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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON

Edited with Critical Notes
by
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.
HON. LL.D., D.C.L., LITT.D.
VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm CXXXVI</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Death of a Fair Infant dying of a Cough</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At a Vacation Exercise in the College</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Morning of Christ's Nativity</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon the Circumcision</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Passion</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Time</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At a Solemn Music</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song on May Morning</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Shakespeare</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the University Carrier</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another on the same</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'Allegro</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il Penseroso</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arcades</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comus</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycidas</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SONNETS</strong></td>
<td><strong>PAGE</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. To the Nightingale</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. On his being arrived to the age of 23</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. Donna leggiadra</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Qual in colle aspro</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Canzone</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Diodati</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. Per certo</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Giovane, piano</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. When the Assault was intended to the City</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. To a virtuous young Lady</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. To the Lady Margaret Ley</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. On the Same</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. To Mr H. Lawes on his Airs</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the religious memory of Mrs Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the new forces of Conscience under the Long Parliament</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. To the Lord General Fairfax, at the siege of Colchester</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. To the Lord General Cromwell</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. To Sir Henry Vane the younger</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. On the late Massacre in Piemont</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. On his Blindness</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Psalms done into verse, 1653</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Psalm I</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm II</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm III</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm IV</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm V</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm VI</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm VII</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm VIII</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paradise Lost</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Commentary Verses</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book I</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book II</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book III</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book IV</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book V</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book VI</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book VII</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book VIII</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book IX</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book X</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XI</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XII</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Paradise Regained</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Book I</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book II</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book III</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book IV</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Samson Agonistes</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Latin Poems</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>De Auctore Testimonia</td>
<td>492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegiarum Liber</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Prima</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Secunda</td>
<td>498</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Tertia</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Quarta</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Quinta</td>
<td>504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Sexta</td>
<td>508</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegia Septima</td>
<td>511</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Epigrammata</strong></td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sylvarum Libri</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In obitum Procancellarii Medici</td>
<td>517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In quintum Novembri</td>
<td>518</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In obitum Praesulis Eliensis</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naturam non pati senium</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Patrem</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greek Verses</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm CXIV</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philosophus ad Regem quendam</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In effigie ejus sculptorem</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, aegrotantem</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansus</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaphium Damonis</td>
<td>537</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium</td>
<td>543</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Salmatil Hundredam</td>
<td>546</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Salmasium</td>
<td>546</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Notes</strong></td>
<td>547</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PREFACE.

WITH the exception of four Sonnets (xv. xvi. xvii. xxii.) the Poems of Milton were all printed in his lifetime, and to some extent under his superintendence. The Epitaph on Shakespeare, written in 1630, first appeared among the verses prefixed to the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare, which was printed in 1632. It is there called 'An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet W. SHAKESPEARE,' and it is signed with the initials J. M.

The first edition of Comus appeared in 1637, edited by Henry Lawes, the musician, who wrote the music for it, and is said to have acted the part of The Attendant Spirit who assumed the form of Thyrsis. The title is as follows:

A MASKE | PRESENTED | At Ludlow Castle, | 1634: | On Michaelmasse night, before the | RIGHT HONORABLE, | Iohn Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount BRACKLY, | Lord President of WALES, And one of | His MAESTIES most honorable | Privie Counsell.

Eheu quid volui misero mihi ! floribus austrum
Perditus—

LONDON, | Printed for HYMPhREV ROBINSON, | at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in | Pauls Church-yard. | 1637. |

Lycidas, which, according to the heading of the Poem in the manuscript now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, was written in November, 1637, was first printed M.
Preface

in a collection of verses, Latin and English, which were published in 1638 under the title Justa Edovardo King, in commemoration of the death of Edward King, who was drowned on his passage to Ireland in the previous Long Vacation. The full title is, 'JUSTA | EDOVARDO | KING |
nausrago, | ab | Amicis mortentibus, | amoris | & | μνείας χάρας. |
CANTABRIGIÆ: | Apud Thomam Buck, & Rogerum Daniel, |
celebrissimae | Academiae typographos. 1638.' | The English |
verses are at the end, with a separate pagination and the title, |
'Obsequies to | the memorie | of | Mr EDWARD | KING, |
Anno Dom. | 1638. | Printed by Th. Buck, and R. Daniel, |
printers to the Universitie of | Cambridge. 1638.' |

In 1645 Milton's reputation was so far established that a collection of his Poems was made by a London stationer, Humphrey Moseley, and issued with a Preface by the publisher and the following title:

POEMS | of | Mr John Milton, | both | English and |
Latin, | Compos'd at several times. | Printed by his true
have his authority or not. I do not feel inclined to attribute to them much importance. The title is as follows: 'POEMS, &c. | UPON | Several Occasions. | BY MR JOHN MILTON: | Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c. | Composed at several times. | With a small Tractate of | EDUCATION | To Mr HARTLIB. | LONDON, | Printed for Tho. Dring at the Blew Anchor | next Mitre Court over against Fetter | Lane in Fleet-street. 1673.'

In the same year there appeared another title-page with a different imprint:

Printed for Tho. Dring at the White Lion | next Chancery Lane End, in | Fleet-street. 1673.

That this is earlier than the preceding is clear from the fact that in 1671 The Amorous Prince of Mrs Aphra Behn was printed for Thomas Dring at the White Lion. His removal to the 'Blew Anchor' therefore took place in 1673.

Paradise Lost was first printed in 1667 in quarto, and copies were issued with varying title-pages in the years 1667, 1668, and 1669. Of these various titles I can speak with certainty of the following. Others have been described, but I have not been able to trace them.

Paradise lost. | A | POEM | Written in | TEN BOOKS | By JOHN MILTON. | Licensed and Entred according | to Order. | LONDON | Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker | under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by | Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church | in Fleet-street, 1667.

Paradise lost | A | POEM | Written in | TEN BOOKS | by JOHN MILTON. | Licensed and Entred according | to Order. | LONDON | Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker | under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church | in Fleet-street, 1667.
Preface

Paradise lost. A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. The Author J. M. Licensed and Entred according to Order. LONDON Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1668.

Paradise lost. A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. The Author JOHN MILTON. LONDON, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishops-Head in Duck-lane, H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate street, 1668.

On this title there are four rows of fleurs-de-lis under the author's name.

This title-page was followed by seven additional leaves, the contents of which are introduced by an address from The Printer to the Reader, the first form of which was:

Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, is procured. S. Simmons.

As this was not very grammatical the following was substituted.

Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons.

The first of these addresses was in three lines, the second in five, but as in the case of the corrected and uncorrected sheets of the poem itself both are found with title-pages bearing the dates 1668 and 1669. Indeed copies with the latest title-page described below have no Address from the Printer to the Reader, though they have the rest of the preliminary matter.
Preface

The Address was followed by the Arguments to the several Books, the Verse, or an explanation why the Poem Rimes not, and a Table of Errata.

In Bohn's edition of Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual, a title-page, called the fifth, is described, which is said to be distinguished from the preceding by having three stars or fleurs-de-lis before and after the author's name. Of this I have not been able to trace a single copy at present, though I cannot help believing in its existence. Of what is called the sixth title-page in Bohn's Lowndes I am more than sceptical. It is said only to differ from the fifth in having no stars, but the sole authority for this statement is the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, in which the descriptions of books do not notice such points. The question of these titles has been obscured by the fact that the fourth, fifth, and sixth in Bohn's Lowndes are called the fifth, sixth, and seventh by Professor Masson, who follows Sotheby in his Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton.

Paradise lost. [A] POEM | IN | TEN BOOKS. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | LONDON, | Printed by S. Simons, and are to be sold by T. Helder at the Angel in Little Britann. | 1669. |

In one copy which I have seen the full-stop after "Books" is omitted.

Paradise lost. [A] POEM | IN | TEN BOOKS. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | LONDON, | Printed by S. Simons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel in Little Britann, | 1669. |

All the copies I have seen which have this title-page have no Address to the Reader, although they have the rest of the preliminary matter, and in the Argument to the Ninth Book, line 5, they read "Angels" for "Son."
Preface

The second edition, which was in 8vo, appeared in 1674, with the following title:

Paradise Lost. | A | POEM | IN | TWELVE BOOKS. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | The Second Edition | Revised and Augmented by the same Author. | LONDON, | Printed by S. Simmons next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674.

The ten books of the first edition became twelve in the second by subdividing Books VII and X, so that the 1290 lines of the original Book VII were distributed between Books VII and VIII; Books VIII and IX then became Books IX and X, and the original Book X, which consisted of 1540 lines, was broken up into the present Books XI and XII. To effect this change three new lines were added at the beginning of Book VIII and the fourth was slightly modified, as will be seen in the Notes. At the beginning of Book XII five new lines were added.

After Milton’s death a third edition, also in 8vo, was issued by S. Simmons in 1678. This was merely a reprint of the second edition.

In 1671, Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes were published in one volume 8vo with a continuous set of signatures, though with separate pagination. The book was licensed July 2, 1670, and entered at Stationers’ Hall on September 10. The titles are as follows:

PARADISE | REGAIN’D. | A | POEM. | In IV BOOKS. | To which is added | SAMSON AGONISTES. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | LONDON, | Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleet-street, near Temple-Bar. | MDCLXXI.

SAMSON | AGONISTES, | A | DRAMATIC POEM. | The Author | JOHN MILTON | Aristot. Port. Cap. 6. | Τραγωδία μύρισι πράξεων συνεδρεῖας &c., | Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, &c. | Per misericordiam & metum perficiens tali um affectuum
A second edition was published in 1680 with the same title, the words "by J. M." being omitted in the imprint, and the date altered.

With regard to the printer's initials, J. M., which happen to be the same as those of the author, Mr Sotheby (Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton, p. 83) makes the following extraordinary statement, which has been too trustfully accepted by Professor Masson: "It is interesting here to notice that the initials of Milton occur in the imprint as the printer of the volume. Such was frequently the case when a work was printed at the expense of the author." It would have been more satisfactory if Mr Sotheby had given a single instance in support of his assertion. It would be as reasonable to conclude that Shakespeare was at the expense of printing the undated Hamlet, because it is said to have been "Printed by W. S. for John Smethwick."

The copyright in Paradise Lost remained the property of S. Simmons till towards the end of 1680, when he sold it to Brabazon Aylmer, who on 17 August, 1683, sold a half share to Jacob Tonson, the other moiety being apparently transferred to Richard Bentley. The fourth edition therefore appeared in 1688 under the joint names of Bentley and Tonson, and with the following title:

Paradise Lost. A POEM In Twelve Books. The AUTHOR JOHN MILTON. The Fourth Edition, Adorn'd with Sculptures. LONDON, Printed by Miles Flesher, for Richard Bentley, at the | Post-Office in Russell-street, and Jacob Tonson at the | Judge's-Head in Chancery-lane near Fleet-street. MDCLXXXVIII.

Tonson had a separate title-page for his own copies, and in these Bentley's name does not appear in the imprint.
Preface

In the same year 1688, an edition of Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes was issued in folio, uniform with Paradise Lost but by another publisher. There is a separate title to each poem, and each has a separate pagination and a separate set of signatures, though it appears from the first title that they were not to be sold separately. The titles are as follows:

Paradise Regain’d. | A | POEM. | In IV BOOKS. | To which is added Samson Agonistes. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | LONDON. | Printed by R. E. and are to be sold by | Randal Taylor near Stationers-Hall. | MDCLXXXVIII. |

Samson Agonistes, A DRAMATICK | POEM. | The Author | JOHN MILTON. | Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6. | Τραγῳδία μίμησις πρᾶξιν στοιχεῖα, &c. | Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, &c. Per misericordiam & verum talium perennis affectuum iustitiationem. | LONDON. | Printed, and are to be sold by Randal Taylor | near Stationers-Hall, MDCLXXXVIII.

As the three poems are printed uniformly, though issued by different publishers, they are frequently bound up together, and sometimes the Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes of 1688 are found in the same volume with the Paradise Lost of 1695, which was accompanied by the Notes of Patrick Hume and the Minor Poems.

On the 24th of March, 1690, Tonson acquired the remaining half share in the copyright of Paradise Lost, but the fifth edition was issued in 1691 with a title-page which must have been printed before the entire copyright had become the property of Tonson. This title is as follows:

Preface

When Tonson became the sole owner of the copyright the imprint of the title was altered to

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's | Head in Chancery-
lane near Fleet | street. MDCXCH.

Copies of the fifth edition with these title-pages are in the Library of Queens' College, Cambridge, and In both Paradise Lost is followed by the 1688 edition of Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes.

In 1695 Randal Taylor's interest in Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes had been transferred to John Whitlock, and the two poems were issued in that year with the same titles as in the 1688 edition, except that Whitlock's name was substituted for Taylor's. They are printed page for page, but from a fresh setting of the type. Some copies of the edition of 1695 contain only Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, but in others these are combined with Hume's Notes on Paradise Lost, and the Minor Poems, of which Tonson had acquired the copyright. The volume thus constituted a complete edition of Milton's Poetical Works.

This appeared with the general title

THE | POETICAL | WORKS | OF | Mr John Milton. | CONTAINING, | Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd, | Sampson Agonistes, and his Poems | on several Occasions. | TOGETHER | WITH | Explanatory NOTES on each Book of the | PARADISE LOST; | and a TABLE | never before Printed. | LONDON: | Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head near the Inner-
Temple. | Gate in Fleet-street, MDCXCV.

This is the full title of the complete collection of Milton's Poems, of which Tonson had the control, although he may not have had the entire copyright. The taste of purchasers appears to have been consulted, for some copies, as has been said, only contain the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and
Preface

Samson Agonistes, without the Notes or the Minor Poems. Notwithstanding, in these copies the title to Paradise Lost is,

Paradise Lost. | A | POEM | In Twelve Books. | The
AUTHOR | JOHN MILTON. | The Sixth Edition, with
Sculptures. | To which is added, | Explanatory notes upon each
Book, and a TABLE | to the POEM, never before Printed. | LONDON, | Printed by Tho. Hodgkin, for Jacob Tonson, at
the | Judge's-Head near the Inner-Temple-Gate, in Fleet-
street. | MDCCXCV.

The Minor Poems which were included in the complete Works, comprising everything which had appeared in the edition of 1673, had in the 1695 edition a separate title-page: POEMS | UPON | Several Occasions. | Compos'd at several
times. | BY Mr. JOHN MILTON. | The Third Edition. | LONDON: | Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head, near the Inner- | Temple-Gate in Fleet-street. 1695.

Before 1705 Tonson must have acquired the whole of the copyright in Milton's Poems, for from this time there were issued editions by him in 8vo. in 1705 and 1707; in 12mo. of Paradise Lost in 1711 and 1719, and of the other poems in 1713. All these were booksellers' reprints, and shew no signs of editorial care.

In 1720 a very handsome quarto edition in two volumes appeared under the superintendence of Thomas Tickell, the friend of Addison, and in consequence Addison's Notes on Paradise Lost are printed at the end of the first volume.

In 1725 Tonson published the 12th edition of Paradise Lost, to which was prefixed an account of Milton's Life by Elijah Fenton, whose name however does not appear in connexion with it till the 13th edition was issued in 1727. Fenton suggested two or three emendations of the text and revised the punctuation. The 14th edition was printed in 1730, the year of Fenton's death, and the 15th in 1738. The
copyright probably continued in the Tonson family till the
death of the third Jacob Tonson in 1767.

In 1732 Richard Bentley, at the suggestion of Queen
Caroline, was rash enough to put his hand to an edition of
Paradise Lost, a task for which he was eminently unqualified.
He neither understood Milton's language nor his rhythm, and
having no imagination of his own proceeded to deal with the
poem in the spirit of a pedagogue correcting a schoolboy's
exercise. Whole passages were relegated to the margin as
spurious, in obedience to a theory he had framed that they
had been interpolated by a fraudulent editor, who had taken
advantage of Milton's blindness to corrupt the text with his
own worthless compositions. Of Bentley's emendations I have
only recorded such as are not absolutely impossible, but there
is hardly one that is necessary. After a considerable experi-
ence I feel justified in saying that in most cases ignorance and
conceit are the fruitful parents of conjectural emendation.

Bentley's work was not allowed to pass unchallenged. It
was quickly followed by "A Review of the Text of Milton's
Paradise Lost: In which the Chief of Dr Bentley's Emenda-
tions are Consider'd; And several other Emendations and
Observations Offer'd to the Public."

The book appeared in three parts, of which the first and
second were printed in 1732 and the third in 1733 with an
Appendix to the whole. It was anonymous, but it is known
to have been written by Zachary Pearce, at that time Vicar of
St Martin's in the Fields, and formerly Fellow of Bentley's own
college. Newton truly says of it, "His Review of the Text of
the Paradise Lost is not only a most complete answer to
Dr Bentley, but may serve as a pattern to all future critics, of
sound learning and just reasoning, joined with the greatest
candor and gentleness of manners."

In 1749 Dr Thomas Newton, afterwards Bishop of Bristol,
brought out an edition of Paradise Lost in two 4to volumes,
"with Notes of various Authors," his object being as he
Preface

explains in his Preface to publish it "as the work of a classic author, cum notis variarum." His plan was completed by the appearance in 1752 of Paradise Regained and the remainder of the poems also in quarto. This is the first edition which had had any care bestowed upon it beyond that of the printer's reader. It was reprinted at least eight times before the end of the century, when it was superseded by Todd's edition. The authorities for the notes collected by Newton, as given in the Editor's Preface, were Patrick Hume, Bentley, Pearce, Richardson, Warburton, Lauder, Benson, Upton, Heylin, whose notes were appropriated by Bentley, Jortin, Thyer, and Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons.

In 1785, Thomas Warton brought out an edition of the Minor Poems, and a second appeared in 1791 after his death.

In 1795, Paradise Regained with Notes of various Authors was edited by Charles Dunster, M.A. The edition I have used is that of 1800.

In 1798 Comus was edited by H. J. Todd with Notes of various Commentators, and "a copy of the Mask from a manuscript belonging to His Grace the Duke of Bridgewater." This ms. is now in the Library of Bridgewater House, and by the kindness of the Earl of Ellesmere I have been allowed to collate it. It is called by Todd the Asbridge ms. and is quoted in the Notes to the present edition as "Egerton ms." or "Eg. ms."

In 1801 Todd published a complete edition of Milton's Poetical Works. This was followed by a second in 1809, and a third in 1826. After this the editions of most importance from a critical point of view are Mitford's in 1832, Keightley's in 1859, and Professor Masson's in 1874. There are of course a multitude of others, but I have only found it necessary to consult them occasionally, and I have reason to believe that a careful collation of them would only lead to a record of variations due to errors of the press.

Besides the printed copies, I have collated the ms. of Comus now in the Library of Bridgewater House, which has
been already mentioned, and the ms. of some of the Minor Poems preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and edited by me in 1869 at the request of the College Council. The ms. of Comus is supposed to be one of the many copies of the masque made by or for Henry Lawes, and the ms. in Trinity Library is mainly in Milton's own hand.

In three instances I have departed from the printed text and have preferred to follow the authority of Milton himself. In Lycidas, line 10, I read "he well knew" instead of "he knew," because in the Trinity ms. Milton has twice written "he well knew," and in a copy of the first printed edition, which is in the Cambridge University Library, Milton has in his own hand inserted "well." In Sonnet XIII. 9, I read "lend" instead of "send," which is the reading of the edition of 1673, because in the Trinity ms. "lend" is the reading of three copies, two of which are in Milton's own hand and the third in the handwriting of an amanuensis. On nearly the same authority in Sonnet XIV. 12 I read "in glorious themes" instead of "on glorious themes," for in this case Milton's own two copies have "in," and the amanuensis misled the printer who substituted "on."

Another ms. authority which I have sometimes quoted is Capell ms. This is a copy of Paradise Lost transcribed with elaborate care and prepared for the press by Edward Capell, the editor of Shakespeare. It was never published, and the volume is with the rest of the Capell Collection in Trinity Library. The editor intended to dedicate it to Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, who has already been mentioned in connexion with Bentley's edition. The date of the Preface is Jan. 23, 1767, but a note at the beginning of Book I. indicates that the transcript was begun July 23, 1759, and it was finished, according to a note at the end, Dec. 18, 1760. The text is followed by a Table of Various Readings.

The notation I have adopted in the Notes which record the Various Readings is easily explained. The earliest editions
Preface

are described as ed. 1, ed. 2, or ed. 3. The booksellers' reprints are denoted by the years in which they appeared. Other editions are described by the editor's name. Anonymous conjectures are denoted by Anon. conj., and if they are followed by a name in brackets it is the name of the editor by whom they are quoted. For convenience of reference I have added a list of editions and other authorities mentioned in the Notes.

The order of arrangement of the poems is as far as possible chronological.

I have now to express my thanks to those who have given me material assistance in my work: to the Earl of Ellesmere for allowing me to collate the ms. of Comus now in the Library of Bridgewater House; to the Librarians of the University and College Libraries in Cambridge, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, of the University Library, Glasgow, of Trinity College, Dublin, of John Rylands' Library, Manchester, of Dr Williams's Library, Gordon Square, to the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Vice-Provost of Eton, to the Librarian of St Paul's School, to Professor Walter Raleigh, to the Librarians of the Lambeth and Sion College Libraries, and many others for the help they have rendered me in my hitherto fruitless search for one of the title-pages to the first edition of Paradise Lost. And while in addition I wish gratefully to acknowledge the large debt I owe to previous editors of Milton I desire to record my protest against the slipshod habit of some who say, "Modern editions read," which has cost me many an hour of unprofitable research.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

Trinity College, Cambridge.
28 March, 1903.
LIST OF BOOKS QUOTED.

1677. Comus.
1673. Lycidas.
1645. Minor Poems.
1667. Paradise Lost, ed. 1.
1669. Paradise Regained, ed. 1.
1673. Minor Poems, ed. 2.
1674. Paradise Lost, ed. 2.
1678. Paradise Lost, ed. 3.
1680. Paradise Regained, ed. 2.
1682. Samson Agonistes, ed. 2.
1688. Paradise Lost, ed. 4.
1702. Paradise Regained.
1707. Samson Agonistes.
1707. Paradise Lost, ed. 8.
1711. Poems, ed. 4.
1713. Paradise Lost, ed. 9.
1719. Paradise Lost, ed. 10.
1720. Poetical Works, ed. Tickell (ed. 11 of P. L.),
1732. Paradise Lost, ed. 13.
1733. Meadowcourt, A Critique on Milton's Paradise Regain'd.
1734. Richardson, Explanatory notes and remarks on Milton's Paradise Lost.
1734. Paradise Lost, ed. 15.
1736. Birch, Complete Collection.
List of Books quoted

of the Historical, Political, and Miscellaneous Works of John Milton.

Dalton, Comus, a Mask. (Now adapted to the Stage).


