

blinds.
Himne to god my god, in my sickness.
Once I am coming to that holy room
Where with the quire of Saints for evermore
I shall be made thy musick; As I com
I tune the instrument here at the door
And what I must do then think here before.
Whilst my Physitians by their Loue agrrown
Cosmographers, and I their map who say
Flat on this bed, that by their map be shown
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum, febris, by these straights to dye,
I say that in these straights I see my west;
For though these currents yeild return to none
What shall my west hurt me? As west & East
In all flat maps (or I am one) are one
So death doth touch the resurrection.
Is the pacifique sea my home? Or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem.
Anyan & Magellan & Gibraltar
All straights, & none but straights are wayes to them
Whether where Japhet dwelt or Cham or Sem.
Wee think that Paradise & Calvary
Christs cross & Adams tree stoo in one place
Lok lord & finde both Adams met in mee,
As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face
May the last Adams blood my soul embrace.
So in his purple wrapt receive me lord,
By these his thorns give me his other crown,
And as to others souls I preach thy word
Bee this my text, my sermon to my own
Therefore that he may rayse, the lord throws down