

# INFINITATI SACRUM

16. Augusti 1601  
METEMPSYCHOSIS  
Poema Satyricon

## Epistle

**O**THERS at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee 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 so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron, since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple which Eve eate, to this time when shee is hee, whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke.

## The Progresse of the Soule

### First Song

#### I

I Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,  
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,  
 Plac'd in most shapes; all times before the law  
 Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.  
 And the great world to his aged evening; 5  
 From infant morne, through manly noone I draw.  
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,  
 Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one;  
 A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and stone,  
 And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none. 10

#### II

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,  
 By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.  
 In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,  
 Suck'st early balme, and lland spices there,  
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere 15  
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,  
 And see at night thy Western land of Myne,  
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,  
 That before thee, one day beganne to bee,  
 And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, 20  
 long out live thee.

#### III

Nor, holy *Janus* in whose soveraigne boate  
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;  
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall  
 Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie 25  
 Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, *Destinie*  
 Us, and our latest nephewes did install  
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All.)  
 Did'st thou *in* that great stewardship embarke  
 So diverse shapes into that floating parke,  
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly sparke.

## IV

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,  
 That hast mark'd out a path and period  
 For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,  
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant; Thou  
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow 35  
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke  
 And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:  
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand  
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,  
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand. 40

## V

To my sixe lustres almost now outwore,  
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,  
 Except my legend be free from the letts  
 Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,  
 Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45  
 Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,  
 And all that calls from this, and to others whets,  
 O let me not launch out, but let mee save  
 Th'expense of braine and spirit; that my grave  
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have. 50

## VI

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,  
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough  
 It selfe; for I will through the wave, and fome,  
 And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,  
 Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light. 55  
 For though through many streights, and lands I roame,  
 I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home;  
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,  
 Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid  
 In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates waide.

## VII

For the great soule which here amongst us now  
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,  
 Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare  
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;  
 (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) 65  
 This soule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were  
 Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,  
 And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,  
 And liv'd when every great change did come,  
 Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome. 70

## VIII

Yet no low roome, nor then the greatest, lesse,  
 If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)  
 That Crosse, our joy, and grieve, where nailes did tye  
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where;  
 Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare; 75  
 Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;  
 Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,  
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,  
 For on that tree hung in security  
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling free. 80

## IX

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,  
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne  
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,  
 Till the then climing serpent, that now creeps  
 For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes, 85  
 Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive  
 (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)  
 He gave it, she t'her husband, both did eate;  
 So perished the eaters, and the meate:  
 And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

## X

Man all at once was there by woman slaine,  
 And one by one we'are here slaine o'er againe  
 By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,  
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;  
 No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets;      95  
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led  
 Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.  
 Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,  
 Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus  
     To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoak'd us.

## XI

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,  
 That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.  
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make  
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can  
 His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man      105  
 For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?  
 Who sinn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake  
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ  
 That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet  
     The worme and she, and he, and wee endure for it.      110

## XII

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine  
 Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine  
 Then hazard still, to meditate on ill,  
 Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toys  
 Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes      115  
 Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill  
 That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:  
 Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise  
 As wrastlers, perfects them; Not liberties  
     Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end heresies.

## XIII

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,  
 Broke the slight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,  
 Through which this soule from the trees root did draw  
 Life, and growth to this apple, fld away  
 This loose soule, old, one and another day. 125  
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,  
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooffe the law  
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew  
 To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw  
 There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant 130  
 hous'd her anew.

## XIV

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force  
 A place, where no place was; by natures course  
 As aire from water, water fleets away  
 From thicker bodies, by this root thron'g'd so  
 His spungie confines gave him place to grow: 135  
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay  
 To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way  
 That weesels scarce could passe, when she comes nere  
 They thron'g and cleave up, and a passage cleare,  
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were. 140

## XV

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,  
 West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest  
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:  
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,  
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145  
 His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.  
 Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,  
 To show, that in loves businesse hee should still  
 A dealer bee, and be us'd well, or ill:  
 His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill. 150

## XVI

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,  
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire;  
 A young *Colossus* there hee stands upright,  
 And as that ground by him were conquered  
 A leafie garland weares he on his head 155  
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright  
 That for them you would call your Loves lips white;  
 So, of a lone unhaunted place possest,  
 Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest,  
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

## XVII

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,  
 But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve:  
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;  
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmitie,  
 And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165  
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;  
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,  
 And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood;  
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;  
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most good.

