

Dr. Donne's Μετεμψόχως. /

with

Certaine select Dialogues,

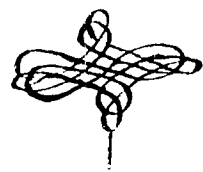
of

Lucian.

and

The Tale of

The Favorite. /



EPISTE

Others at the Porches and Entries of their Buildings set their
Armes, I my Picture, If any colours can deliver a Mind soe plaine and
flaw and through light as mine Naturallie at a new Author I doubt,
and stick and doe not Curable say Good. I censure much, and taxe:
And this libertie costs me more then others by how much my owne things
are worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my-
selfe as not to doe it, since I love it nor soe vniust to others as to
doe it *Sine Talione*, As long as I give them as good hold upon me,
they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid nor reprehender but him
that like the Trent Counsell forbid^s not Bookes, but Authors,
damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None
writes soe ill that he gives not something *Exemplarie* to follow,
or flee. Now when I begin this booke, I have no purpose to come into
any Mans debt: how my Stock will hold out, I know not, perchance
wast, perchance increase in use. If I borrow any thing of
Antiquitie besides that I make accompt that I paie it to Posterity,
with as much and as good, you shall find me still to acknowledge it,
and to thank not him onlie that hath dig'd out Treasure for me, but
that hath lighted me a Candell to the place. All which I will bid
you to remember for I would have no such Readers as I can,
teach you that the *Pithagorian* Doctrine doth not onlie carry
one Soule from Man to Man, nor man to Beast, but indifferently
to Plants also, and therefore you must not grudge to find the same
Soule in an Emperor, in a Posthorse, and in a Mushroom, since

not remedies in the Soule, but an Indisposition in the Organs, workes this. And
therefore though this Soule could not move when it was a Milon, yet
it may remember, and now tell me at what lascivious Banquet it
was served. And though it could not speak when it was a Spider,
yet it can remember and now tell me who used it for Poison, to
attaine Dignitie. Howcurr the bodiers have dul'd her other faculties
her memorie hath ever bene her owne; which makes me see seriously
deliverr you by her relation, all her passages, from her first making, when
she was that Aple w^{ch} Eve eat to this Time when she is he whose life
you shall find in the end of this booke.

I sing the progresse of a Deathles Soule,
whom Fate w^{ch} God made, but doth not controule,
Plac'd in most Shapes; All tymes before the Law,
yoke'd by, and yoken, and since in this I singe,
And the great WORLD to his ag'd Eveninge,
From Infant Morne through Manlie Neone I draw,
what the Gold Chaldee or Silver Persian saw,
Greeke brasse or Roman Iron is in this one,
A worke to outweare Seth's Pillars Brick and Stone,
And (holie writt excepted) made to yeild to none.

The Eye of Heaven, this great Soule envious not,
by thy Male-force is all we have begott,
In the first East thou now beginst to shine
suckst earlie balme and Island Spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rain'd Carrere,
at Tagus Po, Sene, Thames and Danow dine
And see at Night, thy Western Land of Myne
yet hast thou not more Nations seen then shee,
that before thee one day began to bee.
And thy fraile light being quenched shall long long outlive thee