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II. *The Meditations, Soliloquia, and Manuall of the Glorious*  
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*fully translated (out of S. Avgvstine his booke)* (London: Iohn  
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 (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter, 1852).

CAPVT XXV.

*Anima desiderium, ad ciuitatem super-*  
*nam Hierusalem.*

**I**MATER Hierusalem, ciuitas sancta  
 Dei, charissima sponsa Christi;  
 te amat cor meum, pulchritudinem  
 tuam nimium desiderat mens mea. O  
 quam decora, quam gloriosa, quam  
 generosa tu es. Tota pulchra es, & ma-  
 cula non est in te. Exulta & latere for-  
 mosa filia principis, quia concupiuit  
 Rex speciem tuam; & amauit decorem  
 tuum, speciosus forma præ filiis ho-  
 minum. Sed qualis est dilectus tuus ex  
 dilecto, o pulcherrima? Dilectus meus  
 candidus, & rubicundus, electus ex  
 millibus. Sicut malus inter ligna syl-  
 uarum, sic dilectus meus inter filios.  
 Sub vmbra illius, quem desideravi, ecce  
 læta sedeo, & fructus eius dulcis gut-  
 turi meo. Dilectus meus misit manum  
 suam per foramen, & venter meus in-  
 tremuit ad tactum eius.

Chapter XXV

The Soul's desire to attain to the  
 Heavenly City of Jerusalem

[1.] O Jerusalem, that art my mother, O thou  
 holy city of God, thou most dear spouse of  
 Christ our Lord, my heart loves thee, and my  
 soul is extremely desirous to enjoy thy beauty. O  
 how graceful, how glorious, and how noble art  
 thou? Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in  
 thee. Exult and reioice, O thou fair daughter of  
 the Prince; for the King hath earnestly desired  
 thy beauty: and he who excelth all the sons  
 of men in beauty, hath been enamored with  
 thy comeliness.<sup>a</sup> But what kind of man is that  
 beloved thine, who is so much beloved, O thou  
 fairest of women? My beloved is white and red,  
 the choice of a thousand. As a fruit tree in the  
 midst of a wild wood, so is my beloved, amongst  
 the sons of men: under his shadow, whom I  
 have desired, behold I sit down with joy, and his  
 fruit is sweet to my throat. My beloved put forth  
 his hand through a division in the wall, and my  
 belly trembled upon that touch of his.

[a. beauty or decency]

**M**other deare Hierusalem<sup>a</sup>  
 Iehouas throne<sup>b</sup> on hie,  
 O sacred Citie<sup>c</sup>, Queene<sup>d</sup> &  
 of Christ eternally. (wife<sup>e</sup>  
 My hart<sup>f</sup> doth long to see thy face,  
 my soule doth still desire<sup>g</sup>  
 Thy glorious<sup>h</sup> beautie to behold  
 my mind is set on fire<sup>i</sup>.  
 O comely Queene<sup>k</sup> in glorie clad<sup>l</sup>,  
 in honour<sup>m</sup> and degree<sup>n</sup>:  
 Al faire<sup>o</sup> thou art exceeding bright<sup>p</sup>  
 no spot<sup>q</sup> there is in thee.  
 O piercelesse dame and daughter faire<sup>r</sup>  
 of loue<sup>s</sup>, without annoy  
 Triumph, for in thy beautie braue,  
 the king doth greatly ioy<sup>t</sup>.  
 Thy port, thy shape, thy stately grace<sup>u</sup>,  
 thy fauour faire in deede:  
 Thy pleasant hew and countenance;  
 all others doth exceede<sup>v</sup>.  
 What is thy welbeloued mate  
 thou fairest<sup>w</sup> of thy kind?  
 My loue is white and ruddie both<sup>x</sup>,  
 of thousands chiefe as signd.  
 For as the pleasant Appletree<sup>x</sup>  
 amid the Forest greene  
 Surmounts the rest so fares my loue  
 the sonnes of men betweene.  
 His shadow me doth couer quite  
 where vnder I do sit:  
 His fruite is sweete and pleasant both  
 my mouth desireth it,  
 My welbeloued mate did put,  
 his hand within my doore<sup>y</sup>:  
 Therefore in him my Lord<sup>z</sup> & life<sup>a</sup>,  
 my ioy<sup>b</sup> encreaseth more.

