Upon the 49th Psalme

O Lord my Saviour and support
grant that the words andtransactions
my heart doth went and tongue report
be pleasing in thine eyes.

O let the notions of my mind
and words my mouth doth yield
still in thy sight acceptable find
my Saviour strength and shield

O Lord my Saviour strength and might
grant that the thoughts and words
be always pleasing in thy sight
my mouth and heart affords

O let the words my lips protest
and plants my heart doth prove
find Saviour at thy meritorious gate
my Saviour strength and tower

Out of Dr. Dunns Poems
Of Death

Think thou my soul that death is but a gnom
well brings a taper to the outward rooms
wherein thou Spiest first a little glimmering light
and after brings into view to thy sight
how such approaches doth heaven make in death
thinketh solace laboring now with broken breath
and thinkst those broken things
devision and thy happiest hermionie
thinks the laid on thy death bed loose and slack
and thinks that but unbinding of a patke
to take one precious thinge thy soul from thine
thinks thy selfo paint with frauen and linte
anger thin ague more by falling on
thy physick shide the slakkenesse of the sitt
thinks that thou hearest thy knell and thinkst no
but that as bells tald thee to church before
so this to the triumphant church falls there
thinks satans saxonants round about thee be
and thinkst that but for legasies they thought
give one thy pride to another give thy lust
give them thosse sins so they gain thin before
and trust the immaculati blood to wash thy sute
thinks thy friends weeping round and thinkst thin
that some but because they got not yet thy way
thinks that they stolse thine eyez and thinkst thin
that they consisse much in the world amasse
who dare not trust a dead mans wish that
so they soon god and angels touch not
thinks that they shrowd thee upp and thinkst from
they wench them in white gowns thin
thinks that thy body rolls and if soo low
thy soul exalted for thy thoughts can go
thinks that a Prince who of them sends treace
tormentis sobeintensibly deuoure the state
thinks that they busy thin and thinkst that right
thinks that to stoop but a saint Luciess might