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PATH TO PARADISE
The Rev. Charles Cumberlidge, half-pen. Ann Settie, requests your acceptance of this manuscript found on board a vessel wrecked off the coast of Bermuda.
The Path to Paradise

Introduction

From worldly cares and wanton loves conceit:
Begun in grief and ended in deceit:
I am conured by hope of happy bliss:
Where heavenly faith and highest favour is:
To call my thoughts and all my wills together:
To write of heaven and of the highe way thither.

The holy spirit of eternal power
Vouchsafe his grace to guide my soule aright:
That patient parte may finde that happy howre:
When I may see the glory of that sight:
That in conceit so fully may content mee:
As nought on earth bee able to torment mee.

I ask no more of any eartheles Muse
Take from my Fancy from such base affect:
But in the heavens where highest Angels use:
To sing the sweet of faithfull loves effect:
Among those spirits of especial grace
I with my selfe might have a lasting place.
Where first the teares of true repentante herte:
With faithful hope may happie savour meue:
And sighing sobbes of sorrowes bitter smarte:
May se the lif of undescrieved love:
Thence would I crave some excellent divine:
To set in foot, in this discourse of myne.

To judge of Heaven, it is a place of ioye:
Where happy soules have their eternal rest:
Where sweet delighteth doe stirre up no annoyes:
But all things good, and only one the best:
Where comfortes more, then man can comprehend:
And such contentes as never can have ende.

It is the Throne of highe Jehovah sweete:
The God of power of glory and of grace:
Where Vertue dwells and her adherents meet:
In joyfyl sare to see his heauenly face:
Where holy Saintes and highest Angells singe:
In Alleluia, to their heauenly kings.
There is the daye and there is never night:
There ever joy and there is never sorrow:
There never wronge but there is ever right:
There ever haste and never need to borrow:
There ever love and there is never hate:
Never but their was ever such a state.

There all the Graces doe agree in one:
There live the brethren in one kinck of love:
There all the Saints doe serve one king alone:
Who gius the bliss of highest hartes behoue:
There is the place of perfect paradise:
Where Conscience liveth, and comforte never dies.

There is the Sunne, the beauty of the Skie:
The Moones and starrs, the candells of the night:
There is the essence of that heavenly eye:
That blindeth the proude and giuseth the humble sight:
There is the rainbow bended by the hande:
That doth both heaven, earth, sea and hell commande.
There sitteth God in glory of his Throne,
With Virgins Saints and Angelbs all attended.
Who in his love hath kingdoms overthrown;
And in his love hath little things defended.
Whose glory more then may by man bee knowne:
And glory most is in his mercy shonwe.

There doth bee sett in highest of his power:
Calling the poore unto his Ritche reliefe;
Shewing the sweet that killeth every sorrow:
Giving the salue that healeth every greefe:
Making them liue that long were dead before:
And so to liue that they can dye no more.

By him alone the dumbe do speake againe:
Of him alone the blinde receive their seeing:
With him alone is pleasure without payne:
In him alone have blessed hartes their being:
To him alone and only but unto him:
All glory due that all the world may doe him.
Now have I writ (though itt faire beneath the worthie)
Of highest bliss, what happy hart containeth.
Now wilt I try in order to sett furthe:
Direction such as never hope discerneth.
How care may clime the hill of happiness.
Where is the heaven of highest blessedne.
Grace is the ground of every good that is.
The ground once good, how can the worke be ill.
Then that the minde may not be sed amber.
Implore the help of his most holly will.
Whose only word setteth downe the passing blyst.
Of humble soules to their desired rest.

Beginne to leaue and make an end to Que.
Such wanton thoughts as wofull sorrow grieve.
Be once resolue, (and then doe not remoue)
To live to die, that thou mayst die to live.
Which he to hate, and seek for heavenly bliss.
Reck of the world, and telle me what it is.

This
This world in truth is but a woful vale:
Where grief for griefe, and line of line for line:
Where substance sinks and scales are set to sale:
While huriers heape that naked people need.
And for the gaine, but of a simple grace:
One man will seek to cut another thrice.

Oh what is here that can content thy harte:
That knowes content or what it doth containe:
What thought so sweet but bringes as sour as a smarte:
What pleasure such but breedes a greater peine:
What thing so good but prov'd in firc so evil:
As but for God would beare men to the devil.

What is the Earth? the labour of the lif:
What is the Sea? a gulf of grisely salt:
What is the Air? a strife of keles strife:
What is the fire? the spoile of what it taketh:
When these are all, whence every thing doth springe:
What is the world? but even a woful things.
What thing is man; a clod of misery clay:
Some of the Earth a slave to filthy sinne:
Springes like a weede and so doth weare away:
Goes to the Earth where first he did beginne:
(Think with thy self when thou thy self art such:
What is in man, that man should love so much.)

What hath the world to lade the minds to love:
In true effect, a farreall ful of eyesse:
(For why the pithe, what every one doth prowe:
The perfect games are more unperfect eyesse:
Consider all, what fongs bringeth thurth:
The best conceit will fal out nothing worth.)