A SONG BY F. B. P. TO THE TUNE OF DIANA.

- 1 Hierusalem, my happy home!  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joyes when shall I see?
- 2 O happie harbour of the saints!  
 O sweete and pleasant soyle!  
 In thee no sorrow may be found,  
 Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.
- 3 In thee noe sicknesse may be seene,  
 Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore;  
 There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,  
 There is life for evermore.
- 4 Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,  
 Noe colde nor darksome night;  
 There everie soule shines as the sunne,  
 There God himselfe gives light.
- 5 There lust and lukar cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway;  
 There is no hunger, heate, nor colde,  
 But pleasure everie way.
- 6 Hierusalem! Hierusalem!  
 God grant I soon may see  
 Thy endless joyes; and of the same  
 Partaker aye to bee.

2. In lectulo meo per noctem quæsiui, quem diligit anima mea : quæsiui, & inueni: Teneo nec dimittam illum, donec introducat me in domum suā, & in cubiculum suum gloriosa genitrix mea. Ibi enim dabis mihi vbera tua abundantius, & perfectius, & satiabis me satietate mirifica, ita vt nec esuriam; nec sitiam in æternum. Fœlix anima ea, semperque fœlix in secula; si intueri meruero gloriam tuam, beatitudinem tuam, pulchritudinem tuam, portas, & muros, & plateas tuas, & mansiones tuas multas, nobilissimos ciues tuos, & fortissimum regem tuum in decore suo. Muri namque tui, ex lapidibus preciosis; portæ tuæ, ex margaritis optimis, plateæ tuæ, ex auro purissimo: in quibus iucundum Alleluya sine intermissione concinitur; mansiones tuæ multæ quadris lapidibus fundatæ, saphyris constructæ, laterculis coopertæ aureis; in quas nullus ingreditur, nisi mundus: nullus habitat inquinatus.

3. Speciosa facta es & suavis in deliciis tuis, mater Hierusalem. Nihil in te tale, quale hic patimur; qualia in hac misera vita cernimus. Non sunt in te tenebræ, aut nox, aut quælibet diuersitas temporum. Non lucet in te lux

[2.] I have sought him whom my soul loves, in my little bed by night I have sought him, and I have found him: I hold him fast, and I will not let him go, till he introduce me into his house, and into his chamber, which is this glorious mother of mine. For there wilt thou afford me those most sweet breasts, more abundant, and more perfectly; and satisfy me with so admirable a satiety,<sup>b</sup> as that I shall hunger, and thirst no more forever. O happy soul of mine, happy forever, and forever, if I may merit to behold thy glory, thy beatitude, thy beauty; those gates and walls of thine, thy streets, thy many mansions, thy most noble citizens, and that most powerful king of thine our Lord, seated in his majesty. For thy walls are of precious stones, thy gates are of most Orient pearl, thy streets are paved with the purest gold, wherein that joyful alleluia is perpetually sung. Thy many mansions have their foundation of squared stone, built up with sapphires, and covered with plates of gold, where no man shall enter who is not clean; no man inhabit who is defiled.

[3.] Thou art made fair, and sweet in thy delights, O Jerusalem, our mother. There is no such thing in thee, as we suffer here, nor such things as we see, in this miserable life of ours. There is no darkness, nor night, nor any diversity of times in thee. In thee there

[b. complete satisfaction]

