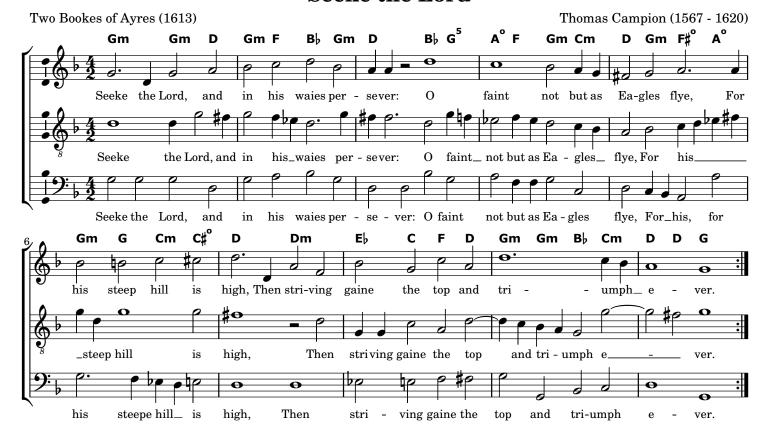
## Seeke the Lord



- When with glory there thy browes are crowned;
  New ioyes so shall abound in thee,
  Such sights thy soule shall see,
  That worldly thoughts shall by their beames be drowned.
- 3. Farewell World, thou masse of meere confusion, False light with many shadowes dimm'd, Old Witch with new foyles trimm'd, Thou deadly sleepe of soule, and charm'd illusion.
- **4.** I the King will seeke of Kings adored, Spring of light, tree of grace and blisse, Whose fruit so sov'raigne is, That all who taste it are from death restored.