1798. Comus, ed. Todd.

1801. Poetical Works, ed. Todd.

1809. Poetical Works, ed. Todd, ed. 2.

1826. Poetical Works, ed. Todd, ed. 3.


Paradise Lost, Books I—IV, ed. Major.


1846. Landor, Imaginary Conversations.


1891. Lycidas, ed. Verity.

Arcades, ed. Verity.


1897. Paradise Lost, ed. Rouse.


CORRECTION.

p. 567. In the notes on the titles of Sonnets I. and II., for "by Tickell" read "in 1713."

ADDITIONS.

Lycidas, 154. shore] shoals Lowell conj.
Paradise Lost, vi. 866. } to] down to Lowell conj.
Paradise Regained, i. 351.
ENGLISH POEMS
A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.*

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And pass'd from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipp'd the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be agast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.
PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, etc.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell;
For his, etc.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazèd heaven and earth to shake;
For his, etc.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
For his, etc.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
For his, etc.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light;
For his, etc.

And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run;
For his, etc.

The horned moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
For his, etc.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land;
For his, etc.
Psalm CXXXVI

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel;  
    For his, etc.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythrean main;  
    For his, etc.
The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass;  
    For his, etc.
But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power;  
    For his, etc.
His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness;  
    For his, etc.
In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown;  
    For his, etc.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast;  
    For his, etc.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew;  
    For his, etc.
And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land, therein to dwell;  
    For his, etc.
He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery;  
    For his, etc.
And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy;  
    For his, etc.
All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need;  
    For his, etc.
Psalm CXXXVI

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth;
For his, etc.
That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING
OF A COUGH.

Anno atatis 17.

I.
O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.
For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.
So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But, all unawares, with his cold-kind embrace,
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.
Death of a Fair Infant

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delv'd tomb;
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)!
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),
Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star, which from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?
Death of a Fair Infant

VIII.
Or wert thou that just maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd Matron, sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.
Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heaven doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

X.
But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.
Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.
AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE,  
PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.  

Anna atatis 19.  

The Latin Speeches ended; the English thus began:—  

Hail, Native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;  
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst;  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
For this same small neglect that I have made;  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantasies with delight;  
But call those richest robes and gay'st attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out,  
And, weary of their place, do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
At a Vacation Exercise

Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way.
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament.
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten sons; whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth.
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
Yet there is something that doth force my fear;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
At a Vacation Exercise

A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.
'Your son,' said she, 'nor can you it prevent'
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king;
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them.
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next, Quantity and Quality, spoke in prose: then Relation was called by his name.

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dec,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

The rest was prose.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST’S NATIVITY.

Composed 1639.

I.
This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven’s eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy Sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heaven’s high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.
Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the Heaven, by the sun’s team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.
See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led Wotsards haste with odours sweet!  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touch’d with hallow’d fire.
On the Nativity

THE HYMN.

I.
It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
   All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
   With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.
Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
   To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
   The saintly veil of maiden white to throw:
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.
But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
   She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
   With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.
No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
   The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
   The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.
On the Nativity

V.
But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.
The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

VII.
And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.
The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
On the Nativity

IX.
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.
Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI.
At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.
Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.
On the Nativity

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so);
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,
On the Nativity

XVII.
With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake:
The aged Earth, agast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.
And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day,
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.
The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.
The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.
On the Nativity

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter’d god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven’s queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers’ holy shine:
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mo.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals’ ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower’d grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbre’d anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipp’d ark.
On the Nativity

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreadful Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

Ne Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest:

Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star

Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.
UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow.
He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease.
Alas! how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day; but oh! ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.
THE PASSION.

I.
Erewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long outliving night.

II.
For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.
He, sion Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His stary front low-roof'd beneath the skies:
Oh, what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more: the stroke of death he must abide;
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.
These latest scenes confine my roving verse:
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, otherwhere are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.
The Passion

V.
Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief!
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish wh

VI.
See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.
Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here, though grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitle fall in order'd characters.

VIII.
Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*
ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race:
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For, when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time!

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
At a Solemn Music

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
ON SHAKE SPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour’d bones
The labour of an age in pil’d stones?
Or that his hallow’d reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need’st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

who died in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

Here lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dugged with him betwixt Cambridge and The Bull,
And surely Death could never have prevail’d,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail’d;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey’s end was come,
And that he had ta’en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Shew’d him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
‘Hobson has supp’d, and’s newly gone to bed.’
ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
'If I may not carry, sure I 'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say 't)
As he were press'd to death, he cried, 'More weight!'
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
His letters are deliver'd all and gone;
Only remains this superscription.
AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death!
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her threes;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Sooil'd at once both fruit and tree.
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
Marchioness of Winchester

The guide of her venation train,
Would't up by some unskilful train,
Who only thought to reap the flower
Now slain by their wanton shower;
But the fair Blossom hungs the head
Subways, as on a dying bed,
And those pinches of dew she weeps
Bare to be gathering tears;
Whence the soul more hot let fall
On her burning funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have!
After this thy travel sore,
Sweet rest wait thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Sherwood last thy own life's lease!
Here, amidst the sorrowing
That thy noble house did bring,
Here be roses of perfect snow
Wreapt for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers and some bays
For thy house, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Cane,
Deserted to thy venerable name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high shrift in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly-dowered Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new-welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.
L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loath'd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yeley'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreath'd! Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
L'Allegro

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprouvèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted egliantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dams before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liversies dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sibie,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
L'Allegro

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom’d high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyris met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylos to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann’d haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the cheque’d shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
She was pinch’d and pull’d, she said;
And he, by friar’s lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy fain hath thresh’d the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch’d out all the chimney’s length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull’d asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
   The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
   Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
   And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
   As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
   The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail! divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might be seem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Il Penseroso

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of those daemons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
Il Penseroso

And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frowned, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Silvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heav'd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profane eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
Il Penseroso

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harford by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in jester's habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:

I. Song.

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook?
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend:
Here our solemn search hath end.
Arcades

Fame, that her high worth to raise
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise:
Less than half we find express'd;
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne
Shooting her beams like silver threads:
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright
In the centre of her light.
Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods?
Juno dares not give her odds:
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they came forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, turning toward them, speaks.

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renown'd flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or harmful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Has lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To all the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
Whatever the skill of lesser gods can show
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.
II. Song.
O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string:
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof
Follow me.
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. Song.
Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilièd banks;
On old Lyceus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.
COMUS.

A MASQUE PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

To the Right Honourable John, Lord Viscount Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater etc.

My Lord,

This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant Thyrris, so now in all real expression
Your faithful and most humble Servant,
H. LAWES.

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to the Author upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13 of April, 1638.

Sir,

It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and, in

2 This Dedication first appeared in the edition of 1637. It was reprinted in 1645, but omitted in 1673.
truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr H., I would have been bold; in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have bandied together some good Authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: \textit{Ipse mollitias.} But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight; having received it from our common friend Mr R., in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the reader \textit{con la bocca dolce.}

Now, Sir, concerning your travels; wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not Blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor: and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa; whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was talled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courrier in dangerous times; having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and, at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. \textit{Signor Arrigo mio,} says he, \textit{`i pensieri stretti ed il viso sciollo will go safely over the whole world.'} Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and
Comus

Therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's

dear love, remaining

Your friend, as much at command as any of longer date,

Henry Wotton.

Postscript.

Sir: I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure

without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging

letter; having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected

the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed,

I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for

some foretaste of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

____________________

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the

habit of Thyrsis.

Comus, with his Crew.

The Lady.

First Brother.

Second Brother.

Sabrina, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were:—

The Lord Brackley;

Mr Thomas Egerton, his Brother;

The Lady Alice Egerton.
Before the starry threshold of Jove’s court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pester’d in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot ‘twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair’d deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper’d awe to guide
A old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
There his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Ice coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the foartorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was des patched for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crash'd the sweet poison of misued wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Causing the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine.)
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Ends his mother at her mighty art;
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phoebus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intertemperate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or once, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convey,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

**Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other,**

**with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts**

**but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening. They**

**in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.**

**Comus.** The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axe doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dull shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb
Of Sygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Say thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
En the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glossing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unpleasible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The lady enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
op'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
the kind hospitable woods provide.
y left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
e from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' wain.
where they are, and why they came not back,
now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
they had engaged their wandering steps too far;
d envious darkness, ere they could return,
d stolen them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
y shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
at Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
th everlasting oil, to give due light
'the misled and lonely traveller?
is is the place, as well as I may guess,
hence even now the tumult of loud mirth
as rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
ought but single darkness do I find.
that might this be? A thousand fantasies
run to throng into my memory,
calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
airy tongues that syllable men's names
surf and shores and desert wildernesses.
these thoughts may startle well, but not astound
be virtuous mind, that ever waves attended
's strong siding champion, Conscience.—
welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
hovering angel girt with golden wings,
nd thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!
see ye visibly, and now believe
hat He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
re but as slavish officers of vengeance,
could send a glistering guardian, if need were,
keep my life and honour unassail'd.
as I deceived, or did a sable cloud
in forth her silver lining on the night?
did not err: there does a sable cloud
in forth her silver lining on the night,
Comus

And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
   Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
   O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
   Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the sphere!
   So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears.
No any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.

I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And, as I pass'd, I worshipp'd. If those you seek, 
It were a journey like the path to Heaven 
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager, 
What readiest way would bring me to that place? 
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point. 
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose, 
In such a scant allowance of star-light, 
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art, 
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green, 
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood, 
And every bosky bourn from side to side, 
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood; 
And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged, 
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know 
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark 
From her thatch'd pallet rouse. If otherwise, 
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low 
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 
Till further quest. 
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word, 
And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy, 
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds, 
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls 
And courts of princes, where it first was named, 
And yet is most pretended. In a place 
Less warranted than this, or less secure, 
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it. 
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial 
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on... 

Enter the Two Brothers. 

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon, 
That won't to love the traveller's benison, 
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud, 
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here 
In double night of darkness and of shades; 
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
Comus

With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long leavell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Bro. Or, if our eyes
Be benn'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks, penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral feed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
Two would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Loses her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat!

Ell. Bro. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Bro. 'Tis most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsummon'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
Comus

My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.

Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No salvage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

Yes, there where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg’d with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench’d majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
Na goblin or swarm fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o’er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear’d her stern frown, and she was queen o’ the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer’d virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal’d stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash’d brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
Comus

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lest in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clogged by contagion,
Impiety, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List! list! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

Sec. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain,
Either some one, like us, night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Bro. Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.
Enter the Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak.

Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

Sec. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy;
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Spir. I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Studied of old in high immortal verse
Of fire Chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rife rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face. This have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade: whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The ailed innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

Sec. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

Elit. Bro. Yes, and keep it still;
Let on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm;
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Supplied by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yet, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But, for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydars, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he call'd me out.
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clout'd shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Haemony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of soveran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or gastly Furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Comus

Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Eater'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandish'd blade rush on him: break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
Fiercely sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eid. Bחל. Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

The same changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of delicious-
ness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with
his rabble, and the lady set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers
in glass; which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, lady, sit. If I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Un-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast.
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

_Lady._ 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With vizor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With likkerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

_Comus._ O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithering hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
Comus

And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hatch'd the all-worshipp'd ore and precious gems,
To store her children with. If all the world
Should, in a pot of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
No half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility:
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multiply their lords;
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
Lis, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Usavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence: coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Comus

Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obluding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeching share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity
Fain would I something say;—yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. —Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
And settings of a melancholy blood.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste...

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand,
and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but
are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd and motionless.
Yet stay: be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd layers strew'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals:
For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!
Comus

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save!

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

Sptir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distress'd
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubbed lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth or sing'd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Comus

Till we come to holier ground.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste: the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle:
then come in Country Dancers; after them the Attendant Spirit,
with the two Brothers and the Lady.

Song.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back! enough your play
Till next sun-shine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so Godly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intertemperance.
The dances ended, the Spirit epilogues.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosom’d Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia’s balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Comus

Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruines of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he well knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and walter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill:
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening' our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering way.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damoclas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless death
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deya spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
Lycidas

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neura's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy need."

O fountain Arethusa, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds;
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings:
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enough of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearsers' feast,
And shove away the worthy hidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their sc rel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparesly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid' lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oory locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms' meek of joy and love.
Lycidas

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May:
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; Oh, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.
II.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'd.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endued.

Yet he it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

III.

Donna leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
L'erboa val di Reno e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora.

Che dolcemente mostra si di fora,
Dei sui atti soavi giannai parco,
E i doni, che son d'amor saette ed arco,
Laonde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.

Quando tu vaglia parli, o lieta canti,
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata chi di te si truova indegno;

Grazia sola di sì gli vaglia, innanti
Che l' disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.
IV.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
L'avvezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'eretta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera,
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io, a l'altrui peso,
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e l' duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi,
M' accostandosi attorno, e 'Perchè scrivi,
Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana,
Veraseggiando d'amor, e come t' osi?
Diinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi!'
Così mi van Burlando: 'altri rivi,
Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad or ad or a la tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.
Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia somma?'
Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:
'Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore,
"Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore."
V.

DUDATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),
Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spregiar solea
E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,
Già caddi, ov' uom dbben talor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, nè guancia vermiglia
M' abbagliar si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che l' cuor bea,
Fortamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d' una,
E l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero
Taviar ben può la faticosa Luna;
E degli occhi suoi avventa si gran fuoco
Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

VI.

Per certo i bei vosdr' occhi, Donna mia,
Eser non può che non sian lo mio sole;
Si mi percuotton forte, come ei suole
Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.
Pare rinchiusa e turbida si cela
Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' ingiela;
Ma questo agli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,
Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.
GIOVANE, piano, e semplicetto amante,
Poiché fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l’umil dono
Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante
L’ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S’arma di se, e d’intero diamante,
Tanto del forse e d’invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use,
Quanto d’ingegno e d’alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l’insanabil ago.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o’er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun’s bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses’ bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra’s poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.
IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth;
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chersonesus, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praise
That all both judge you to relate them true
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.
Sonnets

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A book was writ of late called Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!"; and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitt, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Gre-

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.
Sonnets

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phebus' quire,
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE THOMSON,
MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and aims, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee in glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.
SONNETS

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhor'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call?
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packings, worse than those of Tre
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.
Sonnets

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL,

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but distractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The balm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repel'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.
SONNETS

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PиемONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more be
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide:
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
Today deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.
XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

I thought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.
TRANSLATIONS.

SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

FROM 'OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND,' 1641.

[DANTE, Inferno, xix. 115.]

Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!

[PETRARCH, Sonnet 107.]

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore? Where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

[ARISTOTLE, Or. Fur. xxxiv. Stanz. 80.]

Then passed he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.

FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SMECTYMNUS, 1642.

[ Horace, Sat. 1. 1, 24.]

Laughing to teach the truth
What hinders? as some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.
Translations

[Horace, Sat. i. 10, 14.]
Joking decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[Sophocles, Electra, 624.]
'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM ARKOPAGITICA, 1644.

[Euripides, Supplices, 428.]
This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free:
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645.

[Horace, Epist. i. 16, 40.]
Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whitened skin.

FROM 'THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES,' 1649.

[Seneca, Hdr. Fur. 921.]
There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable:
Than an unjust and wicked king.
Translations

From the History of Britain, 1670.

Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walkst on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek;
What certain seat, that I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd, and virgin quires.

Brutus, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I.

Quis multo gratiis te puer in rost.

Reader almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the
Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Pain is thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and chang'd gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire,

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.
Translations

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrha illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat,
amore irretito affirmat esse miserae.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie! Heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aquorn ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitor credulus aureâ;
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,
Sperat, nescius auro
Fallacias! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

April, 1648.—J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre; wherein all, but what
a different character, are the very words of the Text,
translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sit'st between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings outspread;
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
Translations

1 Awake thy strength, come, and be seen
   To save us by thy might.
3 Turn us again; thy grace divine
   To us, O God, vouchsafe;
    Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
    And then we shall be safe.
4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
   How long wilt thou declare
   Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow,
   Against thy people’s prayer?
5 Thou feed’st them with the bread of tears;
    Their bread with tears they eat;
    And makest them largely drink the tears
    Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A strife thou makest us and a prey
    To every neighbour foe;
    Among themselves they laugh, they play,
    And float at us they throw.
7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
    O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
    Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
    And then we shall be safe.
8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
    Thy free love made it thine,
    And drovest out nations proud and haughty,
    To plant this lovely Vine.
9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
    And root it deep and fast,
    That it began to grow space,
    And filled the land at last.
10 With her green shade that cover’d all,
    The hills were overspread;
    Her boughs as high as cedars tall
    Advanced their lofty head.
11 Her branches on the western side
    Down to the sea she sent,
    And upward to that river wide
    Her other branches went.

1 Gnorora.
2 Gnashanta.
3 Shalish.
4 Jilgnagyu.
Translators

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
    And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The tusked boar out of the wood
    Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down
    From Heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy Vine.

15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
    Hath set, and planted long;
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consumed with fire,
    And cut with axes down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand
    Let thy good hand be laid;
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
    To ways of sin and shame:
Quicken us thou; then gladly we
Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, and thy grace divine,
    Lord God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
Translators

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud and clear;
   Sing loud to God our King;
   To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
   Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song;
   The timbrel hither bring;
   The cheerful psaltery bring along,
   And harp with pleasant string.
3 Blow, as is wont, in the new moon,
   With trumpet's lofty sound,
   The appointed time, the day whereon
   Our solemn feast comes round.
4 This was a statute given of old
   For Israel to observe,
   A law of Jacob's God to hold,
   From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a testimony ordain'd
   In Joseph, not to change,
   When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
   The tongue I heard was strange.
6 From burden, and from slavish toil,
   I set his shoulder free;
   His hands from pots, and miry soil,
   Deliver'd were by me.
7 When trouble did thesee sore assail,
   On me then didst thou call,
   And I to thee did not fail,
   And led thee out of thrall.
   I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
   With clouds encompass'd round;
   I tried thee at the water steep
   Of Meriba renowned.
8 Hear, O my people, hearken well;
   I testify to thee,
   Thou ancient stock of Israel,
   If thou wilt list to me:

   Be Sether ragnam.
9 Throughout the land of thy abode
   No alien God shall be,
   Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
   In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
   Thee out of Egypt land;
   Ask large enough, and I, besought,
   Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not hear,
   Nor hearken to my voice;
   And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
   Mislked me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
   And to their wandering mind;
   Their own conceits they follow'd still,
   Their own devices blind.
13 Oh that my people would be wise,
   To serve me all their days!
   And oh that Israel would advise
   To walk my righteous ways!
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
   That now so proudly rise,
   And turn my hand against all those
   That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
   To bow to him and bend;
   But they, his people, should remain;
   Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them from the shock
   With flour of finest wheat,
   And satisfy them from the rock
   With honey for their meat.
PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands
   Of kings and lordly states;
2 Among the gods on both his hands
   He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye pervert the right
   With judgment false and wrong;
3 Favouring the wicked by your might,
   Who thence grow bold and strong?
4 *Regard the weak and fatherless;
   *Despatch the poor man's cause;
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
* Of him that help demands.
5 They know not, nor will understand;
   In darkness they walk on;
   The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
   The sons of God Most High;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
   As other princes die.
8 Rise, God; judge thou the earth in might;
   This wicked earth redress;
   For thou art he who shalt by right
   The nations all possess.

1 Bugnadath-el.
2 Tishpetu [Tishpatu] gnavel.
3 Hatabiku.
4 Shiptu-dal.
5 Jimmotu.
6 Shipta [Shophiak].
7 Bethlehem.
8 Shiptu [Shophiak].
Translations

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length;
   O God, hold not thy peace:
Sit not thou still, O God of strength,
   We cry and do not cease.
2 For lo! thy furious foes now swell,
   And storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, proud and fell,
   Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they contrive
   Their plots and counsels deep;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
   Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 'Come, let us cut them off,' say they,
   'Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
   Be lost in memory.'
5 For they consult with all their might,
   And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
   And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
   Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
   That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
   And hateful Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
   Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8 With them great Asshur also bands,
   And doth confirm the knot;
All these have lent their armed hands
   To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
   That wasted all the coast;

1 Jehovah. 2 Jagnarium. 3 Sod. 4 tiḥjagnātum qam. 5 Tophumea. 6 Lev jas.
Translations

To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,

At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.

As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna bleed,
So let their princes bleed.

For they amidst their pride have said,
'By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
Their stately palaces.'

My God, oh make them as a wheel;
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and restless let them reel,
Like stubble from the wind.

As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;

So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;

And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.

Ashamed and troubled let them be,
Troubled and shamed for ever,
Evr confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never.

Then shall they know that thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
At the Most High, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art One.

1 Neth. Elohim bears both.
2 They seek thy Name: Heb.
PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
   O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The **pleasant** tabernacles are,
   Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My soul doth long and almost die
   Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
   O living God, for thee.
3 There even the sparrow, **freed from wrong,**
   Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
   Hath built her **brooding** nest;
Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
   They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts
   Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy who in thy house reside,
   Where thee they ever praise!
5 Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
   And in their hearts thy ways!
6 They pass through Baca’s **thirsty vale,**
   That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
   Where springs and showers abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength
   With joy and **gladsome cheer,**
Till all before our God at length
   In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer,
   O Jacob’s God, give ear:
9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
   Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy courts to be
   Is better and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
   A thousand days at best.
Translators

1 in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door
Than dwell in tents and rich abode
With sin for evermore.

11 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest
Who only on thee doth rely,
And is thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin that did thee grieve
Hast hid where none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And calmly didst return
From thy fierce wrath, which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, and chide no more.

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

1 Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.
Translations

6 Wilt thou not turn and hear our voice,
   And us again revive,
   That so thy people may rejoice,
   By thee preserved alive?
7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;
   To us thy mercy shew;
   Thy saving health to us afford,
   And life in us renew.
8 And now what God the Lord will speak
   I will go straight and hear,
   For to his people he speaks peace,
   And to his saints full dear;
   To his dear saints he will speak peace;
   But let them never more
   Return to folly, but surecase
   To trespas as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
   Salvation is at hand,
   And glory shall ere long appear
   To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth, that long were miss'd,
   Now joyfully are met;
   Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
   And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth like to a flower
   Shall bud and blossom then;
   And Justice from her heavenly bower
   Look down on mortal men.
12 The Lord will also then bestow
   Whatever thing is good;
   Our land shall forth in plenty throw
   Her fruits to be our food.
13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
   His royal harbinger:
   Then will he come, and not be slow;
   His footsteps cannot err.

1 "Heb. Turn to quicken us.
2 "Heb. He will set his steps to the way."
Translations

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline;
   O hear me, I thee pray;
   For I am poor, and almost pine
   With need and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod
   Thy ways, and love the just:
   Save thou thy servant, O my God,
   Who still in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
   I call; O make rejoice
   Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee
   I lift my soul and voice.