What worldly things are fellow most:
Wealth, beauty, love, fine diet, honour fame:
What findest affect & both love, and laboure lost:
Brideye, disease, dishonour, death, and shame:
Wife, care, and sorrow, death, and deadly strife:
Oe rule the rest in this accursed life.
What thing is Beauty? Your quickly gon:  
And what is wealth when riches fail to rest:  
What thing is love? Nothing to think upon:  
Fine dust: to stede a filthy lust:  
What worldly honour? Of unworthy praise:  
What case? The cause whereby the life decayed:  
What is disdain the skorne of proud conceit:  
And what cause the death of discontent:  
Dishonour next; the fruit of soule deceite:  
And what is death? the end of all intent:  
Now what is shame? A shameful thing to tel:  
What is the world but wickets way to hel:  

For beasts and birds, for fishes, flowers and trees:  
And all such things created for our use:  
What thing is man to take such things as these:  
By want of grace to turne unto abuse:  
O in wretched world where man that should be best:  
In beastely things proues worse then all the rest.
Thus have I shewn the world, and what it is:
A wicked place, and full of wretched woe.
A snake of sinne, shut out from heavenly bliss.
Where want of grace, doth wit and reason loose.
So vile a thing, as who in kind doth prove it.
Wills soone confess, he hath no cause to love it.

Now how to leave this sothesome world of ours:
The hatefull hell the ground of every grief:
I mploye the helps of those assured powres
Whi never fail the faithful soule releifie
Say by those thoughts that are to bee abhorre
And set thy hart upon the living Lorde.

First know by God, and what a God hee is:
Without beginning, and will have no end.
Whose in his love created onely his:
And by his hand doeth ever his defend:
Whose glorious essence of his Excellence:
Makes highest powers to tremble at his presence.
Hee made the worlde, and what it doth containe.
Only but man hee made unto his lower.
And managard well was his desired gaine:
His pride attempted did his pleasure move.
Hee plaged his pride, yet when he saw his payne.
Hee gave the faire to healde the wound againe.

Hee gave the rules to guide the soule anight.
What it should doe, and what it should not doe.
Hee shewed the sunde of his desires delight.
And what the hart should set it self upon.
And in the good of his most gracious will.
Hee sheweth the good that shunneth every ill.

Hee gave the Sunne, the Moone, and starrres a course.
That they observe according to his will.
Hee makes the tides to take their due course.
And set the Earth where it doth settle still.
Hee made the substance of each element.
And set his foote upon the firmament.
He gives us knowledge, and we will not know him:
He bids us ask, and we will never more him:
He bids us come and we are running from him:
He gives us life and yet we never love him:
He is our king, and yet we do not respect him:
He is our God and yet we do reject him:

And thought but man, that can or dare decide:
How to offend that holy will of his:
Only in man that cursed humour lies:
That makes no care to runne his course amisse:
But day by day doth more and more offend him:
Whose only hand with him at hurt defend him:

Vgrateful man, whose God did only make:
In love to one, and with his love preserved him:
And for his love endured for his sake:
Such depth of love as descent love deserueth:
What cursed hart would in displeasure move him:
Who giving all, affected nothing but to love hym:
Oh love, sweete love, oh highe and heavenly Love:
The only stone that leads to happie life:
Oh love that lives for loving harts behove:
And makes the end of every hateful strife:
How happy harts, that kindely can attaine it:
And how accorste that dare once to disdain it.

One was the cause that first we were created:
Love is the life that we have given to lead:
One is the cause, we never can be hated:
Love is our life when other life is dead:
One is the grace, that highes good doth give:
Learn't but to love, and this enough to live.

First love thy God, that taught thee how to love:
Then love the love, that he in love hath taught thee:
That love so fast, that nothing may remove:
That hope of life, that higher life hath wrought thee:
Thus if the a love, thy love wilt be thy friends:
To gayne the life, where love can never end.
O wretched man, in earth's earthly things
And to this world hast made thy self a thrall.
Whose short delight eternal sorrow brings
Whose freezing in snows in truth a bitter pain.
Whose pleasures fade out scarce they be posset
And grieves them least that most for them desire.

They are not sure one moment for to live,
And at thy death thou leavest all behind.
Thy hands and gooses no succore then can give
Thy pleasures past are cousins to this minute.
Thy friends the world can yield thee no relief
Thy pains and joy will prove this deep distress.

The time will come when death will thee assize,
Concerning thee as present for to see,
That thou in time's might be seekd to make thy fault
And in thy life, thine error plain to see.
I mean how thy cause is almost spent
And make thy friends how deeply they lament.
Thy wife doth howse, and pierce the very skyes 
Thy children's tears there sorrowes doe bewraye
Thy kin:s folkes weare and wepe with weepfull eyes
Yet must thou die, and cast no longer staye
Loe here the eyes and treasure of thy harte
Thy race is running from them thou must departe

With paint thou dost lie gasping all for breath
Passe hope of life, or hope of any good
Thy face presents a lively forme of death
Thy harte becomes all cold for want of blood
Thy nostrils runne and gaping thou dost lie
Thy lothesome sight thy frendes begin to see

Thy voice doth yeald a hoarse and hollow sound
Thy dying head doth grendle seem to sleepe
Thy senses all with horror doe abound
Thy feete doe die and death doe yowward execpe
Thy eyes doe stand sete fast into thy head
Thy raues doe fall and they almost dead
What doest thou thinke, now all thy fences fail
What doest thou saye by pleasures here is wonne
How doest thou now thy passed life bewaile
How doest thou wishe, thy course were now to runne
What wouldst thou doe now ending life to save
What woldst thou give for that thou canst not have.