## XVIII

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble hast  
 Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but slow pac'd:  
 Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and she  
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns  
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes 175  
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny  
 Confin'd, and enjoyld her, that seem'd so free,  
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore  
 Warme bird orespread, and sat still evermore,  
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a dore.

## XIX

Outcrept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,  
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,  
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,  
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,  
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185  
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe  
 As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,  
 And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men  
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then  
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his hen.

## XX

In this worlds youth wise nature did make hast,  
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;  
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,  
 In field and tent, oreflutters his next hen;  
 He asks her not, who did so last, nor when, 195  
 Nor if his sister, or his neece shee be;  
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie  
 If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse  
 The next that calls; both liberty doe use;  
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely chuse.

## XXI

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse,  
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse;  
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not.  
 So jolly, that it can move, this soule is,  
 The body so free of his kindnesses, 205  
 That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,  
 And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,  
 Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends  
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,  
 Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends.



## XXII

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know  
 Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,  
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive  
 With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,  
 The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire. 215  
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive  
 Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:  
 Yet chuseth hee, though none of these he feares,  
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares  
 To live; and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares. 220

## XXIII

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,  
 The Soule from her too active organs fled  
 T'a brooke. A female fishes sandie Roe  
 With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,  
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225  
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,  
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe  
 It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit:  
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet  
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 230

## XXIV

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,  
 A swan, so white that you may unto him  
 Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,  
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,  
 And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd. 235  
 It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon  
 Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one  
 Could thinke he sought it, he had swallow'd cleare  
 This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there  
 All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were. 240

## XXV

Now swome a prison in a prison put,  
 And now this Soule in double walls was shut,  
 Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,  
 She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth;  
 Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245  
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire  
 T'another fish, to any new desire  
 Made a new prey; For, he that can to none  
 Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.  
 Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression. 250

## XXVI

Pace with her native streame, this fish doth keepe,  
 And journeyes with her, towards the glassie deepe,  
 But oft retarded, once with a hidden net  
 Though with greate windowes, for when Need first taught  
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255  
 As now, with curious greedinesse to let  
 None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,  
 As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,  
 Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slain  
 This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again. 260

## XXVII

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,  
 Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast.  
 The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,  
 And whether she leape up sometimes to breath  
 And suck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265  
 Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath  
 To make the water thinne, and airelike faith  
 Cares not; but safe the Place she's come unto  
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe  
 She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or two.

## XXVIII

So farre from hiding her guests, water is,  
 That she shows them in bigger quantities  
 Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,  
 For game and not for hunger a sea Pie  
 Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high, 275  
 The seely fish where it disputing lay,  
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:  
 Exalted she'is, but to the exalters good,  
 As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.  
 It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food. 280

## XXIX

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?  
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:  
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,  
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey  
 Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away; 285  
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake  
 To spoile the nests industrious birds do make;  
 Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,  
 To kill them is an occupation,  
 And lawes make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

## XXX

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre  
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour  
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,  
 Fat gluttonies best orator: at last  
 So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast 295  
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,  
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:  
 The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,  
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender  
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer. 300

## XXXI

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,  
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne  
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled  
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some  
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome, 305  
 Or seas from Africks body had severed  
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head,  
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,  
 A great ship overset, or without saile  
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale

## XXXII

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,  
 More circles in the broken sea they make  
 Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:  
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe  
 Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-proofe: 315  
 Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,  
 And feele no sides, as if his vast wombe were  
 Some Inland sea, and ever as hee went  
 Hee spouted rivers up, as if he ment  
 To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament. 320

## XXXIII

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,  
 Stays in his court, at his owne net, and there  
 All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;  
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,  
 And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing 325  
 That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all,  
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;  
 O might not states of more equality  
 Consist? and is it of necessity  
 That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must die?

