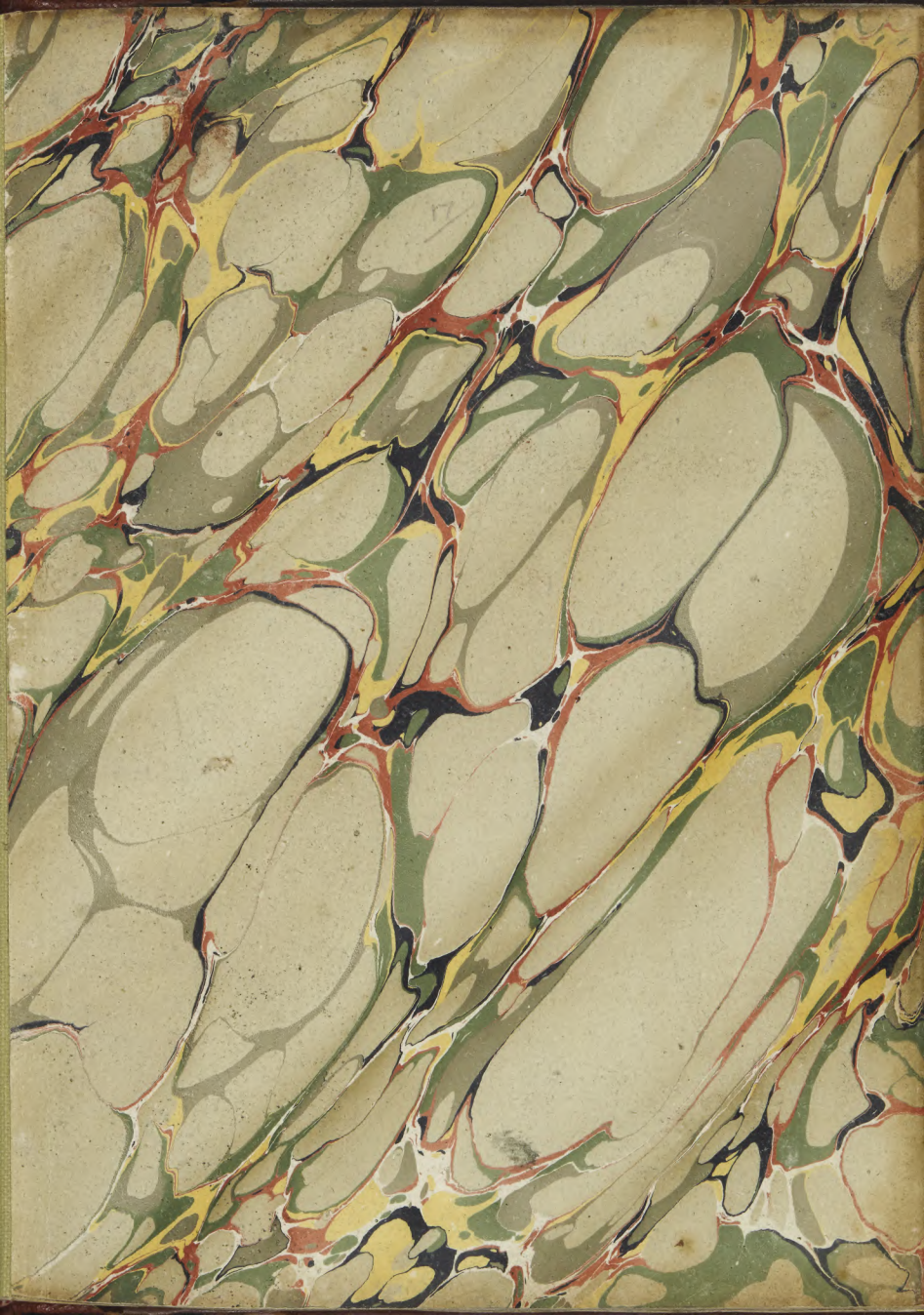
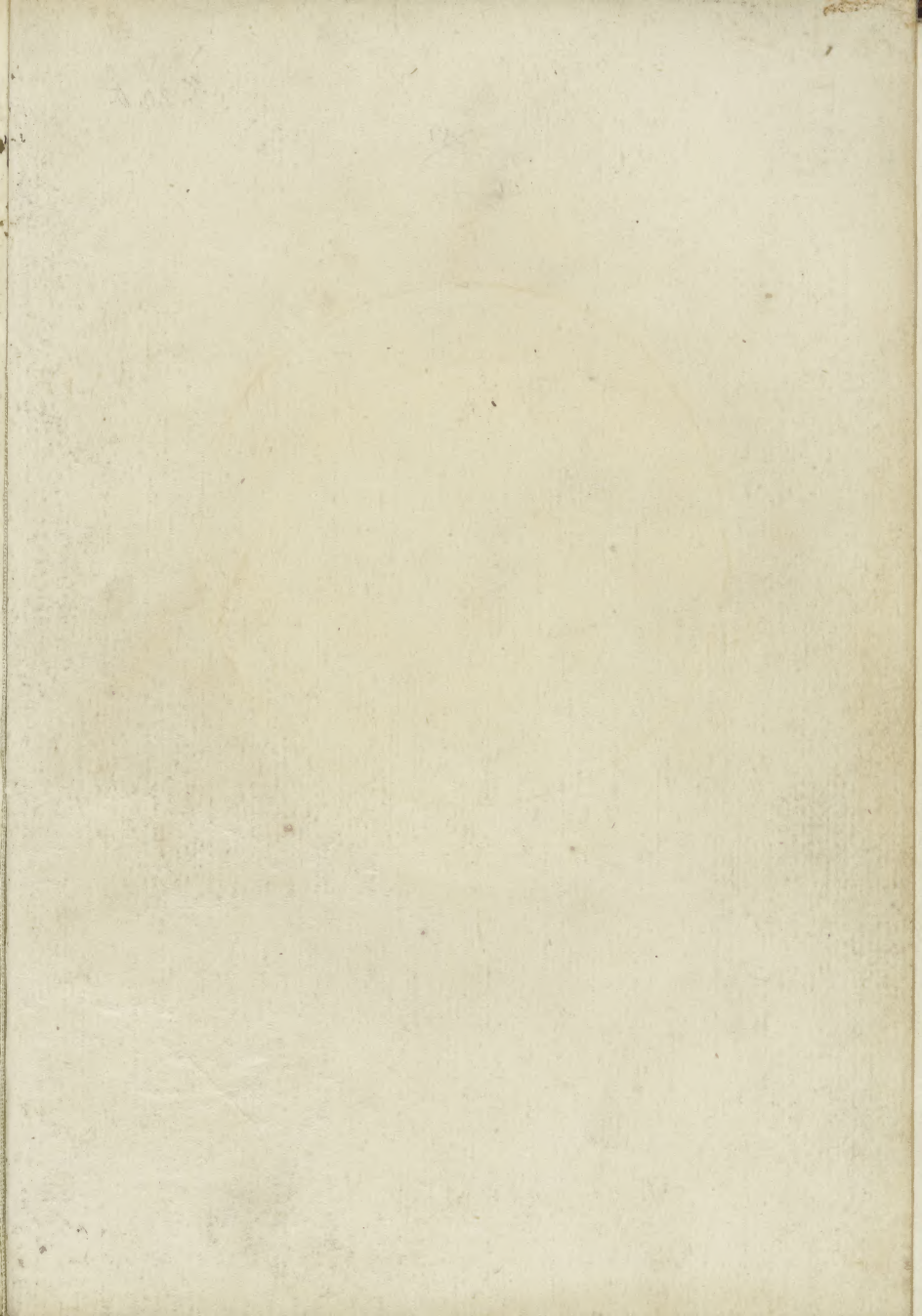
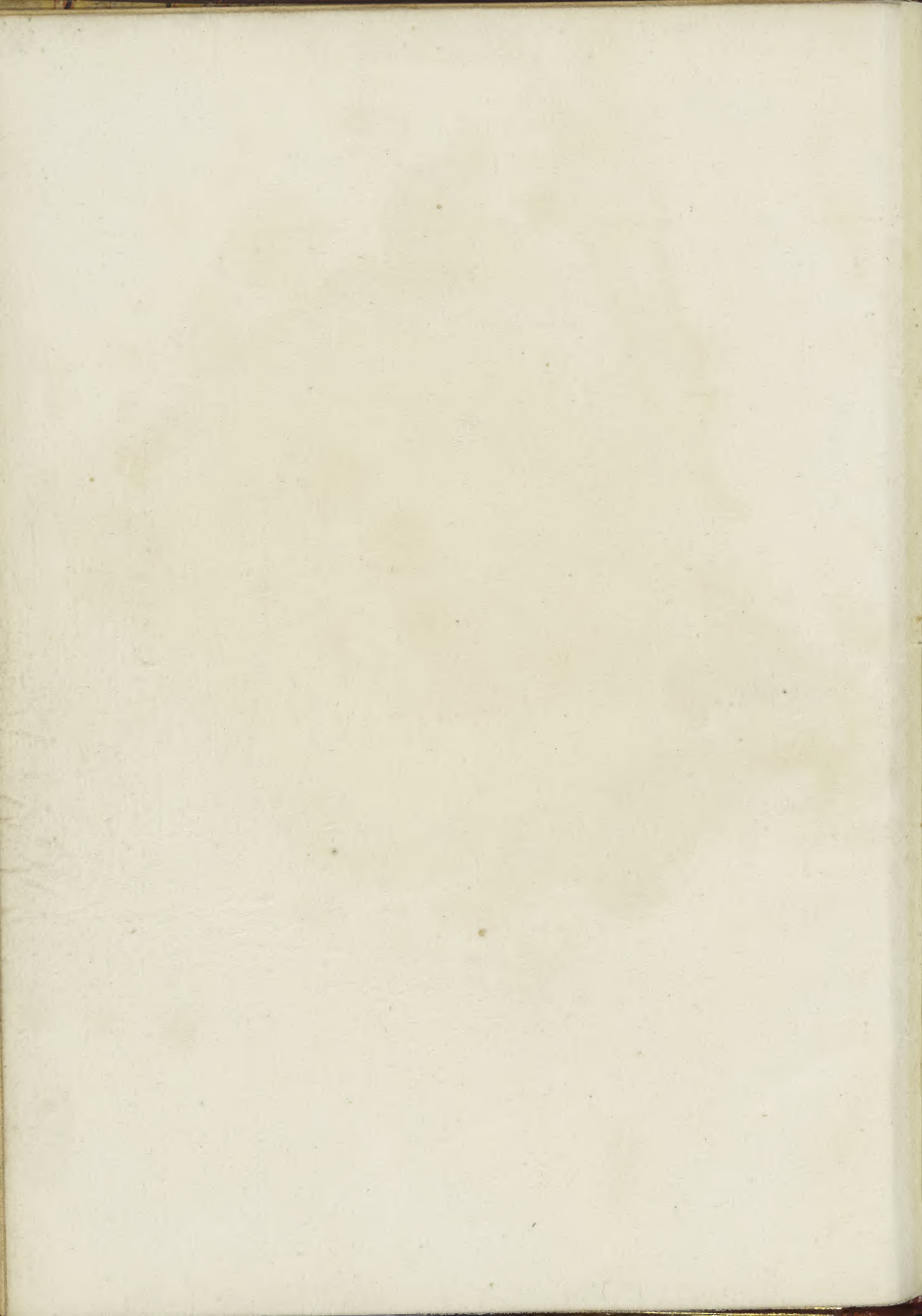
The background of the image is a traditional marbled paper pattern. It features a complex, organic design with irregular, cell-like shapes in shades of olive green, mustard yellow, and burnt red, all set against a light beige or off-white base. The colors are separated by thin, dark veins, creating a rich, textured appearance. In the center of the image, there is a rectangular white label with a thin black border. The text on the label is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font, arranged in three lines. The overall composition is balanced and visually appealing, typical of a library book cover.

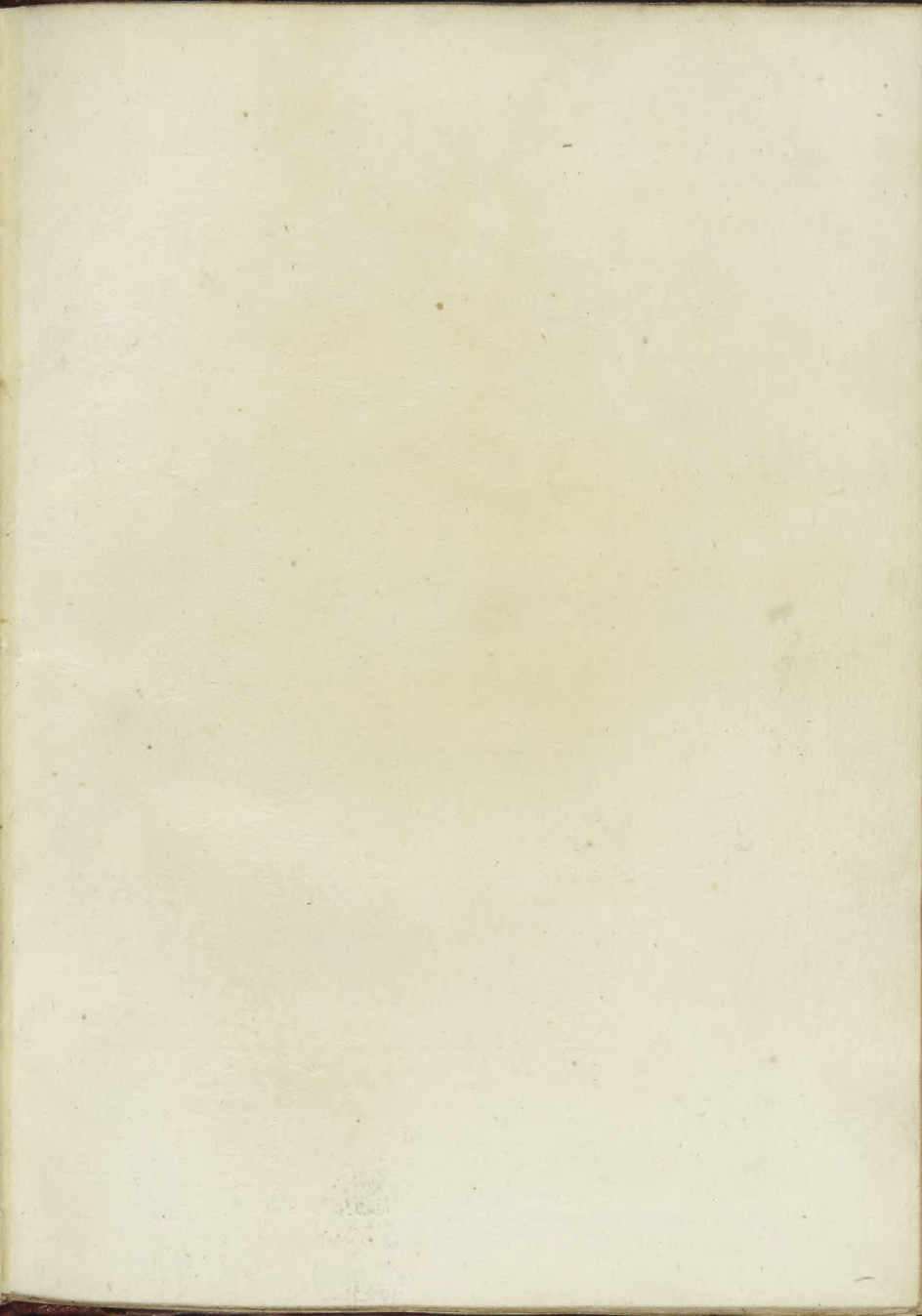
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ANE GODLIE

DREAME, COMPYLIT IN

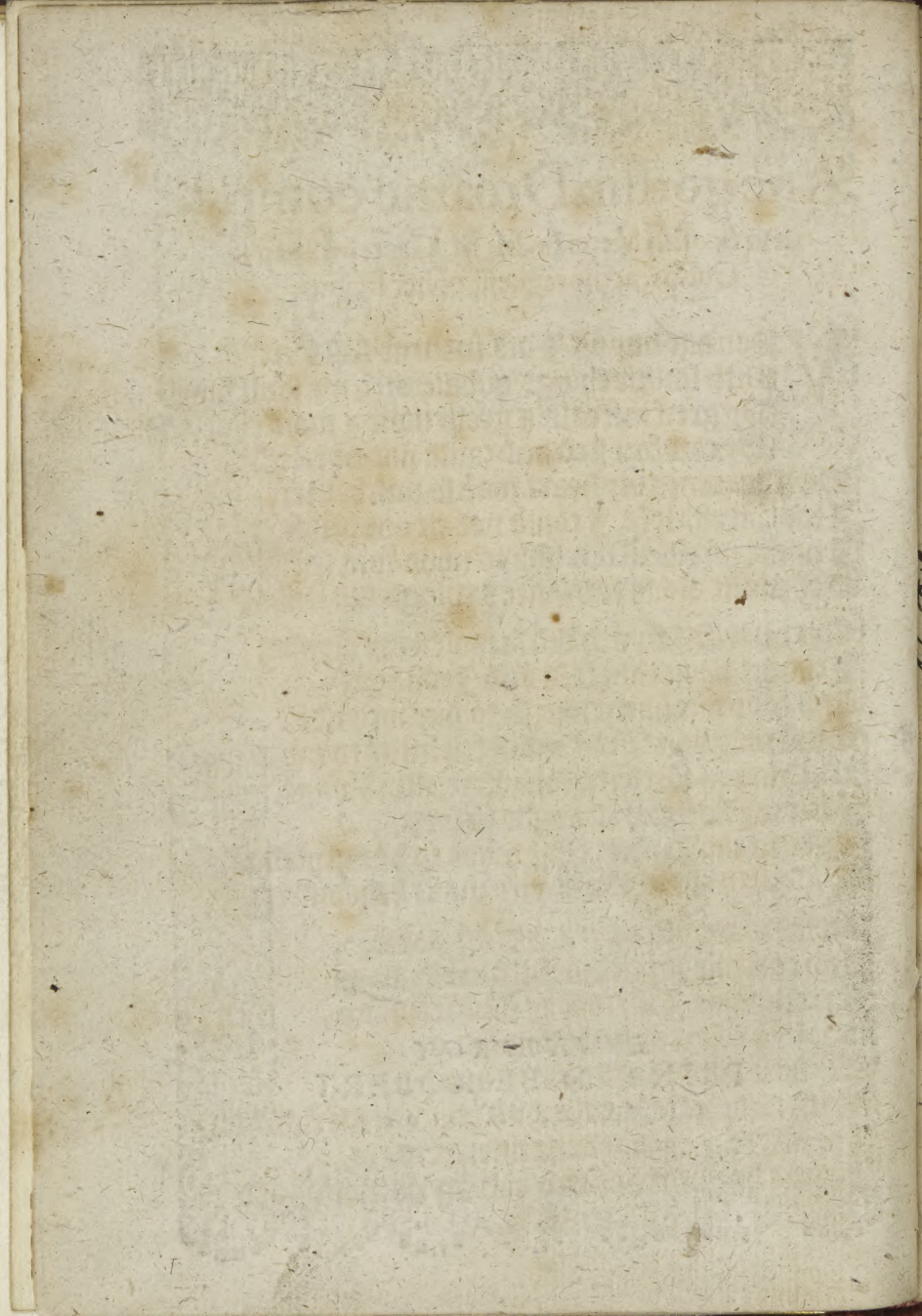
Scottish Meter be M. M. Gentel-

*uoman in Culros, at the re-
queist of her freindes.*

*Introite per angustam portam, nam lata est
via qua ducit ad interitum.*



EDINBURGH
PRINTED BE ROBERT
CHARTERIS. 1603.





