

1633

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED

John Donne

Donne, John (1572-1631) - First and greatest of the English metaphysical poets. Donne's work was popular upon its initial (posthumous) publication, but it was not until the early 20th century that he was first considered a major poet. His poems are admired for their wit, beauty, and perception. To His Mistress Going to Bed (1633) - Opening lines: Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy, / Until I labour, I in labour lie. ...

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy, Until I labour, I in labour lie.

The foe oft-times having the foe in sight, Is tired with standing though they never fight.

Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glistening, But a far fairer world encompassing.

Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear, That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.

Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime Tells me from you, that now 'tis your bed time.

Off with that happy busk, which I envy, That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.

Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals, As when from flowery meads th' hill's shadow steals.

Off with that wiry coronet and show The hairy diadem which on you doth grow; Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread In this love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.

In such white robes heaven's angels used to be Received by men; thou angel bring'st with thee A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; 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.

License my roving hands, and let them go Before, behind, between, above, below.

O my America, my new found land, My kingdom, safeliest when with one man manned, My mine of precious stones, my empery, How blessed 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 joys are due to thee As souls unbodied, bodies unclathed must be, To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views, That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem, His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.

Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made For laymen, are all women thus arrayed; Themselves are mystic books, which only we Whom their imputed grace will dignify Must see revealed. Then since I may know, As liberally, as to a midwife, show Thyself: cast all, yea, this white linen hence, Here is no penance, much less innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first, why then What needst thou have more covering than a man.

THE END