4 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
   To pardon; thou to all
   Art full of mercy, thou alone,
   To them that on thee call.

5 Unto my supplication, Lord,
   Give ear, and to the cry
   Of my incessant prayers afford
   Thy hearing graciously.

6 In the day of my distress
   Will call on thee for aid;
   For thou wilt grant me free access,
   And answer what I pray'd.

7 Like thee among the gods is none,
   O Lord; nor any works
   Of all that other gods have done
   Like to thy glorious works.

8 The nations all whom thou hast made
   Shall come, and all shall frame
   To bow them low before thee, Lord,
   And glorify thy name.

9 For great thou art, and wonders great
   By thy strong hand are done;

2 Heb. I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.
Translations

Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right;
   I in thy truth will bide;
   To fear thy name my heart unite;
   So shall it never slide.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
   Thee honour and adore
   With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
   Thy name forevermore.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
    And thou hast freed my soul,
    Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
    From deepest darkness foul.
14 O God, the proud against me rise,
    And violent men are met
    To seek my life, and in their eyes
    No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
    Readiest thy grace to shew,
    Slow to be angry, and art styled
    Most merciful, most true.
16 Oh turn to me thy face at length,
    And me have mercy on;
    Unto thy servant give thy strength,
    And save thy handmaid's son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
    And let my foes then see,
    And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
    Dost help and comfort me.
PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains high
Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings fair
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke.
I mention Egypt, where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke;

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre, with Ethiop's utmost ends:
Lo! this man there was born.

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last:
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred songs are there;
In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,
And all my fountains clear.
PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,
   All day to thee I cry,
   And all night long before thee weep,
   Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
   With sighs devout ascend;
   And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
   Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,
   Surcharged my soul doth lie;
   My life, at death's uncheerful door,
   Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
   Down to the dismal pit;
   I am a 4man but weak, alas!
   And for that name unfit,

5 From life discharged and parted quite
   Among the dead to sleep,
   And like the slain in bloody fight
   That in the grave lie deep;
   Whom thou rememberest no more,
   Dost never more regard:
   Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
   Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou, in the lowest pit profound,
   Hast set me all forlorn,
   Where thickest darkness hovers round,
   In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
   Full sore doth press on me;
   Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
   And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
   And makest me odious,

1 Heb. A man without manly strength.
2 The Hebrew bears both.
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus.
Through sorrow and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise
And praise thee from their loathsome bed
With pale and hollow eyes?
Shall they thy loving-kindness tell
On whom the grave hath hold?
Or they who in perdition dwell
Thy faithfulness unfold?
In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known?
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?
But I to thee, O Lord, do cry
Ere yet my life be spent;
And up to thee my prayer doth rise
Each morn, and thee prevent.
Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsaKE
And hide thy face from me,
That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from thee;
Bruised and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo,
Astonish’d with thine ire?
Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
Thy threatenings cut me through;
All day they round about me go;
Like waves they me pursue.
Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And sever’d from me far:
They fly me now whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

TRANSLATIONS

PSALM I.

Done into verse 1633.

BLEST is the man who hath not walk’d astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i’ the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat; but in the great
Jehovah’s Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which fann’d
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653.—Terretti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
‘Let us break off,’ say they, ‘by strength of hand,
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords.’ He who in heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them. ‘But I,’ saith he,
‘Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son; I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
As thy possession I on thee bestow
The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds; them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so!
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Abulom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
'No help for him in God there lies.'
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory;
Thee, through my story,
The exalter of my head I count:
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah; he full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I waked again:
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
Translations

I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God! for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

August 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disen thrall
And set at large: now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but li
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choose he knows);
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be awed, and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Translations

Many there be that say
‘Who yet will shew us good?’
Talking like this world’s brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray:
On us lift up the light,

**Lift** up the favour, of thy countenance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds

**With** vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where’er I lie:

As in a rocky cell

**Thou**, Lord, alone in safety makest me dwell.

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**PSALM V.**

**August 13, 1653.**

**Jehovah,** to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God, for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear;
I’ the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
Translations

All workers of iniquity
Thou hastest; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth:
God, find them guilty; let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still:
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI.

August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore;
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore
Translations

My soul; oh, save me, for thy goodness' sake!
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Weary I am with sighing out my days;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd
With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII.

August 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought:
Translations

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire;
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right:
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets; his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death that waits him near.
Translations

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold,
He travaileth with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceived of old;
As in a womb, and from that womb
Fath at length brought forth a lie.
He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made:
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head: and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII.
August 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the heavens thy praise to set,
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To sting the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet
And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods thou madest his lot;
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.
Translations

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord.
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dear
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
PARADISE LOST.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ
JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines, continent iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;
Terraque, tractusque maris, cretaque profundum,
Salpheeique Erebi flammeomumque specus;
Quaque colunt terras, pontunque, et Tartara caeca,
Quaque colunt summi lucida regna poli;
Et quocunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hac qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hac hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces, que protulit arma!
Quae canit, et quanta praelia dira tuba!
Celestes acies, atque in certamine colium!
Et que celestes pugna decreter agros!
Quantus in aetheris tollit se Lucifer armis,
Atque ipso graditor vix Michaelae minor!
Quantis et quam funestis concurrirur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulgos montes ceu tela reciproca torrent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluant;

8—2
Paradise Lost

Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugne non superesse sum.
At simul in crelis Messias insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotae strident, et seva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammeae vibrant, et vera tonitura rasco
Admisit flamnis insonuere polo,
Excitit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextri irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pomas fugiunt, et, ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite, Romani Scriptores; cedite, Graii;
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus:
Hec quicumque leget tantum cecississe putabit
Meconidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown’d, God’s reconciled decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song
(So Samson groped the temple’s posts in spite),
The world o’erwhelming to revenge his sight.
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should cross
O’er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind
Lest he perplex’d the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill-imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day
To change in scenes, and shew it in a play.
   Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
   That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize;
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird named from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
   Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
   Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

A. M.
The measure is English heroic verse, without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also, long since, our best English tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rimming.
BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: this teaches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who rebelling from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem turns into the midst of things; presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the Centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise: their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thenes discuss. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Princes there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloam's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first (for Heaven hides nothing from thy view)
Nor the deep tract of Hell), say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The Mother of Mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Paradise Lost

Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Bath of lost happiness and lasting pain
Taments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mard with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, welters by his side,
Thee next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Belial. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
"If thou beest he—but Oh how fall'n! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominious and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair;
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:
"O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Had lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
En swallowed up in endless misery.

What if the conqueror (whom I now
Perceive) be of more almighty force believe almighty, since no less
Can such have o'erpowered such force as ours?
Are left us thus our spirit and strength entire,
To suffer and support our pains,
Nor we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
For him mightier service, as his thralls
Right of war, whatever his business be,
Must in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
To do his errands in the gloomy deep?

Yet can that spirit avail, though yet we feel
Strenuous undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereon with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:
"Tell'st Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
When we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which sometimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall give him, if I fail not, and disturb
His utmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recall’d
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o’erblown hath laid.
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing’d with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light;
Save what the glistening plain, pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr’d on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Hiem, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder’d skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
Paradise Lost

st. Rich'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay, on the burning lake; nor ever thence risen or heaved his head, but that the will high permission of all-ruling Heaven left him at large to his own dark designs, that with reiterated crimes he might heap on himself damnation, while he sought evil to others, and enraged might see how all his malice served but to bring forth infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn on Man by him seduced, but on himself treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool his mighty stature; on each hand the flames driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd in billows, leave 't the midst a horrid vale. then with expanded wings he steers his flight aloft, incumbent on the dusky air, that felt unusual weight; till on dry land he lights, if it were land that ever burn'd with solid, as the lake with liquid fire, and such appear'd in hue, as when the force of subterranean wind transports a hill torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side of thundering Ætna, whose combustible and fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire, sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds, and leave a sing'd bottom all involved with stench and smoke: such resting found the sole of unbluest feet. Him followed his next mate, both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood as gods, and by their own recover'd strength, not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime," said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat that we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom for that celestial light? be it so, since he who now is sovran can dispose and bid what shall be right: farthest from him is best, whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,  
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,  
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"  
So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub  
Thus answer'd: "Leader of those armies bright  
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lie  
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height!"  
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolb,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
Of Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Sone on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge
About, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Beiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Albeit and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits: or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wot to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile;
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of Man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oh to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities.
They were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Rumbling to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeard with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And back Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aror to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon.
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eeleâ into the Asphalic pool.
Poor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flores
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they chose
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods: for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoroth, whom the Phoceans call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate.
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Wise wanton passions in the sacred porch
Enkid saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alicated Judah. Next came one
Who seem'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,
Abaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the graz'd ox,
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeon, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents; Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their C
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears:
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd
As he as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Semplic arms and trophies; all the while
Serious metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of纳tes and soft recorders; such as raised
To the height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or soul retreat;
Nor wanton power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn tunes, troubled thoughts, and chase
Aguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with order'd spear and shield,
Awaking what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse.
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspamont, or Montalban,
Damosco, or Marocco, or Trebiesond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as, when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Turn, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:
"O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matless, but with the Almighty! and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascent,
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sits on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioners, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and the
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifed the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Paradise Lost

Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummin'd the bullion dross.
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Corinse or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belaus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood flied her stately height, and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he escape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the winged haralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbiter, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.
BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be hazardous for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the prophecies or tradition in Heaven concerning another work and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honourably applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to end the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the foreground that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold, Satan exalted sat, by merit raised To that bad eminence; and, from despair Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught, His proud imaginations thus display’d:

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven! For since no deep within her gulf can hold Immortal vigour, though oppress’d and fall’n, I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent Celestial Virtues rising will appear More glorious and more dread than from no fall, And trust ourselves to fear no second fate. Me though just right, and the fix’d laws of Heaven, Did first create your leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Yor bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Pecuniary, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Sure to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whither of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak."
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse.
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake:
"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such betheink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd: should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more gracefull and humane;
A fierer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed, and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow: though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Mature counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To base industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow’d up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? ‘Wherefore cease we, then?’
Say they who counsel war; ‘we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?’ Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and strook
With Heaven’s afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem’d
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chair’d on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open’d, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of raving whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlastling groans,
Unspied, unpitied, unreproved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
This trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exit, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel,
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
Is temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what chang
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:
"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supre.
We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiah's; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Th'ire under evil, and work ease out of pain
Though labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruuling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobsurred,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mitering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence full
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Of penance, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advise peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd.
A pillar of state; deep on his front engrav'd
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:

"Thrones and imperial Powers, Offspring of Heav'n
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire: doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude. For he, be sure,
In hight or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it; here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset: either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurt'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Plead'd his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of Mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we see
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So tardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
"O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
Bar'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of messential Night receives him next,
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranity, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek,
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd,
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes now besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers;
Most came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Are the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Th'n Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state; him round
Globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.

When their session ended they bid cry
From trumpet's regal sound the great result:
And the four winds four speedy Cherubim
To their mouths the sounding alchymy,
Herald's voice explain'd; the hollow Abyss
And far and wide, and all the host of Hell
In deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds and somewhat raised
False presumptuous hope, the rang'd powers
Abound; and wandering each his several way
Gives, as inclination or sad choice
And him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Rest to his restless thoughts, and entertain
Inksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Fick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhonian rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
As when Alcides, from Æchalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Æta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers that disgorgè
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Coytus, named of lamentation loud
Paradise Lost

Head on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns fore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt,
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the advent'rous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes agast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of deep,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengal, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were bras
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberan mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Paradise Lost

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not fear'd—God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd—
And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dares, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asl'd of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:

"Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Untouched, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breathed defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,"
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air;
So frown'd the mighty combattants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids,
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou callest
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the Fortress of Hell gate replied:
"Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Became most enamour'd; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
this deep, and in the general fall
Into I also; at which time this powerful key
Into these gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest, 
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way, 
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain 
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew 
Transform’d; but he, my inbred enemy, 
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart, 
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh’d 
From all her caves, and back resounded Death!
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 
Inflamed with lust than rage) and swifter far, 
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay’d, 
And, in embraces forcible and foul 
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 
Surround me, as thou saw’st, hourly conceived 
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite 
To me; for, when they list, into the womb 
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw 
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth 
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round, 
That rest or intermission none I find. 
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on, 
And me, his parent, would full soon devour 
For want of other prey, but that he knows 
His end with mine involved, and knows that I 
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane, 
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced. 
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope 
To be invulnerable in those bright arms, 
Though temper’d heavenly; for that mortal dint, 
Save he who reigns above, none can resist."
She finish’d; and the subtle Fiend his lore 
Soon learn’d, now milder, and thus answer’d smooth: 
"Dear daughter, since thou claim’st me for thy sire, 
And my fair son here shew’st me, the dear pledge 
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Belief us unforeseen, unthought of, know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Creased vast and round, a place of bliss
Is the purlicus of Heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lost Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wag silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours: there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
Given horrible a gastype smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw
Dedicated to that good hour. No less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
"The key of this infernal pit, by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
M.
Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born, 
Here in perpetual agony and pain, 
With terrors and with clamours compass’d round 
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed? 
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou 
My being gavest me; whom should I obey 
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon 
To that new world of light and bliss, among 
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign 
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems 
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.” 
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key, 
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took; 
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train, 
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew, 
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers 
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns 
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar 
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease 
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly, 
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate 
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook 
Of Erebus. She open’d, but to shut 
Excell’d her power; the gates wide open stood, 
That with extended wings a banner’d host, 
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through 
With horse and chariots rank’d in loose array; 
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth 
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame. 
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark 
Illimitable ocean, without bound, 
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height, 
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night 
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise 
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand. 
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fier 
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm’d or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber’d as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene’s torrid soil,
Levièd to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix’d
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds,
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look’d a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal’d
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raise
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He as spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unaware, Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuf of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft; that fury stay’d,
Quench’d in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land, nigh founded, on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies  
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: "Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint  
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek  
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,  
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
travel this profound. Direct my course:
no mean recompense it brings
your behoof, if I that region lost,
usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
her original darkness and your sway
Which is my present journey), and once more.
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fed not in silence through the frightened deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed!
Havoc and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Envir'on'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd:
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on: with difficulty and labour he;
But, he once pass'd, soon after, when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death remain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a curs'd hour, he hies.
BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice: Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some thing can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meeker Angel, and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwell from eternity, dwell then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphic lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovrain vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mænides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High throned above all hight, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Brevity past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On Earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there,
Costing the wall of Heaven on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm and imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spoke:

"O only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heav'n on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created World,
And Man there placed, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience; so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fall'd
Freyly they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive.
What pleasure I, from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice),
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination overruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose: for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Theirs freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-depraved; Man falls, deceived
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace;
The other, none. In mercy and justice both,
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."
Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:
"O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right!
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence."
To whom the great Creator thus replied:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapse'd powers, though forfeit, and enthralld
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long suffrance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done. Man, disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and so, losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But, to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other, able and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:
"Father, thy word is pass'd, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way;
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprovided, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming! He her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me, then: me for him, life for life,
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man: I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage:
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Le vanquish'd: thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave,
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil.
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd;
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and shew
The powers of Darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave;
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud.
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."
His words here ended; but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither ten
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:
"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works; nor Man the least,
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost!
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored; without thee, none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though theron in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
For more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Assumed universal King. All power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as Head supreme,
Thrones, Princes, Powers, Dominions, I reduce;
All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten: such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers fall,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him who, to compass all this, dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwoe with amaranth and gold:
Immortals amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom, but soon for Man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.
With these that never fade the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams.
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throne inaccessible, but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

The next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfixed on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein,
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drovest of warring Angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit, thy powers with loud acclaim
There only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
Not so on Man; him, through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile, upon the firm opacious globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclosed
From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It seemed; now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflexion gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dialoging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeaning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the spars
Of Ganges or Hysaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none,
None yet; but store hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Paradise Lost

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life.
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
First retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish’d works of Nature’s hand,
Abotive, monstrous, or unkindly mix’d,
Dissolv’d on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not is the neighbouring moon, as some have dream’d:
These argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle Spirits, hold,
BFact the angelical and human kind.
Habur, of ill-join’d sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came,
With many a vain exploit, though then renown’d;
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Senaar, and still with vain design
New Babes, had they wherewithal, would build;
Others came single: he who, to be deem’d
A god, leap’d fondly into Ætna flames,
Epaphroditus; and he who, to enjoy
Plato’s Elysium, leap’d into the sea,
Oenobrotus; and many more, too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars.
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray’d so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix’d,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The tempidation talk’d, and that first moved;
And now Saint Peter at Heaven’s wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot.
Of Heaven’s ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast.
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away,
Into the devious air. Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toss
And flutter'd into rags; then relics, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bullis,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the World far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd;
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travel'd steps. Far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven."
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth sailing arrived,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake,
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss;
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide;
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass’d frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From Panaes, the fount of Jordan’s flood,
To Beersaha, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem’d, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.

Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scale by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown’d metropolis
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn’d,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this World beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood,
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night’s extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and, without longer pause,
Down right into the World’s first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem’d other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem’d, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Allured his eye. Thither his course he bends,
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude) where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far. They, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lan
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright;
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,
Imagine rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought;
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Paradise Lost

Plausible gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused; so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct; and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The Archangel Uriel; one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Ea.
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts:
"Uriel! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring;
Where all his Sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat; or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways!"

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth;
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill;
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:

"Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither,
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven;
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This World's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines:
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid.
Timely interposes, and, her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss; me mine requires. a
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God-Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Earth whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds, in the shape of a cormorant, on the Tree of Life, as highest in Garden, to look about him. The Garden described: Satan's first steps, Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence, that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state and some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit escaped the Deep, and passed at noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise; discovered after by his furious gestures, the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night compli
Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam’s bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he sorely answers, prepares resistance, but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud, Then when the Dragon, put to second rout, Came furious down to be revenged on men, “Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!” that now, While time was, our first parents had been warn’d The coming of their secret foe, and scaped, Happily so scaped, his mortal snare! For now Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down, The tempter ere the accuser of mankind, To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell: Ye not rejoicing in his speed, though bold Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast, Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast, And like a devilish engine back recoils Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir The Hell within him; for within him Hell He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell One step, no more than from himself, can fly By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair That slumber’d; wakes the bitter memory Of what he was, what is, and what must be Worse: of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue. Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad; Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing sun, Which now sat high in his meridian tower: Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:
"O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean
Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand;
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to add
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurst, since, love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O then at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign’d submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void—
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep—
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World!
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven’s King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld;
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel, once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and overhead up grew
Insuperable hight of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeard, with gay enamell'd colours mix't;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth: so lovely seem'd
That landscape. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair; now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole.
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mosambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sahran odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest: with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodeous with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which when the Arch-Felon saw,
The entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overlap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdle cotes amidst the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
Is at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect what, well used, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any but God alone to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more,
A Heaven on Earth; for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted: Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd.
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminient, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With many error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unperched shade
Imbrownd the noon-tide bowers. Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Grove whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hug amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or rainy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irrigous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, unbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Kiss with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Let on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Ena, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyselian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw delighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendril, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
or those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
em was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
th shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,
'd banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
spicily and spotless innocence!
pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
God or Angel, for they thought no ill;
hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
at ever since in love's embraces met:
ann the goodliest man of men since born
s sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
der a tuft of shade that on a green
ed whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
ey sat them down; and after no more toil
their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
ere easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
ere grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
ctane fruits, which the compliant boughs
lided them, sidelong as they sat recline
the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers.
ayour pulp they chew, and in the rind,
ll as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
prose purpose, nor endearing smiles
amed, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
ue couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
one as they. About them frisking play'd
beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
wood or wilderness, forest or den.
porting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
andied the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
ambit before them; the unwieldy elephant,
make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
is like proboscis; close the serpent sly,
animating, wove with Gordian twine
his braided train, and of his fatal guile
ave proof unheeded. Others on the grass
ouch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad:
"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how high
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
Henceforth: my dwelling, haply, may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd
And, should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged
By conquering this new World, compels me no
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of these four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Ne'er to view his prey, and unspied
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd. About them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlist two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close; then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Where rushing he might surest seize them both,
Gripped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow:
"Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer myself than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is;
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that Tree;
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights;
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowes
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form’d flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself repos’d
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem’d another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear’d,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return’d,
Pleased it return’d as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fix’d
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn’d me: ‘What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race. What could I do
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turn’d;
Thou, following, cried’st aloud, ‘Return, fair Eve;
Whom fiest thou? whom thou fiest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side.
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell’d by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.”
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unapprov’d,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean’d
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds.
That shed May flowers, and press’d her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn’d
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain’d:
“Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another’s arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill’d, with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learnt'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures; for long woes are to succeed."
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his 
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays. It was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
The unwarmed youth of Heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
High, with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste:
"
"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at hight of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image. I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured,
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the Deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,
See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come'
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have overleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now full a
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the host
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings Heaven takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Untaught I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change: all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:

But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
Those have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Let total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow"
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeknown in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were non
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Solo, or responsive each to other’s note,
Singing their great-Creator’s! Oft in hands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join’d, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass’d
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to Man’s delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Penc’d up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and wroth
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider’d the ground, more colour’d than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester’d, though but feign’d,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espous’d Eve deck’d first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly choirs the hymenean sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts; and, O I too like
In sad event, when, to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, Earth, and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent; and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop't falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their innmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
 Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Denying as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels: not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeard,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix’d dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull’d by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower’d roses, which the morn repair’d. Sleep on,
Blest pair! and, O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more!
Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault;
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing, at the accustom’d hour, stood arm’d
To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
“Uziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north:
Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call’d
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:
“Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing’d speed
Search through this garden; leave unsearch’d no nook
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.”
This evening from the sun's decline arrived
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?), escaped
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring." 800
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back step't those two fair Angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisy King;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:
"Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell
Com'mst thou, escaped thy prison? and, transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"
"Know ye not, then," said Satan, filled with scorn,
"Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar!
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?"
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:
"Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stood'zt in Heaven upright and pure.
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace.
Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,
"Best with the best, the sender, not the sent;
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
"Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee, wicked and thence weak."
The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud:
"O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third, of regal port,
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell;"
Not likely to part hence without contest.
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.\(^9\)

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake:
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
"Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Pets me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt, 880
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Tement with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought:
To see no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried. And wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance. Thus much what was ask'd:
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.\(^9\)
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:
"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed!
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 900
However, and to scape his punishment!"
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourgé that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollies thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behaves,
From hard assays and ill successes past,
A faithful leader; not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried,
I therefore, I alone, first undertook
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy
This new-created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."
To whom the warrior Angel soon replied:
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan; and couldst thou 'faithful' add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head,
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I areed thee now: Avaunt!
Fly hither whence thou fledst. If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd."
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:
"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud imitary Cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Sits on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands
Last on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least, had gone to wrack, disturb’d and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astraea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh’d,
The pendulous round Earth with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms. In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick’d the beam;
Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend:
“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine
Neither our own, but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire. For proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh’d, and shewn how light, how we
If thou resist.” The Fiend look’d up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream: he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand—who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance describ'd; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his house; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to Be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there invited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl, When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep Was aery light, from pure digestion bred, And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan, Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song Of birds on every bough; so much the more His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, All through unquiet rest. He, on his side Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld beauty, which, whether waking or asleep, Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice Miled as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake, My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It said,
'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze?'
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge. Fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia. On that Tree he also gazed;
And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?1
This said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold;
But he thus, overjoy'd: 'O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men!
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Purtake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happler thou may'st be, worthier canst not be;
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess; not to Earth confined,
But sometimes in the Air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wandering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, acry shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad:
Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd, then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd.
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up risen, 240
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lovely they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness: and they thus began:
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
This wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circled his throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven;
O Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Finest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright circket, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
Is thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fleest,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiformal, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Yea Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers: where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd bougns, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan, from Hell scaped through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
Is them at once to ruin all mankind.
Come, therefore, half this day, as friend with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired
To respite his day-labour with repast
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fell'n himself from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Let wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surpris'd, unadmonish'd, unforwarn'd;"

"So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice; nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
Voil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew through the midst of Heaven; the angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road, till, at the gate
Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Dwane the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence, no cloud or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon;
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phcenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A Seraph wing'd. Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine: the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound:
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd:
"Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold
Eastward among those trees what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare."
To whom thus Eve: "Adam, Earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspired, small store will serve where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven."
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth-rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmeard with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape,
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said: “Native of Heaven (for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain)
Since, by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us,
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.”