I sought him in my bed my ioy<sup>c</sup>,  
 alas for loue I die<sup>d</sup>:  
 I sought him oft and now behold,  
 I found him presently<sup>e</sup>.  
 Now will I hold him fast in doede  
 till he bring me vnto  
 My mothers house and chambers faire  
 I will not let him go.  
 For there his dugs<sup>f</sup> abundantly  
 I hope to sucke, and there  
 I shall be sure to rid my selfe  
 from hunger<sup>g</sup>, thirst, and feare,  
 O then thrise happie should my state  
 in happinesse remaine:  
 If I might once thy glorious Seate<sup>h</sup>,  
 and princely place<sup>i</sup> attaine.  
 And view thy gallant gates<sup>k</sup> thy wals<sup>l</sup>  
 thy streates and dwellings<sup>m</sup> wide,  
 Thy noble troupe of Citizens,  
 and mightie king<sup>n</sup> beside.  
 Of stones full pretious are thy towres,  
 thy gates of Pearles<sup>o</sup> are tolde.  
 There is that Alleluia<sup>p</sup> sung  
 in streates of beaten<sup>q</sup> gold<sup>r</sup>,  
 Those stately buildings<sup>t</sup> manifold  
 on squared stones do rise<sup>f</sup>:  
 VVith Saphyrs<sup>s</sup> deckt, & lofty frames  
 enclosed Castlewise.  
 Into the gates shall none approche  
 but honest pure and cleane<sup>t</sup>,  
 No spot, no filth, no loathsome thing,  
 shall enter in (I meane)  
 O mother deare Ierusalem<sup>v</sup>  
 the comfort<sup>u</sup> of vs all,  
 How swete thou art and dilicate<sup>x</sup>  
 no thing shall thee befall<sup>y</sup>.  
 That here on earth we suffer oft,  
 poore wretches that beholde  
 This world in sorrow soust, and masse  
 of mischiefes manifolde<sup>z</sup>,  
 In thee Ierusalem I saye,  
 no darkenesse dare appeare<sup>a</sup>,  
 No night, no shade, no winter foule,  
 no time doth alter there,

<sup>c</sup> Can. 3.  
<sup>d</sup> Can. 5. 8.  
<sup>e</sup> Can. 3. 4.  
<sup>f</sup> Reneh. 7.  
 15. 16.  
<sup>g</sup> Esa. 49.  
 10  
<sup>h</sup> Pf. 26. 8.  
 27. 4  
<sup>i</sup> 84. 4  
 Rene. 21. 4  
<sup>k</sup> 1. Cor. 2. 9.  
 Esai 64. 4.  
<sup>l</sup> Re. 21. 25  
 1 21. 18  
<sup>m</sup> Io 14. 2.  
<sup>n</sup> 1 Cor. 13.  
 12  
 Rene. 22. 4  
 21. 19  
 20.

- 7 Thy walls are made of pretious stones,  
 Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;  
 Thy gates are of right orient pearle,  
 Exceedinge riche and rare.
- 8 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
 With carbuncles doe shine;  
 Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,  
 Surpassinge cleare and fine.
- 9 Thy houses are of yvorie,  
 Thy windows crystal cleare,  
 Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,  
 O God! that I were there.
- 10 Within thy gates nothinge doth come  
 That is not passinge cleane,  
 Noe spider's web, no durt, no dust,  
 Noe filthe may there be seene.
- 11 Ah! my sweete home, Hierusalem,  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joyes that I might see.



fitas temporum. Non lucet in te lux lucernæ, aut splendor Lunæ, vel iubar stellarum; sed Deus de Deo, lux de luce, Sol iustitię semper illuminat te. Agnus candidus & immaculatus, lucidum & pulcherrimum est lumē tuum. Sol tuus, & claritas tua, & omne bonum tuum, huius pulcherrimi Regis indeficiens contemplatio. Ipse rex regum in medio tui, & pueri eius in circuitu eius.

4. Ibi hymnidici Angelorum chori, Ibi societas supernorum ciuium. Ibi dulcis solemnitas omnium, ab hac tristi peregrinatione ad tua gaudia redeuntium. Ibi Prophetarum prouidus chorus. Ibi duodenus Apostolorum numerus. Ibi innumerabilium martyrum victor exercitus. Ibi sanctorum Confessorum facer conuentus. Ibi veri & perfecti Monachi. Ibi sanctæ mulieres, quæ voluptates sæculi, & sexus infirmitatem vicerunt. Ibi pueri & puellæ, qui annos suos sanctis moribus transcenderunt. Ibi sunt oues & agni, qui iam huius voluptatis laqueos eferunt; exultant omnes in propriis mansionibus. Dispar est gloria singulorum, sed communis est lætitia omnium.

5. Plena & perfecta ibi regnat charitas, quia Deus est ibi omnia in om-

shines no light of the lamp, no splendor of the moon, no beam of the stars, but God of God, Light of Light, the Sun of Justice is ever illuminating thee. The white and immaculate Lamb, is that clear, and most beautiful light of thine. Thy sun, and thy brightness, and all thy beatitude, is that indeficient contemplation of this most beautiful King. The King of kings himself, is in the midst of thee; and his children are circling him in round about.

