Hymn to God my God, in my sickness.
Since I am coming to that holy room Where with the grace of Saints for evermore I shall be made the music; As I come I tune the instrument here at the door And what I must do then think here before Whilst my Pipers play their love ap-pear Cosmographers, and I their map who see Flat on this bed that by that map be shown That this is my south-west discover Per tormenta surgis, by these straights to dye I pray that in these straights I see my west For though their currents yield return to none What shall my west rest me? As west or East In all flat maps (e. Jannone) to one So death doth touch the resurrection Is the pacific sea my home? or at The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem Anyon o' Magellan or Gourlar All straights, or none but straights as ways to them Whether where Japhet dwelt or Charlemagne Ever think that Lardaker o' Calvary Christ's cross o' Adam's tree stood in one place Look Lord I finde both Adams met in mee As the first Adams surraed surrounds my face May the last Adams bleed my soul embrace So in his people vast receive me Lord By these his thorns give me his other crown And as to others solds I preach thy word
Bend this my text, my sermon to my own I therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down