

I
Upon the 19th Psalm

O Lord my favour and support
grant that the words and fees
my heart doth vent and tongue report
be pleasinge in thine eies

O let the notions of my minde
and words my mouth doth yeild
Still in thy sight acceptant find
my favour strength and shield

O Lord my favour strength and might
grant that the thoughts and wordes
be always pleasinge in thy sight
my mouth and heart affords

O let the wordes my lips prolate
and plants my heart doth power
find favour at thy mercie gate
my favour strength and tower

out of D^r Dannes Poems

of Death

Thinke thou my soule that death is but a grome
w^h brings a taper to the out ward roome
wher^e thou spiest first a little glimmeringe light
and after brings it never to thy sight
How such approaches doth heaven make in death
thinke thy selfe laboringe now w^h broken breath

and thinke those broken and
denision and thy hapieft hermonie
thinke thee laid on thy death bed loose and slack
and thinke that but unbindinge of a patke
to take one precious thinge thy soule from thence
thinke thy selfe purcht wth feauers violent
anger thine ague more by fallinge in
thy Physick, thinke the slacknesse of the sin
thinke that thou hearest thy knell and thinke ^{more} no
but that as bells tald thee to Church before
soe this to the triumphant Church talls thee
thinke Satans servants round about thee be
and thinke that but for legacies they thrust
give one thy pride to another give thy lust
give them those sins w^{ch} they gave thee before
and trust the Imaculate blood to wash thy score
thinke thy freinds weepinge round and thinke that
weepe but because they goe not yet thy way
thinke that they blasse thine eies and thinke ⁱⁿ that
that they confesse muth in the world a misse
who dare not trust a dead mans tie w^{ch} that
w^{ch} they from god and Angels touch not
thinke that they shroud thee up and thinke ^{thinke} from
they reiuist thee in white Inocent
thinke that thy body rots (and if soe low)
thy soule exalted for thy thoughts can goe
thinke thee a Prince who of them silues create
wormes w^{ch} Intensibly denounce thine state
thinke that they bury thee and thinke that right
lages thee to sleepe but a saint Lucies night.