Thy bodie now must from thy soule depart
Thy landes and goodes another must possess
Thy eyes are past on which thou setst on thy harte
Thy paynes in comme no creature can express
See here the fruite and gaine of all thine lyme
Thy life must end, thy death must now beginne

Thy former faultes are sitt before thine eies
And monstrous shewes, all seemd before to smake
To follow this dispaire in secrete lies
And all thy soules with terror shew appeale
With scalding sithes they moued how to move
And in thy soule with sorrow thou doest groane

Thou
How wroght now the pleasing of thy will
Thy ill got goodes doe make thee to lament
Thy vaine delights with anguile thee do fyll
Thy winde partes thy conscience doth torment
Thy sweetes sinnes do bring thee bitter smarts
Thy heynous faults oppresse thy dying harte.

With dreadful fear they shake thy doubtfull minde
And bent to fight with sure that enclose
In worldly help no rescue canst thou finde
Thee showers now amidst thy mortal foes
A thousand deaths would seeme a lesser paine
Then this estate in which thou dost remaine.

No tongue no penne no creature can bewraye
How all this sinnes there fyltered rancor shewe
How dreadful sightes with sorrow thee dismay
How blighting stormes of griefe begin to blowe
Thee joyes bygone as were thy God before
Thy life is donne and shall returne no more.
To merite now no pains thou wouldst refuse
Nor spare thy goods to ease thy wealefull state
Of all thy sinnes thy self thou wouldstst accuse
And call for grace when calling comes to late
For synne thou didstst releas life and power didst lost
And leavest now when force to synne is past

What doeth it thy soul longes to repent
And leaue of synne when synne forsokest thee
Wha doest thou see when all thy force is spent
Or will our Lord with this appeased thee
Thy life thou leadest in scourge of his foe
And storust him when life thou must forgoe

Then hadst I trustst as sorow thou lyst sate
But after witts repentance ever breede
The power is come thy debt thou needst must paye
And yeald se death when life thou must shalt neede
Thy breath is stopp in twinkling of an eye
Thy body dead in visible forme doth lye.
Thy carcasse now like carrion men do shunne
Thy freinds do hate thy burial to procure
Thy servants secke from thee away to runne
Thy worthlie spirit no creature can induce
And they do take in thee their maste delight
Do hate thee might and most abhorre thy sight.

Thy fles in shalle serve to magnifie as a prayce
For pampering of both sea and land was taughte
Thy body must transformed bee to clave
For whole delight such costly clothes were boughte
Thy pride in dust thy glorie in thy grave
Thy fles in one earth they rending now shall have.

Behold the place in which thou must abide
Of loathsome harke unseet and very strait
With rotten bones belett on every side
And crawling worms to feed on thee doth weigh
O hard exchanging oh vile and hateful place
Where earth and dust thy carcasse must embrace.
O wretched state of most unhappie man
Yet were it well if nothing were behinde
Yet if might end as here it first began.
Some hope there were and ending for to finde
For then at God of nothing, thee did frame
By course against thou shouldst be become the same.

But see thou must a thousand deaths to die
And dying still yet never whole dead
Then must appeare before the Judge on highe
And have reward as thou thy life haste lead.
The time is come thou canst no longer stays
The Judge is set and bothe he is delay.

She should her power where she thou didst offend
For some delights which were but mere deceit.
She behold on him how angels do attend
And all that courtly dath for thy coming waste.
She should his throne of glory in the skies
And see how wrath all sparkle from his eyes.
Loe this is hee which every thing doth make
Whom heaven and earth do prays both night & daye
Loe here the booke at which the angel sheake
Loe here the Lord which al things doth obaye
His wil is lawe and none it can withstand
His wrath consumes and killeth out of hande.

O filthy soule how may this wrath bee borne
Or can a worme his fury now abide?
The angels of doe laught thy filth to laughte
They laught thy lykke and hate thee for thy pride
They joyn with beamses faire brighte then the sunne
And call on God that justice may be donee.

Each creature cries that punnish thou mayst be
Whome in thy life thou lawfully didst abuse
Both heaven and earth are foes profess to thee
And all thy thoughts of sinne do thee accurse
Thy words and deeds against thee now are brought
And all thy filth of sinne to thee hath wrought.
Thou wert a just attempt to show
How far thou soughtst thyself for to deny
How all thy lands and wealth thou didst bestow
And with thy heedst thy brothers want supply
Yet sawest thou best thy makers name to praise
What paynest thou to cease to walk in all his ways.

