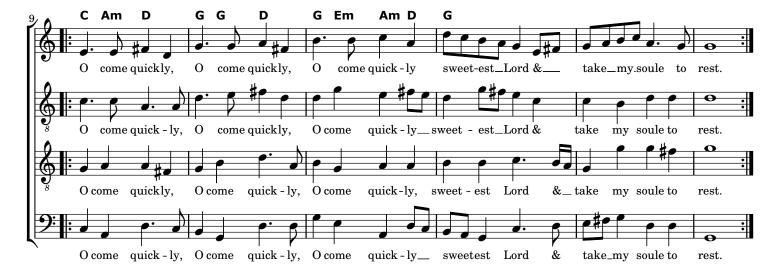
Never weather-beaten saile





2. Ever-blooming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high paradice,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the Sun out-shines, whose beames the blessed onely see:
O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.