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild:
“Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on, then, where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will.” So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
With flowerets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Soo'd to entertain her guest from Heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel "Hail!"
Beswo'rd, the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve:
"Hail! Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table!" Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author: "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
Those bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The Earth to yield: unsavoury food, perhaps,
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."
To whom the Angel: "Therefore, what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your rational; and both contain
With them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer: earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoptive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister’d naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown’d. O innocence
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour’d at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign’d, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover’s hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burden’d nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
Exceed human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:
   "Inhabitant with God, now know I well
By favour, in this honour done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Fed not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"

To whom the winged Hierarch replied:
   "O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Enahd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
Be more refined, more spirituous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending;
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More sery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive: discourse
Is what yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
M."
Ethereal, as we; or may at choice
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell,
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied:
"O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joined, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience, then,
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the Angel: "Son of Heaven and Earth,
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand:
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.  
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell: O fall  
From what high state of bliss into what woe!"  
To whom our great Progenitor: "Thy words  
Attest, and with more delighted ear,  
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
Chymic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
Astral music send; nor knew I not  
To be, both will and deed, created free.  
Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assured me, and still assure; though what thou tell'st  
Hath pass'd in Heaven some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great zone of heaven."  
Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,  
After short pause assenting, thus began:  
"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,  
Sid task and hard; for how shall I relate  
To human sense the invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,  
The min of so many, glorious once  
And perfect while they stood? how, last, unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good  
This is dispensed, and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense I shall delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best: though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein  
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought!  
"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth now rests
Upon her centre poised; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future), on such day
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of Angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd
Under their Hierarchies in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of Hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear embrazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:
"Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princecedoms, Virtues, Powers
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand!
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint,
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual soul,
For ever happy. Him who disobeys
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.'
"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
song and dance about the sacred hill;
yysical dance, which yonder starry sphere
if planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
sembles nearest, mazes intricate,
ccentric, interwoven, yet regular
then most when most irregular they seem;
nd is their motions harmony divine
opro smoothes her charming tones that God's own ear
est delighted. Evening now approach'd
for we have also our evening and our morn,
ears for change delectable, not need),
ord with dance to sweet repast they turn
sious: all in circles as they stood,
able are set, and on a sudden piled
ith Angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
ey eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
staff immortality and joy, secure
if surfeit where full measure only bounds
ess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
ith copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
oon that high mount of God whence light and shade
pring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
o grateful twilight (for night comes not there
arker veil), and roseate dews disposed
ll but the unseeping eyes of God to rest,
ide over all the plain, and wider far
han all this globous Earth in plain outspread
uch are the courts of God), the angelic throng,
ispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
y living streams among the trees of life,
vilious numberless and sudden rear'd,
cestial tabernacles, where they slept
and'd with cool winds; save those who, in their course,
ulicious hymns about the sovran throne
ternate all night long. But not so waked
atan, so call him now; his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven. He, of the first,  
If not the first Archangel, great in power, 
In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
With envy against the Son of God, that day  
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
Messiah, King anointed, could not bear  
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,  
Contemptuous; and, his next subordinate  
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:  
"Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can  
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree,  
Of yesterday, so late pass'd the lips  
Of Heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed:  
New laws from him who reigns new minds may rise  
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The quarters of the North, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.  
"So spake the false Archangel, and infused  
Bad influence into the unwary breast  
Of his associate. He together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
the Most High commanding, now ere night,
er dim night had disencumber'd Heaven,
great Hierarchal standard was to move;
the suggested cause, and casts between
guous words and jealousies, to sound
int integrity. But all obey'd
wonted signal, and superior voice
air great Potentate; for great indeed
name, and high was his degree in Heaven:
countenance, as the morning star that guides
starry flock, allured them, and with lies
r after him the third part of Heaven's host.
while, the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
uest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
from within the golden lamps that burn
ly before him, saw without their light
llion rising; saw in whom, how spread
ng the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
banded to oppose his high decree;
ailing, to his only Son thus said:
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
ll resplendence, Heir of all my might,
ly it now concerns us to be sure
ur omnipotence, and with what arms
mean to hold what anciently we claim
city or empire: such a foe
sing, who intends to erect his throne
t to ours, throughout the spacious North;
so content, hath in his thought to try
attle what our power is or our right.
as advise, and to this hazard draw
speed what force is left, and all employ
r defence, lest unawares we lose
our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
ning divine, ineffable, serene,
e answer: 'Mighty Father, thou thy foes
y hast in derision, and secure
hst at their vain designs and tumults vain,
ter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.’

“So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass’d, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this Garden is to all the earth
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch’d into longitude; which having pass’d,
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call’d;
For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calamitous art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:

“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Po
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross’d
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King anointed; for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
Too much to one! but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke!
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and Sons of Heaven possess'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve!
"Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Judg'd, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed:
"O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers!
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right ended
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With Him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of Heaven
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less; bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count
Or all angelic nature joined in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made; since he, the head,
One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
The incensed Father and the incensed Son
While pardon may be found, in time besought.'
"So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash; whereat rejoiced
The Apostle, and more haughty thus replied;
"'That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd; when
When this creation was? Remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised  
By our own quickening power, when fatal course  
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
Of this our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.  
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal; then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt the Almighty throne  
Beseaching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings, carry to the anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.:

"He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,  
Hooe the murmur echoed to his words applause  
Through the infinite host; nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone,  
Encircled round with foes, thus answer'd bold:  
"O alienate from God, O Spirit accurst,  
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved  
In this pernicious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws  
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall;  
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject  
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
Impendent, raging in sudden flame,  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know::  
"So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found;  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, un seduced, un terrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doom'd.
Ouseous darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well
Seen twilight here. And now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceived, war in proxinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported; gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n yet one,
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:
"Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
O, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel; lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and, to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.'

"So spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array, on wing
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in the horizon to the North, appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battalious aspect; and, nearer view,
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Augier; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way. Though strange to us it seem'd
At first that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twas host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Same, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Abiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
"Who Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reailty
Remain not: wherefor should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His paissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
1 man to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome:"
"So pondering, and from his armed peers
Feth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied:

"Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reach
The highth of thy aspiring unopposed,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who, out of smallest things, could without end
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness! But thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands 

"Whom the grand Foe, with scornful eye ask'd:
Thus answer'd: 'Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert; who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comest
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may shew
Destruction to the rest. This pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministering Spirits, train'd up in feast and song:
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
At both their deeds compared this day shall prove.'

"To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied:
'Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd;
Yet lustily darest our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Rehearts obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile,
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd: as if, on Earth,
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
The Archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest; nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing Bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
Resounded, and, had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat!
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heaven high overruled
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Widowasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Archangel from his warlike toil
Sucessed, and glad, as hoping here to end
Infinite war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
"Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out
From all her confines; Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Rooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'
"So spake the prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversary: 'Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or, if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost force
(And join him named Almighty to thy aid)
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh,
"They ended parle, and both address’d for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such hight
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem’d,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion: such as (to set forth
Great things by small) if, Nature’s concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim’d
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear’d
In might or swift prevention. But the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper’d so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay’d,
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The gridding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him; but the ethereal substance closed, not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits, that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail Man
In enails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air;
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

"Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmidae,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with gaily wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

"And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerve,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

"Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war;
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping placed in guard their watches round,
Chemic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night,
And in the midst thus undismay'd began:

"O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Fed worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but, what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfull'est to send
Agist us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour head'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unshurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.'

"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
See toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake:

"Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods! yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work, we find
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain?
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe."

"Whereeto with look composed Satan replied:

'Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believest so main to our success, I bring,
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold,
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which, into hollow engines long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
"He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.
The invention all admired, and each how he
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible. Yet haply of thy race,
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerous hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of Nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Extracts unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of massive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.
"Now when fair Morn orient in Heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung; in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon hallowed; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail,
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

"Arm, warriors, arm for fight! The foe at hand
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire."

"So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
And onward move embattled: when, behold!
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginy, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

"Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt: however, witness Heaven!
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge
Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear."

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired;
Which to our eyes discover’d, new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem’d,
Or hollow’d bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches loft, in wood or mountain fell’d),
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce. At each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amused;
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appear’d,
From those deep-throated engines belch’d, whose roar
Embowell’d with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain’d thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Level’d, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Archangel roll’d,
The sooner for their arms: unarm’d, they might
Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow’d, and forced rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? If on they rush’d, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank’d of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder; back defeated to return
They worse abhor’d. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call’d:
"O friends, why come not on these victors proud?"
Paradise Lost

Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace. But I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result."

"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
'Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, highthen'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels placed!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines' triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Carne shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purist at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurtled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
To this uprear; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his anointed Son, avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began:
"O! Eulogise of my glory, Son beloved,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Vivibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are pass'd,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd: which makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore pass'd, the third is thine:
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare:
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy desired right.
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis; bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out;
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep;
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King.'

"He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face received;
And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake:
"O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee,
As is most just. This I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleased declar'est thy will
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss."
Sorte and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
To whom thou hatest I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
And with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness and the undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
When to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints, unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unsign'd halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'
"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flash'd thick flames, wheel within wheel, undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes. Four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Wherein a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urím, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Atended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throne'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surprised
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
Aofi by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
"This saw his hapless foes, but stood obtur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy, and, aspiring to his hight,
Stood re-embattled fiend, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdain'ing flight,
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:
"'Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand,
Ye Angels arm'd; this day from battle rest.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd,
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Nor emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

"So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All But the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes:
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Clared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
M.
Among the accurst, that withersh'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell saw
Heaven ruin'd from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd.
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throne'd
On high; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

"Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan: he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Retired of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
That once to gain companion of his woe.

But listen not to his temptations; warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress."
BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore the World was first created: that God, after the expelling of Satan and Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attends of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his resurrection in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine Following, above the Olympian hill I soar, Above the flight of Pegasusian wing! The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heavenly born, Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd, Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse, Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased With thy celestial song. Up led by thee, Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed, An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air, Thy tempering: with like safety guided down, Return me to my native element; Lest from this flying steed unchain'd (as once Bellerophon, though from a lower clime) Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall, Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound Within the visible diurnal sphere. Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole, More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanced To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
Paradise Lost

70
ness, and with dangers compass'd round, 75
itude; yet not alone, while thou my slumbers nightly, or when morn 80
the east. Still govern thou my song, and fit audience find, though few; 85
ve far off the barbarous dissonance thus and his revellers, the race 90
wild rout that tore the Thracian bard 95
do, where woods and rocks had ears sure, till the savage clamour drown'd 100
up and voice; nor could the Muse defend 105
. So fail not thou who thee implores; 110
art heavenly, she an empty dream. 115
Godess, what ensued when Raphael, 120
able Archangel, had forewarn'd 125
by dire example to beware 130
by, what befell in Heaven 135
se apostates, lest the like befall 140
ise to Adam or his race, 145
not to touch the interdicted Tree, 150
transgress, and slight that sole command, 155
ly obey'd amid the choice 160
tastes else to please their appetite, 165
wandering. He with his consorted Eve 170
ory heard attentive, and was fill'd 175
miration and deep muse, to hear 180
ings so high and strange, things to their thought 185
imaginable as hate in Heaven, 190
ar so near the peace of God in bliss, 195
ch confusion; but the evil, soon 200
back, redounded as a flood on those 205
whom it sprung, impossible to mix 210
blessedness. Whence Adam soon repea'd 215
cubs that in his heart arose; and now 220
yet sinless, with desire to know 225
near might concern him, how this World 230
ven and Earth conspicuous first began; 235
and whereof, created; for what cause; 240
within Eden, or without, was done 245
his memory; as one whose drouth
Yet scarce align’d still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceed thine to ask his heavenly guest:

“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal’d,
Divine interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovrain will, the end,
Of what we are. But, since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern’d
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem’d,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known:
How first began this heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn’d
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interused,
Embracing round this florid Earth; what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun how soon
Absolved; if unforbid thou may’st unfold
What we not to explore the secrets ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep;
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his absence till thy song
Ea.d, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the godlike Angel answered mild:
"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy bearing; such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain.
'To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope,
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven;
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know then that after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, the omnipotent
External Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

"At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites.
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried,
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth;
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,
Though I uncircumscribed myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not: Necessity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate. 1
"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace;
Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to Him
Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordain'd
God out of evil to create; instead
Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Circl'd with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense; and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord. Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Upr from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace!"

Said then the omnific Word: 'Your discord end!'
Nor stay'd; but, on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train.
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
This be thy just circumference, O World!'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void. Darkness profound
Cover'd the Abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue-infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to several place:
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"'Let there be light!' said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the Deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night,
He named. Thus was the first day even and mom;
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first mom.

"Again, God said, 'Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters!' And God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heaven he named the firmament. So even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
"The Earth was form'd, but, in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear'd not; over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Subside with genial moisture; when God said,
'Be gather'd now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emerge, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the timid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters; thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproff'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Fast rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods. As armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Deep to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found:
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebb'd; nor withstand them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, 'Let the Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.'
He scarce had said when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blow'n,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field; add the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crown'd
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers; that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades; though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem. God saw that it was good;
So even and morn recorded the third day.

"Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be lights
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the Earth'; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altera; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For, of celestial bodies, first the sun
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould; then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heaven thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Higher, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
Byincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though, from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west, was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
Is that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of heaven!'  
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth!'  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea. Part, single or with mate,
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their waved coats drest with gold;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch; on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play; part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and pens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge.
They summ'd their pens, and, soaring, the air sublimes,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region; part more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flows as they pass, fanned with unnumber'd plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Soled the woods, and spread their painted wings,
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Cesed warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennions, tower
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin, when God said,
'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the Earth,
Each in their kind!' The Earth obey'd, and straight,
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants; ambiguous between sea and land,
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green;
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed;
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty. Swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gavest them name
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

"Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd.
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Governing the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Direct in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works. Therefore the omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
"Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground!" This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becamest a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
"Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth." Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delightful both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Give thee: all sorts are here that all the Earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the Tree
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin.
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

"Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good.
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
The addition of his empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
The Heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;
'Open, ye Heavens, your living doors! let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the seven
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
Paradise Lost

Tower arrived, and sat him down at Father; for he also went
stay'd (such privilege presence), and the work ordain'd,
end of all things, and, from work, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
that day from all his work; silence holy kept: the harp
rested not; the solemn pipe,
or, all organs of sweet stop,
from fret by string or golden wire,
fret tunings, intermix'd with voice
aison; of incense clouds,
golden censers, hid the mount.
the six days' acts they sung:
works, Jehovah! infinite
what thought can measure thee, or tongue
greater now in thy return
the giant Angels: thee that day
magnified; but to create
than created to destroy.
spair thee, mighty King, or bound?
 Easily the proud attempt
postate and their counsels vain
repell'd, while impiously they thought
finish, and from thee withdraw
of thy worshippers. Who seeks
see, against his purpose serves
the more thy might; his evil
and from thence greatest more good.
new-made World, another Heaven
gate not far, founded in view
hyaline, the glassy sea;
almost immense, with stars
and every star perhaps a world
habitation; but thou know'st
among these the seat of men,
his nether ocean circumfused,
place: Thrice happy men,
of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just; thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!
"So sung they, and the Empyrean rung
With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say."

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully assented and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge.
assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk.
God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptial Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after adm.
repeated, departs.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:
"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goody frame, this World
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes; this Earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diametral) merely to officiate light
Round this opacious Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sunless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light:
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."
So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladiolus grew.
Yet went she not as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unmattended; for on her as queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
Benevolent and facile thus replied:
"To ask or search I blame thee not; for Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge.
His secrets, to be scan'd by them who ought
Rather admire. Or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven,
And calculate the stars; how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glittering, may of solid good contain
Mere plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first received,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.

And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,

Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.

God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the World, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incised, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
Is six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch day,
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This Earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns, perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the World,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun, predominant in Heaven,
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise;
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied:
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd; and of her roving is no end,
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance; now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard.
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answer’d, heavenly meek:
"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour’d,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms
Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man;
For God, we sec, hath honour’d thee, and set
On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,
Squared in full legion (such command we had),
To see that none thence issued forth a spy
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mix’d:
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return’d up to the coasts of light
Ere Sabbath evening; so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire:
"For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart overflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
What'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?'
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide,
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submit. He rear'd me, and, 'Whom thou sough't:
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no death.
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eatest thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of we and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension. But in these
I find not what, methought, I wanted still,
And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed:
"O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Abore thee, Author of this Universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things? But with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?"
Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:
"What call'st thou solitude? Is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied:
"'Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power!
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak,
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

'Whereeto the Almighty answer'd, not displeased:
'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?’

"He ceased; I lowly answer’d: ‘To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek’st not
Social communication; yet, so pleased,
Cast raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, defined;
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find;’
Thus I embolden’d spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain’d
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine:

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute;
Whose fellowship therefore, unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still. I, ere thou spakest,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And so such company as then thou saw’st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could’st judge of fit and meet.
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire."
"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpoer'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the high
In that celestial colloqy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure;
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uniform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:
"This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self
Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'

"She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Plung rose, plung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.

"Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here,
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else

M.
Superior and unmoved, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures. Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousetest, discreetest, best:
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discomfitance, and like Folly shews;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."
To whom the Angel, with contracted brow:
"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For what admirest thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself;
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shews:
Maid so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
Not if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still:
In loving thou dost well; in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
Is Reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied:
"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
Is recreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence, I deem),
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Let these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blamest me not; for love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the heavenly Spirits? and how their loye
Express they? by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"
To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd: "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love; but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest. Stand fast; to stand or fall,
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction: "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory; thou to Mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.
BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satyr, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a hound by night into Paradise; enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide by several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her lone alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The Serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first passing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding, not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden. The Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both: they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic: foul distrust and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son:
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimpeached,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse,
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late,
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feign'd (the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsing'd), or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals:
The skill of artifice or office mean;
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round;
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch. Thence full of anguish driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of Night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid. Sea he had search'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Marottis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
West from Oromtes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
A vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight; for in the wily snake
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which, in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

"O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receivest from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all sumn'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my stay:
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
Is woe then, that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The Angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exiled from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pray
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose many folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspire must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last.
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,  
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."  
So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,  
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
Fearless, unfe'rd, he slept. In at his mouth  
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
With act intelligent; but his sleep  
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of mor.  
Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs;  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew  
The hands' dispatch of two, gardening so wide:  
And Eve first to her husband thus began:  
"Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but, till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
Paradise Lost

One night or two with wanton growth derides, Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise, Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present: Let us divide our labours—thou where choice Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind The woodbine round this arbour, or direct The clasping ivy where to climb; while I, In yonder spring of roses intermix’d With myrtle, find what to redress till noon. For, while so near each other thus all day Our task we choose, what wonder if so near Looks intervene and smiles, or object new Casual discourse draw on, which intermits Our day’s work, brought to little, though begun Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn’d!"

To whom mild answer Adam thus return’d:
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond Compare above all living creatures dear! Well hast thou motion’d, well thy thoughts employ’d How we might best fulfil the work which here God hath assign’d us, nor of me shalt pass Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found In woman than to study household good, And good works in her husband to promote. Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed Labour, as to debar us when we need Refreshment, whether food, or talk between, Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow, To brute denied, and are of love the food, Love, not the lowest end of human life. For not to irksome toil, but to delight, He made us, and delight to reason join’d. These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide As we need walk, till younger hands ere long Assist us. But if much converse perhaps Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield; For solitude sometimes is best society, And short retirement urges sweet return."
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need.
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied:
 "Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast?
Adam! misthought of her to thee so dear?"
To whom with healing words Adam replied:
"Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;
Not effident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found; misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or overreach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:
"If this be our condition thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endured
Single with like defence wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity; his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherfore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:
"O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force: within himself
Th' danger lies, yet lies within his power;
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine.'
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:
"With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
The willing I go, nor much expect
A fee so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening tools as art, yet rude,
Guilless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Lilet thou seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vestalus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
Of much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Foundst either sweet repast or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses bushes round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd: them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imbordér'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Paradise Lost

with rural sight, each rural sound;
with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
seem'd, for her now pleases more,
d in her look sums all delight:
he took the Serpent to behold
plat, the sweet recess of Eve
hus alone. Her heavenly form
more soft and feminine,
innocence, her every air
least action, overawed
and with rapine sweet bereaved
of the fierce intent it brought:
he Evil One abstracted stood
on evil, and for the time remain'd
of enmity disarm'd,
hate, of envy, of revenge.
hell that always in him burns,
Heaven, soon ended his delight,
him now more, the more he sees
not for him ordain'd; then soon
he recollects, and all his thoughts
gratulating, thus excites:
whither have ye led me? with what sweet
thus transported to forget
brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
for Hell, hope here to taste
but all pleasure to destroy,
in destroying; other joy
it. Then let me not let pass
ich now smiles: behold alone
opportunity to all attempts,
round, not nigh,
oral intellectual more I shun,
, of courage haughty, and of limb,
though of terrestrial mould;
formidable, exempt from wound,
uch hath Hell debased, and pain
me, to what I was in Heaven.
hely fair, fit love for Gods,
though terror be in love

And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger under shew of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the Enemy of mankind, enclosed
In serpent, innate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier; not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Amnonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio, the high't of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Cur'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such dispers before her through the field,
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
fraudulent temptation thus began:

Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps

a canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm

Jooks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,

Leased that I approach thee thus, and gaze

iate, I thus single, nor have fear'd

awful brow, more awful thus retired.

e resemblance of thy Maker fair,

e all things living gaze on, all things thine

it, and thy celestial beauty adore,

avishment beheld, there best beheld

re universally admired; but here

is enclosure wild, these beasts among,

Iders rude, and shallow to discern

what in thee is fair, one man except,

sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen

ddress among Gods, adored and served

Angels numberless, thy daily train."

olozed the Tempter, and his poem tuned;

he heart of Eve his words made way,

agh at the voice much marvelling; at length,

amazed, she thus in answer spake:

What may this mean? Language of man pronounced

tongue of brute, and human sense express'd!

first at least of these I thought denied

Beasts, whom God on their creation-day

ated mute to all articulate sound;

atter I demur, for in their looks

reason, and in their actions, oft appears.

Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field

ew, but not with human voice ended;

doubt then this miracle, and say,

a camest thou speakable of mute, and how

me so friendly grown above the rest

brutal kind, that daily are in sight?

for such wonder claims attention due."  

o whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:

ress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!

o to me it is to tell thee all

at thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd.
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or middle, all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame."

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grew up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad:
"Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blooming myrtle and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead then," said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In angles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glist'rd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:
"Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects!"
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."
To whom the Tempter guilefully replied:
"Indeed? Hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or air?"
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: "Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with shew of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this Universe! I do not believe
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatener? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot."
that be shut to Man which to the beast
pen? or will God incense his ire
such a petty trespass, and not praise
er your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
leth denounced, whatever thing death be,
'd not from achieving what might lead
happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
god, how just? of evil, if what is evil
real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
fear itself of death removes the fear.
then was this forbid? Why but to awa,
but to keep ye low and ignorant,
worshippers? He knows that in the day
at thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
are but dim, shall perfectly be then
'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
wring both good and evil, as they know.
Ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Man, is but proportion meet:
brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.
'shall die perhaps, by putting off
man, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,
threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring!
what are Gods, that Man may not become
they, participating godlike food?
Gods are first, and that advantage use
our belief, that all from them proceeds:
question it; for this fair Earth I see,
br'd by the sun, producing every kind,
nothing: if they all things, who enclosed
knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
whose eats thereof forthwith attains
com without their leave? and wherein lies
offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
part against his will, if all be his?
is it envy? and can envy dwell
heavenly breasts? These, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste!

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
First on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:
“Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inhibits the good
By thee communicated, and our want;
For good unknown sure is not had, or had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know?
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
Paradise Lost

t good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
edly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
nt fear I then? rather, what know to fear
her this ignorance of good and evil,
Gd or death, of law or penalty?
se grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
ly to the eye, inviting to the taste,
true to make wise: what hinders then
reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
> saying, her rash hand in evil hour
n reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat.
h felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
ing through all her works, gave signs of woe
n all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
uty Serpent, and well might, for Eve,
n not now only on her taste, nought else
ndered; such delight till then, as seem'd,
ruit she never tasted, whether true,
fancied so through expectation high
nowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
sil she ingorged without restraint,
knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
highten'd as with wine, joyound and boon,
e to herself she pleasingly began:
O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
Paradise! of operation blest
sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
ated! but henceforth my early care,
without song, each morning, and due praise,
ill tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
ried by thee, I grow mature
nowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
uugh others envy what they cannot give;
had the gift been theirs, it had not here
as grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
't guide: not following thee, I had remain'd
ignorance: thou open'st Wisdom's way,
givet access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; Heaven is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for, inferior, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."  
  So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt,
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted. By the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd:
"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
May I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
Din erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
TEDIUM, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Duty for thee, when fate will not permit."
Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax’d;
From his slack hand the garland wreath’d for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke:

"O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God’s works, creature in whom excel’d
Whatever can to sight or thought be form’d,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower’d, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil’d thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin’d; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join’d,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb’d,
Submitting to what seem’d remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn’d:

"Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent’rous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first
Paradise Lost

The common and unhallow'd ere our taste,
yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
, as thou said'st, and gains to live, as Man,
er degree of life: inducement strong
s, as likely, tasting, to attain
ortional ascent; which cannot be
to be Gods, or Angels, demi-gods.
can I think that God, Creator wise,
gh threatening, will in earnest so destroy
is prime creatures, dignified so high,
over all his works, which in our fall,
s created, needs with us must fail,
ident made; so God shall uncreate,
trate, do, undo, and labour lose;
well conceived of God, who, though his power
tion could repeat, yet would be loth
to abolish, lest the Adversary
mph and say: 'Fickle their state whom God
favours; who can please him long? Me first
run'd, now mankind; whom will he next?'
eter of scorn not to be given the Foe.
ver, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
in to undergo like doom: if death
ort with thee, death is to me as life;
rible within my heart I feel
bond of nature draw me to my own,
'n in thee, for what thou art is mine.
ate cannot be sever'd; we are one,
esh; to lose thee were to lose myself."
Aadam, and thus Eve to him replied:
orious trial of exceeding love,
ious evidence, example high!
ning me to emulate; but, short
ty perfection, how shall I attain,
r from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
gladly of our union hear thee speak,
heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
day affords, declaring thee resolved,
ter than death, or aught than death more dread,
l separate us, link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequal’d; but I feel
Far otherwise the event, not death, but life
Augmented, open’d eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch’d my sense flat seems to this and hars.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance had
Such recompense best merits), from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand; he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour’d, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear’d, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that false fruit
Far other operation first display’d,
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him.
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn,
Till Adam thus ’gan Eve to dalliance move:
"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part;
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious. I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey’d.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain’d
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish’d
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come; so well refresh’d, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn’d
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!"
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof embower’d,
He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, Earth’s freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love’s disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress’d them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play’d, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,
Red of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty Shame: he cover'd, but his robe.
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Delilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as strucken mute;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd:
"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments, now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insuferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
now, as in bad plight, devise
may for the present serve to hide
of each from other that seem most
obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
on our loins, may cover round
te parts, that this new comer, Shame,
not, and reproach us as unclean." 1100
ill'd he, and both together went
chest wood; there soon they chose
, not that kind of fruit renown'd,
at this day, to Indians known,
or Decan, spreads her arms
so broad and long that in the ground
twigs take root, and daughters grow
other tree, a pillar'd shade
ch'd, and echoing walks between:
Indian herdsmen, shunning heat,
cool, and tends his pasturing herds
a cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
1110
'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
that skill they had together sew'd,
ir waist; vain covering, if to hide
and dreaded shame! Oh how unlike
naked glory! Such of late
round the American, so girt
'd cincture, naked else and wild
trees on isles and woody shores.
, and, as they thought, their shame in part
not at rest or ease of mind,
em down to weep; nor only tears
air eyes, but high winds worse within
se, high passions, anger, hate,
spicion, discord, and shook sore
d state of mind, calm region once
peace, now lost and turbulent:
standing ruled not, and the Will
her lore, both in subjection now
Appetite, who from beneath
ver sovran Reason claim'd

Paradise Lost 321
Superior sway. From thus distemper'd breast
Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd:

"Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee! we had then
Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, this E
"What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
Impest thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd, thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discer'n'd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:
"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have lived, and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I more?"
I warn'd thee, I admonisht thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Setter of glorious trial; and perhaps
Also err'd in overmuch admiring
That seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
An evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
I shew the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Methinks to worth in women overtrusting,
As she will rule; restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Fins his weak indulgence will accuse."  
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
Fruitless hours, but neither self-accusing;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and
up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God
would that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He
this Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence
lightly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascending. Sin and
sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling
Success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed,
not to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up
place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this World to
they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the
that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him,
of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan
at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success
against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general his
his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into sep-
cording to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show
Forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching
of the fruit chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin
Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, a
renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to
several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, moved
perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the console
Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the
likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which
approves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the
promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent,
exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance
and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can escape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder’d not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire and free will arm’d,
Complete to have discover’d and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember’d
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
 Incurred (what could they less?) the penalty,
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.

Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
The Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From Earth arrived at Heaven gate, displeased
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet, mix’d
With pity, violated not their bliss.
new-arrived, in multitudes, 
and people ran, to hear and know 
fall. They towards the throne supreme 
made haste to make appear 
their utmost vigilance, 
approved; when the Most High 
er, from his secret cloud 
utter'd thus his voice: 
ed Angels, and ye Powers return'd 
successful charge, be not dismay'd, 
d at these tidings from the Earth, 
 sincerest care could not prevent, 
lately what would come to pass, 
this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell. 
en he should prevail and speed 
t errand; Man should be seduced 
d out of all, believing lies 
Maker; no decree of mine 
to necessitate his fall, 
lightest moment of impulse 
ll, to her own inclining left 
le. But fall'n he is; and now 
but that the mortal sentence pass 
agression, death denounced that day? 
resumes already vain and void, 
't yet inflicted, as he fear'd, 
immediate stroke; but soon shall find 
e no acquaintance ere day end: 
not return, as bounty, scorn'd. 
send I to judge them? whom but thee, 
Son? to thee I have transferr'd 
ent, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell. 
be seen that I intend 
riage with justice, sending thee, 
d, his Mediator, his design'd 
and Redeemer voluntary, 
ed Man himself to judge Man fall'n, 
the Father; and, unfolding bright 
right hand his glory, on the Son 
unclouded deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:
"Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook
Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment but the judged,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory; Him Thrones and Power,
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.

Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in
The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined; they hear:
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
ere obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought,  
conceI less conspicuous, or what change  
casts thee, or what chance detains? Come forth."  
he came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
offend, disconvenienced both, and discomposed;  
was not in their looks, either to God  
to each other, but apparent guilt,  
shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
er, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
se Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:  
heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
tid, being naked, hid myself." To whom  
gracious Judge without revile replied:  
y voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
still rejoiced; how is it now become  
readful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
reef I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"  
whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:  
"Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
se my judge, either to undergo  
elf the total crime, or to accuse  
other self, the partner of my life;  
see failing, while her faith to me remains,  
could conceal, and not expose to blame  
my complaint; but strict necessity  
sues me, and calamitous constraint,  
on my head both sin and punishment,  
ever insupportable, be all  
ved; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
st easily detect what I conceal.  
woman, whom thou madest to be my help,  
gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
t, so acceptable, so divine,  
from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
what she did, whatever in itself,  
seem'd to justify the deed;  
ave me of the tree, and I did eat."  
whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:  
as she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
"Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied:
"The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accused
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs,
As vitiated in nature. More to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall:
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the Woman I, will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."
So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave,
Spear'd Principalities and Powers, triumph'd
In open shew, and with ascension bright
Captive led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd:

"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."

Gad Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:

"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charged thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof,'
Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Uabid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off; then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassumed.
In glory as of old; to him appeared,
All, though all-knowing, what had pass’d with Mam.
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sin’d and judged on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass’d through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:

"O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return’d, with fury driven
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large
Beyond this Deep, whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along;
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer’d soon:
"Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live.
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest.
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death the following day in bloody fight:
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both, from out Hell gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Test up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell;
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Ptsora eastward, to the rich
Catholic coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
And with asphalitic slime; broad as the gate
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming Deep high-arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless World,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves—
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontificial, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vec'd Abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos to the outside bare
Of this round World. With pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The confines met of empyrean Heaven
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways,
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending, when, behold
Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose!
Disguised he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded sunk
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeding, seconded
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
tindings fraught, to Hell be now return'd, 330
at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
his new wondrous pontifice, unhoped
who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
at joy was at their meeting, and at sight
that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
the admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
siring daughter, thus the silence broke:
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
art their author and prime architect;
no sooner in my heart divined
heart, which by a secret harmony
moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet)
thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
also evidence, but straight I felt,
gh distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
I must after thee with this thy son;
fatal consequence unites us three.
could no longer hold us in her bounds,
this unvoyageable gulf obscure
in from following thy illustrious track.
hast achieved our liberty, confined
in Hell gates till now; thou us empower'd
erify thus far, and overlay
this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
the now is all this World; thy virtue hath won
thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
foil in Heaven: here thou shalt monarch reign,
thee not; there let him still victor sway,
attle hath adjudged, from this new World
ring, by his own doom alienated,
henceforth monarchy with thee divide
ll things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
quadrature, from thy orbicular World,
ly thee now more dangerous to his throne."
from thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad:
t daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan (for I glory in the name, 
Antagonist of Heaven’s Almighty King),
Amply have merited of me, of all
The infernal empire, that so near Heaven’s door
Triumphant with triumphant act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this World, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among those numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong.”

So saying, he dismiss’d them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations hold,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look’d was
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer’d. The other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over-built exclam’d,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail’d,
That scorrid his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass’d,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call’d
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd;
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
Counsel sat, solicitous what chance
Light intercept their Emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astrakan, over the snowy plains
Retire, or Bactrian Soph, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladale, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmark'd,
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and, from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen.
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permensive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All-amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Sent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was the acclaim.
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Hence, and with these words attention, won:
"Thrones, Dominations, Princeoms, Virtues, Powers!"
Or in possession such, not only of right,
Call ye, and declare ye now, return'd,
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Hominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant! Now possess,
As lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncoath passage, forced to ride
The untractable Abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created World, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection; therein Man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple! He, thereat
Offended—worth your laughter!—hath given up
Both his beloved Man and all his World
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed—when is not set—shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance; what remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?"
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dimal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanting, down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But his for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphibia dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and ellops drear,
And dipas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedept with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophissa); but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python; and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents. Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw
They felt themselves now changing: down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change;
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curled Megaera. Greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;
This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected. Oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish wrinkled their jaws,
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they
And worn with famine long, and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictian Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arrived: Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitus habitant: behind her Death,
One following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began:

"Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travall difficult? not better far
Thia still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?"

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answer'd soon:

"To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Aske is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse."

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied:

"Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No lonely morsels; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down devour unspared;
Till I, in Man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice:

"See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents), that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,"
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call’d and drew them thither,
My Hell-bounds, to lick up the draf and filth
Which Man’s polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till, cram’d and gorged, sighs burst
With suck’d and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last,
Through Chaos hurl’d, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and Earth renew’d shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain;
Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes. 9

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: “Just are thy ways
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destined restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend.” Such was their song;
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer’s heat. To the blane moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbeneign; and taught the fix’d
Their influence malignant when to shower;
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbentished shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended: else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalaition hot,
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cercias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these, as fierce
Forth rash the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eura and Zephyr with their lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduced through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:
"O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and me so late
The glory of that glory? who now, become
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness. Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply';
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? 'Ill fare our Ancestor impure!
For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks
Shall be the excommunication; so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concur'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I received, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refused
These terms whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then civil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and, reproved, retort,
"Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not."
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
First on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd: what dies but what had life
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction; which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me and without me, and so last
To perpetuity—Ay me! that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head! Both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both:
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forced I absolve; all my evasions vain
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear;
Than all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future;
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Oustretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death,"
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?"
But Death comes not at call; Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."
When thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed;
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:

"Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To overreach; but, with the Serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
And understood not all was but a shew,
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found! Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With men, as Angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And strat conjunctive with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
fell adversary, his hate or shame:

infinite calamity shall cause

man life, and household peace confound."

had not, and from her tum'd; but Eve,

so repuls'd, with tears that ceased not flowing,

tresses all disorder'd, at his feet

humble, and, embracing them, besought

peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

orsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven

love sincere and reverence in my heart

r thee, and unweeting have offended,

ply deceived! Thy suppliunt
;

and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,

con I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

counsel in this uttermost distress,

only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,

her shall I betake me, where subsist?

yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,

en us two let there be peace; both joining,

in'd in injuries, one enmity

ast a foe by doom express assign'd us,

uful Serpent. On me exercise not

hatred for this misery befall'n;

al ready lost, me than thyself

miserable. Both have sin'd; but thou

ast God only; I against God and thee,

to the place of judgment will return,

ith my cries importune Heaven, that all

entence, from thy head removed, may light

le, sole cause to thee of all this wo,

le only, just object of His ire."

ended weeping; and her lowly plight,

vable till peace obtain'd from fault

owed and deplored, in Adam wrought

eration. Soon his heart relented

hrs her, his life so late and sole delight,

at his feet submissive in distress,

ure so fair his reconciliation seeking,

ounsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;

re disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
"Unwary, and too desirous, as before
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desirest
The punishment all on thyself! Alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirm sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Fond so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at last (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed World a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race umblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain; so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be farced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then, both our selves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That shew no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd as dyed her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:
"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain."
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The Serpent's head: piteous amend'st unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived
Against us this deceit. To crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days;
Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to thes
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb; on me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground: with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!
Which now the sky with various face begins
To shew us in this mountain, while the winds
Paradise Lost

Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb’d, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather’d beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,
Justling or push’d with winds, rude in their shock,
The slant lightning, whose thwart flame driven down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To ills which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Becoming him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustainer’d
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem’d and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone? 
So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess’d
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign’d and humiliation meek.
BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but answers that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael’s coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs, he discerns Michael’s approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel dominates their departure. Eve’s lamentation. Adam pleads, but subdues: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Utterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing’d for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem’d their petition than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown’d, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss’d the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass’d
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father’s throne. Them the glad Son
Presenting thus to intercede began:

“See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung”
n thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
ts of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
with contrition in his heart, than those
ch, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Paradise could have produced, ere fall'n
innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
supplication; hear his sighs though mute:
killful with what words to pray, let me
pret for him, me his advocate
propitiation; all his works on me,
el or not good, ingraft; my merit those
fl perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
cept me, and in me from these receive
smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
be thee reconciled, at least his days
ber'd, though sad; till death, his doom (which I
mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
Better life shall yield him, where with me
my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
e one with me, as I with thee am one:"
t whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
thy request for Man, accepted Son,
ain; all thy request was my decree.
longer in that Paradise to dwell
law I gave to Nature him forbids;
re pure immortal elements, that know
gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
ct him, tinted now, and purge him off,
a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
 mortal food, as may dispose him best.
dissolution wrought by sin, that first
temper'd all things, and of incorrupt
tupted. I at first with two fair gifts
ated him endow'd, with happiness
immortality: that fondly lost,
a other served but to eternize woe,
I provided death: so death becomes
final remedy, and after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heaven's wide bounds; from them I will
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd. He blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fil'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amaranthe shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will:

"O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
Happier had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Paradise Lost

1. at possession, some new trouble raise;
2. thee, and from the Paradise of God
3. out remorse drive out the sinful pair,
4. a hallow’d ground the unholy, and denounce
5. them and to their progeny from thence
6. actual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
7. the sad sentence rigorously urged
8. I behold them soften’d, and with tears
9.uling their excess, all terror hide.
10. tiently thy bidding they obey,
11. iss them not disconsolate; reveal
12. clam what shall come in future days,
13. shall thee enlighten; intermix
14.ovenant in the Woman’s seed renew’d.
15. and them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace;
16. on the east side of the garden place,
17. e entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
18. ic watch, and of a sword the flame
19. waving, all approach far off to fright,
20. uard all passage to the Tree of Life;
21. Paradice a receptacle prove
22. irits foul, and all my trees their prey,
23. whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude.”
24. ceased, and the archangelic Power prepared
25. swift descent; with him the cohort bright
26. chful Cherubim. Four faces each
27. like a double Janus; all their shape
28. led with eyes more numerous than those
29. gus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
30. d with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
31. e, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
32. salute the world with sacred light,
33. thea waked, and with fresh dews embalm’d
34. Earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
35. ended now their orisons, and found
36. ith added from above; new hope to spring
37. of despair; joy, but with fear yet link’d;
38. h thus to Eve his welcome words renew’d:
39. ve, easily may faith admit that all
40. good which we enjoy from Heaven descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise that thy seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee!
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man."
To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek:
"Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who high thus to entitle me vouchsafer,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray;
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content."
So spake, so wish'd, much-humbled Eve; but
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclipsed
After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight:
The bird of Jove’s, stoop’d from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart-and hind;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase
Pursing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake:
“O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature shews,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight,
Of flight pursued in the air and o’er the ground
One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
Darkness ere day’s mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O’er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught?”
He err’d not: for, by this, the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm’d Adam’s eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion’d with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear’d
In Dothan, cover’d with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim’d. The princely Hierarch
In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:
"Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibcean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dip't the woof.
His starry helm unbuckled shew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee 'of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire:

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!"
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:

"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:

"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us. What besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;"
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhosiptable appear, and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depraved
His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."
To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth,
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmin'd.
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
II generations, and had hither come
from all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
and reverence thee their great progenitor.
but this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
to dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here, and will be found alike
present, and of his presence many a sign
ill following thee, still compassing thee round
In goodness and paternal love, his face
press, and of his steps the track divine.
which thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd,
that tho' from hence depart, know I am sent
shew thee what shall come in future days
thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
Act to hear, supernal grace contending
In sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
The patience, and to temper joy with fear
Pious sorrow, equally injured
Moderation either state to bear,
Perious or adverse: so shalt thou lead
On thy life, and best prepared endure
Mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
The hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Sleep below while thou to foresight wakest,
Once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."
To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
"Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
That lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
Never chastening; to the evil turn
Obvious breast, arming to overcome
Suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
So I may attain." So both ascend
The visions of God. It was a hill,
Paradise the highest, from whose top
Hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
Catch'd out to amplest reach of prospect lay.
Higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Hereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To shew him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinaean kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat; or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Binance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world. In spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Casco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unsophil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
Had bred; then purged with euphray and me
The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:
"Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
the effects which thy original crime hath wrought
some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
be excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired,
or sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
turbation to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
art arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
ew-reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
the midst an altar as the landmark stood,
static, of grassy sord. Thither anon
sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
ruft-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
sucul'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
coast and best; then sacrificing laid
inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
offering soon propitious fire from heaven
assumed with nimble glance and grateful steam;
other's not, for his was not sincere:
resent he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,
red him into the midriff with a stone
beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,
out his soul with gushing blood effused.
at that sight was Adam in his heart
snay'd, and thus in haste to the Angel cried:
"O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
that meek man, who well had sacrificed:
Dyest thus and pure devotion paid?"
To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:
these two are brethren, Adam, and to come
t of thy loins. The unjust the just hath slain,
envy that his brother's offering found
on Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
be avenged, and the other's faith approved
no reward, though here thou see him die,
Hing in dust and gone." To which our Sire:
"Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
I have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on Man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazaret-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
Of gaitly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demonic phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born: compassion quelled
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd:
"O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God in Man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?"
"Their Maker's image," answered Michael, "then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthy, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves."
"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"
"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of Not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,
Till many years over thy head return.
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign.
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor:
"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michael replied:
"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.
And now prepare thee for another sight."
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground); the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
Paradise Lost

...and wanton dress'd to the harp they sung
morose ditties, and in dance came on.