The Judge doth ask how all thy time was spent
If from offence thy heart thou didst keep
If in thy soul thou truly didst repent
And for thy sin in thine anguish sorrow weeping
If thou hast feared that before thine eyes
And for his love at worldly joys despising.

If of thy foe rearing thou hast not sought
If to thy friends thou never wert unkind
If earthly pomp thou ever setst at nought
If secret hate thou keepest not in mind
If thou alike didst try and sorrow take
And with thy heart all carnal lusts for sake.
Thy thoughts and words the Judge doth open say
And asketh now a straight account of all
How oft thou didst his motions here obey
And for his grace with earnest prayer call
Ye sit thy life on earth thou leadest upright
And in his love didst set thy delight.

What canst thou plead thy frowning be to excuse
When truth shall prove in all thou didst offend
The Judge is still thou canst him not refuse
The cause is sought thou canst it not defend
To look for help alas it is in vain
The yoke is past no grace thou canst forbear.

Our Lord doth say how couldst thou use me so
With thee both soul and body gone
How dost thou seek and serve my mortal foe
Since I did dye thy self from death to save
I gave thee all and me thou dost not keep
He gave thee nought yet why, the poor.
Thy lands and life did from my goodness flowe
Thy field and home I did of nothing frame
Both wealth and wit I did on the bellowe
And gave thee all to prays my holy name.

Yet with them all against me thou didst fight
And flyst to hym that heares mee greatest fight

When I did speake thou seemedest deaf and dumbe
When I did call thou madest him aunswer straight
Hee never spoke but in did quickly come
And I without inferred was to wayte.

O thanklesse wretche thou shalt see no more
But dwelle with hym who had thy harte before.

Thou shalt with hym for evermore remayne
To whom thy selfe for pleasure thou hast souled.
His soul thou wrought and none thou didst disdain
This right thou art I cannot thee with houlde.

Thine owne deserts have made thee his to see
The shewe was thine, no wrong is done to thee.

Then
Then comes the devil and to our Lord doth say: 
O righteous Judge this wretch I ought to have 
For in his life he did not thee obey 
But of his heart himself to me he gave 
My precepts were his practice day and night 
And me to please he made his whole delight.

Himself he vowed to serve me all his days 
His eyes were fixed upon my counsel still 
His feet were bent to walk in all my ways 
His heart was set for to perform my will 
His life and lands I drew him to spend 
In doing that which might thee most offend.

Thy power he scorn'd and quite refused thy grace 
Thy bitter pain he hast not from his eyes 
Thy precious blood he never would embrace 
Thy grievous wounds he ever did dislike 
Thy threats for yime he reckoned as a jest 
Thy words and will in all he did despise.
Thy glorious eyes bee seem'd to dislayne
And follow'd that in which bee found delight.
For serving thee bee rooke not any paine
But as thy love with hate bee did requite.

What reason now thy visage bee should see
Of which bee newes so careless forsooke.

They did it him make and on him at hance
I nothing gane nor him to being broughte.
Yet this he left to whome he love did sent.
And me bee servite who nether gane him oughte.

What would it thou more than uest none to wronge.
And bee to mee in Tysedalath belongue.

Behold how sweeke bee and doth the refuse.
And how his fee doth claime thee as his owne.
Thy visage doth in horror thee accuse.
And requite thou must as thou before hast syuen.

The sorowe of sorowe doth the cordinpne to gie.
In wanke of flames where lasting thou shalt gie.
O wretched soul, what has become of thee
What greater pain can any hurt devise?

Yet worse there is of work there yet may be
This hope must to judgment shortly rise.
And love alike in hell must suffer smart.
And both on earth in many kind equal rate.

A brighter flame would burne the dreadful day
And wish it were in stones there serenity.
The sea alone the hart most needs the way.
The Isses appear, and on it come the salt.
Behold the sunne is darke which shined bright.
The Carres to set the moone bath soke her haire.

Behold how men are gatheredquite together
And cannot finde a harbour nor of rest.
Behold elsewhere how satenices they doe get.
There face past there face with face opprest.
Behold each where how basely servd they.
And mark how men already seem to see.
Behold how high the trees and branches shiver:
And how each thing both tremble quake and quake.
Behold the sea against the land both heave
And roaring to the east force the earth to shake.
Her surge mount, her swelling fury sheeres.
And on the land her fret with voice sheeres.

The clouds like smoke doth thicken in the skies;
The mountains move the earth downward open wide.
The blustering winds with storms & tempest rise.
The stormy waters there facet seeks to rise:
Both rich and poor from cities fly exiled.
And all in caves do run to hide their head.

Each living thing for help doth cry and call;
The savage beasts unto the cities fly:
The earth doth quake the strongest trees do fall:
And beasts remain in their midst do live.
The couple begins of nature hereto fall:
The human descends, and all things now do quail.
The Angel loud his dreadful trumpet soundes
And summons as that ever life possible
The earth with joy and terror al aboundes
The dead do rise that longe have layn in rest
Both quick and dead assembled round doth stande
And waite his will whose cominge is at hande.