Ane godlie Dreame compy.

lit in Scottish Meter be M. M. Gentelwoman in
Culros, at the request of her freinds.

Vpon ane day as I did mourne full soir,
With sundrie things quhairwith my saull was
My greif increasit & grew moir & moir (greifit
My comfort fled and could not be releifit,
With heavines my heart was sa mischeifit,
I loathit my lyfe, I could not eit nor drink,
I micht not speik nor luit to nane that leifit,
Bot musit alone and diuers things did think.

The wretchit warid did sa molest my mynde,
I thocht bpon thys fals and Iron age.
And how our hartis war sa to vice inclynde,
That Sathan seimit maist feirfullie to rage.
Nathing in earth my sorrow could asswage,
I felt my sin maist stranglie to increse,
I greifit my Spreit that wout to be my pledge,
My saull was drownit into maist deip distres.

All merynes did aggrauate my paine,
And earthlie joyes did still increse my wo:
In companie I na wayes could remaine,
Bot fled resort and so alone did go.
My sillie saull was tossit to and fro,
With sundrie thochts quhilk troublit me full soir:
I preist to pray, bot sichs overlet me so,
I could do nocht bot sich and say no moir.

The twinkling feares aboundantlie ran down,
My heart was easit quhen I had mouenit my fill:
Then I began my lamentatioun,
And said, O Lord, how lang is it thy will,
That thy puir Sancts shall be afflictit still:
Alace, how lang shall subtil Sathan rage,
Mak haist O Lord, thy promise to fulfill,
Mak haist to end our painefull pilgrimage.

Thy sillie Sancts ar tostit to and fro,
I walk, O Lord, quhy sleigest thou sa lang:
We haue na strenght agains our cruell fo,
In sighs and sobbis now chaingit is our sang.
The world preuails, our enemies ar strang,
The wickit rage, bot wee ar puir and waik:
O show thy self, with speid reuenge our wzang,
Mak short thir days, euen for thy chosens saik.

Lord Jesus cum and saik thy atwin Elect,
For Sathan seiks our simpill sauls to slay:
The wickit world dois strainglie vs infect,
Most monstrous sinnes increasses day be day.
Our luf growes cold, our zeill is woone away,
Our faith is faillit, and we ar lyke to fall:
The Lyon roares to catch vs as his pray,
Mak haist, O Lord, befoir wee perish all.

Thir ar the dayes that thou sa lang forgetald,
Sould cum befoir this wretchit world sould end:
Now vice aboundz and charitie growes cold,
And euin thine owne most stronglie dois offend.
The Deuill preuailis, his forces he dois bend,
Gif it could be to wzaik thy children deir:
Bot wee ar thine, thairfoir sum succour send,
Rescue our saullis, wee trk to wander heir.

Quhat can wee do? wee cloggit ar with sin,
In filthie byre our senses saules ar drownit:
Thecht wee resolve wee nevir can begin,
To mend our lyfes, bot sin dois still abound.
Quhen will thou cum: quhen fall thy trumpet sound?
Quhen fall wee see that grit and glorious day?
O saue vs Lord, out of this pit profound,
And reis vs from this loathsam lump of clay.

Thou knowst our hearts, thou sees our haill desyre,
Our secret thochts thay ar not hid fra thee:
Thocht wee offend thou knowst we strangle tyre,
To beir this wecht our spreit wald faine be free.
Allace, O Lord, quhat pleasour can it be,
To leif in sinne that sair dois presse vs downe:
Oh, giue vs wings that wee aloft may flie,
And end the fecht that wee may weir the crowne:

Befoir the Lord quhen I had thus cumplainit,
My mynde grew calme, my heart was at great rest:
Thocht I was faint from fuid zit I refrainit,
And went to bed, becaus I thocht it best.
With heavines my spreit was sa opprest,
I fell on sleip, and sa againe me thocht
I maid my msone, and than my greif increst,
And from the Lord with teares I succour socht.

Lord Iesus cum (said I) and end my greif.
My spreit is berit, the captiue wald be free:
All vice aboundis, O send vs sum releif,
I loath to liue, I wishe desoluit to be.
My spreit dois lang and thristeth efter thee,
As thristie ground requyris ane houre of raine:
My heart is dry, as fruitles barren tree,
I tell my selfe, how can I heir remaine:

With siches and sobz as I did so lament,
Into my dreame I thoct thair did appeir:
Ane sicht maist sweet, quhilk maid me weill content,
Ane Angell brycht with visage schyning cleir,
With lusing luiks and with ane synling cheir:
He askit mee, quhy art thou thus sa sad?
Quhy grones thou so: quhat dois thou duyning heir
With cairfull cryes in this thy bailfull bed:

I heir thy sichts, I sie thy twinkling teares,
Thou seimes to be in sum perplexitie: (feares)
Quhat meanes thy mones: quhat is the thing thou
Quhom wald thou haue, in quhat place wald you be
Fainte not sa fast in thy aduersitie,
Hourne not sa sair, sen mourning may not mend:
Lift by thy heart, declair thy greif to mee,
Perchance thy paine byings pleasure in the end.

I sicht againe, and said allace for wo,
My greif is greif, I can it not declair:
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
Ane pilgrime purt consumit with siching sale.
My sinnes allace, increastes in air and in air,
I loath my lyfe, I irk to wander heir:
I long for heauen, my heritage is thair,
I long to liue with my Redimer Deir

Is this the caus (said he) ryle by anone,
And follovo mee and I sall be thy gyde:
And from thy sichts leif off thy heaule mone,
Refcaine from teares and cast thy cair asyde,
Trust in my strenth, and in my word confyde,
And thou sall haue thy heaule hearts desyre:
Ryle by with speld, I may not lang abyde,
Greit diligence this matter deis requyre.

My Saull rejoynt to heyr his words sa swett,
I luikit vp and saw his face maist fair:
His countenance reuuit my wearie Spreit,
Incontinent I culst asyde my cair.
With humbill heart I prayit him to declair
Quhat was his name: he answerit me againe,
I am thy God for quhom thou sicht sa fair,
I now am cummit: thy wares ar not in vaine.

I am the way, I am the treuth and lyfe,
I am thy spous that byngs thee store of grace:
I am thy luif quhom thou wald faine umbrace,
I am thy joy, I am thy rest and peace.
Kyle vp anone and follow etter mee,
I sall the leid into thy dwelling place:
The Land of rest thou langis sa sair to sie
I am thy Lord that sone sall end thy race.

With joyfull heart I thankit him againe,
Reddie am I (said I) and weil content
To follow thee, for heir I leue in paine,
O wretch vnworth, my dayes ar vaine lie spent.
Nocht ane is just bot all ar fearcelie bent,
To rin to vyce, I haue na force to stand:
My sinnes increas quhill makis me sair lament,
O mak haist, O Lord, I lang to sie that Land.

Thy haist is greit, he answerit me againe,
Thou thinks thee that thou art transportit so:
That pleasant place most purchaist be with paine,
The way is strait, and thou hes far to go.
Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Throw greit deserts thfow water and throw fyre:
Throw thornes and bzeirs and monte dangers mo,
Quhat says thou now: Thy febill flesch will tyre.

Allace said I, howbeit my flesh be weak,
My spirit is strong and willing for to flee:
O leif mee nocht, bot for thy mercies sake,
Performe thy word, or els for duill I die.
I feir no paine, sence I could walk with thee,
The way is lang, zit bring me throw at last:
Thou answeris weill, I am content said hee,
To be thy guyde, bot sie thou grip me fast.

Then by I rais and maid na waite delay,
My febill arme about his arme I cast:
He went befoir and still did guyde the way,
Thocht I was waik, my spirit did follow fast.
Throw inos and myres, throw ditches deip wee past,
Throw pricking thornes, throw water & throw fyre:
Throw dreidfull denes quhilk maid my heart agast,
Hee buir mee by quhen I begouth to tyre.

Sumtyme wee clam on craigie Montanes hie,
And sumtymes laid on vglie brayes of land:
They war sa stay that wonder was to sie,
Bot quhen I feirit hee held mee be the hand.
Throw thich and thin, throw sea and eik be land:
Throw greit deserts wee wanderit on our way:
Quhen I was waik and had no force to stand,
Zit with ane lulk hee did refresh mee ay.

Throw waters greit wee war compellit to weyd,
Quhilk war sa deip that I was lyke to drowne:
Sumtyme I sank, bot zit my gracious gyde,
Did draw me out half deid and in ane towne.
In woods maist wyld and far fra anie towne,
Wee thristit throw, the beirs together stak:
I was sa waik thair strenth did ding me downe,
That I was forcit for feir to flee aback.

Curage

Curage said hee, thou art midgait and mase,
Thou may not tyre nor turne a back againe:
Hald fast thy grip, on mee cast all thy care,
Alay thy strength, thou shall not fercht in vaine,
I tauld thee first, that thou should suffer paine,
The neirer heauen, the harder is the way:
Lift vp thy heart and let thy hope remaine,
Sence I am gupde thou shall not go astray.

Forward wee pass on narrow byrgs of trie,
Ouer waters greit that hiddeouslie did roir:
Thair lay belabo that feirfull was to sie,
Hailst vglie beists that gaipit to deuoir.
My heid grew licht and troublit wonderous soir,
My heart did feir, my feet began to slyde:
Bot quhan I cryit, hee heard mee euer moir,
And held mee vp, O blisset be my gupde.

Wearie I was, and thocht to sit at rest,
Bot hee said na: thou may not sit nor stand,
Hald on thy course and thou shall find it best,
Gif thou desyis to sie that pleasant Land.
Thocht I was waik, I rais at his command,
And held him fast: at lenth he leit mee sie
That pleasant place, quhilk semit to be at hand,
Tak curage now, for thou art neir, said hee.

I luskit by vnto that Castell fair,
Glistring lyke gold, and schyning siluer brycht:
The staitlie towres did mount aboue the air,
Thay blindit mee, thay cunst sa greit ane licht,
My heart was glaid to sie that joyfull sight,
My boyage than I thocht was not in vaine:
I him besocht to gupde mee thair aricht,
With mane bovyes neuer to tyre againe.

Thocht thou be neir, the way is wonderous hard,
Said hee againe, thairfoir thou mon be stout,
Fainte not for feir, for cowards ar debar'd,
That hes na heart to go thair voyage out.
Pluck vp thy heart and grip mee fast about,
Out throw zon trance together wee man go:
The zet is law, remember for to lout,
Gif this war past, wee haue not manie mo.

I held him fast as hee did gif command,
And throw that trance together than wee went:
Quhairin the middis greit prickis of Iron did stand,
Quhair with my feit was all betozne and rent.
Tak curage now said hee, and be content,
To suffer this: the pleasour cumis at last:
I answerit nocht, bot ran incontinent,
Out ouer them all, and so the paine was past.

Quhen this was done my heart did dance for joy,
I was sa neir, I thocht my voyage endit:
I ran befoir, and socht not his conuoy,
Nor speirit the way, becaus I thocht I kend it:
On staitlie steps maist stoutlie I ascendit,
Without his help I thocht to enter thair:
Hee followit fast and was richt sair offendit,
And hastlicie did draw mee down the stair.

Quhat haist said hee, quhy ran thou so befoir:
Without my help, thinks thou to clim sa hie:
Cum down againe, thou zit mon suffer moir,
Gif thou desyres that dwelling place to sie:
This staitlie stair it is not maid for thee,
Hald thou that course, thou sall be thrust aback:
Allace said I, lang wandring weirlet mee,
Quhilk maid mee rin the neirest way to tak.

Then hee began to comfort mee againe,
And said my freind thou mon not enter thair:
Lift vp thy heart, thou zit mon suffer paine,
The last assault perforce it mon be sair.
This godlie way althocht it seime sa fair,
It is to hie thou cannot clim so stay:
Bot luik belaw beneath that stairlie stair,
And thou sall see ane vther kynde of way.

I luikit down and saw ane pit most black,
Most full of smuke and flaming fyre most felt:
That vglie sicht maid mee to lye aback,
I feirit to heer so manie thout and zell:
I him besocht that hee the treuth wald tell,
Is this said I, the Papists purging place?
Quhair thay affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
To purge thair sin, befor thay rest in peace.

The braine of man maist warlie did inuent
That Purging place, he answerit me againe:
For gredines together thay consent,
To say that saulles in torment mon remaine,
Eill gold and gudes teilef them of thair paine,
O spytfull spreits that did the same begin:
O blindit beists your thochts ar all in vaine,
My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin.

This Pit is Hell, quhairthow thou now mon go.
Thair is thy way that leids the to the land:
Now play the man thou neids not trinbill so,
For I sall help and hald thee be the hand.
Allace said I, I haue na force to stand,
For feir I faint to see that vglie sight:
How can I cum among that baifull band,
Oh help mee now, I haue na force no, micht.

Oft haue I heard, that thay that enters thair,
In this greit golfe, sall neuer cum againe:
Curage said hee, haue I not bocht thee deir,
My precious blude it was nocht shed in vaine.
I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine,
Or euer I went into my fathers gloir:
Throw mon thou go, bot thou sall not remaine,
Thow neids not fair, for I sall go befoir.

I am content to do thy haill command,
Said I againe, and did him fast embrace:
Then louinglie he held mee be the hand,
And in wee went into that feirfull place.
Hald fast thy grip said hee, in anie case,
Let mee not slip, quhat euer thou sall sie:
Dreid not the deith, bot stouthe forwart preis,
For Deith nor Hell sall neuer vanquish thee.

His words sa sweet did cheir my heaute hairt,
Incontinent I cuist my cair asyde:
Curage said hee, play not ane cowart's pairt,
Thocht thou be waik, zit in my strenth confyde.
I thocht me blist to haue sa gude ane gupde,
Thocht I was waik, I knew that he was strang:
Under his wings I thocht mee for to hyde,
Gif anie thair sould preis to do mee wozang.

Into that Pit, quhen I did enter in,
I saw ane sicht, quhilk maid my heart agast:
Quir dammit saullis, tormentit sair for sin,
In flaming fyre, war fying wonder fast:
And vglie spreit's, and ag wee thocht them past,
My heart grew faint, and I begouth to tye:
Or I was war, ane gripit mee at last,
And held me heich aboue ane flaming fyre.

The fyre was greit, the heit did peir's me faire,
My faith grew waik, my grip was wonderous small,
I trimbellit fast, my feir grew mair and mair,
My hands did shak, that I him held with hall.
At lenth thay lousit, than thay begouth to fall,
I cryit O Lord, and caught him fast againe:
Lord Jesus cum, and red mee out of thral,
Curage said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this greit feir, I stackerit and awoke
Crying O Lord, Lord Jesus cum againe.
Bot efter this, no kynde of rest I tike,
I preisit to sleip, bot that was all in vaine.
I wald haue dreameit, of pleasour after paine,
Becaus I know, I sall it finde at last:
God grant my gypde may still with mee remaine,
It is to cum that I beleisit was past.

This is ane dreame, and zit I thocht it best.
To wypte the same, and keip it still in mynde:
Becaus I knew, thair was na earthlie rest,
Preparit for vs, that hes our hearts inclynde
To seik the Lord, we mon be purgde and fynde,
Our dys is greit, the fyre mon try vs faire:
Bot zit our God is mercifull and kynde,
Hee sall remaine and help vs euer mair.

The way to heauen, I sie is wonderous hard,
My Dreame declairs, that we haue far to go:
Wee mon be stout, for towards ar debarde,
Our flesh on force mon suffer paine and wo.
Thir griuelle gait's, and many dangers mo
Await's for vs, wee can not leue in rest:
Bot let vs learne sence wee ar wairnit so,
To cleave to Chzist, for he can help vs best.

D silke saullis wltth paines sa sair opprest,
That loue the Lord and lang for Heauen sa hie:
Chainge not your mynde, for ze haue chosen the best,
Repair your selues, for troblit mon ze be.
Faint not for feir in your aduerstie,
Althocht that ze lang luing be for lyfe:
Suffer ane quhyle and ze sall thortlie sie
The Land of rest, quhen endit is your stryfe.

