

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

27

316

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 one,  
For day, night, both by reference.

To ye partitive 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 <sup>place</sup>  
Looke Lords, and finde both Adams, mett in me,  
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 grace, and thyse thyse  
And led to thyse soules I praye thyse words,  
Be thyse myse, myse for men to myse owne  
 thyse, thyse thyse may rise, thyse lowe thyse downe,