Behold how low both heaven and earth doe bow
And prostrate at his favoure do desire
Behold how Christ in glory cometh new
And in the ayre appeares the flood of fire
The earth for feare doth tremble at his sight
The sea is agayn the hilles are molten gayte

The hardest roches are turned into dust
His furious wrath no creature can abide
There paynes were sweete which now are proved wise
And need not see the corners them to hide
Our Lord doth seke as morte hee doth finde
Three happy they that have a quiete minde.
O cursed soul, how art thou drowned in care
When all this light is lost before thine eyes
Thy passing fear no creature can declare
Thy body dark as death, with thee to rise
Thy hope is past, for easing of thy smart
Thy sinner are pricks to wound thy dying heart.

Behold, then, no favour here canst get
Nor from thy foes by any means escape
Thy right hand is with all thy sinner besett
Beneath her heel to swallow the death's gape
Thy fearful friends upon thy left hand shone
And in water to throng thee be long down.

A bone to sauce the judge at falls with rage
Whom in thy life thou lawfully didst offend
No help then hadst but fury to assy
His browes hee dons with anger freely bend
And all the jaws of men his teeth repeat
When onceFOREST, now his fury to bee great.
Within the gravee, thy conscience void of grace
And of the is to which thou didst consent
Without thy friendes thy frendes all wayle thy cause
And do thy parte with bitter grete Lament
On every side the world doth thee affrighte
With terror threatts and flaming burneth brighte.

Ye forward now thou takest on thy guise
Thou holdest deere unto thy rain ronne
The devylls watch thy going backe to spee
No meane is lest misfortune for to shorne
What wile thou doe intronde thus with me
For neither backe nor forward eage thou goe.

O wretched man, how heavy is thy harte
How does thou wills for that which cannot bee
How does thou age and quake in every parte
How nigh thy frendes bee severed thus from thee
For full with gynglery they shall再去
And full of grete thou torment mist suffraye.
The Judge's words are like a burning fire
Which waketh as it cometh to embrace
It looketh not his mercy to require
The time is past of calling new for grace
Behold the Judge doth thee condemn to hell
Where thou in pain of sinne shalt ever dwell.

O delous words on most unhappie weight
Thy head to shrowd for mountaines thou dost call
Thy future paynes are present in thy sight
Thou cursed now the causes of thy fall
Thy birth and life to late thou dost repent
Yet wastest both and doth in way no same.

What tongue, what penne, what creature can express
That deadly griefs which aways thou shalt tast
That longer ynn the comfort is the sode
Thy hope decays thy sorrowes never wax.
O bitter sover which earthly pleasures breed
Thy stinge death of torment doth exceed.
Thy wanten eyes those hellish monsters see
Where thine eyes did see and see
Where thine eyes do see and see
Where thine eyes do see and see
Where thine eyes do see and see
Where thine eyes do see and see

Thy wretched ears which harkened unto thee
Doe here how soundes doe rage withal do ring
Doe here how soundes doe rage withal do ring
Doe here how soundes doe rage withal do ring
Doe here how soundes doe rage withal do ring
Doe here how soundes doe rage withal do ring

Thy dainty nose which bad perfumes eth day
A loathsome stench for ever must abide
A loathsome stench for ever must abide
A loathsome stench for ever must abide
A loathsome stench for ever must abide
A loathsome stench for ever must abide

Thy nostrils smoke where eyes are glowing red
Whose whole delight by others smarted bred.
Whose whole delight by others smarted bred.
Whose whole delight by others smarted bred.
Whose whole delight by others smarted bred.
Whose whole delight by others smarted bred.

Where some blaspheme and some they be bywolke
Where others curse and ever seeme to rage.
Thy curious tale doth hunger there surpynke
Which did in meats such rare delightt crave.
With burning thirst thou sufferest grievous payne,
And yet to easte no water canst thou have.
No droues is there thy thirsting for to easte,
Nor hope of help that may thy grief appease.

Thy feeling yet the greatest payne doth beare
Which fiery flames in every part torment.
A nay cold thou also findest there
With grasping teeth it makes thee to lament.
Thy teares with heate in stremes are dayly shed
Thy teeth for could do chatter in thy head.

If for a while no creature can indure
In earthles fire one member here to bee.
What torment do thy paided eyes procure?
In endless flames thy members at the see.
What grief what payne what sorrow they doe brede
Which earthies flames thy members at excrode.
The Devil with flutes doth cause thee new to smart
Thy flesh and bone in sunder they do tear
Thy cursed skin with cruel whipses is worn
Thy soulful heart is filled full of fear
With inward woe thy soul is sore oppressed
With outward pain thy body finds no rest.

Thy torments strange do breed thee bitter grief
And rest in thy conception fail
Thy own conception which now should yield relief
Both labour more with sorrow that to fail
Thou thinkest most what most thou wouldst eschew
And grievest thy thoughts and thoughts thy grief renew.