In wildernes quhen ze mon be tryst a quhyle,
Sit fordwart preis and neuer sie aback:
Lyke pilgrines pur and strangers in exyle,
Throw fair and foull your journay ze mon tak.
The Deuill, the ward and all that thay can mak,
Will send thair force to stop zow in your way:
Your flesh will faint and suntyne will grow flak,
Sit clun to Christ and hee sall help zow ay.

The thornie cairs of this deceltfull lyfe,
Will rent your heart, and mak your saull so bleid:
Your flesh and spreit will be at deidlie stryfe,
Your cruell fo will hald zow still in dreid.
And draw zow down, zit ryle againe with speid,
And thocht ze fall zit ly not loytring still:
Bot call on Christ to help zow in your neid,
Quha will nocht fail his promeis to fulfill.

In floudes of wo quhen ze ar lyke to drawe,
Sit clun to Christ and grip him wonder fast.
And thocht ze sunk and in the deip fall downe,
Sit cry aloud and hee will heir at last.
Dreid nocht the death nor be not sair agast,
Thocht all the erth against zow sould conspyre:
Christ is your guyde, and quhen your paine is pass,
Ze sall haue joy aboue your heastg desyre.

Thocht

Thocht in this earth ze sall exalt if be,
Feir salbe left to humbill zow withall:
For gif ze clim on tops of Montaignes hie,
The heicher by the neater is zour fall.
Zour honie sweetest fall mixit be with gall,
Zour hoort delyte sall end with paine and greif:
Zit trust in God for his assistance call,
And he sall help and send zow sum releif.

Thocht waters greif do compas zow about,
Thocht Tirannes feart, thocht Lyons rage & roir:
Desy them all and feir not to win out,
Zour guyde is neir to help zow euer moir.
Thocht prick of Iron do prick zow wondrous soir,
As noysun lusts that seik zour saull to slay:
Zit cry on Christ and hee sall go befoir,
The neirer Heauen, the harder is the way.

Win out zour race ze mon not faint nor tye,
Nor sit nor stand, nor turne aback againe:
Gif ze desyre to haue zour heartys desyre,
Preis fordwart still althocht it be with paine.
Pa rest for zow sa lang as ze remaine,
Ane pilgrim puit into thy loathsun lyfe:
Fecht on zour faucht it sall not be in vaine,
Zour riche rewarde is worth ane grifter stryfe.

Gif effer teires ze leif ane quhyle in ioy,
And get ane taill of that Eternall gloir,
Be nocht secure nor slip nocht zour conuoy,
For gif ze do, ze sall repent it soir.
He knowes the way, and he mon go befoir,
Clim ze alane ze sall nocht mis ane fall:
Zour humblit flesh it mon be troublit moir,
Gif ze forget vpon zour guyde to call,

Giſ Chriſt be game, althoche ze ſeeme to ſie,
With golden wings aboue the firmament:
Come down againe, ze ſall nocht better be,
That pryde of yours ze ſall richt ſair repent.
Than haſd him faſt with humbill heart ay bent,
To follow him, althoche throw Hell and Death:
Hee went beſoſe, his ſaull was tozne and rent
For your deſerts hee felt his fathers wraith.

Thoch in the end ze ſuffer tozments fell,
Clim faſt to him, that felt the ſame beſoſe:
The way to Heauen, mon be throw Death and Hell,
The laſt aſſault will troubill you full ſoſe.
The Lyon than maſt cruellie will roſe,
His tyme is ſhort, his forces hee will bend:
The gritter ſtryfe, the gritter is your gloir,
Your paine is ſhort, your joy ſall neuer end.

Rejoyce in God, let nocht your curage fail,
Ze choſen Sancts that ar aſſaſt heir:
Thoch Sathan rage, hee neuer ſall pzeuaill,
Fecht to the end and ſtoutlie perſeuir.
Your God is trew, your blude is to him deir,
Fech nocht the way ſence Chriſt is your conuoy:
When Clouds ar paſt the weather will grow cleir,
Ze ſaw in teares, bot ze ſal reap in joy.

Both deith and hell, hes loſt thair cruell ſting,
Your Captaine Chriſt, hes maid them all to zell:
Liſt by your hearts and praifes to him ſing,
Triumph for joy, your enemies ar keilde.
The Lord of Hoſtis that is your ſtrength and Meid
The Serpents heid hes ſtoutlie trampit downe:
Trust in his ſtrength, pas fordwart in the feild,
Overcumin fecht and ze ſall weare the Crowne.

The

The King of Kings gif he be on our syde,
Wee neid nocht feir quhat dar agains vs stand:
Into the feild may wee not baldlie byde,
Quhen hee sall help vs with his mightie hand:
Quha sits abone and reules baith sea and land,
Quha with his breath doth mak the hilles to shake:
The hostes of Heauen ar armit at his command,
To fecht the feild quhen wee appeir maist waik.

Bluck by your heart, ze ar nocht left alone,
The Lambe of God sall leid zow in the way:
The Lord of Hostes that rings on royall Throne,
Against your foes, your Baner will display.
The Angels brycht sall stand in gude array,
To hald zow by, ze neid not for to fall:
Your enemies sall fle and be your pray,
Ze sall triumphe and thay sall perish all.

The joy of Heauen is worzth ane moments paine,
Tak curage than lift by your hearts on hie:
To judge the erth quhen Christ sall cum againe,
Aboue the cloudes ze sall exaltit be,
The Throne of joy and trew felicittie,
Await for zow quhen finishit is your fecht.
Suffer ane quhyle and ze sall hoztlie sie,
Ane gloir maist grit and infinite of wecht.

Prepair your selves, be valiant men of weir,
And thrust with force out throw the narrow way,
Hald on thy course and shrink not back for feir,
Christ is your guyde, ze sall not go astray.
The tyme is neare, be sober watch and pray,
Hee seis your teares and he hes laid in stoir,
Ane rich rewarde, quhilk in that joyfull day,
Ze sall resaue, and ring for euer moir.

Beh to the King that creat all of nocht,
And Lord of Lords, that reules baith Land & sie,
That saikit our saullis and with his blude vs bocht,
And vanquisht Death triumphant on the trie,
Wnto the greit and glorious Trinitie,
That saikis the puir and dois his awin defend,
Be laud and gloir, honour and Majestie,
Power and praise, Amen, World without end.

FINIS.



A comfortabill Song,

To the tune of *Sall I let her go.*

A Wayvaine warld bewitcher of my heart,
By sorrow shawes my sinnes maks me to smart:
Fit will I not dispair, bot to my God repair,
He hes mercie ay, thairfoir will I pray:
He hes mercie ay, and loues me,
Thouch he his troubling hand he proues me.

Away, away, too lang thou hes me snared:
I will not tyme moze tyme, I am prepared,
Thy subrill sicke to sie, thou hes distant me;
Thogh they sweetlie simple, smoothlie they begyle,
Thogh they sweetlie simple, suspect them,
The simpill sozt they spyle, reject them,

Once more away shoues loch the world to leaue,
Bids oft away with her that halos me flauie:
Lesh I am to forgo, that sweet alluring so,

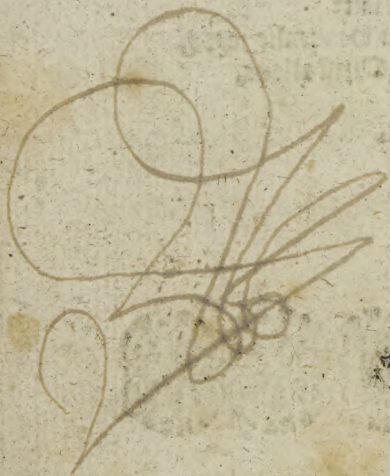
Hence thy wayes ar vaine, shall I them retaine,
Hence thy wayes ar vaine, I quyte thee,
Thy pleasure shall no moze delecte mee.

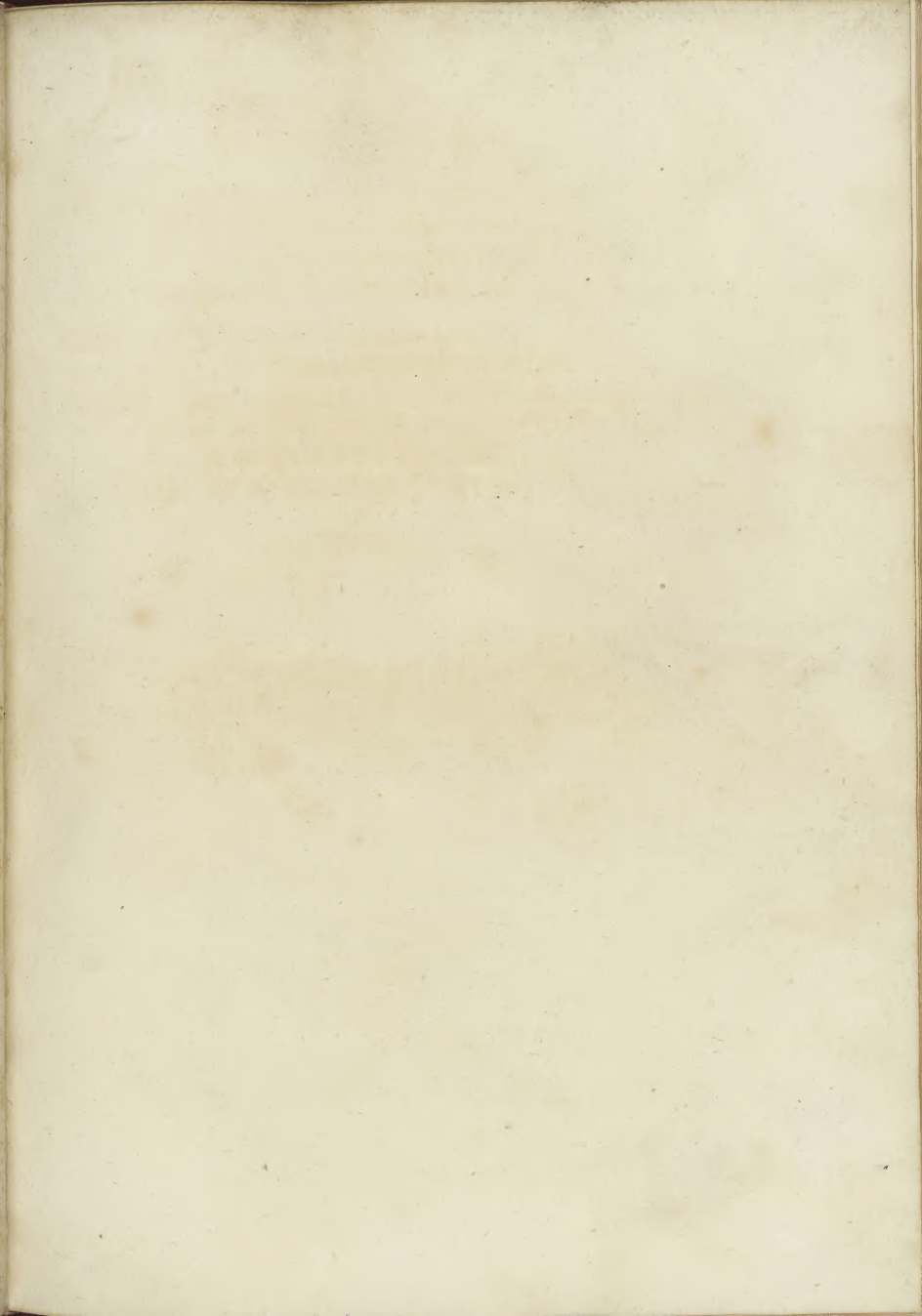
A thousand tymes away, ab stay no moze,
Sweete Christ me saif, lest subcill sin deuoze:
Without thy helping hand, I haue no strength to stand,
Lest I turne asyde, let thy grace me guyde:
Lest I turne asyde, or a waye neere me:
And when I call for help Lord heire me.

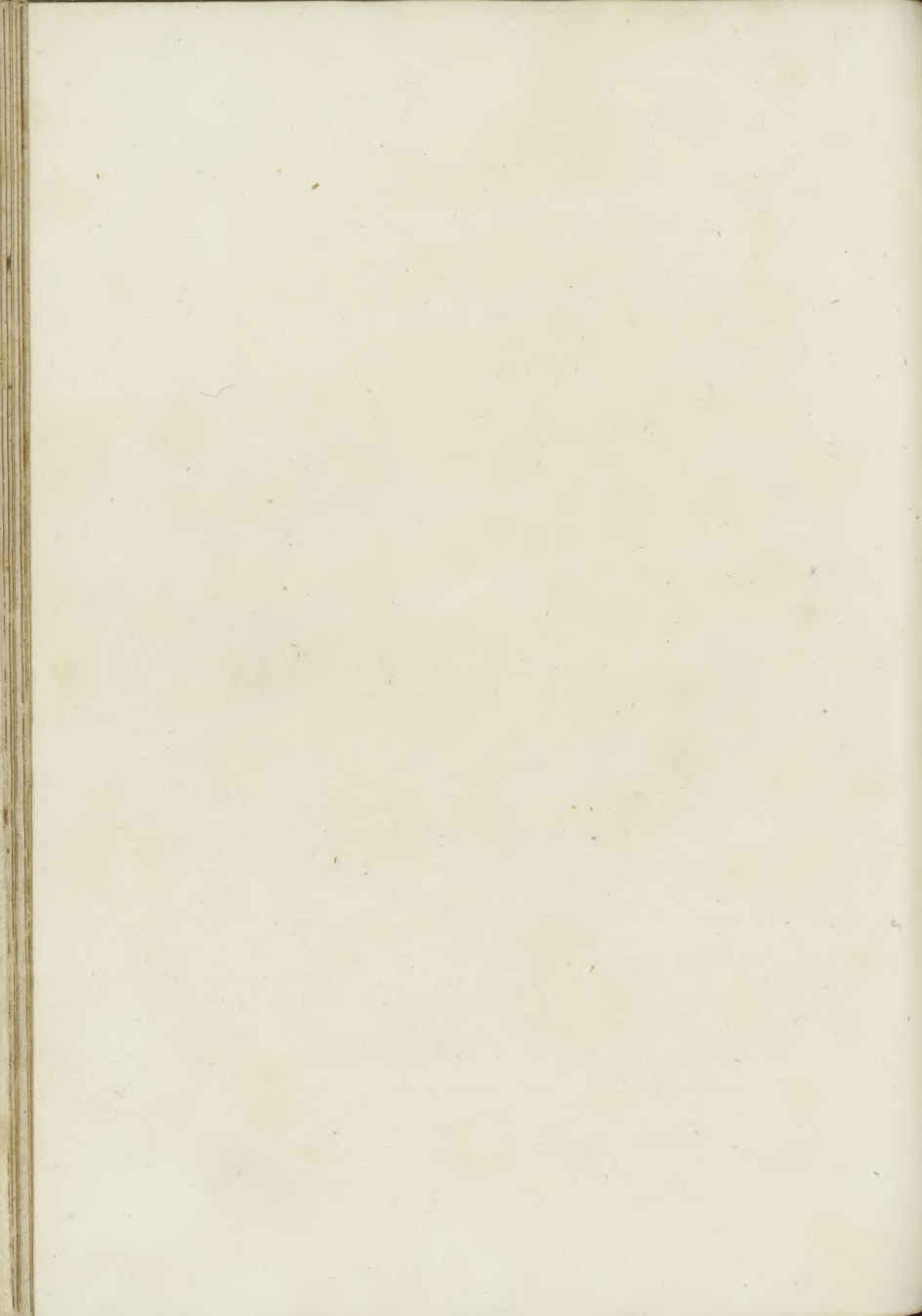
Dubat shall I do: at all my pleasures pass:
Shall worldlie lusts now take their leaue at last:
Yea Christ, these earthlie toys, shall turne in Heauenlie joyes,
Let the world be gone, I will loue Christ allone,
Let the world be gone, I care not:
Christ is my loue allone, I feare not.

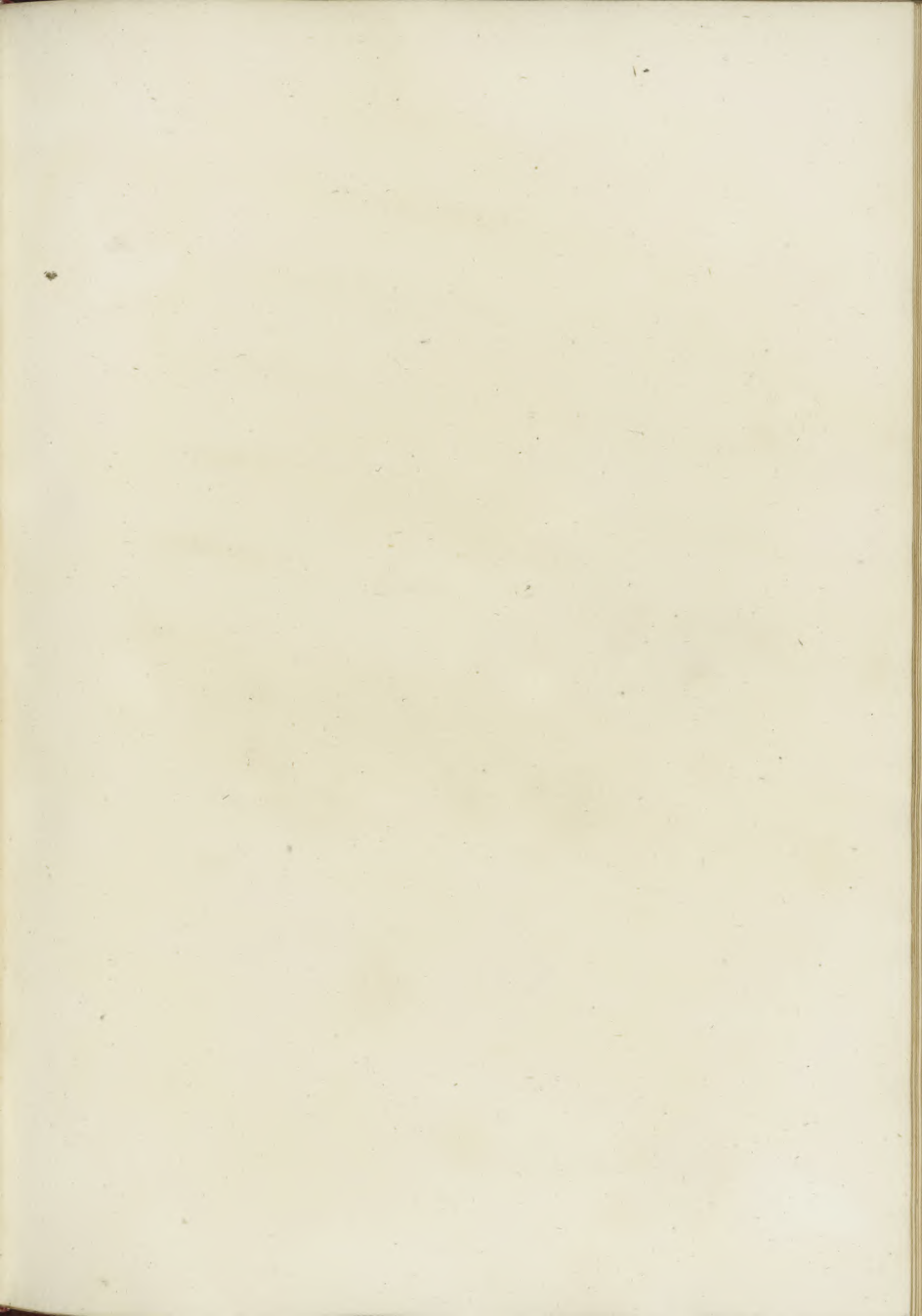
FINIS.

