

3 This is my plaine last scene here Heavens appoints  
 My Pilgrimage last mile, and my race  
 Fdely yet quickly run, hath this last pace  
 My spans last inch, My minutes last points  
 And gluttons death will instantly vniointe  
 My boddie, and Soule, And I shall sleep a space  
 But my everlastinge parte shall see that face  
 Whose feare alledys shakes my everie ioynte  
 Then at my Soule to heauen, her first seat takes flight  
 And earth borne bodie in the earth shall dwell  
 Soe full my sinns that all may haue their right  
 To where they are bred; And wolde fers me to hell  
 Impute mee righteous thus purgd of euill  
 For thus I leaue the world, The flesh, and deuill

4 At y<sup>e</sup> round earths imagined corners blowe  
 your trumpetts Angells, and arise, Arise  
 From death you memberles infinities  
 Of Soules, and to your scattered boddies goe  
 All whome the flood did, and fire shall ouerthrowe  
 All whome warre, Death, Age, Aques tirames  
 Despaire, Law, chance hath slayne, And you whose eyes.  
 Shall behold Godd, and neber last deaths wor,  
 But let them sleepe Lord, and mee mouerne a space,  
 For if about all these my symms abounde  
 'Tis late to aske a boundance of thy grace  
 When we are there, here on this lowly ground  
 Teach mee how to repent, for thats as good  
 As if thou hadst seald my pardon with this blood.

7  
5 If poisonous Minerealls, And if that tree  
Whose frute threw death once els immortal be  
If lecherous goats, if serpent envious  
Cannot be damnd alas why should I be?  
Why should intent or reason borne in mee  
Make sins els equall, in mee more heinous?  
And Mercy bringe easie and glorius  
To God, in his sterns wrath why threatens hee?  
But who am I that darre dispute with thee  
O Gods o of thine only worthie blood,  
And my teares, make a heauenly lethean flood  
And drowne in it my sins blacke memorie,  
That thou remember them, some claime as debt  
I thinke it Mercie if thou wilt forgett.

6  
Death bee not proud, though some haue cald thee  
Mighty, and dreadful, for thou art not so:  
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee:  
From rest, and sleepe which but thy pictures bee  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Best of their bones, and Soules deliuerie  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, Kingdome and desperate men  
And dost with poyson, war, and sickness dwell,  
And Poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well  
And better then thy stroke, why swellst thou then  
One short sleepe past wee wake eternally,  
And death shall bee no more, death thou shalt de