...en, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
without rein, till, in the amorous net
might, they liked, and each his liking chose.

...ow of love they treat, till the evening star,
barbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
ight the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
592
...; then first to marriage rites invoked:
feast and music all the tents resound.

...happy interview, and fair event
...and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
...burning symphonies, attach'd the heart
...in, soon inclined to admit delight,
...of Nature; which he thus express'd:
...to have, mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
...better seems this vision, and more hope
ceful days portends, than those two past:
...were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
...Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends:
...hom thus Michael: "Judge not what is best
...sure, though to Nature seeming meet,
...as thou art, to nobler end,
...and pure, conformity divine.

...tents thou saw'st so pleasant were the tents
...kindness, wherein shall dwell his race
...ew his brother; studious they appear
...that polish life, inventors rare;
...ful of their Maker, though his Spirit
...them; but they his gifts acknowledged none.
...a beauteous offspring shall beget;
...fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
desses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
...pty of all good wherein consists
...domestic honour and chief praise;
...ly and completed to the taste
...al appetite, to sing, to dance,
...is, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;
...e that sober race of men, whose lives
...as titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy  
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."  
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:  
"O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
Enter'd so fair should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.""  
"From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,"  
Said the Angel, "who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene."  
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,  
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle ranged,  
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field  
Deserted. Others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamp'd, by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the sceptred haralds call  
To council in the city gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Paradise Lost

s, and harangues are heard; but soon as opposition, till at last the age one rising, eminent deport, spake much of right and wrong, of religion, truth, and peace, and, from above: him old and young, and had seized with violent hands, a cloud descending snatched him thence, amid the throng. So violence did, and oppression, and sword-law, all the plain, and refuge none was found. was all in tears, and to his guide turn’d full sad: "Oh, what are these? ministers, not men! who thus deal death by to men, and multiply manifold the sin of him who slew her; for of whom such massacre ney but of their brethren, men of men? was that just man, whom had not Heaven had in his righteousness been lost?"

om thus Michael: "These are the product ill-mated marriages thou saw’st; soad with bad were match’d, who of themselves to join, and, by imprudence mix’d, prodigious births of body or mind.

ere these Giants, men of high renown; those days might only shall be admired, our and heroic virtue call’d; some in battle, and subdue

and bring home spoils with infinite fighter, shall be held the highest pitch in glory, and for glory done

ph, to be styled great conquerors, of mankind, gods, and sons of gods, ers rightlier call’d, and plagues of men. ne shall be achieved, renown on Earth, but most merits fame in silence hid.

the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld’st righteous in a world perverse, therefore hated, therefore so beset
Paradise Lost

With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds,
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death: to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.9

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed:
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; whence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways: be oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent;
But all in vain. Which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off;
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo! a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught:
Their order; last, the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and, with black vapour
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills, to their supply,
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up again; and now the thick'ned sky
a dark ceiling stood: down rush'd the rain
rous, and continued till the Earth
ore was seen. The floating vessel swum
ed, and secure with beaked prow
tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
without shore: and in their palaces,
<ref>
</ref>

370 luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
stabled: of mankind, so numerous late,
ft in one small bottom swum embark'd.
didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
md of all thy offspring, end so sad,
ulation! Thee another flood,
ars and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
<ref>
</ref>

760 e Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
gh comfortless, as when a father mourns
children, all in view destroy'd at once;
scarcie to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:
visions ill foreseen! Better had I
ignorant of future! so had borne
art of evil only, each day's lot
gh to bear; those now, that were dispensed
burden of many ages, on me light
ce, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
ive, to torment me, ere their being,
thought that they must be. Let no man seek
770 eforth to be foretold what shall befall
or his children; evil he may be sure,
leither his foreknowing can prevent,
be the future evil shall no less
prehension than in substance feel.
ous to bear. But that care now is past;
is not whom to warn; those few escaped
me and anguish will at last consume,
dering that watery desert. I had hope,
780 violence was ceased and war on Earth,
could have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
length of happy days the race of Man;
But I was far deceived, for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? Unfold, Celestial Guide,
And whether here the race of Man will end."

To whom thus Michael: "Those, whom last thou sawest
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much woe
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
life, shall in the ark be lodged,
'd round, but all the cataracts
set open on the Earth shall pour
and night; all fountains of the deep,
shall heave the ocean to usurp
bounds, till inundation rise
highest hills. Then shall this Mount
be by might of waves be moved
place, push'd by the horned flood,
is verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
great river to the opening gulf,
take root, an island salt and bare,
of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang:
hee that God attributes to place
y, if none be thither brought
ho there frequent or therein dwell.
what further shall ensue behold."  
'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
v abated; for the clouds were fled,
a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
the face of deluge, as decay'd;
leur sun on his wide watery glass
and of the fresh wave largely drew,
irst; which made their flowing shrink
ding lake to tripping ebb, that stole
foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
, as the heaven his windows shut.
more now floats, but seems on ground,
the top of some high mountain fix'd.
the tops of hills as rocks appear;
our thence the rapid currents drive
retracting sea their furious tide.
from out the ark a raven flies,
him, the surer messenger,
nt forth once and again to spy
or ground whereon his foot may light;
d time returning, in his bill
af he brings, pacific sign.
ground appears, and from his ark
at sire descends, with all his train;
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth:
  "O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assured that Man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heaven
Distended as the brow of God appeared?
Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and shower the Earth?"

To whom the Archangel: "Dextrously thou art
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of Man depraved;
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but, when he brings
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things near
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dw
BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall
in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain
of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve’s
incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state
till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and rese
relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael;
so all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed
mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them,
the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim
ations to guard the place.

who in his journey bates at noon,
pent on speed, so here the Archangel paused
he world destroy’d and world restored,
taught perhaps might interpose;
th transition sweet, new speech resumes:
ou hast seen one world begin and end,
as from a second stock proceed.
ou hast yet to see; but I perceive
al sight to fail; objects divine
ds impair and weary human sense:
th what is to come I will relate;
fore give due audience, and attend.
second source of men, while yet but few,
c the dread of judgment past remains
their minds, fearing the Deity,
be regard to what is just and right
l their lives, and multiply apace,
g the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
e, and oil; and, from the herd or flock
icing bullock, lamb, or kid,
ge wine-offerings pour’d, and sacred feast,
and their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovranity;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous surge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell.
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;
And get themselves a name, lest far dispersed
In foreign lands their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm. Great laughter was in Heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."
Where to thus Adam, fatherly displeased:
"O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given!
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"
To whom thus Michael: "Justly thou abhorrest
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being.
Reason in Man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords,
Who oft as undeservedly enthral
His outward freedom: tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Weared with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways,
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
A nation from one faithful man to spring.
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship—Oh, that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone.
For gods!—yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith.
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldeea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude,
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the Desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed),
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them: on the shore,
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent’s head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal’d. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan to a land hereafter call’d
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as innate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
In hospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till, by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell’d by signs and judgments dire:
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn’d;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix’d with hail,
Hail mix’d with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tamed at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And curse their chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way;
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness: there they shall found
Their government, and their great Senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey; and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
Were long to tell: how many battles fought;
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome!' so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.'

Here Adam interposed: "O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
So many and so various laws are given:
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?"

To whom thus Michael: "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee beget;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that, when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd Man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies,
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And pious deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure. The like shall sing
All Prophecy: That of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll;
Whose foul idolatries and other faults,
Heard to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years; then brings them bad,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings,
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
The first re-edify, and for a while
In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace; their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself; at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Burr'd of his right. Yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
A Virgin is his mother, but his Sire,
The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:
"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!
High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.
must the Serpent now his capital bruise
with mortal pain; say where and when
fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel."
whom thus Michael: "Dream not of their fight
a duel, or the local wounds
and heel. Not therefore joins the Son
to Godhead, with more strength to foil
enemy; nor so is overcome
whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
ed not to give thee thy death's wound;
he who comes thy Saviour shall recure,
destroying Satan, but his works
and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
fulfilling that which thou didst want,
to the law of God, imposed
mality of death, and suffering death,
ality to thy transgression due,
to theirs which out of thine will grow:
ly can high justice rest appaid.
the law of God exact he shall fulfil
by obedience and by love, though love
fulfil the law; thy punishment
shall endure, by coming in the flesh
a reproachful life and cursed death,
claiming life to all who shall believe
his redemption, and that his obedience
put becomes theirs by faith, his merits
to save them, not their own, though legal, works.
or this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
ized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd,
shameful and accurst, nail'd to the cross
his own nation, slain for bringing life;
the cross he nails thy enemies,
the law that is against thee, and the sins
all mankind, with him there crucified,
cver to hurt them more who rightly trust
this his satisfaction. So he dies,
soon revives; Death over him no power
shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
turn, the stars of morn shall see him rise.
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have died
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profuent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead;
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
in Heaven or Earth; for then the Earth
and Paradise, far happier place
not as Eden, and far happier days." 470
the Archangel Michael; then paused,
with the world's great period; and our Sire,
with joy and wonder, thus replied:
goodness infinite, goodness immense!
if this good of evil shall produce,
maidens, turn to good; more wonderful
that which by creation first brought forth
out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
or I should repent me now of sin
done and occasion'd, or rejoice
more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
more glory, more good will to men
God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
ascend, what will betide the few
faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
emies of truth? Who then shall guide
people, who defend? Will they not deal
with his followers than with him they dealt?"
sure they will," said the Angel; "but from Heaven
his own a Comforter will send,
promise of the Father, who shall dwell,
spirit, within them, and the law of faith,
ig through love, upon their hearts shall write,
ide them in all truth, and also arm
spiritual armour, able to resist
assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
an can do against them, not afraid,
to the death; against such cruelties
ward consolations recompensed,
supported so as shall amaze
roudest persecutors. For the Spirit,
first on his Apostles, whom he sends
igelize the nations, then on all
l, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
ke all tongues, and do all miracles,
their Lord before them. Thus they win

25—2
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual; to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and given
To all believers; and, from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience, laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then,
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
how ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord;
at in the clouds from Heaven to be reveal'd
of the Father, to dissolve
than with his perverted world; then raise
om the confagrant mass, purged and refined,
Heaven, new Earth, ages of endless date,
und in righteousness and peace and love,
bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."
He ended; and thus Adam last replied:
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
to this transient world, the race of time,
ll time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,
ernity, whose end no eye can reach.
ately instructed I shall hence depart,
ately in peace of thought, and have my fill
knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
yond which was my folly to aspire.
enceforth I learn that to obey is best,
nd love with fear the only God, to walk
: in his presence, ever to observe
a providence, and on him sole depend,
erciful over all his works, with good
ill overcoming evil, and by small
accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
vering worldly strong, and worldly wise
ly simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
fortitude to highest victory,
, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
ught this by his example whom I now
nowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the Angel last replied:
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
you knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
screts of the deep, all Nature's works,
works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
and all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
and all the rule, one empire. Only add
needs to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be lost
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,
By me encamp’d on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose foot a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm’d,
Purposing good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the Woman’s Seed) on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous; though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer’d
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:
"Whence thou return’st, and whither went’st, I know
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart’s distress
Weared I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish’d hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adjust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I, who erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through hight or depth of Nature's bounds;
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age:
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized. To his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown. But him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
Paradise Regained

To him his heavenly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptized
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Night thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom
Such high attested was given, a while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
With in thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
A nomy consistory; and them amidst,
With looks agast and sad, he thus bespake:

"O for ancient Powers of Air and this wide World
(Far much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation), well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possess'd, and ruled
In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound
(At least, if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom and our being
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—
For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King. All come,
And he himself among them was baptized—
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The Prophet do him reverence; on him, rising
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,
'This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep;
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snare,
Ere in the head of nations he appear,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success."
He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings. But no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try,
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeding he fulfil'd
The purposed counsel, pre-ordain'd and fix'd,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:
"Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God.
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
O'ershadow her. This man, born and now upgrown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostasy. He might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man,
Of female seed, far able to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance:
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space; then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument:
"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untired,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
his godlike office now mature,
y forth walk’d alone, the Spirit leading,
deep thoughts, the better to converse
litde, till, far from track of men,
following thought, and step by step led on,
nd now the bordering Desert wild,
sh dark shades and rocks environ’d round,
y meditations thus pursued:
hat a multitude of thoughts at once
’d in me swarm, while I consider
om within I feel myself, and hear
om without comes often to my ears,
g with my present state compared!
 was yet a child, no childish play
was pleasing; all my mind was set
to learn and know, and thence to do,
tight be public good: myself I thought
that end, born to promote all truth,
teous things. Therefore, above my years,
w of God I read, and found it sweet;
m my whole delight, and in it grew
perfection that, ere yet my age
asured twice six years, at our great Feast
nto the Temple, there to hear
chers of our Law, and to propose
ight improve my knowledge or their own,
admired by all. Yet this not all
ch my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds
in my heart, heroic acts; one while
ue Israel from the Roman yoke;
subdue and quell o’er all the earth
ience and proud tyrannic power,
th were freed, and equity restored:
d it more humane, more heavenly, first
ring words to conquer willing hearts,
e persuasion do the work of fear;
to try, and teach the erring soul,
ully misdoing, but unaware
 the stubborn only to subdue.
rowing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,  
O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules  
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.  
A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin; be foretold  
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious quire  
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him; and to thee they came,  
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;  
For in the inn was left no better room.  
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the East,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'  
This having heard, straight I again revolved  
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ  Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd, or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited; when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare!
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven),
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won.
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased: by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness; to what intent
I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."
So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodged in his breast as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd—whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last.
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake:
"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pined with hunger and with drouth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out."
To whom the Son of God: "Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."
"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."
He ended, and the Son of God replied:
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now.
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd the Arch-Fiend, now undisguised:
"To thee, I am that Spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigorous uncomning but that oft,
Leaving, my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,
Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge:
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attend
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind. Why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence. By them
I lost not what I lost; rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the World,
If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe!
At first it may be; but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small consolation then were Man adjoin'd.
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,
Man fall'n, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:
"Deservedly thou grievest, composed of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou comest indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the host of Heaven. The happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all infictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
... liar in four hundred mouths; 
... is thy sustenance, thy food. 
... pretend'st to truth! all oracles 
are given, and what confess'd more true 
the nations? That hath been thy craft, 
somewhat true to vent more lies. 
... have been thy answers? what but dark, 
ous, and with double sense deluding, 
they who ask'd have seldom understood, 
well understood, as good not known? 
...er, by consulting at thy shrine, 
the wiser, or the more instruct 
or follow what concerned him most, 
not sooner to his fatal snare? 
...d hath justly given the nations up 
delusions; justly, since they fell 
...us. But, when his purpose is 
them to declare his providence, 
not known, whence hast thou then thy truth, 
in him, or his Angels president 
y province, who, themselves disdaining 
roach thy temples, give thee in command 
the smallest tittle thou shalt say 
adorers? Thou with trembling fear, 
a fawning parasite, obey'st; 
thyself ascribest the truth foretold. 
y thy glory shall be soon retrench'd; 
ye shalt thou by oracling abuse 
entiles; henceforth oracles are ceased, 
you no more with pomp and sacrifice 
quired at Delphos or elsewhere, 
: in vain, for they shall find thee mute. 
then sent his living Oracle 
the world to teach his final will, 
ods his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell 
hearts, an inward oracle 
truth requisite for men to know." 
ake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, 
only stung with anger and disdain, 
ned, and this answer smooth return'd:

26—2
"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke, 
And urged me hard with doings, which not will 
But misery hath wrested from me. Where 
Easily canst thou find one miserable, 
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth, 
If it may stand him more in stead to lie, 
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure? 
But thou art placed above me; thou art Lord; 
From thee I can and must submit endure 
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit. 
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk, 
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear, 
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song; 
What wonder then if I delight to hear 
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire 
Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me 
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes), 
And talk at least, though I despair to attain. 
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure, 
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest 
To tread his sacred courts, and minister 
About his altar, handling holy things, 
Praying or vow'ing, and vouchsafed his voice 
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet 
Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unalter'd brow: 
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope, 
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st 
Permission from above; thou canst not more." 
He added not; and Satan, bowing low 
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd, 
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began 
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade 
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched; 
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.
ANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remain'd
Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Messiah, Son of God declared,
on that high authority had believed,
with him talk'd, and with him lodged, I mean
saw and Simon, famous after known,
others, though in Holy Writ not named,
missing him, their joy so lately found,
lately found and so abruptly gone,
to doubt, and doubted many days,
as the days increased, increased their doubt.
times they thought he might be only shewn,
for a time caught up to God, as once
was in the Mount and missing long,
the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
before, as those young prophets then with care
lost Elijah, so in each place these
20 to Bethabara; in Jericho
—city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Jerus, and each town or city wall'd
this side the broad lake Genezaret,
in Penæa; but return'd in vain.
on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
wind with reeds and osiers whispering play,
fishermen (no greater men them call),
se in a cottage low together got,
their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed:
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
look'd-for are we fall'n! Our eyes behold
Messiah certainly now come, so long
pected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.
now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand;
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored:
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze.
For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
Thy Chosen, to what hight their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet pointed at and shewn
In public, and with him we have conversed.
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence!
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought.
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clasped.

"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
'Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore:
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I look'd for some great change. To honour? no;
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high!
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? Some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
Lost him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business. What he meant I mused,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."
"Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling;
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Solo, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set,
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high.
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his Potentates in council sat.
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began:

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, Ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble!), such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was empower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here. I summon all
Rather to be in readiness with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd."

So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolustest Spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised:

"Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found.
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerv, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd: 160
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself. Because of old
Thou thyself dost'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False-titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race. 170
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Callisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more,
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all. Among the sons of men
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
How he surnamed of Africa dismiss'd  
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
How would one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
All her array, her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy, with such as have more shew  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.  
And now I know he hungers, where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:  
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."  
He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:

"Where will this end? Four times ten days I have pass'd
Wandering this woody maze, and human food
Not tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger; which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain. So it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought he by the brook of Cerith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper, then how, awakened,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song:
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked,
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud.
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High-roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art),
And to a superstitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He view'd it round;
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city or court or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd:
"With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heaven manna; and that Prophet bold,
Native of Thebes, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed."
To whom thus Jesus: "What concludest thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."
"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied.
"Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
The giver," answer'd Jesus. "Why should that
Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.
"Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."
He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour, beasts of chase, or food of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisittest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyonnes,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd:

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan, malecontent:

"That I have also power to give thee seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see
What I can do or offer is suspect.
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil." With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursued:
"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority derivest?
What followers, what refine canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold, that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap;
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms! Yet not for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights.
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd."

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confused and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:  
"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oracular gems  
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old  
Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require the array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross, And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature, Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."
To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise
They praise and they admire they know not what.
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraise, were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Paradise Regained

419

The work of praise. Thus he did to Job,
and to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
but to thy reproach may'st well remember,
and'st thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
as he was in Heaven; on Earth less known,
the glory is false glory, attributed
nings not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
err who count it glorious to subdue
quest far and wide, to overrun
countries, and in field great battles win,
ities by assault. What do these worthies
and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
the nations, neighbouring or remote,
aptive, yet deserving freedom more
ose their conquerors, who leave behind
: but ruin where so'er they rove,
the flourishing works of peace destroy;
well with pride, and must be titled Gods,
benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
and with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
quaror Death discover them scarce men,
in brutish vices, and deform'd,
or shameful death their due reward.
there be in glory aught of good,
by means far different be attain'd,
ambition, war, or violence;
eds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
tence, temperance. I mention still
whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
famous in a land and times obscure;
names not now with honour patient Job?
Socrates (who next more memorable?),
at he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
th's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
in fame to proudest conquerors.
for fame and glory aught be done,
suffer'd, if young African for fame
asted country freed from Punic rage,
leed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.'

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied:
"Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven,
By all his Angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts.'