[4.] There are those musical choirs of angels, there is that congregation of heavenly citizens. There is the sweet solemnity of all them who are going into thy joys, out of his sad pilgrimage if theirs. There is that choir of the prophets: there is the entire number of the apostles: there is the triumphant army of innumerable martyrs: there is the holy congregation of blessed confessors: there are those true and perfect monks: there are those holy women, who have overcome the pleasures of this world, and the infirmity of their sex: there are young men and maids, who have out-run their years, by the sanctity of their actions: there are those who have escaped from the snares of terrene<sup>c</sup> pleasures, and they all triumph in their proper mansion. The glory of every one is different, but the joy common to them all.

[5.] True and perfect charity reigneth there, because God is there, who is all in all,

[c. earthly]

25. No candle there, no moone to shine,  
22.5 no glittering starre to lighte,  
Esa.60.1 But Christ of righteousness the king  
2 for euer shineth bright<sup>b</sup>,  
3 The lambe vnspotted<sup>c</sup> white & pure,  
5 to thee may stand in lieu:  
19.20. Rev.22.3. <sup>b</sup>4.5. <sup>c</sup>Rev.21.23.

Of light so great: thy glorie is <sup>d</sup>Rev.22.  
this heavenly King to view<sup>d</sup> 4  
He is the king of kings<sup>c</sup> befet <sup>c</sup> 1.5  
amidst his Seruants<sup>f</sup> right, 17,14  
And they his happie household all 19.16  
do serue him day and night<sup>e</sup>, <sup>f</sup> 1.13  
there, there the quiers of Angels<sup>h</sup> sing<sup>g</sup> 4.10.11.  
there the supernall fort: Esa.6.3.  
Of Citizens (that hence are rid Rev.7.15.  
from dangers deepe) do sport<sup>i</sup>, <sup>h</sup>Re.5.10  
There be the prudent Prophets all, 11, 12  
Thapostles six and six<sup>k</sup>, 13, 14  
The glorious martirs on a row<sup>l</sup> <sup>i</sup>Luc.16.  
and Confessors betwixt. 22  
There doth the crew of righteous men Rev.6.9.  
and matrons all consist: 7.14.2.6.  
Yong men & maids that here on earth<sup>k</sup> 20.14  
their pleasures<sup>m</sup> did resist, 21.24  
The sheepe & lambs that hardly scape<sup>l</sup> 20.4.  
the snares of death and hell<sup>n</sup> 6.9  
Triumph in ioy euerlastingly 7.6  
whereof no tongue can tell<sup>o</sup>, 97  
And though the glorie of ech one 8.9.10.15.  
doth differ in degree<sup>p</sup>, <sup>m</sup>Ro.13.13  
Yet is the ioy of all alike, <sup>n</sup>Re.19.1.  
and common: (as wee see<sup>q</sup>) 2.3.4.5.6.  
Where loue and charitie<sup>r</sup> do raigne 7. <sup>o</sup>1 Co.  
and Christ is all in all<sup>f</sup> 2.9 Esa.64

4. . P1C. r.15.42. Mat.11.12. <sup>q</sup>20.9. 25.34.  
Rev.7.4.5. <sup>r</sup>1.10.4.7.8. <sup>s</sup>1.Cor.12.6.13.2.

<sup>t</sup>1 Ioh.3.2 Whom they most perfectly behold  
<sup>x</sup> Ioh.4.19 in glory spiritually<sup>s</sup>  
Esay. 6.3, They loue they praise<sup>t</sup>thy praise they  
<sup>v</sup>Rev.5.9. they holy holy, crie: (loue  
14.3. They neither faint, nor toile, nor ende  
<sup>v</sup>Pf.30.15 but laude continually<sup>v</sup>

12 Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,  
They see God face to face;  
They triumph still, they still reioyce,  
Most happie is their case.

13 Wee that are heere in banishment,  
Continuallie doe moane;  
We sigh, and sobbe, we weepe, and weale,  
Perpetuallie we groane.

14 Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,  
Our pleasure is but paine;  
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,  
Our sorrowes still remaine.

15 But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As that to them a thousand yeares  
Doth seeme as yesterday.

16 Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are  
Most beautifull and faire.  
Full furnished with trees and fruits,  
Most wonderfull and rare.

17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
Continually are greene;  
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers  
As no where else are seene.

18 There is nectar and ambrosia made,  
There is muske and civette sweete;  
There manie a faire and daintie drugge  
Are troden under feete.