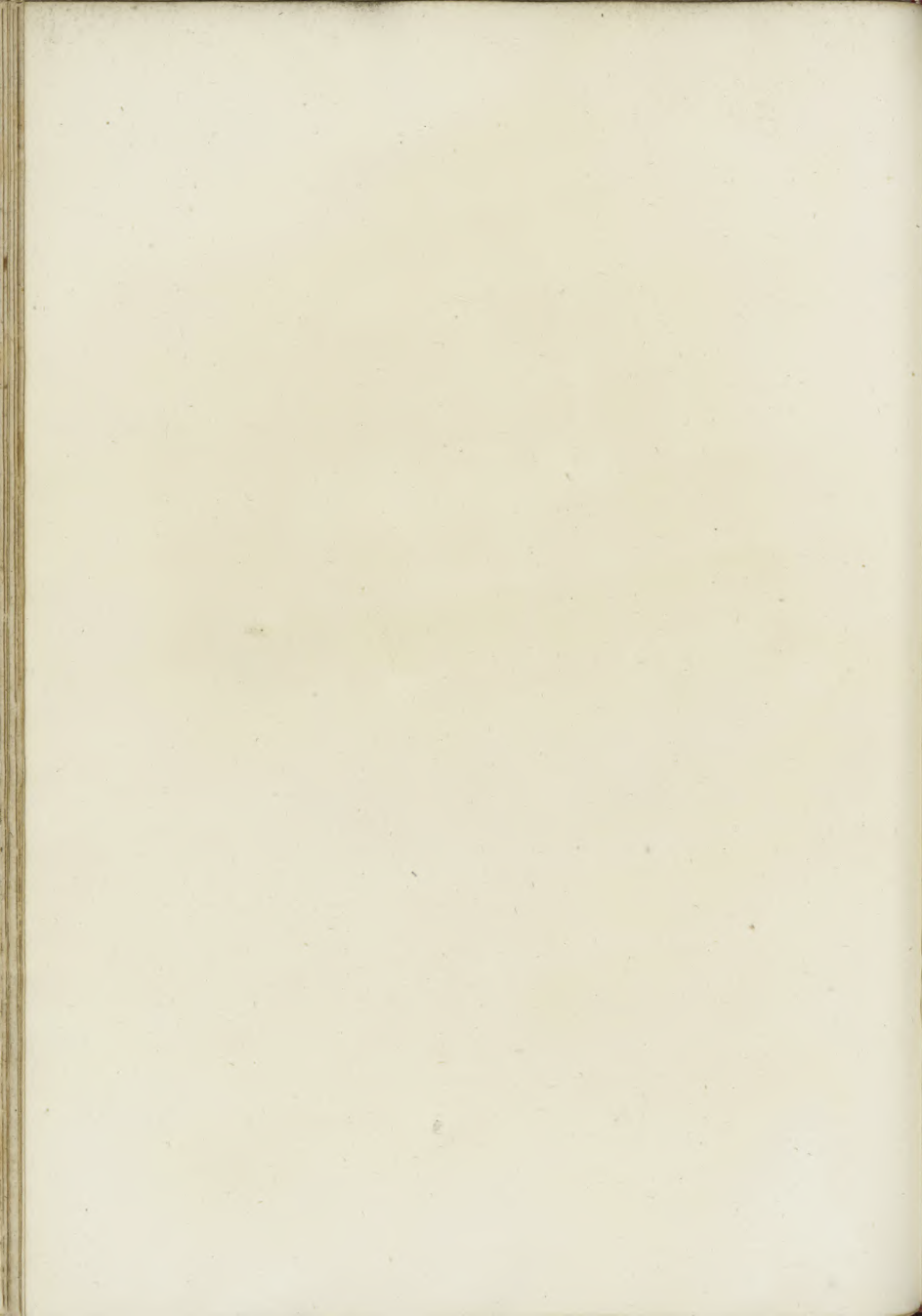


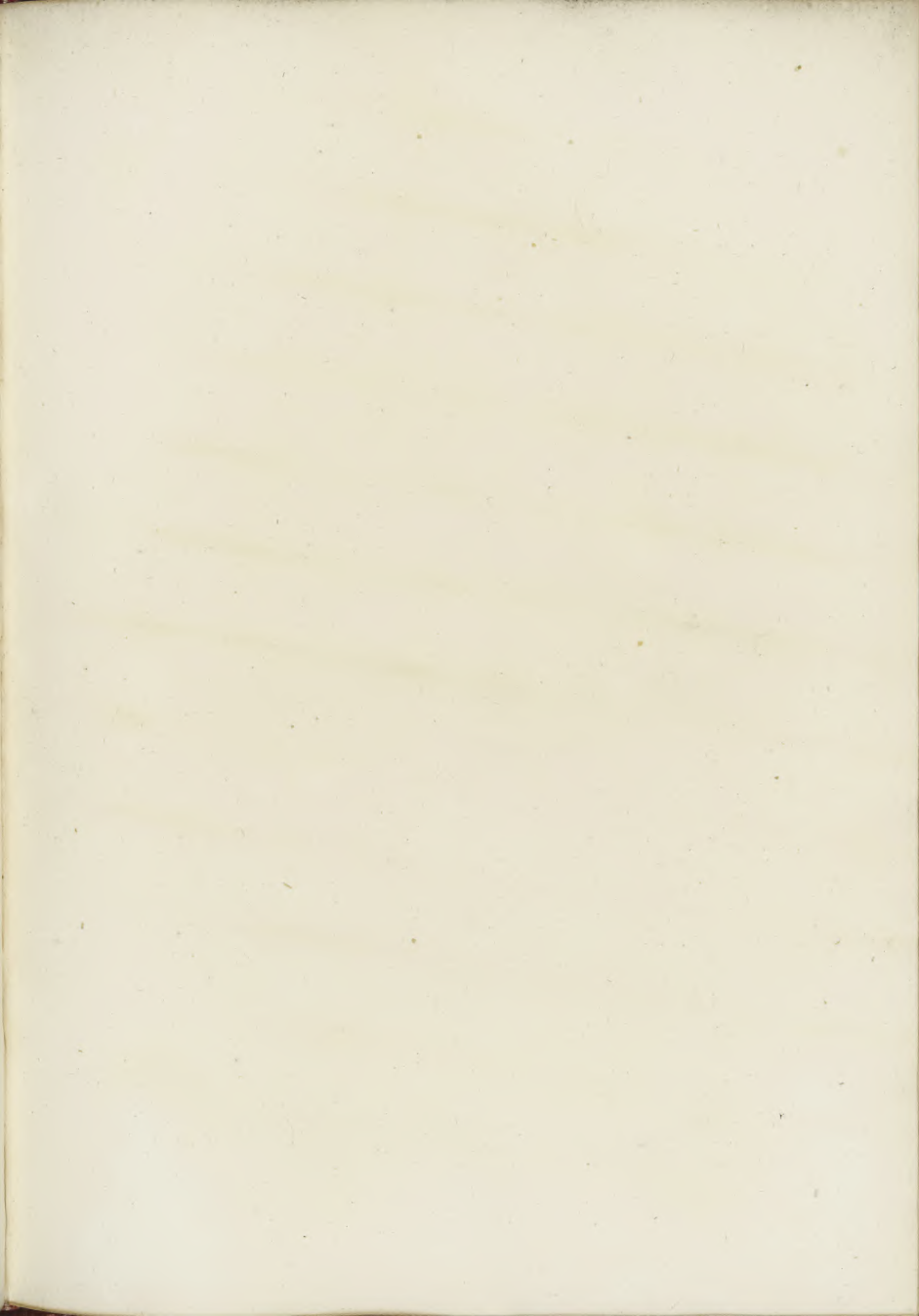


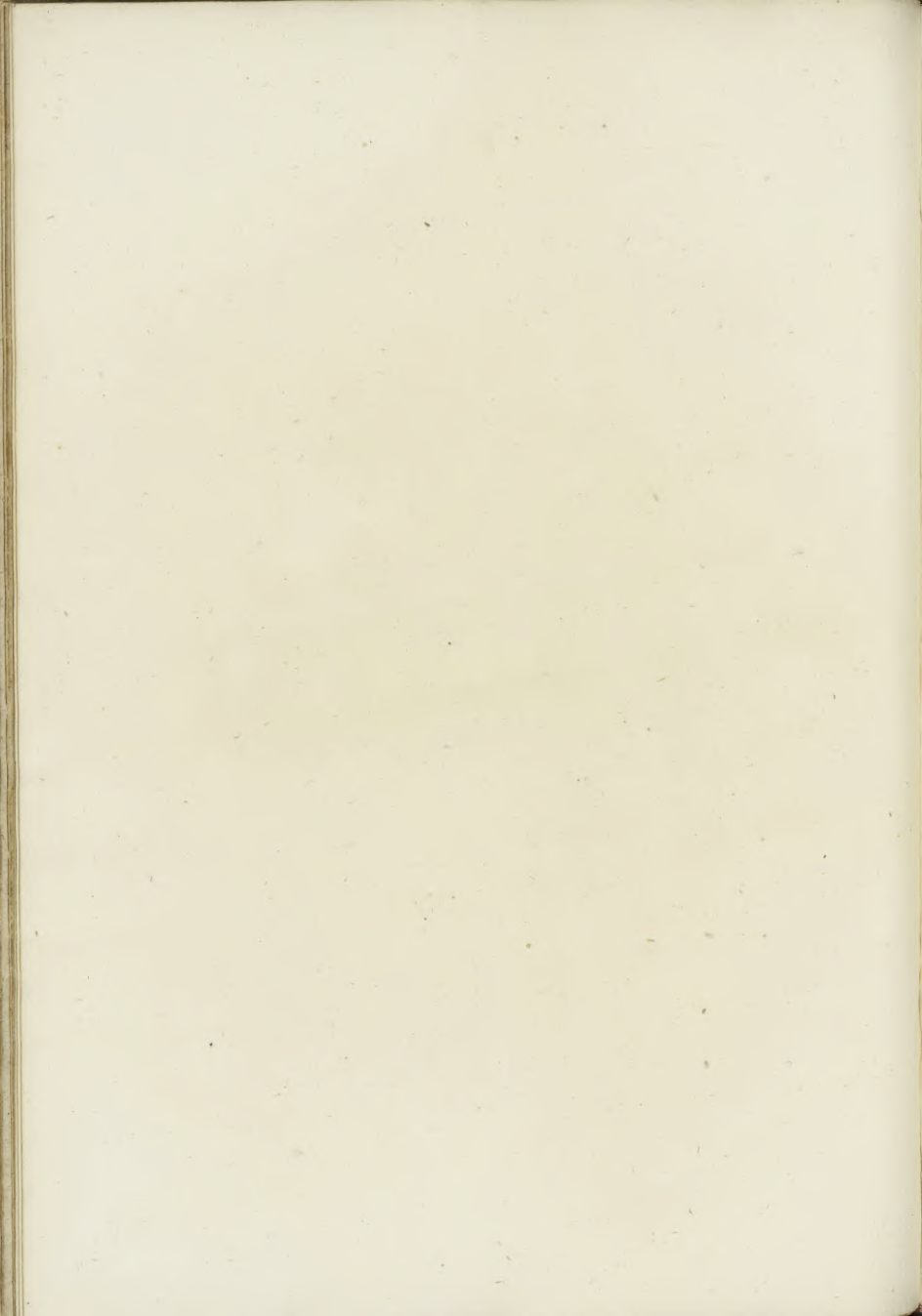


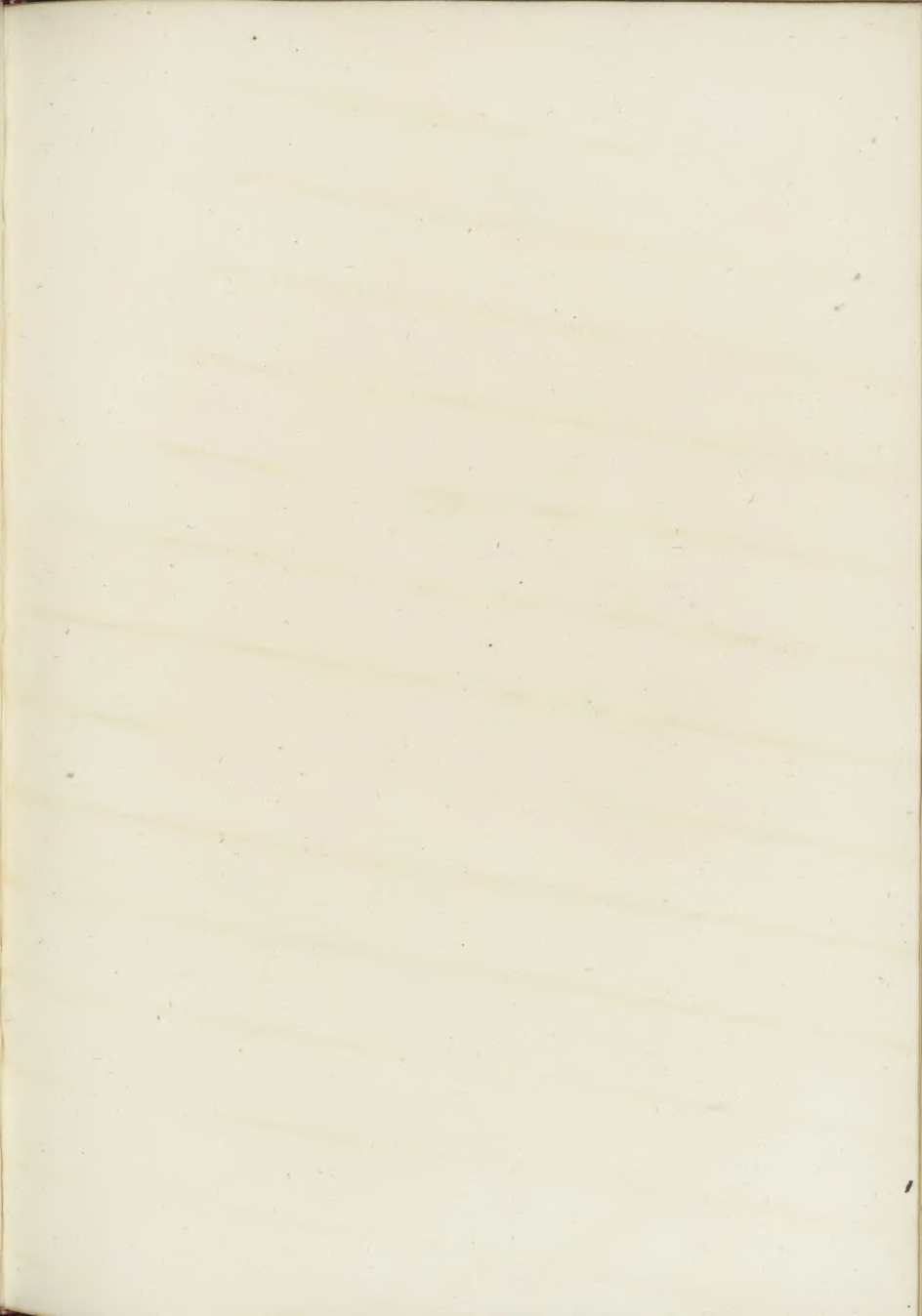


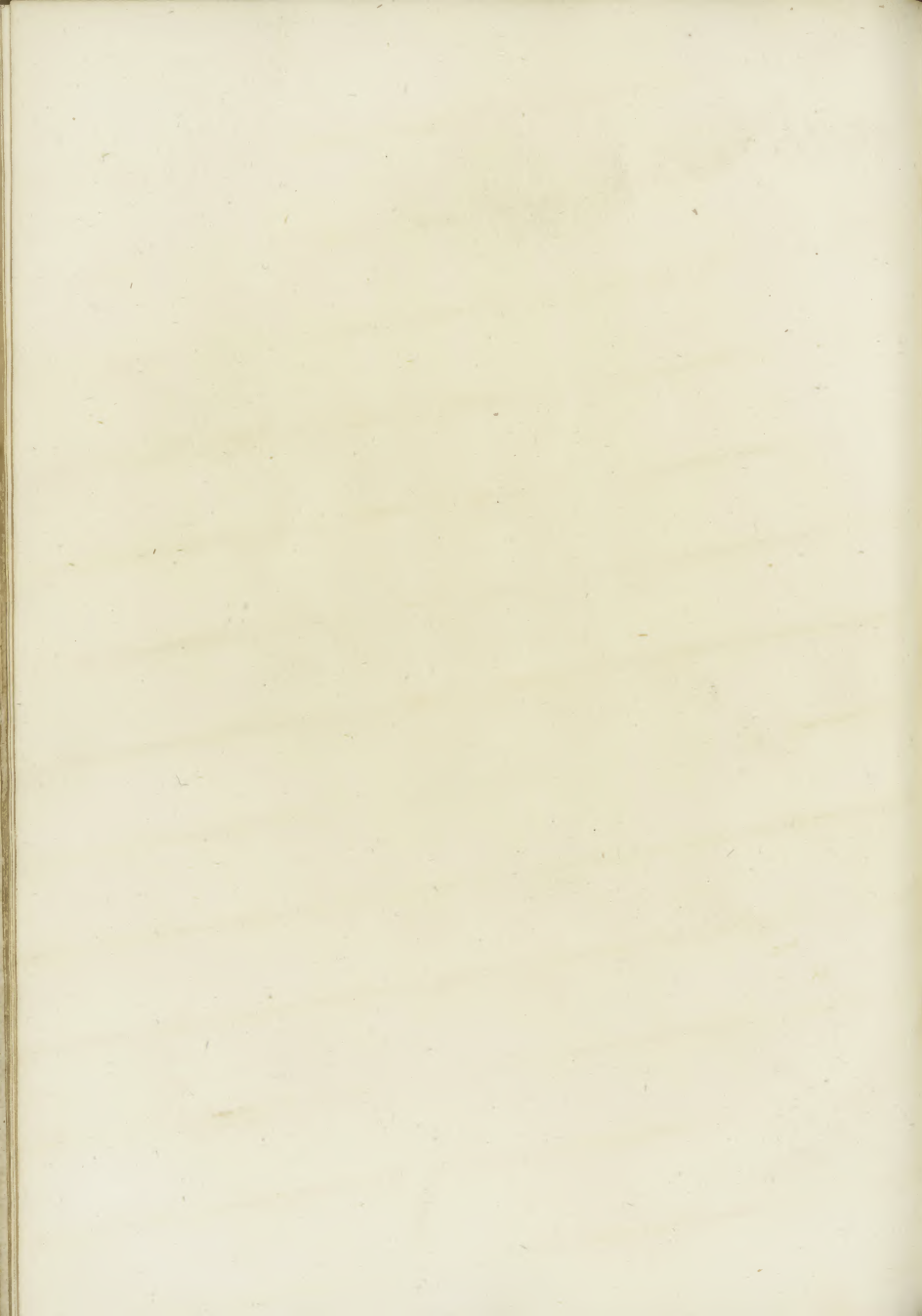


