

By this all Angels from an euill sprite
They see our haire but their owne flesh upright.
Lincea my rouing hands e let them goe
Behind, before, beuene, about, below.
O my America my new found land
My Kingdome safest when with one man hand,
My mine of precious stones my Empery.
How blis am I in this discouering thy
Full nakednes, all eyes are dug to thee
All soules embodied, bodies meloed should be
To cast hole eyes gentles y^e women vs,
Are as Atlantick Isles calld in mens views.
That when a foolcs eye lighteth on a gem
His greedy ey might court theirs e not their
Liken vnto bookes with gaudie coverings made
For lay men, Are all women thus arrayd.
Themselues are musick books which mely we
(Whome their impud^{er} grace will dignifie)
Must be reucaled, then sweet y^e may
As librally as to a Midwife shew.
Thy selfe, last all yea this white hence
There is no prauance due to knowage
I enter into their bonds vs to be free
There where my hand is set, my stake shall be
Go reach thee I am naked first, Why then
What needest thou haue more courting y^e a man.

JA

Burlington, Richard Boyle, earl of, 1612–1698.
A book of verses collected by me R. Dungarvan, ca. 1630.
V.a.125, 32r.