Poema Satiricum

Metempsyxis

Singing the progress of a deathless Bowle, Whose fate of God made, but duch not controul Plac't in muse shapes: All tymes before y'law York't was, w'when & since in th'isinge. And the great world in his aged Evening From infant Morn through manly I'noone. What y'gold Chaldee or Silver Persian saw Greek' brass, or Roman iron is in this one A work t'outlast Seths fillet, Brick & Stone. And holly writs excepted made no yield to none.

This eye of heaven this Bowle enuies not By thy male force is all we have begone In the first East shore now begin to shine Such early Balmes and stand spices there And wilt anon in thy loose ra'nd Carr At Tagus To Sene, Thames and Banos.
And see at right this Western land of Fynne:
Yet hast thou not more nations seen there than shee,
That before thee one day began to bee,
And thy Fraile light bearing quench't shall long long outlive thee.

Nor wholly Paris in whose Soueraigne bote,
The Church and all the Monarchie did flote,
That Swining Colledge and free Hospitall,
Of all man kind : That Cage, and Briarese
Of bowles and Beastes in whose wombe Bestony
Vs, and our latest Regency did install
For chence as all Deriv'd, that fell this all,
Blest such in that great Stewardship embark
So divers shapes into that floating Bark.
As have beene moov'd & conform'd by this heavenly Spark.

Great Bestony the Comisfary of God,
That haft mark't out a Path and Period
For every thing, who where we offpring tooke,
W ages, & endes, fest at one instan. Thow o

t of all Causes : Thow whos chaungles brow.
Smiles nor srownes, 6 Touch show safe to looke,