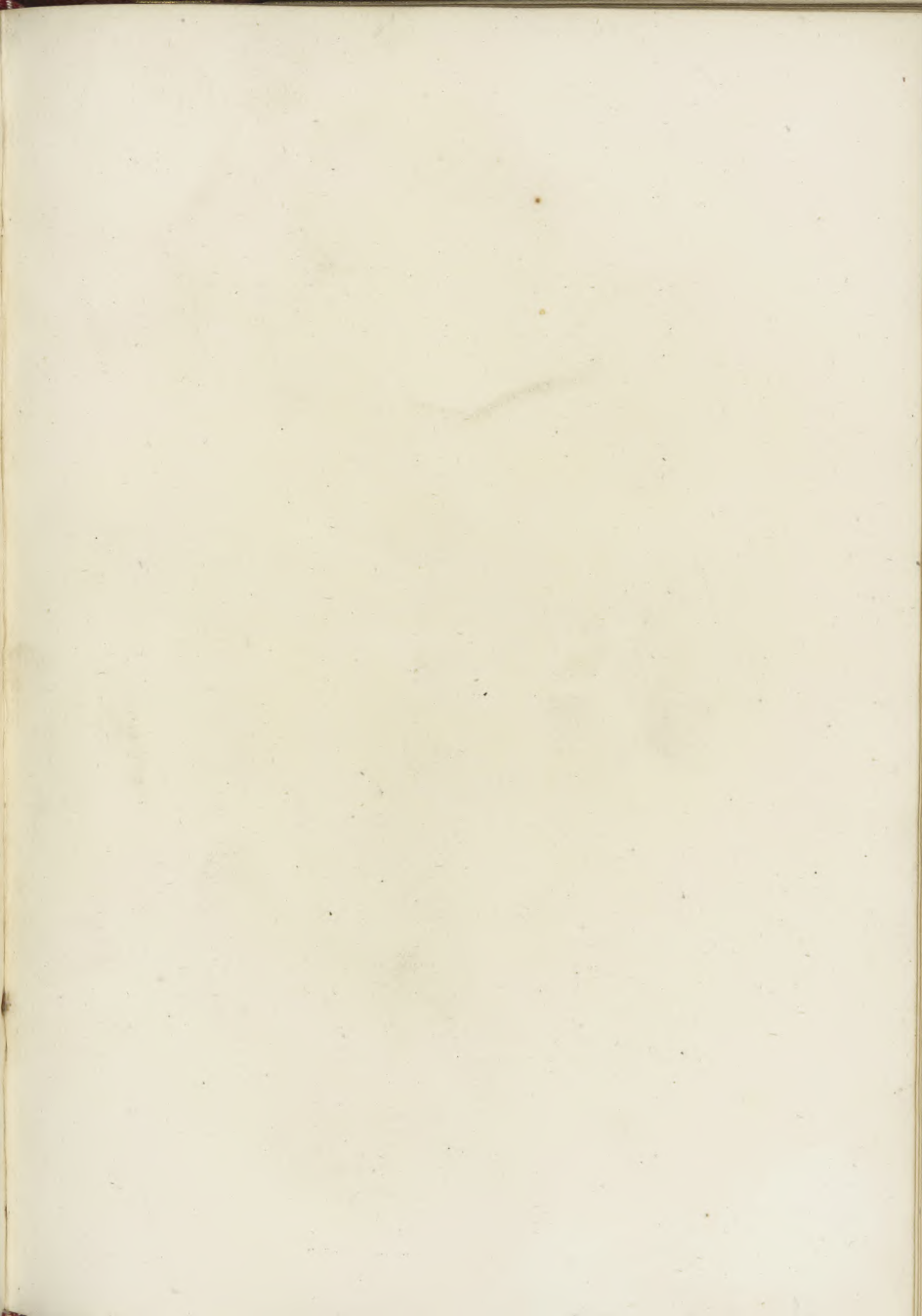


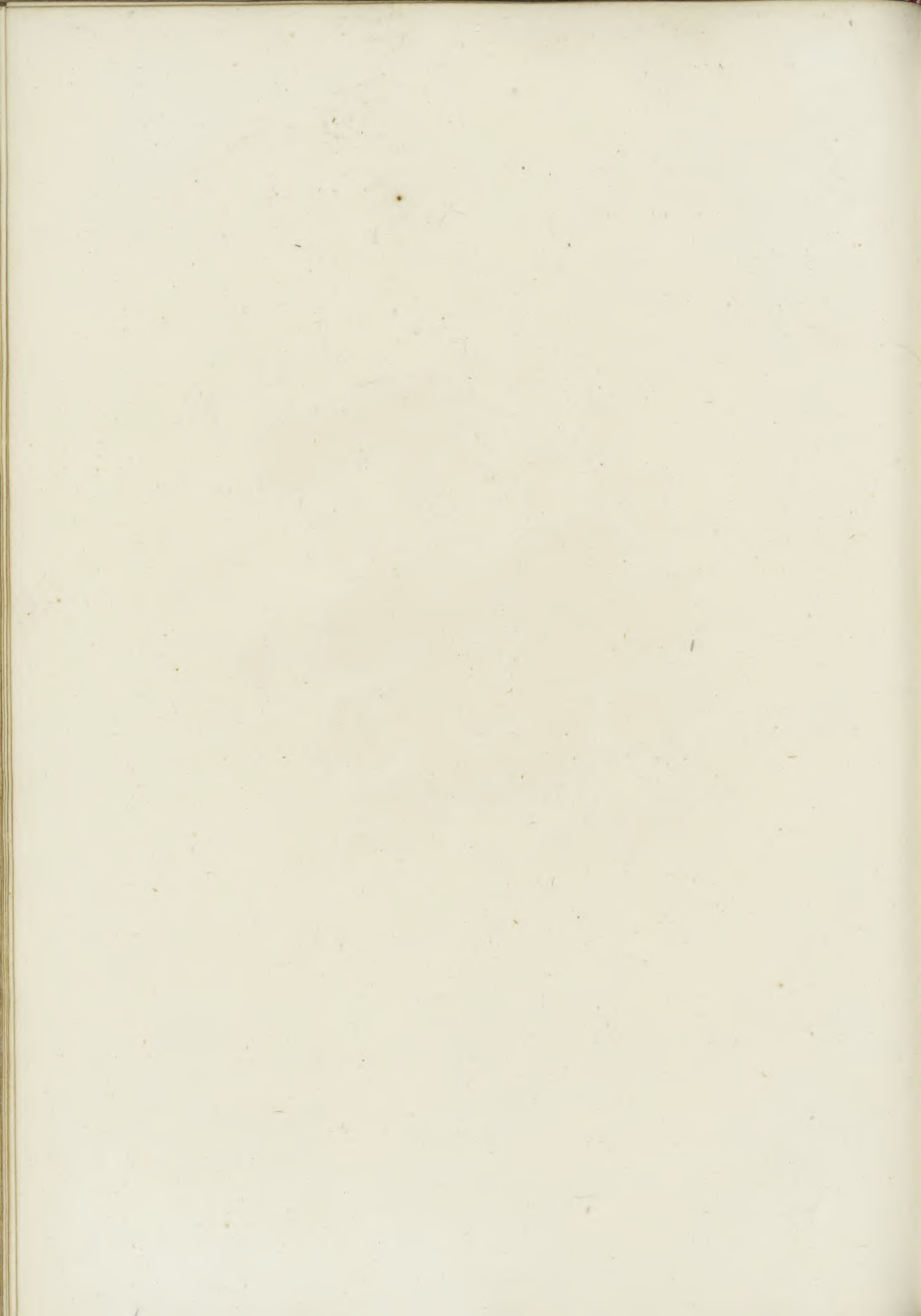


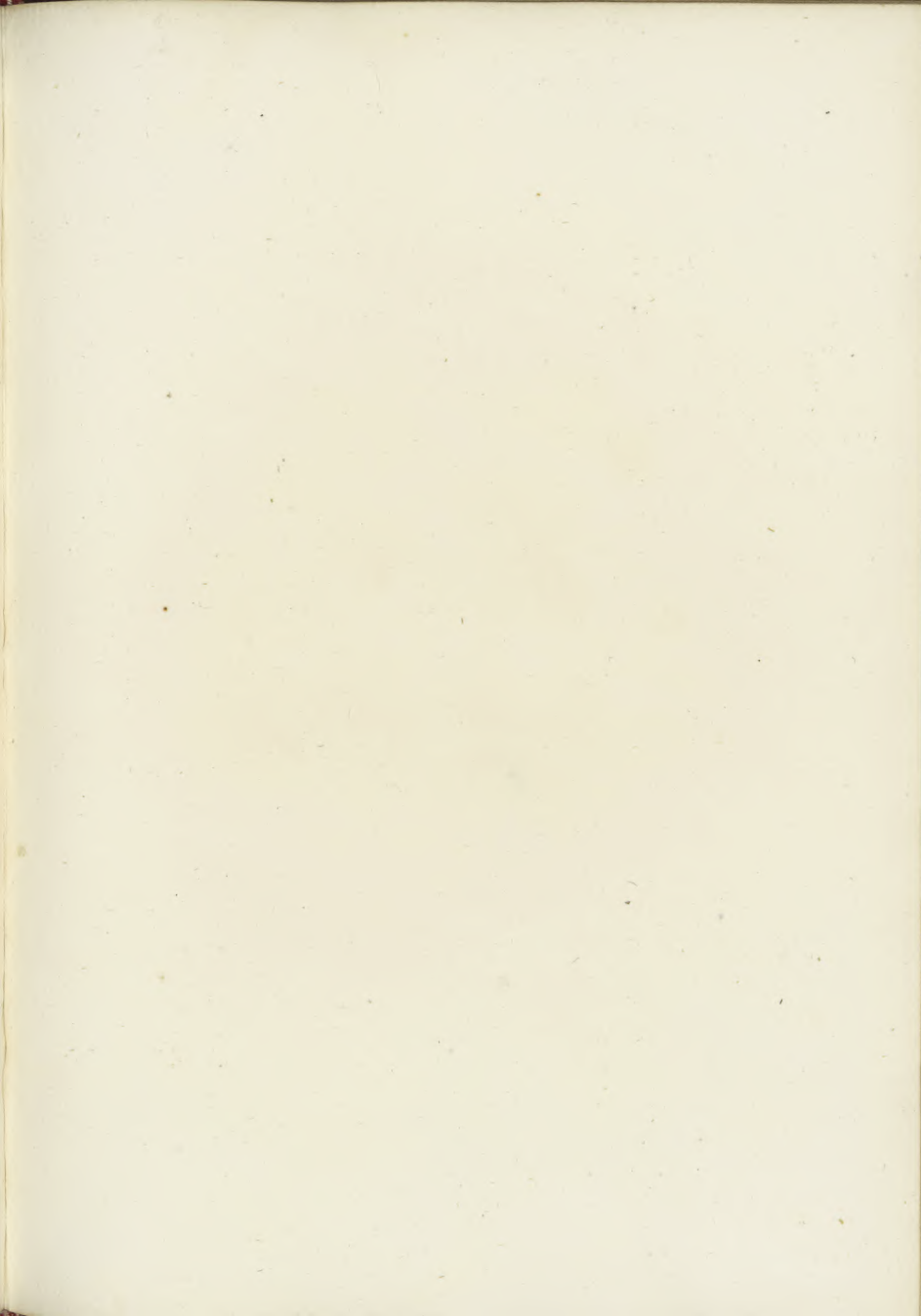


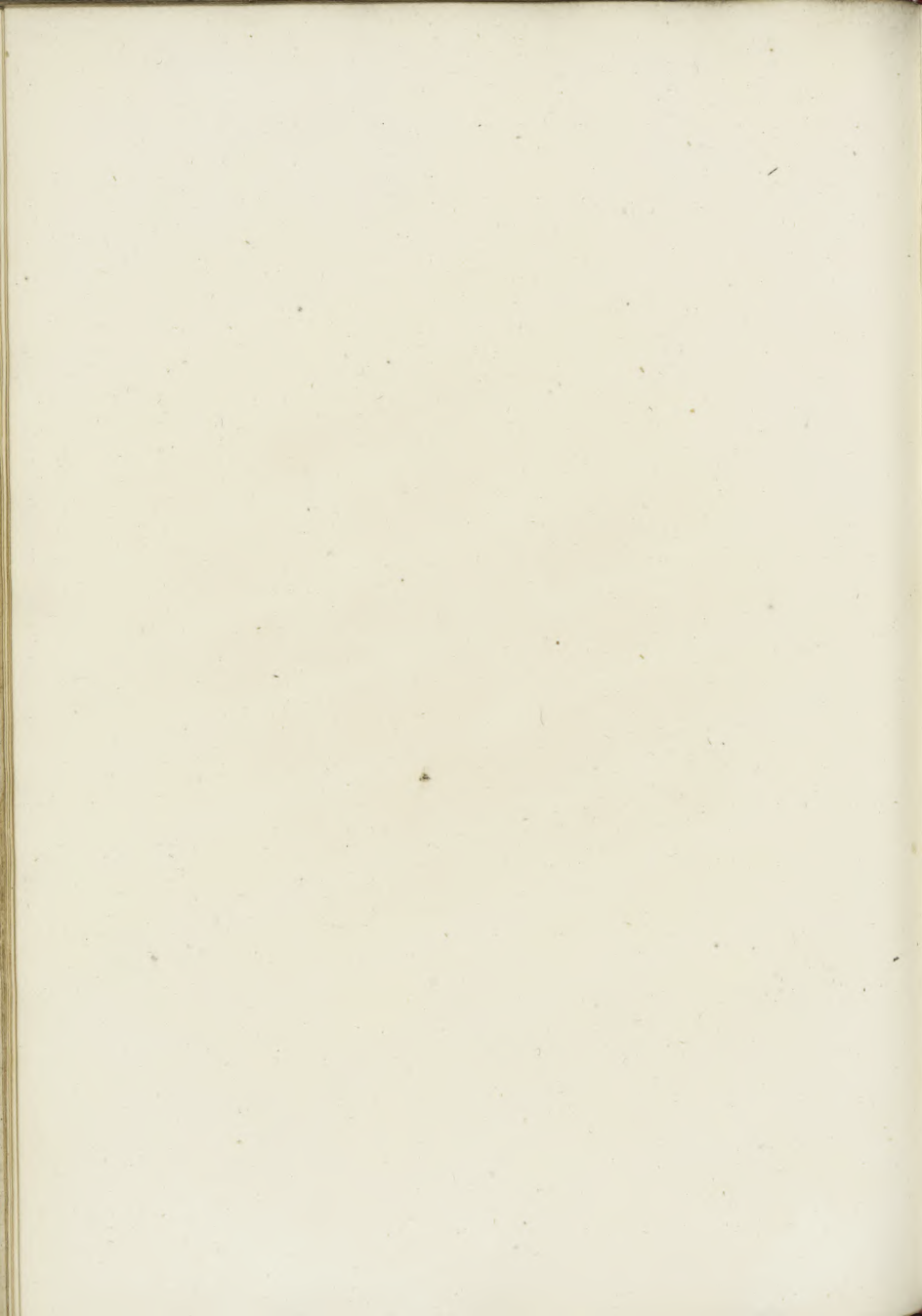




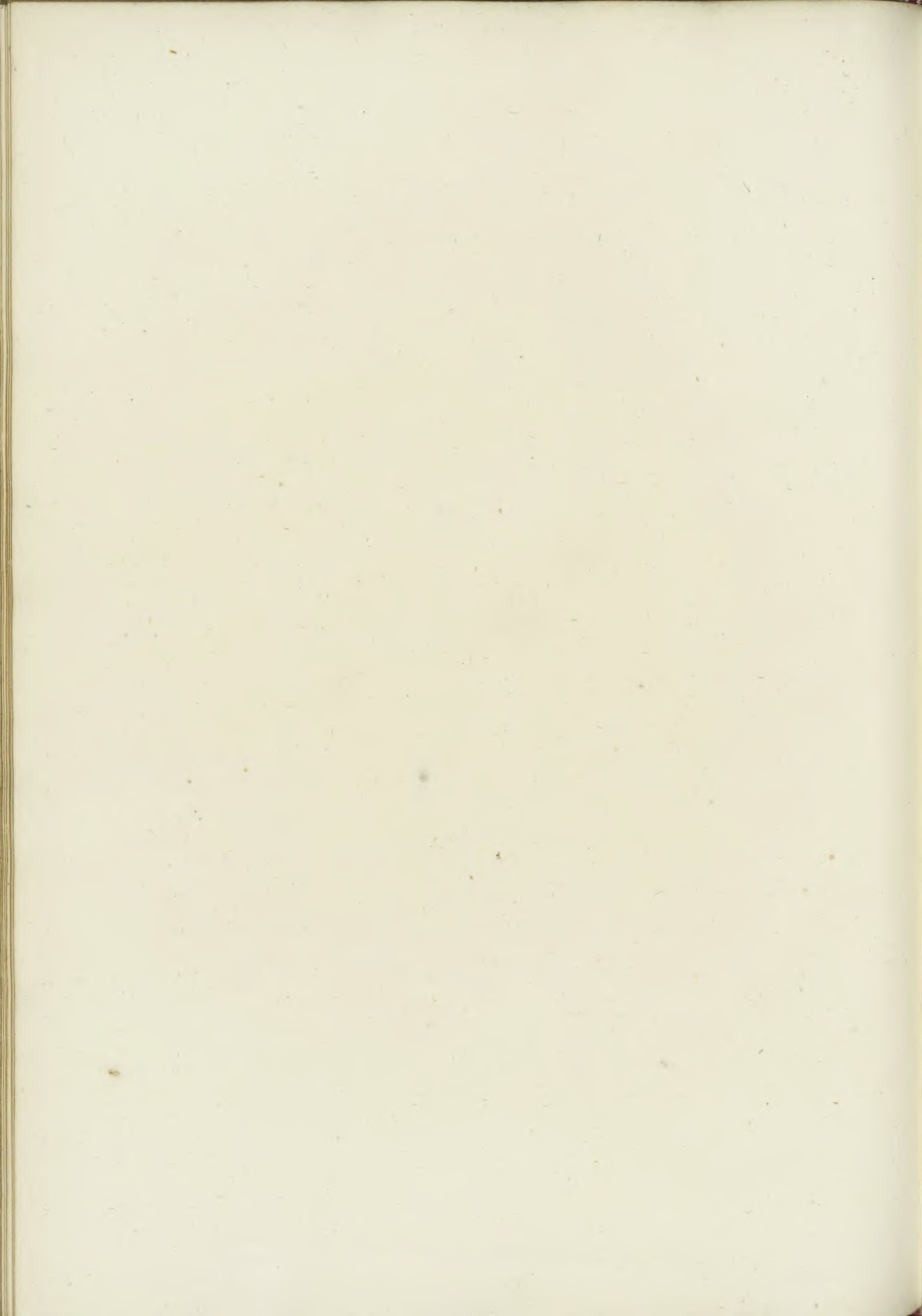


