

Bodley MS Rawl. D. 1262

(General comment: *s* and *S* very difficult to distinguish; one could say that it is almost a matter of taste which alternative you choose in many instances)

Febrÿ 25.

425

How the Love doth flow! being even sick w<sup>th</sup> Love. O Divine –  
Sweetness, who can stand under such sickness of Love-Sweetness,  
making Me Say, I’m sick of Love; all Love, all Sea of Love. w<sup>ch</sup> -  
remindes Me of being all Sea, as is formerly expressed. I was as –  
all Salt; & so was melted into the Sea; so y<sup>t</sup> I was as in the whole  
Sea, and had tinctur’d it, and then became filled w<sup>th</sup> Sea again:  
So y<sup>t</sup> the Sea was Me & I was Sea. O shall these sweet flame-

can

ing Breaths bring a Birth of Love in my Soul: who ~~shall~~ stand – [‘can’ added above]

under the

426

1692

under the Divine Extasies of it.

March 2<sup>d/</sup>.

O the Essentiall Goodness & Sweetness centred in the Essence of  
the fflame in me! Sweetness beyond expression, ariseing from the  
H. Ghost w<sup>th</sup> in me: w<sup>ch</sup> thing I feel as Love reveals. Sweet Je-  
sus enflames Me: O how I’m sopt in thy Love! It breaketh in Like  
a fflod of warm fflame. Sweet Jesus tell me, teach me all thy  
Will, that Thy Word Life may be Life in Me, O Thou word of Life!

O Blessed & Holy Ghost when wilt Thou arise to perfect Births!  
O bring forth thy Self to Manifestation! Something very secret &  
hid I feel. I joy in the Joy of the Lord: is it not as the joy of har-  
vest? <sup>^</sup>but Sorrow is intermixed w<sup>th</sup> this foresight of Joy. I feel Sor-  
row & behold I mourn: I feel Sorrow as of a woman in Travail,  
yet the joy of it is so deep as that ‘tis beyond the Sorrow. Sorrow

must come first, Sorrow in the evening & joy in the morning.

March 6.

O Thou deeper than Good, the cause & Essence of all good! O My God help my Soul to travel in the depths, to praise Thee, and to rejoyce in thy rejoyceing Essence in Me; y<sup>t</sup> The H. Ghost w<sup>ch</sup> Thou hast placed in Me may rise w<sup>th</sup> Power: O My God! O Lord God the H Ghost arise with power; then will be Healing under thy Wing of Power. perfect thy Work of power in Me. O H. Ghost in me arise to perfection! Methinks I could Say nothing else but, O Holy Ghost! and call upon the H. Ghost to help me: as if by calling on the H. Ghost, He will help.

There’s such a depth, Large & powerfull to come forth & arise in & thrô me, as if it must needs be to the rending of the vail (the outward Body.) for That Birth of Power seemeth so Large & Masculine fform, Larger by far than my own fform; that sure to have That-born in & thrô me, & to arise in Jss Manly fform in strength & - power; must needs rend the case; being too big to be contained in it. It is as if it were to fill all my whole Man, w<sup>th</sup> Jss Manhood, - strength, victory & power: but alas! my Case is nothing so big as That, how then can I be the Case to such a fform, till I be no more I, nor any thing but power. Sense even saith, how can This be? y<sup>t</sup> I be embodied all over, head, hands, body, feet w<sup>th</sup> a Body in my Body; seing it is too big, bigger than the case that It is to be putt in; yet sure It is for me either in time or Eternity.

Let me wait thy time O God, and let the rending the vail be what Thou pleasest! Let me not fear; for I fear <sup>that</sup> thô It seemeth to Me to be the Ghostly Body of the Holy Ghost, yet being so Large & Strong I say, how can this be!

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“*O thou sea of love*: Oxford and St Petersburg manuscripts of Ann Bathurst’s religious visions”

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