



**A DEVINE IPOME WRITTEN ON  
SAINT FRANCIS FOUNDER  
OF THE ORDER OF THE CORD**

Oh, Jesus you are my jewel my chiefest only joy  
Had I been out n ar you, your presence t erj y  
All trouble I d encounter for you, my Lord on high  
And since I'm now so fond of you, I'd love you till I die

My good Lord whilst I'm with you, I am secure & free  
My sweet Lord while you're with me no sorrow troubles me  
My good Lord whilst you're with me, all things with me doth well,  
My sweet Lord whilst you're with me, I fear neither dea h nor hel

St Francis poor & naked, his penance first began,  
St Francis poor & naked lamenting for his sins  
St Francis seeking Jesus, till he found his wounds at least,  
O may those wounds be written & engrav'd on our hearts

It was in the lonely desert Francis took much delight  
Till Satan by his cunning art, thought him to affright  
With a Crucifix in his hand which made him sigh & moan  
Still thinking on his Saviors wounds as to lay all alone

St Francis seeking Jesus to the desert he did go  
Deprived of worldly pleasures where no one does him know  
Devotion was his race: in prayer he did abound  
The air was his clothing, & his pillow the cold ground,

Your sins they are not grievous, neither have you need  
With cruel cords your flesh to rend & make your wounds to bleed  
Behold your sins O Francis, they were all laid on me  
It was for the ransom of mankind I died on Calvary

St Francis on his knees, unto Heaven he does cry  
My sins they ore displeas'd to you my Lord on high,  
I am your humble servant, O Jesus pity me,  
He says my sins were ransom'd on the Mount of Calvary

St Francis thou'rt my servant, I heard thee sigh & moan  
St Francis be of courage, thou be long alone,  
For in spite of Satans cruel art, you'd r'cto: I will be  
And bring you to the happy joys of all eternity

All those that seek Jesus must seek him early & not late  
And they that will find Jesus, will find a happy state,  
St Francis seeking Jesus, he thought it no disgrace  
To take up his Cross, & follow Christ, & that in every place

St Francis in the desert, with his penance he went on  
St Francis in the desert, his penance carries on  
St Francis seeking Jesus, till he gained a Haven y Crown  
And Jesus on his children, his blessings pour'd down,

Our Saviour hanging on the Cross quite destitute of friends  
At length unto His Father, His soul he recommends  
With Eli Eli, Eli aloud Jesus he does cry,  
Bowing down his sacred head, gives up the Ghost & dies

My sweet & loving Saviour, it was for me cried,  
My tender deserted Jesus, it was for me you did  
All wounded & gasping for me you made great moan,  
I am that lost, & long strayed sheep, you died to bring me home,  
My good Lord, &c.