Thy memory doth call unto thy mind
The sweet delights of all thy pleasures past
It wounds thy heart these poules for them to finde
Which precious are and shall for ever last
Thy desperate case no comfort can obtain
Thy past obey oner face, thy present paine.
Thine understanding doth thee miserie shew
And tellst thee, thou art in Satan's cause
For short delights thy soul it makes thee knowe
And in thy soul the worme of conscience gnaws
Those fading eyes in way thou dost defye
And in disquiet they make thee thus to cry

My former eyes a shadow was in deed,
It did not last but passed quite away
My present paine al measure doth exceed,
No wit nor art my torments can bewraye
A time there was when bliss I might have wonne
But time is past and al my course is done

O cursed time in which I did so sooke
A little paine had rid mee of this sore
O cursed eyes in which I pleasure took
For pleasing you al pleasure I forsooke
And here in hell each kind of paine I finde
Which makes my flesh & wounds my woful minde.
If my sines with sorrow had consed
They had to me bene cleane remitted all
If in seed of greife I glosie had posset
If I for grace had bent my minde to cal
O cursed wretch that for so smale a payne
Refusing bliss in torment myrst remayne.

The greatest joye which soe on earth abounde
Can in a world not yeald so much delight
As here by payne is in a moment founde
A whole blazynge woe is present still in sight
What fantasie then bewitched my wretched hart
For payned joyes to suffer endless smarte.

My parents were the causes of my woe
And all the meare on which ever seide
My carnall lust hath proued my greatesst foe
And unto mee this misery now hath breed
A cursed sea of that hath my ruine wrought
And every means is me to being brought.
Thrice happy they on earth that never were
Their state is bye which never came to live
O hasted womb that children never bear
O happy breast which suck did never give
O h deadly pain oh most unhappie place
Oh cursed wretch whom all mishappe embrace

Loe here the plains in this infernal lake
Where scorpion stinge and scourgus thee torment
Where hammers beat and devils swaring make
Where hope is past and damned soules lament
Where worms do crawle and uglii serpents creep
Where paines abound and sorrows make thee weep.

Against our lord thou ragest with disspight:
And him thou daest with raging words defie
Thou barred art from seeing any lighte
And while he lives thou must for ever dye
See here the fruite which wrettish pleasures bringe
This gyante gories inmeasure with thy synne.
Thy sweet delights are come to wo and wrack
Thy happy state unto a wretched case
Thy greacie minde is punisht here with lacke
Thy lecherous arms do giuie serpents embrace
Thine envious soule now houles for deadly paine
Thy haughty harte doth suffer deep disdain.

Thou findest smarte in stead of pleasant gaines
Thy dainty wines are turn'd to bitter galle
Thy costly clothes are torn'd to burning flames
Thy lofty pride hath now a lothsome fall
Thou nothing hast which might afford thee ease
And seest ad that might the most displeas.
They set at first for every same a paine
Soe rated there as heere thou tooke delight
And now for that our Lord thou didst disdayne
Thou banisht art for ever from his sight:
Thy paine of sense small torment thou dost finde
When thou this tobe dest ayl unto thy minde

O grievous joye which cannot be exprest
O cause of greife and springe of deadly woe
Thy scale hath loft the censor of sor gest
Thy hope thy helpe and life thou musst forgue
No paine no joye with this wee may compare
Yet pleaseth all and none it can declare.

From hope of joy this is an endles sarre
And greatest plague which God on none belesowest
Compared with this thy tortures pleasant are
And all thy joye an easie burthen showes
Thy bitterest paynes are trifles in thyne eyes
Thy burninge flames thou seemest to dispise.

What
What woe, what smarte, what paine can be rehearsed
Which wanteth now on thee for to be said
With swords of grace thy heart is daily preyed
With dreadful fear thy senses are dismayed
Thy soul hath lost what most shee doth desire
Thy body burns in flames of endless fire

And if thy paines an ending might obtaine
When yeres there were as many a thousand runne
As on earth hath lighted drops of raine
Since first at this wretched world beganne
Some help this hope might bring into thy mind
When hope was left an end at last to finde

But of them at no case nor end thou haste
Which in thy soule some comfort might procure
No syne will help thy sorrow for to wait
While God is God thy tortures shalt endure
Thy paine in truth is more then may bee told
The sight in thought no creature can behold
O dying life, oh sea of endless smart
Which nature hates and all things do detest
O living death no life nor death thou art
For death hath end and life hath some time rest
The worst of both our Lord hath put on thee
That neither rest nor end might ever be.

O damned soul, how dost thou roar and cry
What deadly griefs the days do oppresse
But lift a while thy cursed eyes on hie
And see what ight the blessed their possesse
That by the sight thy torments may increase
And for the lesse thy torments never cease.

And first behold the beauty of the place
Where all the saints with Christ inglory reign
Where honour is not mixed with disgrace
Where ight is free from any manner paine
Where great rewardes attend on good desartes
And al delights pos sess faithfull hartes.
O wicked wretch the this city now beholde
Which doeth surmise the reach of any thought
The gates are pearle the streets of finest golde
With precious stones the walls are wholly wrought.
Of shane or moone their needeth not the light
For ever their the lambe is shining bright.

