

## TO HIS MISTRIS GOING TO BED

John Donne

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,  
Until I labour, I in labour lie.  
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,  
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.  
Off with the girdle, like heavens Zone glistening,  
But a far fairer world incompassing.  
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,  
That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.  
Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,  
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.  
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,  
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.  
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,  
As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales.  
Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew  
The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:  
Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread  
In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.  
In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be  
Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee  
A heaven like Mahomets Paradice; and though  
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,  
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,  
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.  
Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,  
Before, behind, between, above, below.  
O my America! My new-found land,  
My kingdome, safeliest when with one man man'd,  
My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,  
How blest am I in this discovering thee!  
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;  
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be,  
Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,  
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,  
To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use  
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,  
That when a fools eye lighteth on a gem,  
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.  
Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made  
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;

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Themselves are mystick books, which only wee  
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)  
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;  
As liberally, as to a midwife, shew  
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence,  
There is no penance due to innocence.  
                    To teach thee, I am naked first; why then  
What needst thou have more covering than a man.