

meditation on a good Friday ridings from London into the
west Country.

Let Mans Soule be a Sphere, and then in this
The Intelligence that mooves Deuotion is.
And as the lower Spheres by being growne
Subject to forreine motion loose theyr owne.
And being by it hurled every day: scarce in a year theyr naturall forme obey
Pleasure and Business so our Soules admit
For theyr first moouer, and are whirled by it.
Hence it is ~~that~~ I trauaile towards the west
This day, when my soules Forme tends vnto y^e East
There should I see a Sun by risinge sett sett
And by his settinge endless day begett.
But that Christ on the Cross did rise and fall
Syn had eternally benighted all:
Yet am I almost glad I did not see
That Spectacle of too much waight for me
It made his owne Leuitenant Nature shrinke
It made ^{his footesteples} ~~the earth~~ to crack and the Sun to winke!
Could I behold those hands that span the Poles
And tune all Spheres at once boord through wth Holes?
Could I behold that endless Height that is
Zenith to vs and our Antipodes
Humbled beneath vs? or that Blood that is
The seate of all our Soules if not of his
make dirt of dust? or that flesh w^{ch} was worne
By God for his Apparrill rent and torne.
And if on these I durst not looke, dare I
Vppon his miserable Mother cast myre Eye
who was Gods Partur and furnished thus
Halfe of y^e Sacrifice that ransomed vs?
These things as thus I ryde are from myre Eye
y^{et} are they present to my Memory.
That looke on them and thou lookest towards me,
Deare Sauiour as thou hangst vppon that Tree:
I turne my Back to thee, but to receaue
Correction, till thy mercye bid the Leane
oh thinke me worth thyre Anger punishe me,
Scoure of my rust and my deformitie.
Renew thyre Imago in me by thy Grace
That thou mayest know me and I will turne my face.