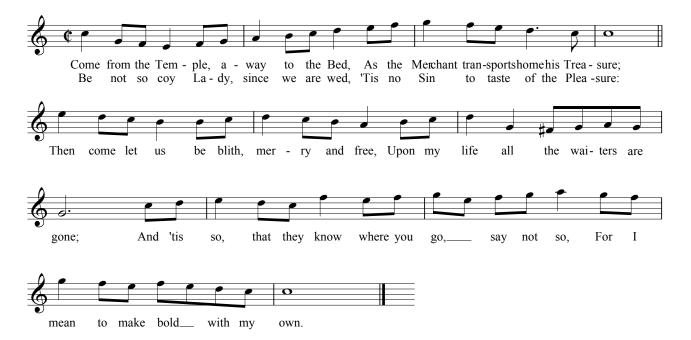
BRIDAL Night. To the foregoing Tune.



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.