This is my plain last scene here heaven's apointe
My Pilgrimage last mile, and my race
I daily fast quickly run, hath this last pace
My span last inch, my minute last pointe
And glutten's death will instantly unioynte
My bodie, and Soul, and I shall sleep a space
But my everlasting part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every jotynke
Then on my soul to heaven, her first seate cracks flight
And earth borne bodie in the earth shall dwel
So full my sins that all may have their right
So where they are best, and wold me to hell
Impute me right out this purged of evill
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, and devill

At y round earths imagined corners blowe
Your trumpets Angels, and arch, Arise
From death you members, infinities
Of soules, and to your scattered bodiies go
All whence the flesh did, and fire shall overthrow
All whence wars, death, age, ages times
Despair, law, chance hath stayne, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never last deaths wor
But let them sleep: Lord, and mee moune a space,
For if about all these my symes a bounde
Is late to ask a boundance of thy grace
When we are there, here on this lowly ground
Teach mee how to repent, for that as good
Is if thou hadst staid my pardon with thee blood.
If poisonus Minercalls, And if that tree
whose fucth threw death once els immorall be
ft leathorous goater, if serpent eunious
Cannot bee slained alas why should Fhe s
Why should intent or reason bome in me?
Make sins els equall, in me more heinous?
And Merci bring: easy and glorious
To God, in his strenw wrath why threatens he s
But who am I that dare dispute with this
I God s of thine only worth ye blood
And my tears make a heavenly letharn flood
And drowne it my sins blake memory
That thou remempher them, some claims as clab
I think it Merci if thou wilt forget.

Death bee not proud, though some have cald thee
Mighty, and dreadfull, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou thinkst thou dost obtrough,
Die not, gave death, nor yet can thy kill mee.
From risc, and sleepe which but thy pictures bee
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow
And somet our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and Soules delirrie
Thou art slave to fate, chance, slyngs and desperate men
And dost with joyson war, and sickness dwell,
And Boppis, or charms can make us sleepe as well
And better then thy sleepe, why sweeth thou then
One short sleepe past we wake eternally,
And death shall bee no more, death thou shalt do