19 There cinomon, there sugar grow,  
There narde and balme abound;  
What tongue can tell, or harte containe,  
The ioyes that there are found.

20 Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,  
The flood of life doe flowe;  
Upon whose bankes on everie syde,  
The wood of life doth growe.

nibus, quem sine fine vident, & semper videndo in eius amore ardent, amant, & laudant, laudant & amant. Omne opus eorum laus Dei, sine fine, sine defectione, sine labore. *Fœlix ego, & verè in perpetuum fœlix* si post resolutionem huius corpusculi, audire meruero illa cantica cœlestis melodię, quę cantantur ad laudem Regis æterni, ab illis supernę patrię ciuibus, beatorumque spirituum agminibus. Fortunatus ego, nimiumque beatus! si & ego ipse meruero cantare ea, & assistere Regi meo, Deo meo, & duci meo; & cernere eum in gloria sua, sicut ipse polliceri dignatus est, dicens: Pater volo, vt quos dedisti mihi, sint mecum, vt videant claritatem meam, quam habui apud te ante constitutionem mundi. Et alibi: Qui mihi ministrat, me sequatur; & vbi sum ego, illic & minister meus erit. Et iterum: Qui diligit me, diligetur à patre meo; & ego diligam eum, & manifestabo ei me ipsum.

whom they see without end, and by ever seeing him, they are all burning in his love. They love and praise him, and they praise and love him. All the work they do, is the praise of God without end, without ever leaving off, and yet without ever laboring. Happy shall I be, and forever truly happy, if, after this poor body of mine comes to be dissolved, I may obtain to hear those canticles of celestial melody, which are sung to the praise of that eternal King, by the inhabitants of that supernal city, and by those troops of blessed Spirits. Happy shall I be, yea too happy, if I also may obtain in the presence of my King, my God, and my Guide, and to see him in his glory, as he hath vouchsafed<sup>4</sup> to promise, saying, Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, may be with me, that they may see my glory, which I had with thee, before the creation of the world. And elsewhere, he saith, let him who ministrereth to me, follow me; and where I am, there shall my servant also be. And yet again he saith: He who loveth me, shall be beloved of my Father; and I will love him, and I will manifest myself to him.

<sup>a</sup>Ro. 8. 23. O happie hundred times were I,  
<sup>36.</sup> If after wretched dayes<sup>u</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>Cor. 4. 10 I might with listning cares conceaue  
<sup>1</sup>The. 3. 3 those heavenly songes of praise,  
<sup>1</sup>Iob. 7. 1. Which to the eternall King, are song,  
<sup>2</sup>Reu. 19. by heavenly wightes about:  
<sup>1</sup> 3, 4. By sacred soules and Angels sweete,  
<sup>5</sup> 6 7. to loue the God of loue<sup>x</sup>  
<sup>Pf.</sup> 147. 1. But passing happie were my state  
<sup>148.</sup> 1, might I be worthy found:  
<sup>2.</sup> To waite vpon my king my God,  
<sup>3.</sup> his praises there to founde  
<sup>4.</sup> And to enioy my Christ about<sup>y</sup>  
<sup>5</sup> his fauour and his grace<sup>z</sup>  
<sup>Psa.</sup> 149. According to his promise made,  
<sup>y</sup>Phil 23. which here I interlace.  
<sup>Colos</sup> 3. 1. O father deare (qd he) let them  
<sup>2</sup>Pfal. 4. 7. whom thou hast put of olde  
 To me bee there where so I am  
 my glory to beholde;  
 Which I with thee afore this worlde  
 was laid in perfect wise  
<sup>a</sup>Is. 17. 24. Haue had<sup>a</sup> frõ whence the fountaine  
<sup>b</sup>Is. 1. 16. of glory doth arise,<sup>b</sup> (great  
 Againe, If any man will serue, <sup>f</sup>Is. 12. 26  
 then let him follow me: <sup>3</sup>Is. 14. 21  
 For where I am (be thou right sure) <sup>b</sup>Esay. 60.  
 there shall my seruans be <sup>f</sup> 19.,  
 And still If any man loue me <sup>i</sup>Ro. 8. 15°  
 him loues my father deare: <sup>Gal.</sup> 4. 5°  
 Whom I do loue, to him my selfe  
 in glory will appeare.<sup>8</sup> <sup>k</sup>Eph. 4. 13

