

I hymne to God, my God. In
my service. 302

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Sweet I am coming to that holy room
where my thy grace of saint, for tomorrow
I shall be made thy wife, as I come
I have thy instrument. Love all ye do
And what I must do ye, Gentle now before.

Whilst my Christian by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I have maps, who lay
flat on this side, but by them may be known
That this is my soul's west direction.

per fractam febris, by this straight, to dye
I live, but in this straight, I see my West,
For though this current wild returns to now,
What shall my West end me: as West & East
In all flat, maps (and I am on) are on,
For day, joy, such ye reference.

To ye pacifique sea my home? or are
ye Eastern Bights? is Jerusalem!
Amian, and Negolan, and Gibraltar
All straight, or now but straight, as needs be
wherever ye Typhat dwell, or Cham or Sin.

We thinke, that Paradise and Calvary
Christes roffe, and Adams tree, stood in one ^{place}
Looke Lords, and finde both Adams, mett in mee,
As thy first Adams sweat surround my face,
may thy last Adams blood my soule embrace,

So, in thy quip wrapp'd, receive me Lords,
By thyse thy thynde geve me thy thyne crown,
And led to thyne soules I praye thy words,
Be thy my thy, my thy mon to myne own
thyne, thy thy may rise, thy thy thyne down,