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
"And reason; since his word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence!
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits received
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:
"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By not other's side thy father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Ease, from possession won with arms.
Judges, now and all the Promised Land,
Redeem'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obey Tiberius, nor is always ruled
With emperate sway: oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,
Born nations rather, as did once
not Machabeus. He indeed
retire unto the Desert, but with arms;
That strong hand his family obtain'd,
That priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Lodin and her suburbs once content.
If king dom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
Themselves rather are occasion best—
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So salt thou best fulfil, best verify
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
The happier reign the sooner it begins.
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd:
"All things are best fulfil'd in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said."
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told
That it shall never end, so, when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed;
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, replied:
"Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king? Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;
No wonder; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can In man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days' short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe? The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.
With that (such power was given him then), he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair Champaign, with less rivers intervene'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea.
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large
The prospect was that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainsless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began:

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league. Here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspe, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou comest to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste. See, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit,
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound,
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agricola with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many grossest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd:

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hycamus bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
Paradise Regained

Egypt to Euphrates and beyond, reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear. Whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmoved:

a ostentation vain of fleshly arm
fragile arms, much instrument of war,
in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
I much policy, and projects deep
emies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
able to the world, to me worth nought.
I must use, thou say'st; prediction else
impredict, and fail me of the throne:
me, I told thee (and that time for thee
better farthest off), is not yet come.
that comes, think not thou to find me slack
part aught endeavouring, or to need
olitic maxims, or that cumbersome
ge of war there shewn me, argument
man weakness rather than of strength.
thren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,
t deliver, if I mean to reign
's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
st extent over all Israel's sons;
hence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
Israel, or for David, or his throne,
'st stood'st up his tempter to the pride
membering Israel, which cost the lives
ecscore and ten thousand Israelites
ee days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
Israel then, the same that now to me.
those captive tribes, themselves were they
rought their own captivity, fell off
God to worship calves, the deities
pt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
le idolatries of heathen round,
their other worse than heathenish crimes;
 in the land of their captivity
led themselves, or penitent besought
God of their forefathers, but so died
stent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join’d.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unpentant, unrepent’d,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promised Land their fathers pass’d.
To his due time and providence I leave them."
So spake Israel’s true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX’D and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover’d in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek’d his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, may lost. But Eve was Eve;
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh’d
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But, as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach’d where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
s a swarm of flies in vintage time,
it the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
off, returns as oft with humming sound;
urging waves against a solid rock,
gh all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
( battery!) and in froth or bubbles end,
atan, whom repulse upon repulse
ever, and to shameful silence brought,
gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
his vain importunity pursues.
brought our Saviour to the western side
at high mountain, whence he might behold
her plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
y'd by the southern sea, and on the north
qual length back'd with a ridge of hills
screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
led by a river, of whose banks
ach side an imperial city stood,
towers and temples proudly elevate
even small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
yes and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
es and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
tens and groves, presented to his eyes
the hight of mountains interposed:
hat strange parallax, or optic skill
sion, multiplied through air, or glass
lescope, were curious to inquire.
now the Tempter thus his silence broke:
he city which thou seest no other deem
a great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth,
a renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
ations. There the Capitol thou seest,
a the rest lifting his stately head
be Tarpeian rock, her citadel
ingnable; and there Mount Palatine,
imperial palace, compass huge, and high
structure, skill of noblest architects,
gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
x's, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods (so well I have disposed
My aery microscope), thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Æmilian, some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroë, Nilotic isle, and more to west
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among these),
From India and the Golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Tappobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou mustly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreae, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a sty, and in his place ascending
A victor people free from servile yoke!
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd,
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."
To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic shew
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,*
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell, who thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou shew'st
From nations far and nigh. What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormentor Conscience find him out;
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood injured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed;
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
SPreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world;
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."
To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:
"I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st.
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On the other side know also thou that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought.
All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give;
For, given to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"
Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:
"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition.
But I endure the time, till which expired
errmission on me. It is written, all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship t God, and only him shalt serve'; hou to the Son of God propound thee, accurst, now more accurst mpt, bolder than that on Eve, asphemous? which expect to rue. is of the world to thee were given! ther, and by thee usurp'd; on none thou canst produce. whom but by the King of kings, supreme? If given to thee, fairly is the Giver now t gratitude in thee is lost. Wert thou so void of fear or shame n to me, the Son of God, own, on such abhorred pact, flown and worship thee as God? ind me! Plain thou now appear'st ne, Satan for ever damn'd." the Fiend with fear abash'd replied: sore offended, Son of God, s of God both Angels are and Men, whether in higher sort thou bear'st that title, have proposed rom Men and Angels I receive, Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth des from all the quarter'd winds, world invoked, and world beneath. thou art, whose coming is foretold fatal, me it most concerns. th indamaged thee no way, honour left and more esteem; advantaged, missing what I aim'd. pass, as they are transitory, ns of this world; I shall no more gain them as thou canst, or not. yself seem'st otherwise inclined worldly crown, addicted more ation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou wert  
Alone into the Temple, there wast found  
Among the gravest Rabbis disputant:  
On points and questions sitting Moses' chair,  
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews the man,  
As morning shews the day. Be famous then  
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.  
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mound,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages, his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Paradise Regained

In tones and numbers hit
or hand, and various-measured verse,
arms and Dorian lyric odes,
ho gave them breath, but higher sung,
esigenes, thence Homer called,
em Phoebus challenged for his own.
Hat the lofty grave Tragedians taught
or iambic, teachers best
prudence, with delight received
intentions precepts, while they treat
id chance, and change in human life,
ces and high passions best describing.
the famous Orators repair,
tent whose resistless eloquence
will that fierce democracy,
' Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
on and Artaxerxes' throne.
philosophy next lend thine ear,
en descended to the low-roof'd house
es, see there his tenement,
n inspired, the oracle pronounces
men; from whose mouth issued forth
s streams, that water'd all the schools
ics old and new, with those
Peripatetics, and the sect
, and the Stoic severe.
revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
es will render thee a king complete
yself, much more with empire join'd.'
our Saviour sagely thus replied:
not but that I know these things; or think
em not, not therefore am I short
ng what I ought. He who receives
above, from the fountain of light,
doctrine needs, though granted true;
are false, or little else but dreams,
es, fancies, built on nothing firm.
and wisest of them all profess'd
this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the World began, and how Man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior;
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strow'd
With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived,
Ill imitated while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling;
Where God is praised aright and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies and his Saints
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee);
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their Orators thou then extol'lst as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only, with our Law, best form a king."
So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied:
"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness
For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,
And thither will return thee. Yet remember
What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now, contrary, if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death.
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when: eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning: for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
But, shelter'd, slept in vain; for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep. And either tropic now
Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd Wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or drooping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said:
"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them.
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
Yet, as being oft-times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is nowhere told?
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."
So talked he, while the Son of God went on
And sta'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus:
"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
Betokening or ill-boding I content
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Oblude lest thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my God;
And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will! Desist, thou art discern'd,
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage replied:
"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born,
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptized, by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
The Son of God I also am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation stands:
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemned, and may again.
Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:
"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed; highest is best.
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.' He said, and stood:
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth's son, Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
And as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphs of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell, and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans received Him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air;
Then in a flowery valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits fetch'd from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed Angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud:
"True Image of the Father, whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshy tabernacle and human form,
Wandering the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endured
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinstall;
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God. He all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the Deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,
Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.9
Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy. He unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the waviest, most difficult, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge our minds of those and such-like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physic things of melancholy hue and tenderness are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other grave writers, as Cicero, Quintilian, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, Cor. xvi. 33; and Pauzian, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of unevenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his tripping to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unseemly the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled Christ Suffering. This mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common heresies; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all just critics hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy made no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explana-
Samson Agonistes

tion, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this tragedy, only forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us pass for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is best introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and all in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apocolocyntos without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus, that may not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allestrophe. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, a disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and doctrine, they only will best judge who are not acquainted with Sophocles, Euripides, and the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAMSON, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there in labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general commotion from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lash and
people, to play or shew his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOA, the father of Samson.
DALILA, his wife.
HARAPHA of Gath.
Public officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

Samson. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease;
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
Samson Agonistes

449

it to subserve where wisdom bears command. 60
od, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
ow slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
at peace! I must not quarrel with the will
of highest dispensation, which herein
alp y had ends above my reach to know:
offices that to me strength is my bane,
and proves the source of all my miseries,
o many, and so huge, that each apart
would ask a life to wail; but, chief of all,
loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Mind among enemies! Oh worse than chains,
hungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
nd all her various objects of delight
null'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
erior to the vilest now become
man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
y creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
ly fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
thin doors, or without, still as a fool,
power of others, never in my own;
re half I seem to live, dead more than half.
dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
coverably dark, total eclipse
bout all hope of day!
first-created beam, and thou great Word,
et there be light, and light was over all,""70
y am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
Sun to me is dark
ilent as the Moon,
hen she deserts the night,
in her vacant interlunar cave.
see light so necessary is to life,
most life itself, if it be true
at light is in the soul,
e all in every part; why was the sight
uch a tender ball as the eye confined,
obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
d not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried; but, Oh yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;  
Buried, yet not exempt  
By privilege of death and burial  
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.  

Chorus. This, this is he; softly a while;  
Let us not break in upon him,  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
With languish’d head unpropt,  
As one past hope, abandon’d,  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O’er-worn and soiled.  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroic, that renown’d,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm’d  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand  
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;  
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,  
And, weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer’d cuirass,  
Chalybean-temper’d steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantine proof:  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or grovelling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore,
The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
For him I reckon not in high estate
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.
Sam. I hear the sound of words; their sense the air
Samson Agonistes

Thou art the noise that reacheth to my ear.
Chor. His speech: let us draw nigh.
Matchless in might
The glory line of Israel, now the grief!
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Hebron and Zoph's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee: or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring.
Salve to thy soul; age words have power to swage
The multitudes of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fever'd wounds.

g. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who "friends."
Bear in their superscription (of the most
I would be understood). In prosperous days
They swarm, but in inverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worst, now least afflicts me,
Blindness; for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd, and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? Do they not say, "How well
Are come upon him his deserts"? Yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd;
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

_Sams._ The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on, that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late!)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

_Chor._ In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

_Sams._ That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd,
Deliverance offer'd: I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers,
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Ethan was retired,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The horses of their land, beset me round:
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And larded over them whom now they serve.
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour raised
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Peniel
Their great deliverer contain'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings;
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle when so many died
Without reprieve, adjudged to death
For want of well pronouncing Shiloheth.

Samu. Of such examples add me to the roll;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting;

Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;

Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt

Whomso it pleases him by choice
From national obstraction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,

Unclean, unchaste.

Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:

Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see! here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

_Sams._ Ay me! another inward grief, awaked
With mention of that name, reneweth the assault.

_Manoa._ Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,
Samson Agonistes

Came lagging after, say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! Is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels' walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who, single combatant,
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man
Deceivable and vain! Nay, what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
Oh wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred? glorious for a while,
The miracle of men: then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sam. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God, given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warn'd by oft experience. Did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived,
Her spurious first-born, Treason against me.
Thrice she assay'd, with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stored, in what part sum'm'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself.
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
Might easily have shook off all her snares;
But foul effeminacy held me yoked
Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'rt
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tact was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew't them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,
Disdained, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

Samu. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, difidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols:
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end: all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked;
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front! But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son;
Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
But God hath set before us to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

Sam. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heaven foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront:
Then swell'd with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soft'en'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap.
tame wether, all my precious fleece,
and disarm’d among my enemies.
3. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
many a famous warrior overturns,
couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby,
ing out-pour’d, the flavour, or the smell,
te that cheers the heart of gods and men,
thee from the cool crystalline stream.
Wherever fountain or fresh current flow’d
the eastern ray, transluent, pure
ouch ethereal of Heaven’s fiery rod,
k, from the clear milky juice allaying
and refresh’d; nor envied them the grape
heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.
4. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
strongest drinks our chief support of health,
God with these forbidden made choice to rear
ightly champion, strong above compare,
was only from the liquid brook!
5. But what avail’d this temperance, not complete
another object more enticing?
boots it at one gate to make defence,
t another to let in the foe,
nately vanquish’d? by which means,
ind, dishaerten’d, shamed, dishonour’d, quell’d,
at can I be useful, wherein serve
ation, and the work from Heaven imposed?
sit idle on the household hearth,
ensured drone; to visitants a gaze,
ed object; these redundant locks,
tious to no purpose, clustering down,
onument of strength; till length of years
edary numbness craze my limbs
contemplable old age obscure.
rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
omin or the draf of servile food
me, and oft-invocated death
he welcome end of all my pains.
Samson Agonistes

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gage Which was expressly given thee to annoy them? Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle, Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay After the brunt of battle, can as easy Cause light again within thy eyes to spring, Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast. And I persuade me so: why else this strength Miraculous yet remaining in those locks? His might continues in thee not for nought, Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sam. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light, Nor the other light of life continue long, But yield to double darkness nigh at hand: So much I feel my genial spirits droop, My hopes all flat; Nature within me seems In all her functions weary of herself; My race of glory run, and race of shame, And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed From anguish of the mind, and humours black That mingle with thy fancy. I however Must not omit a father's timely care To prosecute the means of thy deliverance By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm, And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sam. O that torment should not be confined To the body's wounds and sores, With maladies innumerable In heart, head, breast, and reins; But must secret passage find To the inmost mind, There exercise all his fierce accidents, And on her purest spirits prey, As on entrails, joints, and limbs, With answerable pains, but more intense, Though void of corporal sense!
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Ranky, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn;
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers! what is Man,
That thou towards him with hand so various
(Or might I say contrarious?)
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as'thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute?

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captivated,
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
cape, perhaps in poverty
and disease thou bow'st them down,
and deform'd,
sordid, yet causeless suffering
of dissolute days: in fine,
unlike seem miserable,
both come to evil end.
with this once thy glorious champion,
thy strength, and mighty minister.

ye? how hast thou dealt already!
this state calamitous, and turn
or thou canst, to peaceful end.
this? what thing of sea or land?
it seems,
'th'd, ornate, and gay,
y sailing
ship
and for the isles
adire,

bavery on, and tackle trim,
streamers waving,
the winds that hold them play;
of odorous perfume
a damsel train behind;
by a matron she may seem;
her view, no other certain
wife.

't! my traitress! let her not come near me.
the moves; now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
ike; but now, with head declined,
surcharged with dew, she weeps,
'd seem into tears dissolved,

of her silken veil:
makes address to speak.

ful feet and wavering resolution
thy displeasure, Samson,
and, without excuse,
edge; yet if tears

the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw),
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assured. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

_Sam._ Out, out, hyena! these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign’d remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake;
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

_Dal._ Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on the other side if it be weigh’d
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importunate
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
"To publish them, both common female faults;
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind;
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy; fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna; sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say
'Why then reveal'd?' I was assured by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhaunted abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

_Sамо._ How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example,
I led the way: bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee! Call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust; love seeks to have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

_Dал._ Since thou determinest weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion; press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining,
Samoa. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
For other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpow'r'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
So mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
By country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
More thy country, but an impious crew
Men conspiring to uphold their state
Worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
Of which our country is a name so dear;
Therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee!
Please thy gods thou didst it! gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!
Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
Sams. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.
'Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to shew what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.
Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught. I know thy pains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
my ear against thy sorceries.
y flower of youth and strength, when all men
honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me,
sband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me;
souldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
ble, in most things as a child
s, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
t neglected! How would'st thou insult,
 must live uxorious to thy will
ct thralldom! how again betray me,
my words and doings to the lords
s upon, and censuring frown or smile!
I I count the house of liberty
e, whose doors my feet shall never enter.
Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
den rage to tear thee joint by joint.
ice I forgive thee, go with that;
thy falsehood, and the pious works
brought forth to make thee memorable
illustrious women, faithful wives:
thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
rimonial treason: so farewell.
I see thou art implacable, more deaf
ers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
onciled at length, and sea to shore:
ger, unappeasable, still rages,
tempest never to be calm'd.
> I humble thus myself, and, suing
ice, reap nothing but repulse and hate,
with evil omen, and the brand
my upon my name denounced?
with thy concernments I desist
orth, nor too much disapprove my own.
if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
th contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
a his wings, one black, the other white,
treatest names in his wild aery flight.
e, perhaps, among the circumcised
, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconfutal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Eron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Confer'd upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samson. So let her go: God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samson. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it;
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Samson Agonistes

Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paronymph, worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms
Draws him awry, enslaved
With dotage, and his sense depraved
To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?
Favour'd of Heaven who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines!
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:  
So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.

But had we best retire? I see a storm.  
Sams.  Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.  
Chor.  But this another kind of tempest brings.  
Sams.  Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.  
Chor.  Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
The bait of honey'd words; a rougher tongue  
Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,  
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.  
Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither  
I less conjecture than when first I saw  
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.  
Sams.  Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.  
Chor.  His fraught we soon shall know, he now arris.  
Harapha.  I come not, Samson, to condole thy chace  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
That Kiriathaim held: thou know'st me now,  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,  
Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field;  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.  
Sams.  The way to know were not to see, but taste  
Har.  Dost thou already single me? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art famed  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
I should have forced thee soon wish other arms,
Samson Agonistes

Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour,
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sam. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Sam. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd;
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Samson Agonistes

Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

Sam. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me,
At my nativity this strength, diffused
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,
With the utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sam. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
hom I with Israel's sons adore.
if honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
cept thee to defend his cause,
, a revoler, and a robber!
ongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?
not thy nation subject to our lords?
strates confess'd it when they took thee
-breaker, and deliver'd bound
nds: for hadst thou not committed
urder on those thirty men
who never did thee harm,
 robber, stripp'dst them of their robes?
nes, when thou hadst broke the league,
th armed powers thee only seeking,
'd no violence nor spoil.
mong the daughters of the Philistines
lfe, which argued me no foe,
ry city held my nuptial feast;
-meaning politician lords,
ince of bridal friends and guests,
o await me thirty spies,
tening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
om me and tell to them my secret,
the riddle which I had proposed.
ceived all set on enmity,
emies, wherever chanced,
ility, and took their spoil,
underminers in their coin.
was subjected to your lords!
force of conquest: force with force
ed when the conquer'd can.
ivate person, whom my country
-breaker gave up bound, presumed
lion, and did hostile acts!
ivate, but a person raised
th sufficient and command from Heaven
country: if their servile minds
eliverer sent, would not receive,
masters gave me up for nought,
hier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

_Har._ With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enrol'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

_Sams._ Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

_Har._ O Baal-zebub! can my ears unused
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

_Sams._ No man withholds thee; nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

_Har._ This insolence other kind of answer fits.
_Sams._ Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

_Har._ By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

_Chor._ His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

_Sams._ I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

_Chor._ He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

_Sams._ He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping,
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress’d,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm’d;
Their armouries and magazines contempt,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endowed
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands;
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand;
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.
Chor. His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly.
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad,
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

Sam. Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence: for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sam. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou camest; I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Sam. Myself! my conscience, and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me

Join'd with extreme contempt! I will not come.

\textit{Off.} My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

\textit{Sams.} So take it with what speed thy message needs.
\textit{Off.} I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.
\textit{Sams.} Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.
\textit{Chor.} Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message, more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

\textit{Sams.} Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols,
A Nazarite, in place abominable,
Vuunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

\textit{Chor.} Yet with this strength thou servest the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

\textit{Sams.} Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

\textit{Chor.} Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.
\textit{Sams.} Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command:
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind; which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispence with me, or thee, 
P resent in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach
Sam. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved; the man returns.
Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dares thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmer fasten'd than a rock.

Sam. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go:
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution. Doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam. Brethren, farewell: your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need!
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherfore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? Much livelier than erewhile
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new-parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Tost I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee: say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.
Man. I have attempted, one by one, the lords,  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner.  
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests;  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and State  
They easily would set to sale: a third  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had enough revenged, having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears;  
The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.  

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shewn.  

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.  

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.  

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in his house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd.  
And I persuade me God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service,  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.  

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain,  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;  
In both which we, as next, participate.  

Man. I know your friendly minds, and—Oh, what noise!  
Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.  

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd?  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.  

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:  
Oh! it continues; they have slain my son.  

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.  

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?  

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.  

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n:  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?  

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.  

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old; what hinders now?  

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.
Cher. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news bays.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Messenger. Oh, whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes behold, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason, though disturb'd and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not:
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth; but I recover breath,
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessem

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoa, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tiding, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed! Oh, all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but Death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Aabortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st: by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.
Mess. By his own hands.
Man. Self-violence? What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?
Mess. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.
Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street. Little I had despatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataplarcts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd,
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicous led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scape'd, who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfil'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd;
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread, who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary,
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importuned
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue, given for lost,
Depress'd and overthrown, as seemed,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, refloresces, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And, though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistan bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Samson Agonistes

Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high;
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.
Hae qua sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipsae intelligebat non tan
de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod praecipue ingenio viri, ne van
amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia sua potius virtutibus quam
veritati congruenti nimis cupide offingant, nolis sit tamen horum aequiput
in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum ullo praesertim ut id fiet
magnopere suaderet. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totius a u
viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus aequo est non attribuendum ea
manvult, judiciem interim hominum coridatorum atque illustriram quin
summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS
AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sio,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM, TRIPLECTI POESIS LAEST
CORONANDUM, GRÆCÆ NIMIRUM, LATINÆ, ATQUE HERENCI,
EPIGRAMMA JOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI.

Cede, Meles ; cedat depressæ Mincius urnæ ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas ;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Meconidem, jacet sibi Roma Maronem ;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGEL.
De Auctore Testimonia

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBLE INGLESE.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona?
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona;
Diensi a merto maggior maggiori il fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti regi.
Non può del Tempo edace
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;
Non può l' obblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.
Su l' arco di mia creta un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirà la Morte.
Dell' Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:
Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion dei sovrumani tra noi.
Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gii è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.
Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Elena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.
Così l' ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.
Di bella gloria amante
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti,
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell'Italia ancor gli Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,
O in lei del parlare Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell'opre loro.

Nell'altra Babelle
Per te il parlare confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano:
Ch'ode, oltre all'Anglia, il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi archani
Ch'occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo F ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema e storia
Furor già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.
De Auctore Testimonia

Dami tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch’io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch’inalzandoti all’ Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;
Il Tamigi il dirà che g’è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.
Io, che in riva dell’Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriæ, virtutibus, eximio:
Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum
ca perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus
prehenderet:
Polyglotta, in cujus ore lingue jam depersedse sic reviviscunt ut
Iomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet
admirationes et planus poporum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos
telligat:
Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem
summovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad
Lausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:
Cui in Memoriâ totus orbis; in Intellectu sapientia; in
suntate arder glorie; in Ore eloquentia; harmonicos celestium
sonitum Astronomiâ duce audienti; characteres mira-
lium Naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ
philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia,
ditionis ambages, comite assiduâ Autorum lectione,
exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti,
at cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fame non sufficent, nec
ominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiae et Amoris ergo
ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.
Elegia Prima

ELEGIARUM LIBER

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM

TANDEM, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae;
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occidua Deve Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono qui petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostrâ, tamque fidele caput,
Qubâque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refula quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraque negantia molles;
Quâm male Phæbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,
Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Laetus et exilii conditio fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditor senior, seu prodigus heres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbarâ verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrît servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidî fallit ubique patris;
Elegia Prima

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat:
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia spectatram
Quassat, et effusis crinium ora rotat;
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo;
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest;
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu fœrus e tenebris iterat Stygia criminiis utor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;
Seu moraret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammas,
Virgineos videas præterisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formas,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uteaque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis que brachia vincant,
Quæque fuit puro nectare tintact via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea que fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sorset
Purpura, etipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatae toties Heroïdes olim,
Et quacunque vagum cepit amica Jovem;
Cedite Achaemeniæ turritâ fronte puella,
Et quæ Susa colunt, Memonianque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danae fasces submittite Nymphae,
Et vos Iliaca, Romulesque nurus;
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardanis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum latè consipiendâ caput,

M.
Elegia Prima

Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot caelo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymionæe turba ministra deae,
Quot tibi conspicue formâque auroque puella:
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur luct geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam poalthabitura Cyprus.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitó linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circæ
Atra, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncos Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Schola.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA

Anno atatis 17

IN OBITUM PÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima preconum praecomet te quoque seva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora pluminis
Sub quibus accipimus delibuuisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Harmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sepe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nutius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cylenius aula
Alipes, ætheræa missus ab arce Patris.
Elegia Secunda

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchorum regina, satelles Averni,
Sæva nímis Musis, Palládi seeva nímis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutilé terræ?
Túra quidem est telis ista petenda tuís.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullís, Academía, lúgo,
Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuís.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
Personet et totis náemia máesta scholís.