And from his seat a chrysal riuver floures
Where life doth runne and pleasures always spring.
On either side a tree of comfort groves
Which sauing health to every nation bringes.
It worketh rest and stinteth worldly strife
It killeth death and bringeth endless life.

This goodly place of beauty doth surmounte.
And as this world in longest passeth fare.
The earth it selfe for highe in accound.
Not equal is unto the smallest starre.
O worthy place where glory doth excel.
Those happy they that their attayne to dwell.
No saint is there but brighter seems to be
Then sunne or moone whose beauties wonder break.
What glory then so many saints to see
Which all the stars in number farre exceede.
O glorious place where glory hath a bounde
O blessed state where bliss is ever founde.

Angels are but under servants here
And angels doe their makers well obey.
Their poweres with love in triumph doe appeare.
The virtues shine the thrones their beams display.
The Cherubines do yeald a glorious light.
The Seraphines whose are burning bright.

The Patriarchs here haue rest for all their paine.
The Prophetes are endless lyke blest.
The Martyrs doe a worthy crowne obtayne.
The virgins find a heauen of happy rest.

All these Joys in glory their are mute
And now恢icon what longe they sought to gett.
Those sacred Straynes in perfect peace
Which Christ confest and walked in his vayres
They plight in blisses which now shall never cease
And sing all his name for ever prayses
Before his throne in white they do stand
And carry palmes and triumphe in their handes.

The Angels then and next in their degree
Their orders rise in number to be yyne
No hart can thinke what joy it is to see
With these croupes decked in glory shyne
The joy is more then writing can expresse
Happie eyes that may this joy espresse.

A boone them at the Virgin hath a place
Which made the world with comfort to abounde
The beams doth shine in her unspotted face
And with the starses her head doth riche abundance
In glory shee al creatures gatheth terme
The Moone her showes she same her garme donte
O queen of heaven, of pure and glorious light
Most blest thou above all women art
Thy city driemke thou makest of delight
And with thy beams remainest every harte
Our bliss is lost and it thou didst restore
The angels and men do thee adore.

See here the looks which angels do admire
See here the spring from whence all goodness flows
See here that light of men and saints desire
See here that stalk on all our comfortz grows
See this as sphere heaven and earth embrace
Whome God did chose and filled full of grace.

And next to her but in a higher throne
Our savour in this manhood seteth here
From whom proceeds all perfect yez alone
And in whose face of glory death appere
Tis of delight conceal'd cannot bee
Tis then they a man the Sphere of angels see.
They taught are with eyes inspaying this
How Christ our Lord in the choicest place obtains
They now behold the sea of endless bliss
And see to see how he in triumphant reigns
What unto men more honour can befall
That here to see a man the head of all.

More eye it yealds then any can devise
And greater bliss then may in words be told.
His piercing beams do daze al there eyes
His brightness scarce his angels can behold;
The saints in him there wished comfort finde
And now enjoy what most content their minde.

To thinks of this it passeth humaine witt
The more we thinke the less we come to know.
Hee doth upon his fathers right hand sitt
And all the angels their humble service show.
His sight to them doth endless comfort brings
And they to him al praises ever sing.

O Worthy
O worthy place where such a Lord is chief
O glorious Lord that princely servants keepes
O happy saints in never tast of weare
O blessed state where malice ever sleepees
No one is here of base or meane degree
But all are knowne the sonses of God to be.

What higher place can any prince attayne
Then some to him all ruleth all above
Yet is there state not subject to disdayne
But in there minds like brethren they are true
No place is lyke for enim hate or feare
But here they all enjole and hate do beare.

O happy peace where discord never lightes
The joyes of all are found in every brest
For each as much in others joye delights
As if alone it in hym self did rest
In all their eyes no difference is their knowne
For each attempts them all to see his owne.
And those that tarry where our Lord abounds
As part of them, his glory, do they take
Into themselves, by union, it redounds
And as his love, their glory perfect make
So fast are knitted members to the head.
As ever them, his love is whole, spread.

What love is left, which here they do not find
What greater bliss, what pleasure can be more
What comfort can conceived, he in mind.
Which hath not been extended here before
Yet on delightful, beneath as yet remains.
Which on is all, and all in it contains.

They face to face do God almighty see
And all as in a perfect glory
No good there is but here is found to see
And all delight this vision doth surpass.
Each sight doth yield their hearts at perfect rest.
Because no good without him is possible.
Here present past and future things doe shew
And therefore rest there understanding here
There nothing is but they in him do knowe
And to their eyes all playnly shew appeare
They now obtayne what longe they sought to get
And all their thoughts are wholly on him set.

Tis here we doth light in seeing of his sight
In which consists all good that can be thought.
She herewith fixt her love and whole delight.
And never was from seeing this he brought.
For here all good and goodnes doth abound.
And neither can without this good bee found.

