I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements, and an Angelic spright.
But black some hath estrayed to endless night.
My world's both parts, and oh! both parts must die.
Ye no beyond that Heaven no was must high.
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write.
Poors new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly.
Or washes it if it must be round no more.
But oh it must be burnt alas the fire.
Of lust and envy hath burnt it heretofore.
And made it fonder, let thy flames reburn.
And burne me o Lord with a fiery zeal.
Of thee and thy house, oh both in eating, heal.

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At the round Earth's imaging corners alone
Yes Trumpets Angells and with aright
From death ye numerable infinities
Of Scales, and to ye scattered anxious you.
All whom the flood did and fire shall or throw.
All whom warre, death, Angell, gys, Tyranny,
Dilpyrre, law, chance hath plucked. And ye whom yys
Shall behold God, and must rest death's hand.
But let them sleepe (Lord), and mee mourn, a space.
For it above all these my times a bound.
It's late to ask abundance of thy grace.
When nor are there, turn on this lowly ground.
Teach mee how to repent, for that's as good.
As if to hast paid my pardon with thy blood.
If poisonous Minerals, or if the Tree
Whose fruit thoro death on (else in mortall) 35
If treacherous goat, if Serpents envious
Cannot lose damned, Nay why should I bee?
Why should intent and reason fume in mee.
Mak st simes (else equall) mone more haynour.
And mercy bring ease and glasmon
To god, in his thorne mouth why threaten sec. 45
But who am I that dare dispute with thee
O God, ye only worthy stood
And my livers make a heavenly Lycban stond.
And drowne it with my long black memory
That then remember them no more as sec.
I thinke it mercey if them royle forsges.

If theye free soules bee abide glorifyd
As angels, then my fathers soul doth see
And adds this even to full sacturty
Thas vanityly, theye noble mouth ore stirde.
But of our minds to these soules bee depred
By circumstance and by signe these souls
Apparant in vs not in exactity.
How shal my minds while truth by them bee tryed.
They see solatians loners weep and mourning
And wild blasphemous commaers to call
On jesus name, and Phariesall.
Dissimblers, fayre dron in, Their turns.
O profane soule, to God for hee knowes best
Thy griefs, for hee put it into my brest.