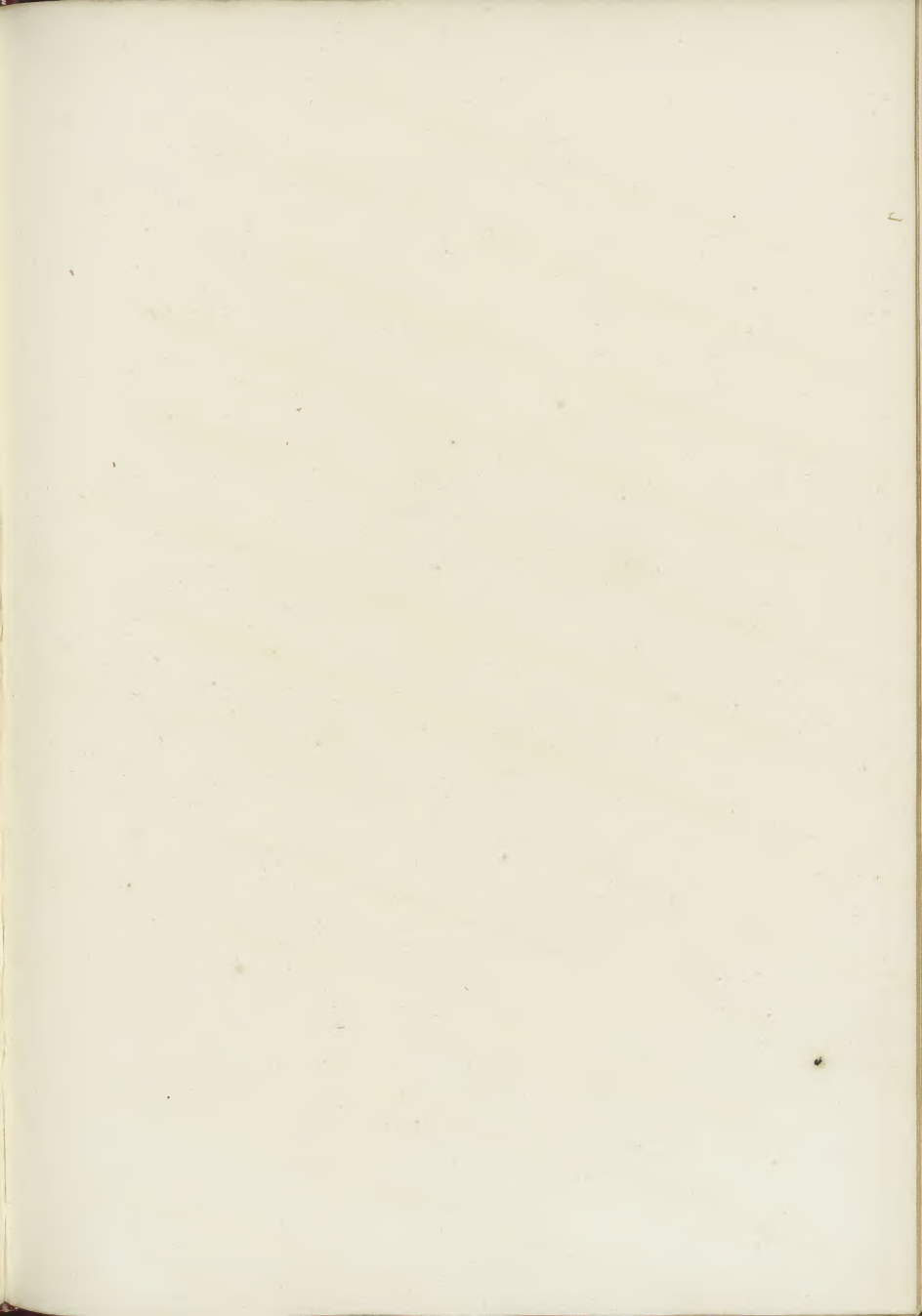


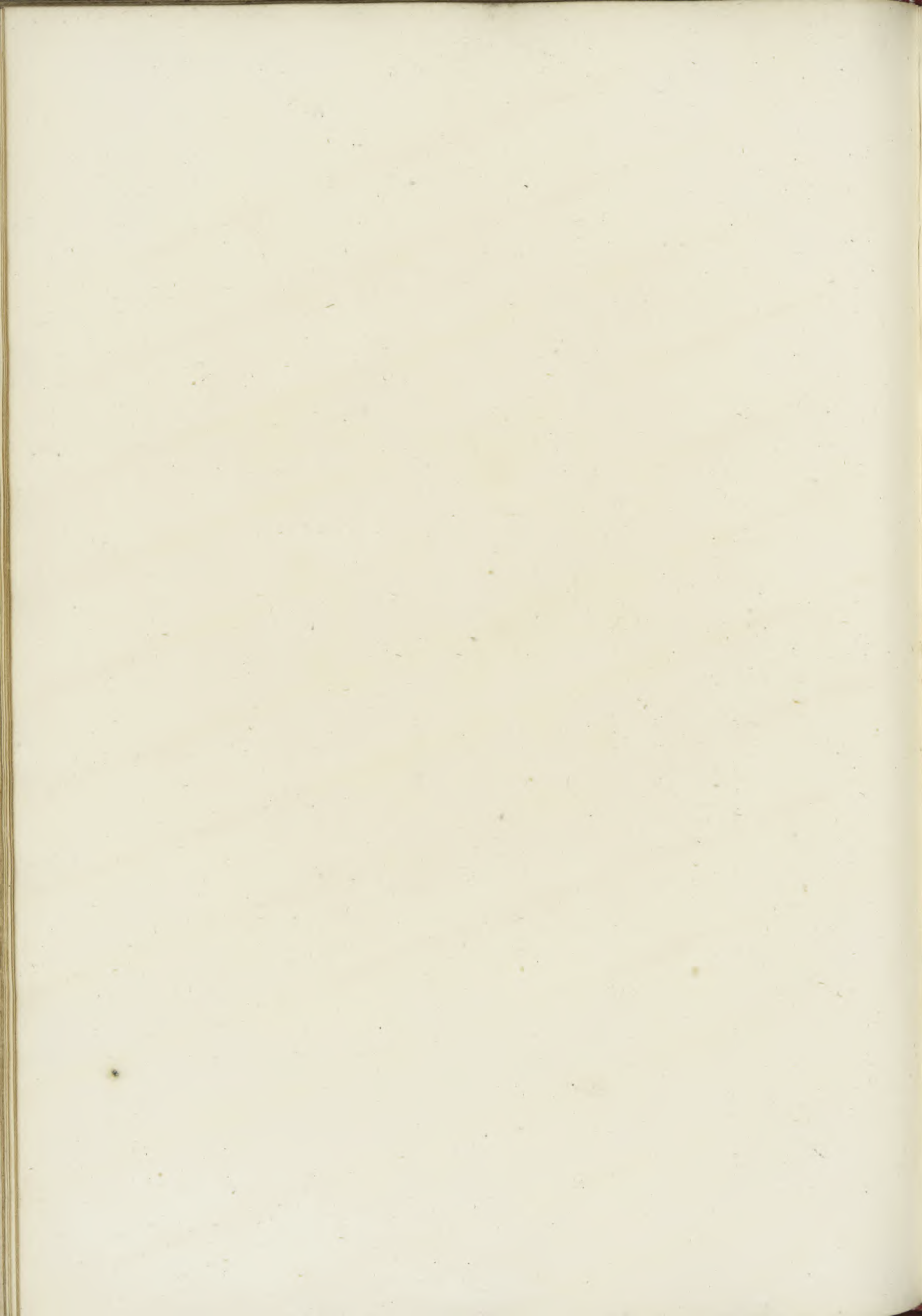


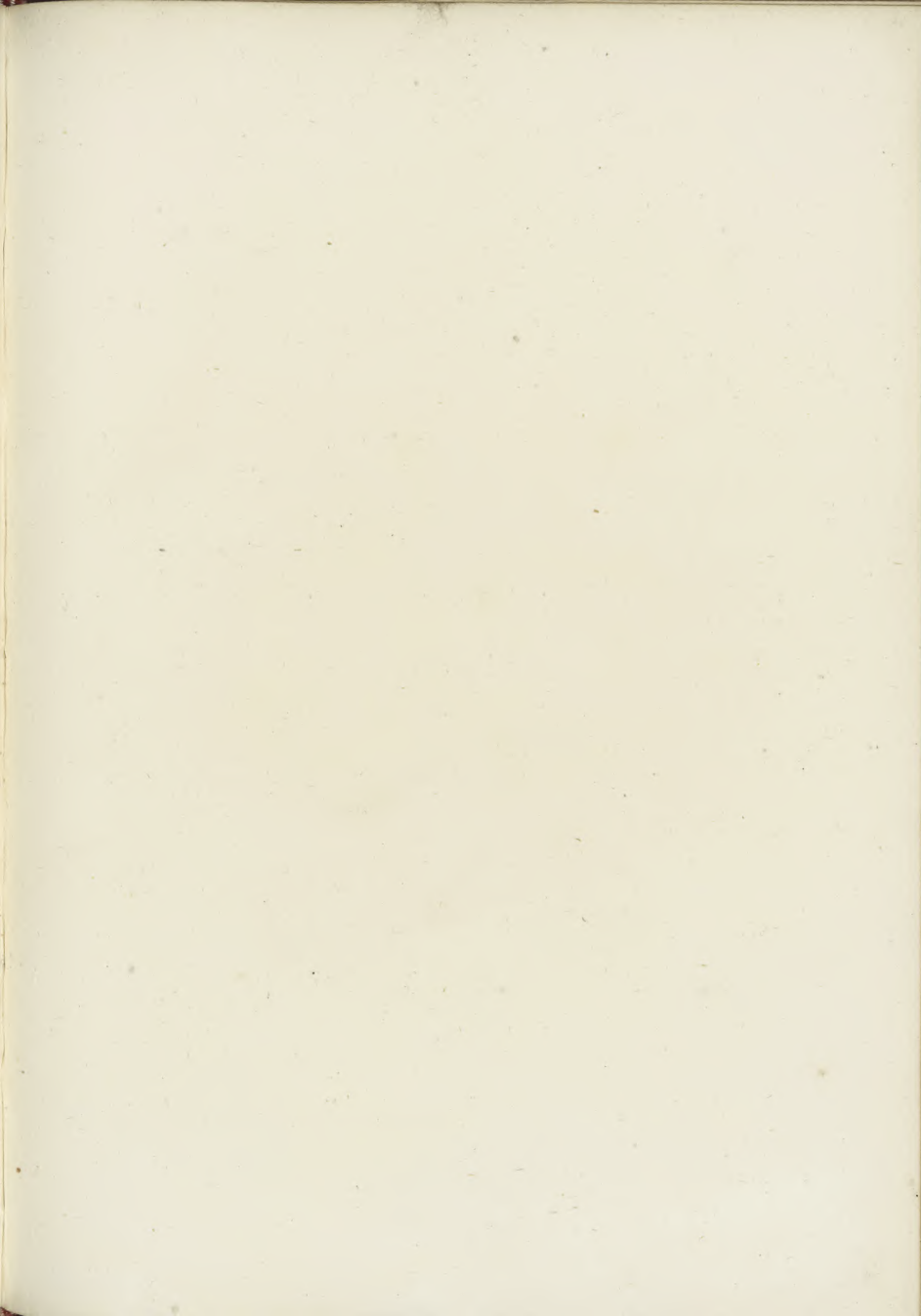


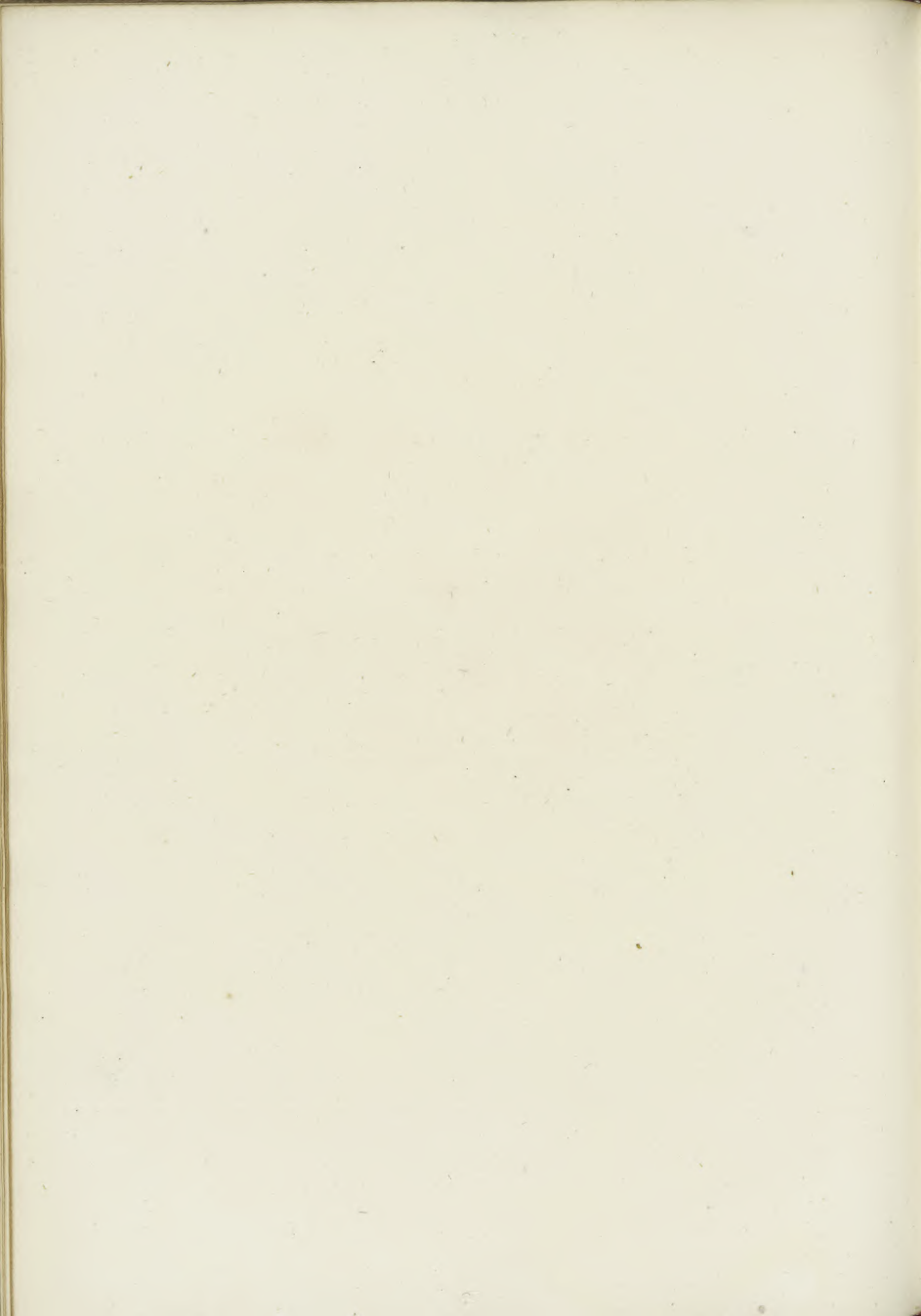


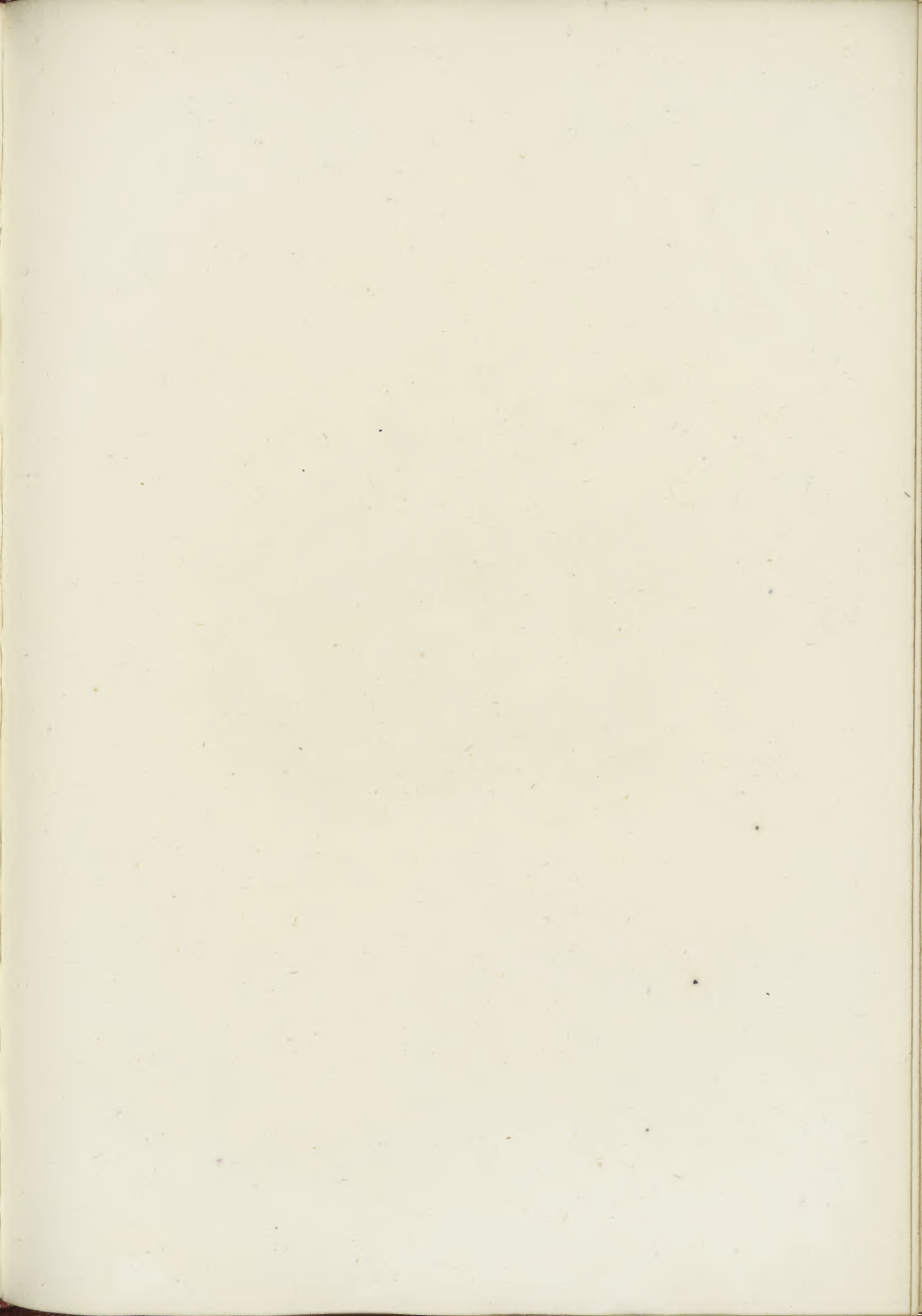


