

Polemical Poetry

O I desire no tongue or penne¹ (Baker's *Life*, Ampleforth)

[359]	O I desire no tongue nor penne but to extoll his praise; In which excesse I'le melt awaie ten Thousand waies	
[360]	If we would die vnto our selues and all things ells but thee, It would be naturall to our soules for to ascende and be,	5
	Vnited to our Center deare to which our soules would hie, Being as proper then to us, as fire to vpward flie.	10
	O lette vs therefore loue my God; for loue ^s pertaines to him, And lett our soules seek nothing ells but in this love to swimme;	15
	Till we absorpt by his sweet loue returne from whome we camme Where we shall melt into that loue which ioieth me to name:	20

¹ This poem is a fragment of "Amor Ordinem Nescit," lines 73-76, 151-164.