- 21 There trees for evermore beare fruite,  
 And evermore doe springe;  
 There evermore the angels sit,  
 And evermore doe singe.
- 22 There David stands with harpe in hand,  
 As Master of the Queere;  
 Tenne thousand times that man were blest,  
 That might this musicke heare.
- 23 Our Ladie singes Magnificat,  
 With tunes surpassinge sweete;  
 And all the virginns beare their parte,  
 Siting above her feete.
- 24 Te Deum doth Sant Ambrose singe,  
 Saint Augustine doth the like;  
 Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
 Have not their songes to seeke.
- 25 There Magdalene hath left her mone,  
 And cheerfullie doth singe  
 With blessed saints, whose harmonie  
 In everie street doth ringe.
- 26 Hierusalem! my happie home!  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joyes that I might see!



CAPVT XXVII.

Chapter XXVII

*Laus continua, quam facit anima, ex contemplatione supernae divinitatis.*

Of the continual praise, which a soul conceiveth by the contemplation of the divinity.

**B**enedic anima mea Domino, & omnia quę intra me sunt, nomini sancto eius. Benedic anima mea Domino, & noli obliuisci omnes retributiones eius. Benedicite Domino omnia opera eius, in omni loco dominationis eius, benedic anima mea Domino. Laudemus Deum, quem laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates; cui Cherubin & Seraphin incessabili voce proclamant: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus. Iungamus voces nostras vocibus Angelorum sanctorum, & communem Dominum laudemus pro modulo nostro.

2. Illi enim laudant Dominum purissimè & incessanter; qui semper inhxerent cōtemplationi diuinę, non per speculum & in ænigmate, sed facie ad faciem. Sed quis dicere vel cogitare

[1.] O my soul, bless our Lord, and all the powers within me, sing praise to his holy name. O my soul, bless our Lord, and forget not all his benefits. O all ye works of our Lord, bless him: and thou, O my soul, bless our Lord, in all the places of his dominion.

Let us praise God, whom the angels praise, whom the denominations adore, whom the powers tremble at, to whom cherubim and seraphim do thus, with a never ceasing voice, proclaim, holy, holy, holy. Let us join our voices to the voice of the holy angels, and let us praise this Lord, who is common to us both, to the uttermost of our power.

[2.] For they praise our Lord, most purely, and incessantly, who are always plunged in that divine contemplation, not by a glass, or in a figure, but face to face.

*Note: The earliest manuscripts of this chapter have a different heading, "Ubi mens devota deo ad altiorem contemplationis," or "When the mind devoted to God is in contemplation of the high things," which is reflected in the quatrain beginning "O lighten thou my heart and mind..."*

O lighten thou my hart and mind<sup>h</sup> 15.  
 that I may nowe be bolde<sup>i</sup> 1Io 17.24.  
 (From faith to faith ascending vpk, <sup>m</sup> P/a. 132  
 thy glory<sup>l</sup> to behold, 15.  
 And so in Sion<sup>m</sup> see my king, <sup>n</sup>1 Co. 13.  
 my God my Lord and all<sup>n</sup>, 12  
 Whom nowe as in a glasse I see, Rev. 22.4.  
 then face to face I shall<sup>o</sup> Eph. 2.9.  
 O blessed are the pure in heart, <sup>o</sup> 1 Co. 13.  
 Their Soueraigne they shall see<sup>p</sup> 12.  
 And they nost happie heavenly wights 1 Io. 3.2.  
 that of his household be<sup>q</sup> Mat. 5.8.  
 Wherefore O Lord dissolue my bōds Pf. 84.5.  
 my giues and fetters strong<sup>r</sup> 1 Phi. 1. 13.  
 For I haue dwelt within the tents 23.  
 Of Cedar<sup>r</sup> ouerlong Psalm. 102  
 And grant, O God, for Christ his sake 20.  
 that once deuoide of strife<sup>s</sup> 3 Pf. 120, 5.  
 I may thy holy hill attaine, 6.  
 to dwell in all my life. 1 Re. 21.4.  
 Esai, 25.8 Rev. 7, 17. 1 Psalm 14. 1 Luc. 1. 75. Psalm.  
 27.4. Rev. 4. 8. 7. 11. 12. 19. 1. 2. 6,

With Cherubins and Seraphins  
 and holy soules of men:  
 To sing thy praise O Lord of hostes  
 for euer and euer, Amen.