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Roger Beeson

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Pleasant rest, beloved delight of the soul, you cannot be found among the sins of hell, but indeed in the concord of heaven; you alone strengthen the weak breast. Therefore nothing but the gifts of virtue shall have a dwelling in my heart.

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"weet nails, beloved thorns, from those feet and from that brow, ah# enter into my breast.

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\$ear sorrowful countenance, though pale and wounded, you are my life, you are my love.

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