

Metempsychosis

Sing the progres of a deachles Soule,
Whome Fate w^{ch} God made, but durk not controul
Plac't in most shapes: All tymes before y^e Law
Yok't was, & when, & since in this I fringe.
And the great World, in his aged Evening
From infant Inorne, through many Inone I draw:
What y^e gold Chaldee or Silver Persian saw
Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one
A work t'outlast Seths Pillers, Brick, & Stone
And holly writts excepted made w^o yeld to none.

Thee, Eye of Heauen, this Soule enuies not,
By thy male force it all we haue begot;
In the first East, thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early Balme and Stand spices there
And wilt anon in thy loose rain'd Carr
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danos

And see at night thy western Land of Myne:
Yee hast now not more Nations seene then shee,
That before thee one Day began to bee,
And thy fraile light being quencht shall long long outlive thee.

Nor wholly Janus in whose soueraigne bote,
The Church, and all the Monarchies did flote,
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall,
Of all man kind: That Cage, and Viuarie
Of fowles, and Beastes; in whose wombe Destiny
Us, and our latest Hepterus did install
For thence or all deriu'd, that fill this all?
Dilest thou in that great Stuerdship embark
So diuers shapes into that floating Bark,
As haue bene mou'd & enform'd by this heavenly Spark?

Great Destiny the Comissary of God,
That hast mark't out a Path and Period
For euery thing; who where we ofspring tooke,
In wayes, & endes, seest at one instant show
* of all Causes: Show whos chaungles brow,
Smiles, nor frownes, 'o vouch thou safe to looke,