There whole desire from hence doth never parte
But fixed here, for ever doth abide.
This light doth fill the mouth of every harte
And nothing leaves for them to wish he beside.
Without desire, desire content remaines
And her desire with ful delight tis tygnes.
They faith beholdest their best beloved Satch.
And her belief this sight doth here fulfill
Their constant hope her hope hath now posseted
And him ensayes for whom she hoped so ill
The charite not perfect ful before
To perfect state this vision doth restore

O glorious sight oh sunne of endlesse joye
Which never weares nor never seems to waste
Who ever saw so faire a sighte as this
Who ever did such heapes of comfort take
What can bee thought that may not here bee had
They ever say and now are never sad

They here possee what may content them most
And nothinge want which perfect joy may bringe
Within delight here breaths the holy Ghost
Which always make a freshe and endless springe
No day or here no morning none, nor night
But ever one and always shining bright.
O blessed eyes which all these souls rejoice
O happy fruit that vertue here hath wome
And indigre the bodies finde no lese
But shine with beames far brightster than the sune
Not subject more to sickness greife or payne
In glory now immortal they remayne.

And proper eyes each sense in private finds
Their eyes behold also that glorious light
Where nothing wants for to content their mindes
And all thinges are which may there eyes delight
There ears are fed with hearing sweetest soundes
And them to please al musick their aboundes.

From songs of praise the Sire no moment spare
No teares are seen nor any eye to wepe
But in this place the musick is so rare
As halfe a sound would bringe al hartes a sleepe
And every sense a proper pleasure take
Which joined in on there glory perfect makes.
No eye hath seen what yeare the St. obtayne
Nor eare hath heard what comfort are possesst
Nor heart can thinke in what delight they reign.
Nor penne express this happy port of rest.
Where pleasures shew and greife is never scene.
Where good abounds and ill is banished from.

And of these iyere no creature end shall see.
The longer time the sweeter they do shew.
While God endures they ended cannot bee.
And never sile but always seems to grow.
When worlds are worse and many millions past.
The new begun and shall for ever last.

O state of iyere where endless joy remaynnes.
O heaven of bliss where none do suffer wracke.
O happy house which al delight contaynues.
O blessed state which never seeeth lacke.
O goodly tree which fruite doth ever bear.
O great state which danger need not fear.
O blessed eyes which all their souls rejoice
O happy sight that virtue here hath wonne
And in degree the bodies finde no lesse
But shine with beams for brighter then the sonne
Not subject more to sicknes greife or payne
In glory now immortal they remayne

And proper eyes each sense in private findes
Their eyes behold also that glorious light
Where nothing wants for to content their mindes
And all things are which may there eyes delight
There ears are fed with hearing sweetest soundes
And then to please all musick there abounds

From songs of praise the Saviour no moment spare
No tears are seen nor any eye to wepe
But in this place the musick is so rare
As half a sound would bringe at harts a sleepe
And every sense a proper pleasure takes
Which joined in on th'glory perfect makes
The f ostritl st lfe no pavn thow woudst estome
Thy prying, would a pashing toy appear
Thy pashing off no trouble thon woudst seeme.
Nor any kreth the karest penance here
Alas thou wouldest account the sharpest pavyne
To scape from hel and endlesse blisse obtayne.

Thyn myst. I also wordlly man to thee
And end where fyst I did begin to write
Thar of these eyes and pavyne whch thou dost see
May move thy moude to lead thy lfe upright
Thy hart wil melt it thinke upon thy case
Of thor bee lest but hath a sparkle of grace.

Thyn fyndest here what thou wilt inhe at last
And that accemt which none can ever shoule
Thyn from the lfe before the thyne bee post
As thou woulst wish that thou in thyne hasts an e
Left thou in thydest while the unwelch stae
When thyne it post no wondring come to late.

End.
O mixture pure which basest druce refines
O pleasant place which comfort only brings
O joyful sonne where glory always shines
O fertile soyle where pleasure ever springes
O glorious soules oh bodies highly blest
O sea of good and of all good the best.

O damned wretch the thoughts of this alone
Opprest with the weight of deadly care
And sifting now in spirit thou dost groan
When with there blesse thy woe thou dost compare
Thy precious body dost graow thy wretched harte
And it with grief redoublest thy smarte.

Till the world by conquest thou hast wonne
A trifle now thou thinkest all to gaine
And on the earth thy race were not begonne
And thou againe were suffered here to live
Another course thou would'st resolve to take
And serving God thy carnal will forsake.
The finest life no private thou wouldst esteem
Thy praying would a passing joy appear
Thy fasting oft no trouble then would seem
Nor any grief the hardest penance here.
A love thou wouldst account the sharpest pain
To spare from hell and endless blade obtayne.

Then may I call a worldly man to thee
And end where first I did begin to write
That all these woes and penances which thou dost bear
May move thy mind to search thy life upright
That harts may make to think upon thy case
Of their bee left but half a spake of grace.

Thou findest here what thou wilt see be at last
And that attempt which none can answer shew.
Then frame thy life before the time be past.
For thou wouldst wish that thou in time hast an eye
Thou in two days wouldst thy watchfull heart
When time is past and nothing comes to late.