

Jam a little world made cunningly
 of Elements, and an Angelike Spright
 But black Sinne hath betrayd me to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and / oh / both parts must dye
 y^e w^{ch} beyond that Heavens w^{ch} was most high
 Have found new Sphaeres, and of new land can write
 Poore new Seas in mine eyes, that fo I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or washe it, if it must be drownd no more.
 But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire
 Of Lust and Envy hath burnt it heere to fore
 And made it fouler, Let theyr flames retire
 And burne mee o Lord with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy loue, w^{ch} both in eating, heale

P 8

At the round Earths imagind Corners blowe
 y^e Trumpets Angels and arise, arise
 From death y^e numberlesse infinities
 Of Soules, and to y^e scattered bodies goe
 All whom the flood did and fire shall ore throw
 All whom warre, Death, Aye, Azurs, Tyranny,
 Dilpayre, Law, Chance hath slayne. And y^e whole eyes
 Shall behold God, and neuer tast Deaths noore.
 But let them sleepe (Lord), and mee mourne a space
 For if above all these my finnes abound
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace
 When wee are there. Hurra on this lowly ground
 Track mee how to repent, for that's as good
 As if th^e hadst feald my pardon with thy blood

Jf

If Poisonous Mineralls, or if the Tree
 whose fruits thro' death we (else mortall) see
 If Treacherous Goats, if Serpents enuious
 cannot bee damnd, Alas why should I bee?
 Why should intent and reason borne in mee
 make Simes (else a quall) in mee more hayning?
 And mercy being easy and glorious
 To God, in his storne wrath why threatens hee?
 But who am I that dare dispute with thee
 O God! O of thy onely worthy blood
 And my teares make a heavenly Lethean flood
 And drown it in my firms black memory
 That thou remember them no more as well
 I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget

P. 10
 If faythfull soules bee alike glorifyd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see
 And adds this even to full faculty
 That valiantly I Hell's wide mouth ore stride
 But if our minds to these soules bee deloyd
 By circumstances and by signes that be
 Apparant in vs not immediately
 How shall my minds white truth by them be tryd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne
 And wild blasphemous Coniurers to call
 on Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblous fayne deuotion. Then turne
 O profane soule, to God, for hee knowes best
 Thy greife, for hee put it into my breast

Death