

In what torne ship soever I embarke  
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;  
What sea soever swallow mee, that flood  
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;  
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise  
Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes  
Which, though they turne away sometimes  
They never will despise

I sacrifice this lland unto thee  
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;  
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee  
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee  
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below  
In winter, in my winter now I goe  
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root  
Of true Love I may know