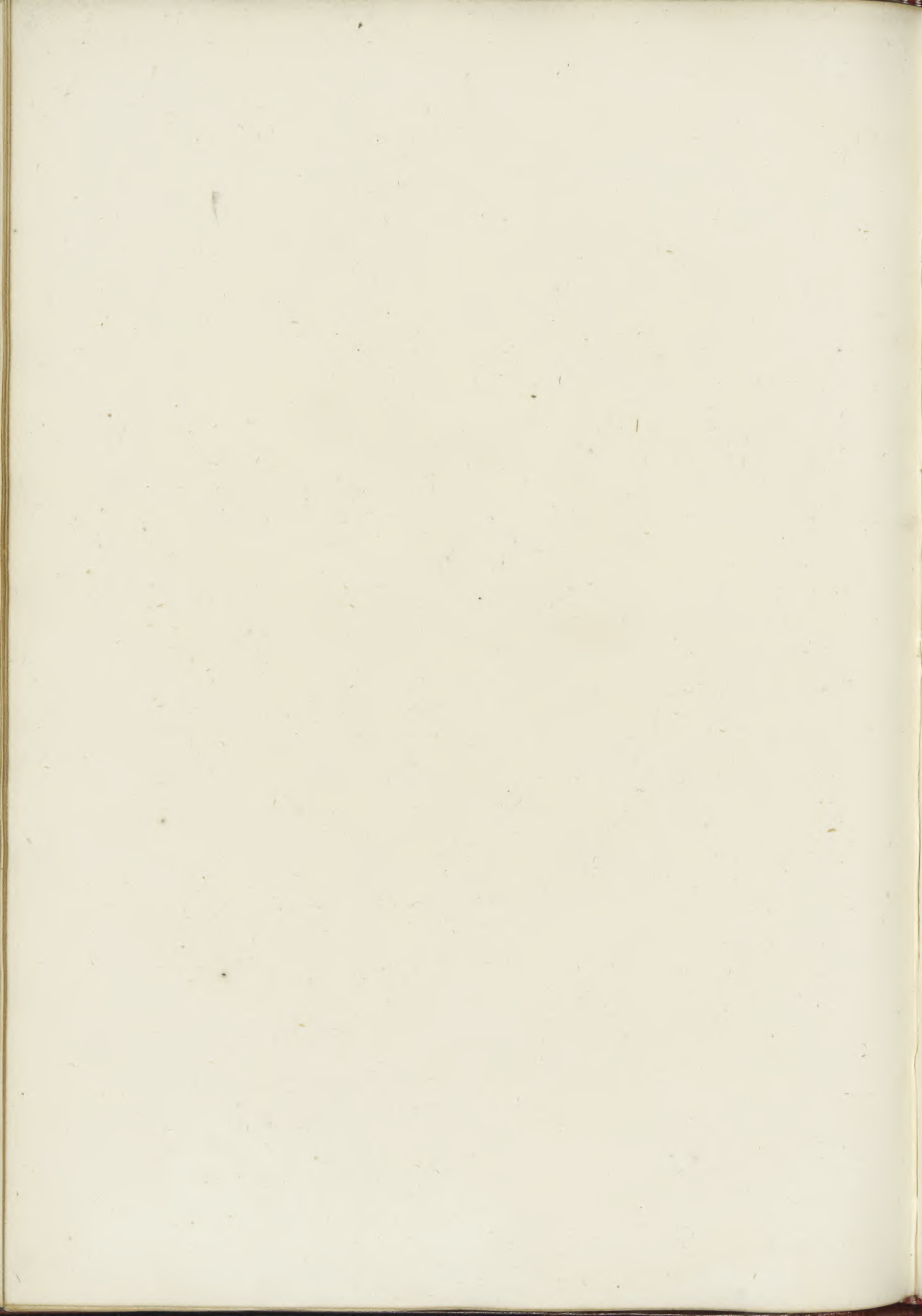


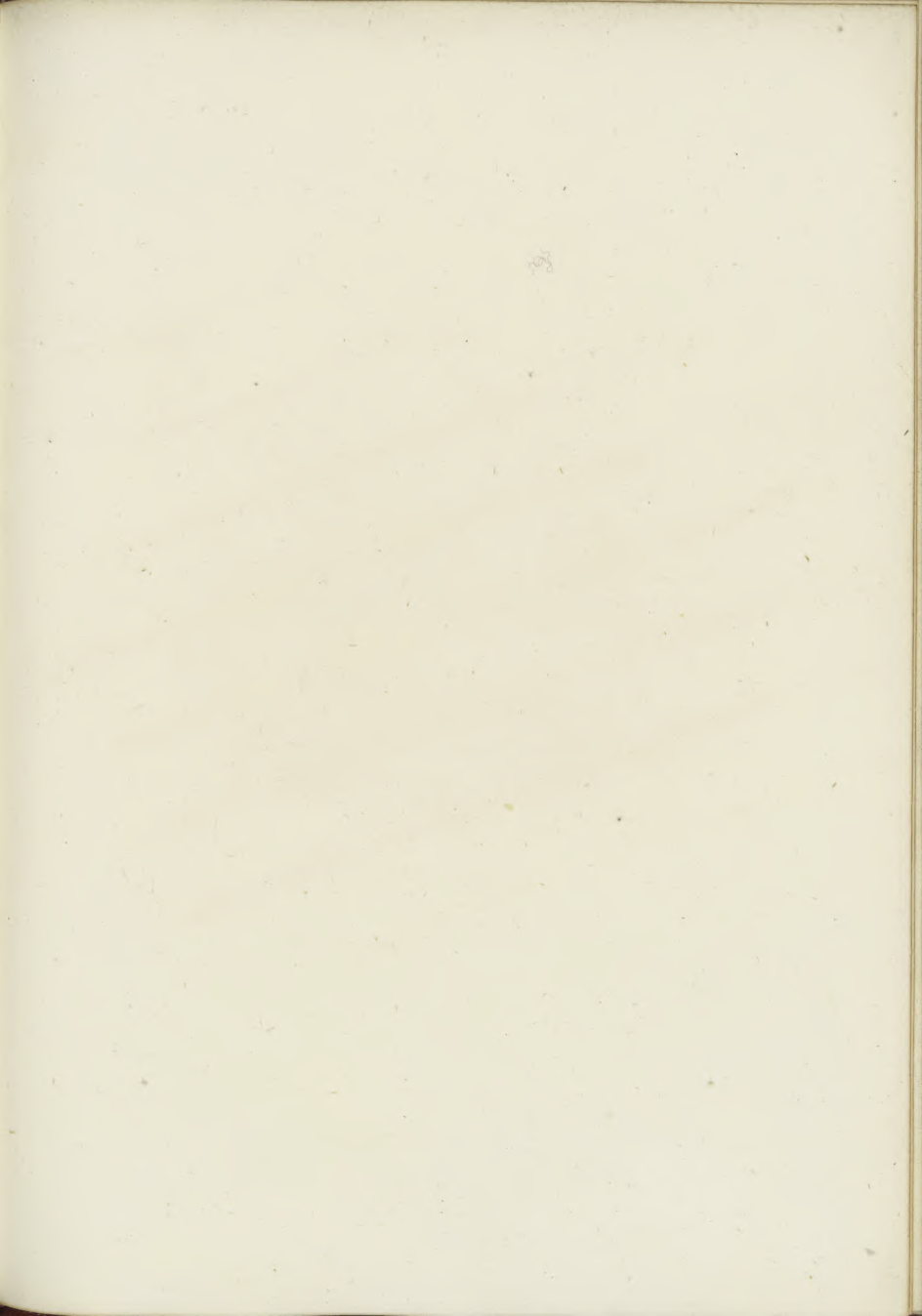




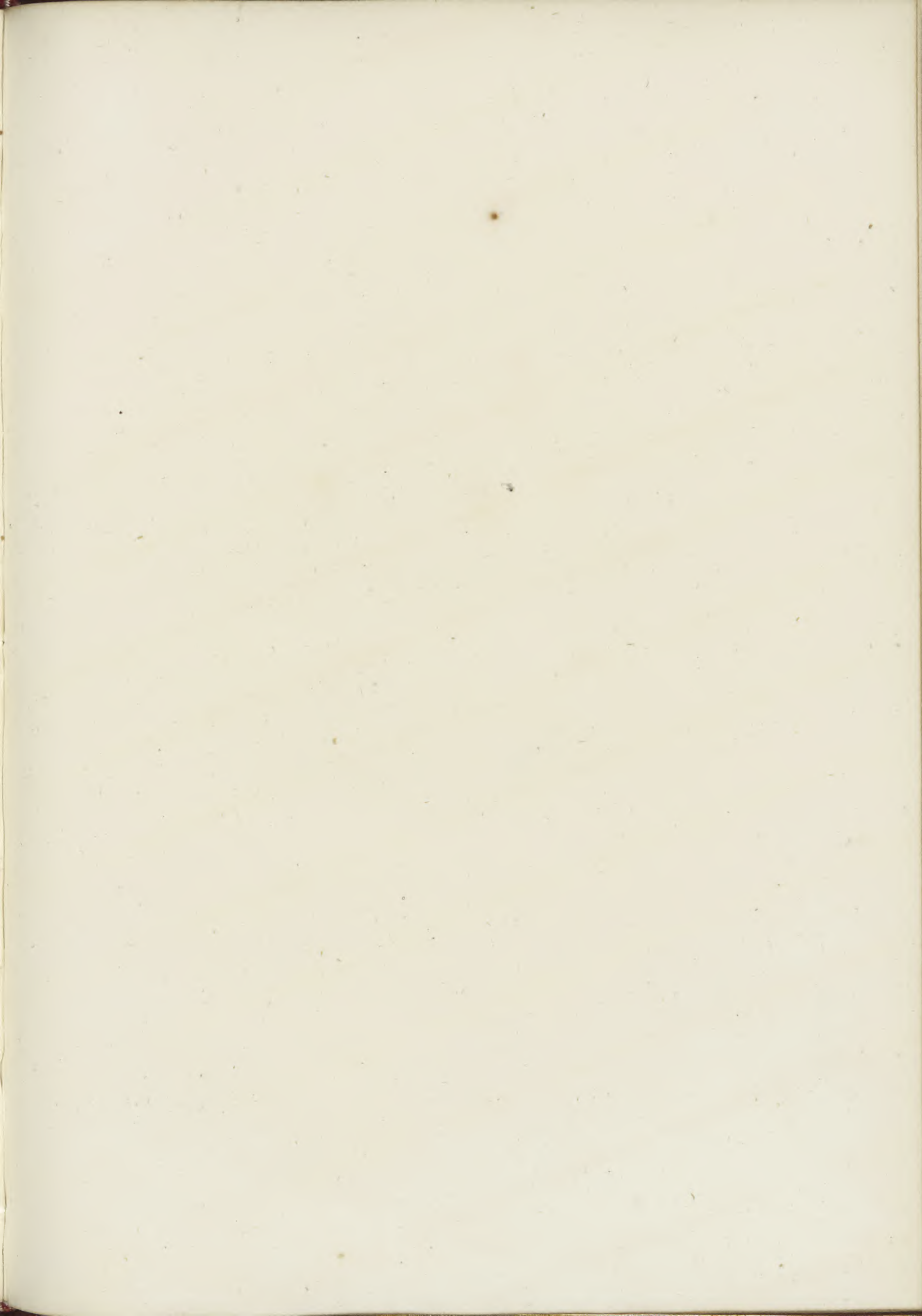


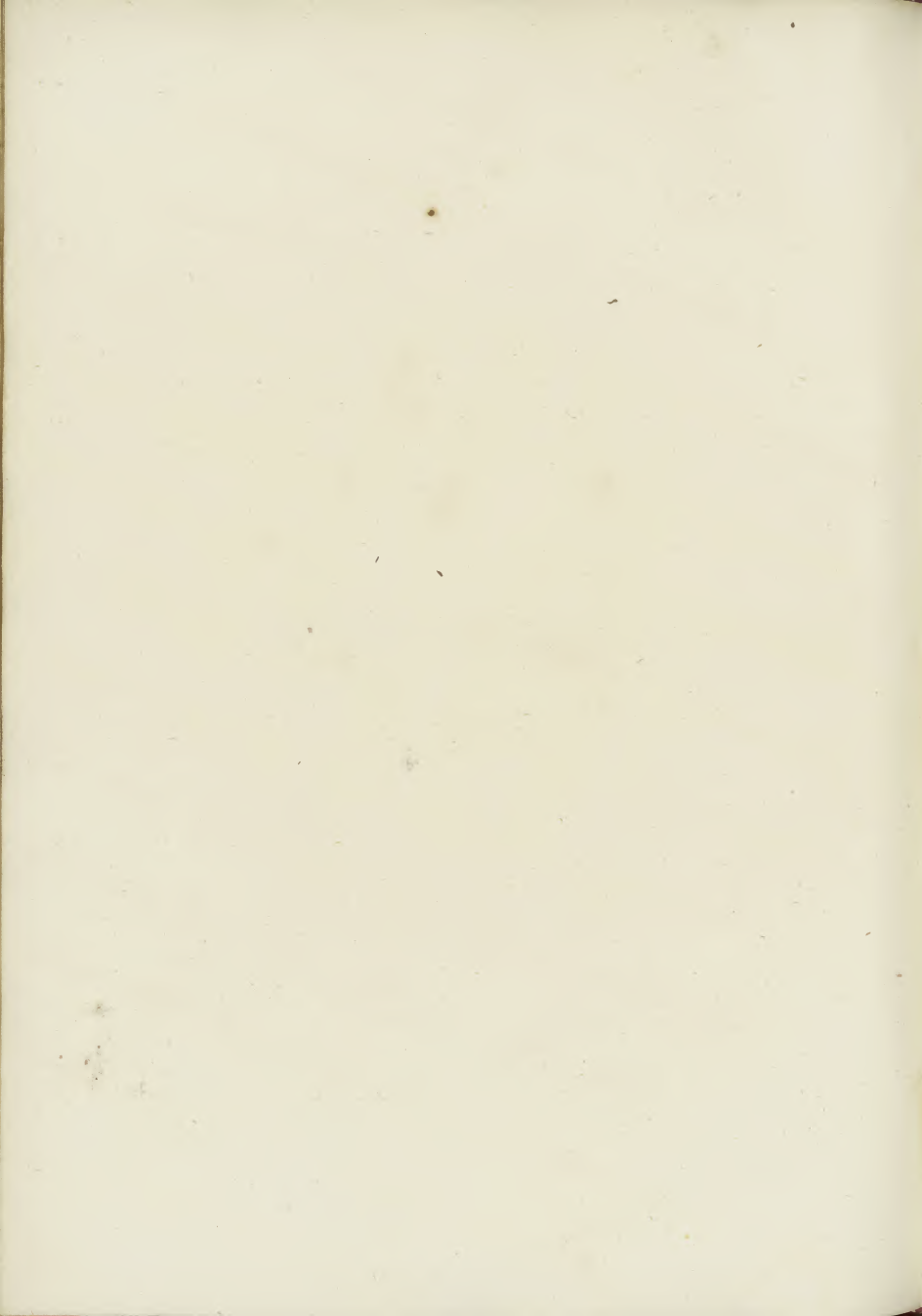


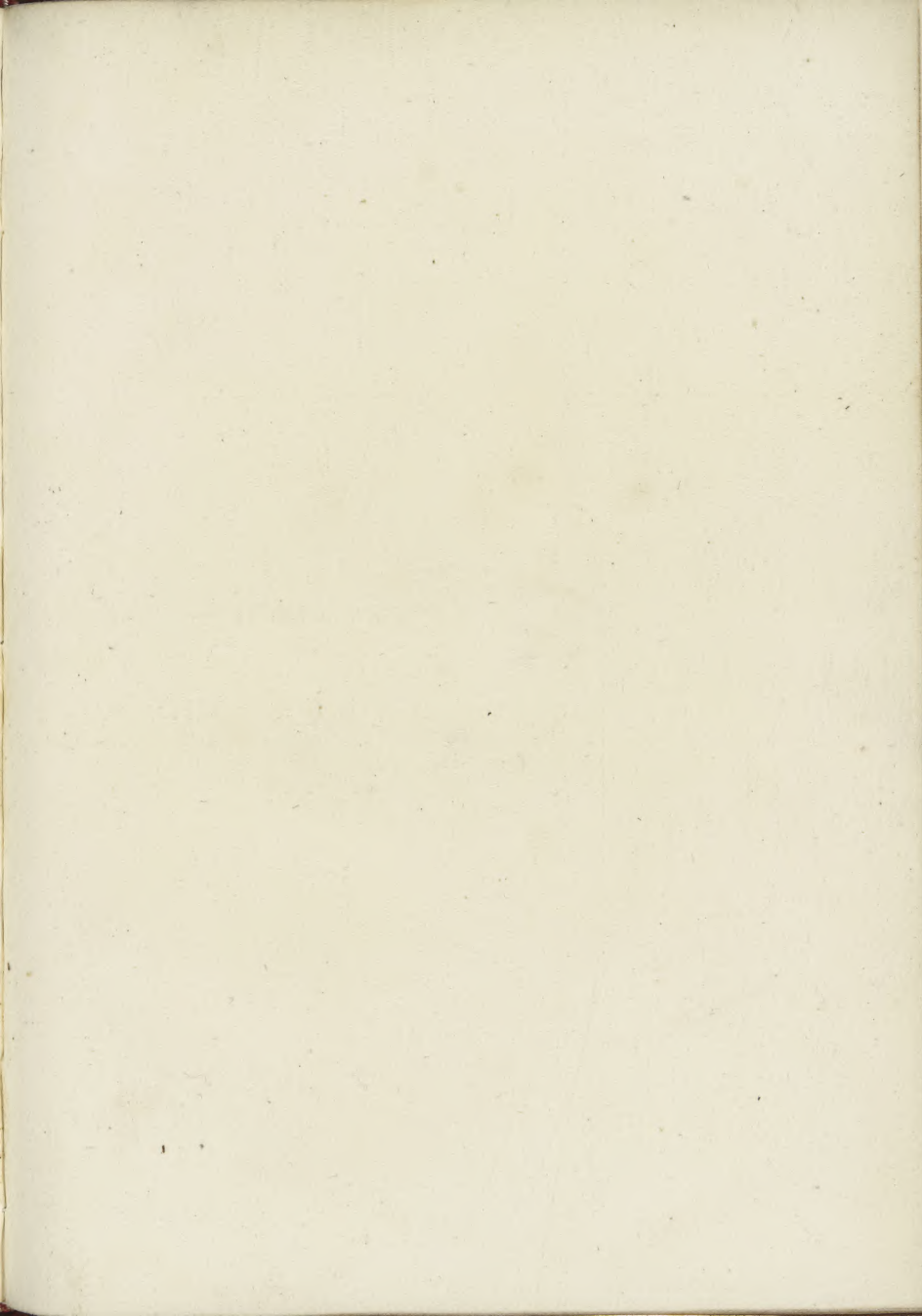


