Lift Mars Soul, be a Sphere, and there in this
The Intelligence that moves Devotion is.
And as the lower Spheres by being grosse,
Subject to sorne ne motion loose their own,
And hang by it hourly day: seeing a more that natural forms obey
Pleasure and Business so our Soulds admit
For their first Measure and are whirling by it.

Hence it is kind I trauayle towards the West
This day, when my soules Forms tend to wth the East
There should I see a Sun by rising set self
And by his setting endles day begun.
But that Christ on the Cross did rise and fall
Saw had eternally benefitted all.
Yet am I almost glad I did not see
That Specula of too much weight for me.

A madr his owne Secretant Nature shrinke,
It made him counsell to conch it to the Sun to sunke.
Could I behold those hands that span the Poles
And tune all Spheres at once bound through as poles?
Could I behold that endles height that is
Zenith to us and our Antipodes
Humbled beneath us? or that Blood that is
The scale of all our soules if not of his
Make diet of death, or that flesh as was worne.
By God for his Apparell rent and torn.
And if on these I durst not looke dare I
Dupon his miserable Mother cast myry Eye &
who was God's Parbour and furnished with
Halfe of his Sacrifice that ransomed us?

These things as thus I write are from myry Eye
Yet are they present to my Memory.
That looks on them and then looked toward me.
Dear Seniour as thou hastest upper that Tree.
I turne my Back to this, but to declare
Corrosion till thy moneys bid the free.
Oh thinkes me worth thyye Anger punishes me
Sure of my rust and my deformity.
Renew thyne Image in me by thy Grace.
That thou mayest know me and I will turne my face.