## XXXIV

Now drinckes he up seas, and he eates up flocks,  
 He justles llands, and he shakes firme rockes.  
 Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float,  
 And like a Prince she sends her faculties  
 To all her limbes, distant as Provinces. 335  
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate  
 Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boate;  
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction  
 Nearest; There's no pause at perfection;  
 Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station. 340

## XXXV

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,  
 Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd  
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe  
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat  
 His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outstreat) 345  
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe  
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,  
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake.  
 How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,  
 If wreches can on them the common anger wreake? 350

## XXXVI

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish  
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish.  
 The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;  
 The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,  
 And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355  
 Begins to sinke; the Swordfish upward spins,  
 And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,  
 So well the one, his sword the other plyes,  
 That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes,  
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

## XXXVII

Who will revenge his death? or who will call  
 Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?  
 The heires of slaine kings, wee see are often so  
 Transported with the joy of what they get,  
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365  
 Nor will against such men the people goe,  
 Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show  
 Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne  
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own  
 They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shown.

## XXXVIII

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,  
 Hath yet a little indignation  
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat  
 So great a castle. And having for her house  
 Got the streight cloyster of a wreched mouse 375  
 (As basest men that have not what to eate  
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great  
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)  
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse  
 Be slain, to gallant mischiefe doth herselfe adresse. 380

## XXXIX

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,  
 The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant  
 Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one wise  
 But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend,  
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385  
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,  
 And foe to none, suspects no enemies,  
 Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie  
 Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly  
 His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie: 390

## XL

In which as in a gallery this mouse  
 Walk'd, and surveid the roomes of this vast house,  
 And to the braine, the soules bedchamber, went,  
 And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne  
 Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe; 395  
 With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent  
 To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment  
 To die, did ever kill a man of better roome.)  
 And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:  
     Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come. 400

## XLI

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,  
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,  
 To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe.  
 Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,  
 (Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405  
 Was the first type) was still infested soe,  
 With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;  
 And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends  
 The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,  
     T'hat the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends.

## XLII

Hee tooke a course, which since, succesfully,  
 Great men have often taken, to espie  
 The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes.  
 To Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,  
 On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke, 415  
 Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,  
 Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,  
 Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she show,  
 Nor must resist, nor needs hee streighten so  
     His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor goe.

## XLIII

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholly bides;  
 Who not her owne, none others secrets hides.  
 If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,  
 She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,  
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. 425  
 At last a trap, of which some every where  
 Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,  
 By the Wolves death; and now just time it was  
 That a quicke soule should give life to that masse  
 Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe. 430

## XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,  
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not  
 Reade of a lust the which may equall this;  
 This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished  
 What he began alive, when hee was dead; 435  
 Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is  
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse  
 A proper name. The whelpe of both these lay  
 In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,  
 His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play. 440

## XLV

Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,  
 And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new  
 For the field. Being of two kindes thus made,  
 He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,  
 And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey. 445  
 Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,  
 Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid  
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,  
 From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;  
 And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished. 450



## XLVI

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so  
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe  
 From tent to tent, and with the children play.  
 His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,  
 That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455  
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay  
 With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,  
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,  
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,  
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was. 460

## XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have  
 One then another; first that ere did crave  
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;  
 First that could make love faces, or could doe  
 The valters sombersalts, or us'd to wooe 465  
 With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake  
 To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake  
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde  
 They easily doe, that can let feed their minde  
 With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and  
 beasts do find.

## XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,  
 And too high; beasts and angels have beene lov'd.  
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,  
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way  
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay; 475  
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,  
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,  
 And up lifts subtly with his russet pawe  
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe  
 Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath law.

## XLIX

First she was silly and knew not what he ment.  
 That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,  
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;  
 She knew not first, nowe cares not what he doth,  
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe loth, 485  
 She neither puls nor pushes, but outright  
 Now cries, and now repents; when *Tethlemite*  
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw  
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew.

    This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule possest a new.

## L

And whether by this change she lose or win,  
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.  
*Adam* and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now  
 Like *Chimiques* equall fires, her temperate wombe  
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become 495  
 A spungie liver, that did richly allow,  
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,  
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part;  
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,  
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart. 500

## LI

Another part became the well of sense,  
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,  
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,  
 Are raveld out; and fast there by one end,  
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend; 505  
 And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality  
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,  
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow  
 To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,  
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that first did plow. 510

## LII

Who ere thou beest that read'st this sullen Writ,  
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,  
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee,  
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,  
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515  
By cursed *Cains* race invented be,  
And blest *Seth* vext us with Astronomie.  
Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,  
Of every quality Comparison  
The onely measure is, and judge, Opinion. 520

*The end of the Progresse of the Soule.*