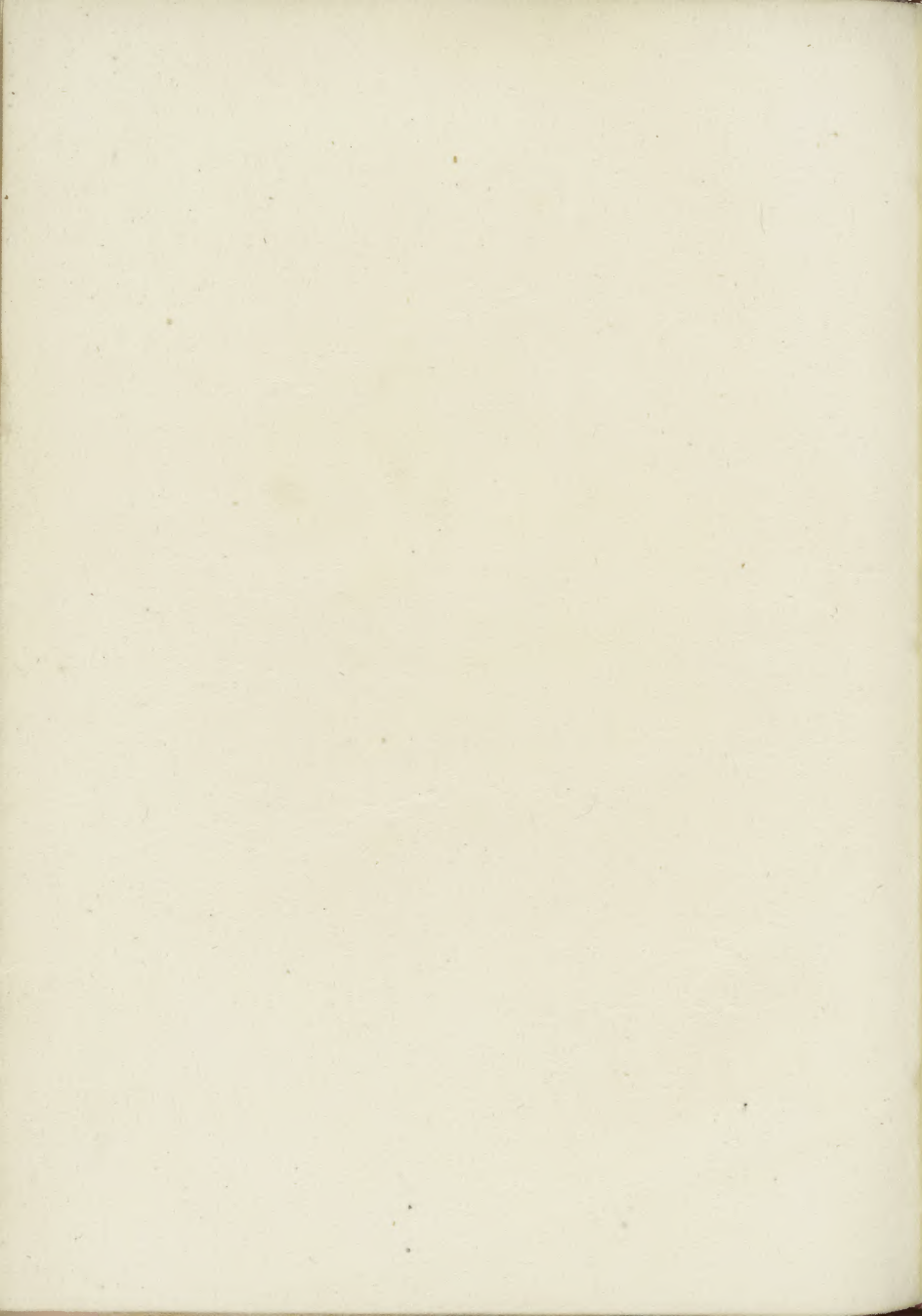


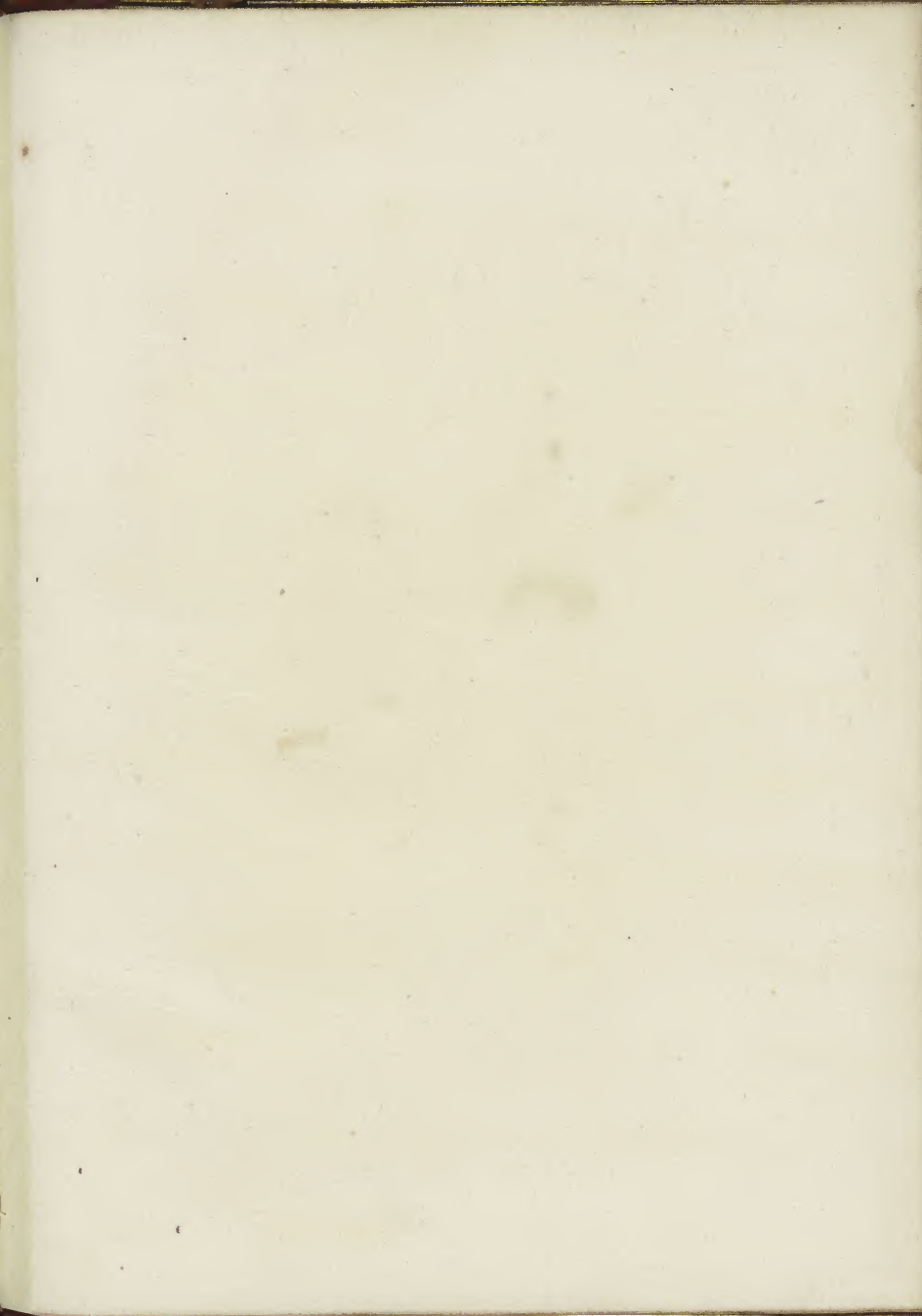


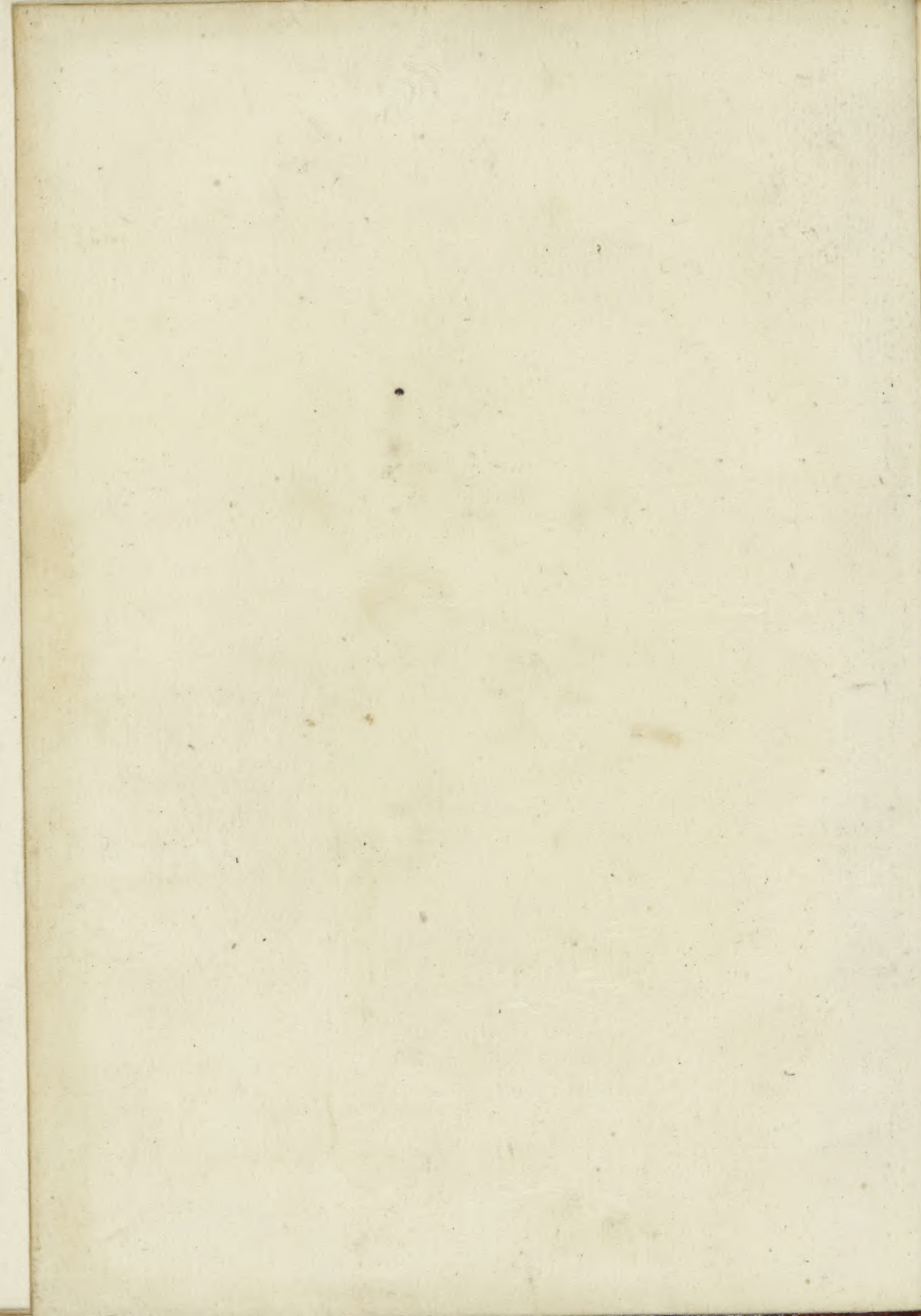












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