ELEGIA TERTIA

Anno octáti 17

In obitum Præsuli Wintoniensis

Mæstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meó:
Protinus en subiit funeste cládis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
Dira sepulchrall Mors metuenda face,
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspite muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falcé greges.
Tunc memini claríque dúcís, fratrísque verendi,
Intempestivís ossa cremata rogis;
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad athera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgía tota duces.
At te pracipuë luxi, dignissime Præsuli,
Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tuo;
Delicuí fletu, et tristi sic ore quebeer:
*Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuaa persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque aflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchrre Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus praetereuntes aquæ?
500

Elegia Tertia

Et tibi succumbit liquido que plurima caelo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
Et que mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invita, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humanâ tingere caede manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat requore currum
Phœbus, ab Eó lítore mensus iter.
Nec mora; membra cavó posui refovenda cubiti;
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiiarius agro;
Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicèa radiabant omnìa luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent;
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum;
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus horros
Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amati levì.
Flumina versantes lambunt argentea campos;
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tagò;
Serpi odorièras per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:
Talis in extremis terre Gangetidis oris
Luciferis regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subiò Presul Wintoniús astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos;
Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incidit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit leto florea terra sono;
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt celestia pennis;
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:
Elegia Tertia

‘Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.’
Dixit, et aligere tetigerunt nablia turnae;
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies;
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.
Talia contingant somnia sepe mihi!

ELEGIA QUARTA

Anna atatis 18

THOMAM JUNIUM, PRECEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCA-
TORES ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PASTORIS MUNERE
FUNGENTEM

CURRĘ per immensum subită, mea littera, pontum:
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpes moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicario frévantem carrere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabó Deos,
Cæruleamque suas comitatum Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Tripolemus Scythis devenit in oras,
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgo meznia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso que ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem furtur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Presul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciant alia parte carere mel!
Charior ille mihi quäm tu, doctissime Graiûm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aomios illo praecuncto recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Cloque favente
Castalio sparsi lava ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietas Æthon
Induxitque auro lanae terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsi, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abolitul Auster opes;
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguae dulces auro bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverta sonorum;
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjugie fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;
Forsitan aut veterum prelarga volumina Patrum
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,
Celestive animas saturatem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adset, herum.
Hae quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestis
Verba verecundo sis memor ore locui:
1Haeque tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Muses,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fidis manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam consta receptum
Icaris a lento Penelopea viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimine,
 Ipsa quod ex omni parte levare necquit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deserisset suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque rogasti;
Crimina diminui, qua patuere, solent.
Non feros in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronis nec rapit ungue leo.
Elegia Quarta

503

Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
  Supplìcis ad moestas deliciere preces;
  Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
  Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
  Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
  Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
  Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
  In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
  Teque tuanque urbem truculento milite cingi,
  Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
  Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
  Et sata carne virùm jam cruer arva rigat.
  Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem;
  IIluc Odyrios Mars pater egit equos:
  Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva;
  Fugit et azrisonam Diva perosa tubam,
  Fugit, io! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo
  Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
  Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
  Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
  Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
  Sede peregrinâ quercis egenus opem.
  Patria, dura parenst, et saxis sevior albis
  Spumea que pulsat litoris unda tuî,
  Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fetus,
  Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
  Et sinis ut terris querant alimenta remotis
  Quos tibi prospienci miserat ipse Deus,
  Et qui læta ferunt de caelo nuntia, quiique
  Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra docent?
  Digna quidem Stygiis que vivas clausa tenebris,
  Æternâque animæ digna perire fama!
  Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
  Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
  Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
  Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
  Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
  Paulus ab Æmathiâ pallitur urbe Ciliæ;
  Piscosæque ipsum Gergesse civis Iesium
  Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
**Elegia Quarta**

At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutit decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus;
Illae tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionæe qui tot sub memibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
Terruit et densas pavidum cum regis cohories,
Aère dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulverem dum verberat ungula campum,
Currit arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella reuélum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseri) sperare mementu,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

**ELEGIA QUINTA**

*Anno sexagesimo vigesimo tercio*

**IN ADVENTUM VERIS**

In se perpetuo Tempus revolutile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventum,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires.
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cachenum oberrar.
Et mihi Pirenei somnia nocte ferunt;
Elegia Quinta

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
Delius ipsa venit, video Peneide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipsa venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua caeli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum;
Et mihi fana patent interioara Deám;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fuguunt oculos Tartara ceece meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hec rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto redittda dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus;
Urbe ego, tu sylvà, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris, io! redire vices; celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopias fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arcteos aurea lora plagas.
Est breve nocis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacé,
Horrída cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum celeste Boötes
Non longà sequitur fessus ut ante viá;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atrae toto
Excubias agitam sidens rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè alquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscidà cum primo sole rubescit humus,
‘Haç’ ait, ‘hac certè caristi nocte puellà,
Phoèbe, tuá, celebres que retineret equs.’
Leta suas repetít sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
‘Desere,’ Phoebus ait, ‘thalamos, Aurora, seniles;
Quid juvat effeto procubuisse toro?’
Elegia Quinta

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.'
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos oczę urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.
Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirit messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphii fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Ideam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimpta capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces;
Cinnamæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ;
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera (meneribus siepe coemptus amor),
Illâ tibi ostentat quasunque sub aequore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas precipitâris aquas,
'Cur te,' inquit, 'cursum languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperis recipit cerula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
Día quid immundo perluis ora salò?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ:
Huc ades; ardentes imbuæ rore comas.
Molior egeidâ veniet tibi somnum in herbâ;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circums mulcebit lenè susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Elegia Quinta

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
Nec Phaëtonem fudimus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phæbe, tuo sapientiūs uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.¹
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovert solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superāsse Dianam,
Queque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenae per urbes;
Littus in Hymen et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ;
Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egregiorque frequens ad amīcī gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinu.

Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenā modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quae jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasseque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolvant celeri flore rura choro;
Sylvanusque suā cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiatur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Ménélus Pan;
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres.
Atque aliquam cupidis predatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitunisque cupit malē tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

¹ Excerpt from Ovid's Metamorphoses.
Elegia Quinta

Dū quoque non dulcitant caelo praeponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborē, dī, precor, ite domā.
Te referant, miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sacra! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redeis?
Tu saltem lentè raptos age, Phoebi, jugales
Quā potes, et sensim tempora veris cant:
Brunaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra poli.

ELEGIA SEXTA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM

EURI COMMORANTEM

Qui, cum Iūibus Decemb. scriptisset, et sua carmina excusarī patuitut a solito minus essent bona, quod inter lauditias quibus erat ad unum exceptus hanc solis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabo, tu habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quā tu distento fortē carere potes.
At tua quid nostram plectat Musa camenam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redememque colamque;
Credite mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas,
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur artis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quām bene solemnes epulas, hilaremque Decembria,
Festaque ceelīfugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta foci!
Quid quereris refugam vino daphibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestāsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse sua.
Elegia Sexta

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euae
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallieia mala carmina misit ab agris;
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20
Quid nisi vina, rosàsque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina queque merum;
Dum gravisverso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fæcundam despumptam pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipsa condita metra cadó.
Addimus his artes, fustumque per intima Phœbum
Corda: favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi caelato barbaros auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulà que regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocet quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irreet in totos lapsa Thalia sinu.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisses mero.
At qui bella refert, et adultsu sub Jove caelum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Elegia Sexta

Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata sero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos prebeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labo manus;
Qualis veste nitens sacrà, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad insensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exigus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseis Phoebados aulan,
Et vada femineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex imo, domos, ubi sanguine nigrum
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges;
Dis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modób saltum
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam).
Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis secula pacta libris;
Vagiumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque ætheræ turnas,
Et subitó elios ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa;
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tuli.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis medinata cicitis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.
Elegia Septima

ELEGIA SEPTIMA

Anno utatis undesvisimo

NONDUM blandis tuae leges, Amathusia, nōram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Scepe cupidinem, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen, Amor.
‘Tu puer imbellis’ dixi ‘transige columbas’;
Conveniunt tenera mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hec sunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.’
Non tuli hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summae radians per culmina villae
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maia, dieum;
At mihi adhuc refugam querebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;
Prodidit et facies, et dulce miniantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in externo juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatoris pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamanthi Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisset putares;
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et ‘Miser exemplo sapuisses tutius,’ inquit;
‘Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Python superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et, quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiüis et graviüs tela nocere mea.
Elegia Septima

Me nequit adductum curvare peritiis arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Incius usori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeaque manus, Herculeisque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera que dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tux poeterunt defendere Muse;
Nec tibi Phœbecus porriget anguis opem:
Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolut in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus,
At mihi risuro tomuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de pueru non metus ulius erat.
Et modò quò nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turbæ frequentes, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditique vias;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuissae meos.
Unam fortè aliiis supereminiuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Dæum consciendiæ fuit.
Hanc memor objetcit nobis malus ille Cupido
Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multaeque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginitis ori,
Insilite hinc labis, insidet inde genis;
Et quasunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda fuores;
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Elegia Septima

Interea misero que jam mihi sola placet
Ablata est, oculus non rediva meis;
Ast ego progresor tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sepe referre pedem.

Findor; et hae remanet, sequitur pars altera votum;
Raptaque tam subitè gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia celum,
Inter Lemniacos precipitata focos;
Talis et abreptum solem respetit ad Orcum
Vecus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatus
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!

Forsitan et duro non est adamanie creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitar arsit;
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.

Parce, precor, tenei cum sis Deus ales amoris;
Pungent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deè, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores;
Nescio cur, miser est suavit amans omnes:
Tu modò da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hac ego mente olim levò, studiique supina,
Nequitia posui vana trophaea mea.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilique etas praosa Academia rives;
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Probuit, admisson dedoluitique jugum.
Prothinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flamnis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;
Unde sui frigus metuit pur ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam veniam timet ipse Venus.

M.
[EPIGRAMMATICA]

IN PRODICTIONEM BOMBARDICAM

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapaque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perbide Fauze, nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atra cei,
Sulphureo curru flammiolisque rotis;
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM

Siccinæ tentasti celo donasse Iacobum,
Quae septemgenimo Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius foedos in celum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos;
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque aduveris arte,
Crede mihi, cei vix vix scandet iter.

IN EANDEM

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superam non adeunda domus.
Frenuit hoc trinæ monstrum Latiale coronæ,
Movit et horrendum cornua dena minax.
Et 'Nec inultus' ait 'temnes mea sacra, Britanni;
Supplicium sperat religione dabis;
Et, si stelligera unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammes triste patebit iter.'
O quæm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareæ sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad ætheræas, umbra perusta, plagas.
Epigrammata

IN EANDEM

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris
Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tuli ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit qui lurida creditur arma
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisset Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicusque suus (sic credite, gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua presentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli,
Per tua secretâ guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facillisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quôd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque füsus,
In te unà loquitur, cetera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore fueens,
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ayo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ: filâ movere lyra!
Quamvis Dirceo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Saviour, aut totus desipuiisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cœcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteram composuisse tua;
Et poteram, œgro spirans sub corde quietem,
Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.
Epigrammata

AD RANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corporc Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
illa quidem vivique, et amnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hic, incredibili fructû dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transitul areolas.
Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevó,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, 'Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque vorarem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.'

[DE MORO]

GALLI ex concubitum gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

AD CHRISTINAM, SVECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELL

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortiu justa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

ELEGIARUM FINIS
SYLVARUM LIBER

Anno atatis 17

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI

PARES Fatī discite legibus,
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iapeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tēnaro
Semel vocārit blebis, heu! more
Tentantur incassūm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextra
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmāthia jacuisset Ætā;  
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidē
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis perimit
Ense Locrō, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste Fatum verba Hecatea
Fugare possint, Telegōn parēns
Vīxisset infamis, potentiique
Ægiāli soror usa virgā.
Numenque trimum fallēre si queant
Artes medentūm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypylli cecidisset hāstā;
Lēsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnē perlīta sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cēse puer generetis alvo.
Tuque, O alumnō major Apolline,
Gentis togatae cui regimēn datum,
Frondosae quern nunc Cirrhō luget,
Et medīs Helicon in undis,
Sylva

Jam praefusse Palladio regi,
Latus superstes, nec sine gloriam
Nec puppe lustrasis Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At filia rupit Persephone tua,
Irata cum te viderit aribus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisset Mortis.
Colende Praeses, membra precor tua
Mollis quescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescunt rose cithæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Aecii,
Subrideatque Aetnea Froserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatieri campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

Anno aetatii 17

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latæque potentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabîle fœdus
Sceptra Caledonis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In solo, occultique dol i securis et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifugo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera moesta futuros.
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras;
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos;
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace;
Et quoscunque videt pure virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes.
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam despera per avia praedam
Nocte sub illini, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus ceruleae fumanti turbinie flammeae.
Jamque fluentonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphiurioniaen qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia secula Troaje.

At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum oleantia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstruosus ab ore Typhoeus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspipe cuspis;
Atque 'Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni!' dixit; 'gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potestior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.'
Hactenus; et piscis liquido natat aère pennis:
Quà volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitura fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausonis fines. A parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Apennis erat, priscique Sabini;
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem:
Hinc Mavortianae consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbeam,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque vironum
Evehitur; prœeunt submissio poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;
Cerneaque in manibus gestant funalia cecí,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes. 
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tardis 
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentium 
Sepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum: 
Qualiter exulatat Bromius, Bromiique caterva, 
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis, 
Et procul ipse cavat responsat rupe Citheron. 

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis, 
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit, 
Precipitesque impellit equis stimulante flagello 
Caput oculus Typhlonta, Melanchalemque feroce, 
Atque Acherontiae prognatam patre Siopen 
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrendem Phraca capillis. 

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres, 
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 
Producit steriles molli sine pellicce noctes); 
At vix compositos somnus claudit ocellos 
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum, 
Predatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus 
Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis; 
Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineraea longo 
Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendentque cucullus 
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes, 
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces, 
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calces. 

Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo 
Tetra vagabatur solus per iusta ferarum, 
Sylvestrique tulit gentis pia verba salutis 
Impius, atque lupos dominit, Libycosque leones. 

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu 
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces: 
‘Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos soror opprimit artus? 
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum! 
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaeque triplex 
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 
Dumque pharetrati spemunt tua jura Britannii: 
Surge, age! surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat, 
Cui reserata patet conversi Janua caeli; 
Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,
Sylvæ

Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit, Et quid Apostolice possit custodia clavis; Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem, Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo, Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrose, Thermodoonteâ nuper recogna puellâ. At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto, Crescentsque negas hosti contundere vires, Tyrrehenum implebit numeroso milite pontum Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle; Relliquias veterum franget, flammissque cremabit, Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges. Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte jacesses; Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude: Quelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est. Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos, Grandevosque patres trabebâ canisque verendos: Hos tu membratim poteris conspargere in auras, Atque dare in cineris, nitrati pulvers igne Aedibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis. Protinüs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuorum Audebit summi non justa facessere Papa? Perculososque metu subito, casque stupentes, Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel saevus Iberus, Saccula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt, Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos. Et, nequid times, divos divasque secundas Accipe, quoque tuus celebrantur numina fastis. Dixit, et adsicito ponens malefidus amicetus Fugit ad infandam, regnum illetabile, Lethen. Jam rosea Exss pandens Tithonia portas Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras; Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati Irrigat ambrosiis montana camumna guttis; Cum somnos pepulit stellate janitor aube, Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens. Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vastae ruinosae quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc turvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
Effusa quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cimenta jacet preruptaque saxa
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadaver contra.
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet alter ocellis,
Jurjaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque visi moriendi mille, videntur,
Et Timor: exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror.
Perpetuosque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exuliant: tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antrib
Et Phonus et Prodotes: nulloque sequente per astrum
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbrib,
Disfigiunt sones, et retrò lumina vertunt.
Hos pugiles Rome: per secula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babyloniariis, atque ita factur:
'Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor.
Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitius nostro conjungere mundo.
Illum, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves differtent pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrape, scelestrate propago.
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine vere
Consiliis sociis adhibite, operisque ministros.
Finierat: rigidi cupide paruerue gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine caelos
Despicit aetherae Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversae ridet comamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Asiâ terrâ
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titaniös ardua Fame,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quâm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Osse.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fœnestrae,
Amplaque per tenues translucentes attria muros.
Excitab hic varios plebs agglomerata susurus;
Qualiter instrepitant circum multitlalia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Sylva

523

Dum Canis æstivum caeli petit ardua culmen:
Ipse quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce:
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Quasi sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima caput
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinisibus orbis;
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juventae
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vult
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet luce carentia sape
Perlustrare, etiam radianti imperva soli;
Millevisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Culibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò conflictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliquid veracins ullam,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus aequa.
Te Deus aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine premisso, alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
"Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cedes meditata Iacobo?"
Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et varia excita corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonorum.
Nec mora; jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celere præverte nubes;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit:
Et primò Anglicas, solito de more, par urbem
Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit;
Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgar
Propditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit scleris, nec garrula cecis
Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuerer puellae,
Effusique senes pariter, tantaque ruinae
Sensus ad ætatem subitae penetramerat omnem."
Sylva

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit auis
Papicolum. Capti penas raptantur ad acres:
At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores;
Compta leta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit; quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebrator anno.

Anno ætatis 17

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ;
Et sicca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
Quem nuper effudi plus

Dum moesta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Presulis,
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)

Spargit per urbem divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illæ fausti in insula
Que nomen Anguille tenet

Tunc inquitum pectus ira pro tribus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sape devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Grainque vates parcius

Turpe Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulam sumam.

At ecce! diras ipsa dumi fundo graves,
Et imprecor Neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
‘Ceceos furores pone; pone vitream
Blemique et irritas minas.'
Sylvae

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitòque ad ìras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao;
Ast illa, calo missa stellato, Dei
Messae ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneā reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat,
(Ut cum fugaces excitant Hore diem,
Themidos Jovisque filic,)
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas;
Hanc ut vocantem laetus audivi, citò
Foedum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feron,
Vates ut olim raptus ad caelum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Boötes terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;
Longèque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebatur suo
Frenis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hie tacibo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amenitates illius loci? Mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.
Naturam non pati senium

Heu! quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundi
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Andet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nullaque solubile seculo
Consilium Pati perituros alligat horis.

Ergone marcescit sulpantibus obsita rugis
Naturae facies, et rerum publica Mater,
Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescat ab aevi?
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetusta
Annorumque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque,
Sidera vexabant? An et insalubile Tempus
Esuriit Caelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu! potuitque suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perrennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremenda,
Convexi tabulata ruunt, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polius, superique ut Olympus aula
Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ageseam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limes celi.
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
Preципit curru, subitāque ferere ruinā
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nererus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam ærei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allia barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraterraque bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
Consuluit rerum summa, certoque peregrit
Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima diurno,
Syloae

Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine caelos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat crastât casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec foveat effexus loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino disperit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Ceruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupeis.
Nec per inane fuit levi murmure Corus;
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rara circumstrepit aquosa conchâ
Oceanî Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorum
Ægrona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi scelci vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest; servatque sumum Narcissus odores;
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec dilior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec fiamma orbem populetur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cœli,
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

IDEÁ PLATONICÁ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

DICITÉ, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et rata leges Jovis, 
Caelique fastos atque ephemerae Deorum, 
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine 
Natura solis finxit humano genus, 
Æternus, incorruptus, æqueveus polo, 
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 
Haud ille, Palladis gemellus iungux, 
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis; 
Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior, 
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius, 
Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci: 
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes 
Carli pererrat ordines decemplices, 
Citimunve terris incolit Luna globum; 
Sive, inter animas corpus aditus sedens, 
Obliviosae torpet ad Lethes aquas; 
Sive in remotæ fortæ terrarum plagâ, 
Incedit ingenius hominis archetypus gigas, 
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput, 
Atlante major portitore siderum. 
Non, cui profundum cæcitatis lumen dedisti, 
Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu; 
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos 
Vatum sagaci praesides ostendit choros; 
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet 
Longos vetusti commenorem atavos Nini, 
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem; 
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine. 
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani scient) 
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus. 
At tu, perenne ruris Academia decus 
(Hec monstra si tu primus induxisti scholis) 
Jam jam poetar, urbis exules tuae, 
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus; 
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.
NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irrigua torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues obita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptius a nobis quae possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse quae vacui que redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semito somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil ætheros ortus et semina celi,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethea retinens vestigia flamme.
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima cire valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adadamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcaea futuri
Phoebades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibylae;
Carmina sacrificus solliennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit et teplidis Parcam scrutatur in exitis.
Nos etiam, patrium tum cunc repetemus Olympum,
Æternaeque moree stabunt immobils avii,
Ibimus auratis per celis templar coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus gemenique poli convexa sonabant.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes
Nunc quoque sidereis intercircit ipse choreis
Immortalis melos et inenarrabile carmen,
Torrida dum rutilus compulsit sibila Serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio manussecit Orion,
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastaque immense vorago
Nota gulae, et modico spumabat ceca Lyceo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonis redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnaeo quiesitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquaci?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphsea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non cithara, simulacraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas imopesque puta, quorum ipse perius
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis haeres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihì, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camænas,
Non odisse reor. Neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, quà prionior area luci,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi;
Nec rapias ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed, magis excultam cupiunt ditescere mentem.
Me, procul urbeo strepitu, successibus altis
Abductum, Aonie jucunda per otia ripae,
Phoebæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Syloae

Me poscunt majora. Tuo, pater optime, sumpto
Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,
Et Latii veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quo jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quaeque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet caeleum, subjectaque caelo
Terra parense, terraque et caelo interfluos aëris,
Quicquid et una tegit pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nóisse licet, per te, si nóisse libebit;
Dimotáque venit spectanda Scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libãsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gaas Perilanaque regna praoptas.
Quae potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, caelo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commissit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fœna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam docte pars quamlibet ima caterve,
Vetricites hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabunte oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles Cure, procul est Querelia,
Invidineque acies transverso tortulis hirquo;
Saeva nec anguiteros extende, Calumnia, rictus;
In me triste nihil, fedissima turbâ, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fideaque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, Iusus,
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Sylva

Nec spissio rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV

'Impulit ótque páideis, ót' óghla féll'; 'Iamábou
Alóúntiou Úpte dêmou, ástcháia, basálabófoumou,
Dé tót méoun óyn ónth étou ýés; 'Ioúda-
'En dé Òou lasiot méga kriou basálleoum.
Eldè, kai éntroptóðhrí féguadh èrrwhorí ðálacta,
Kýmwti 'éluménti moúth, ó ð' dé' éntwbléichíth
'Ýrón 'Iordánvs ndi 'límmrfófeta pýnhn;
'Ek ð' d' d' óreka skarbdóumia ápérapó 'klántóthu,
'Oe kroi sthýnóumtt éttracêph eí 'aláj-
Bàiwtwv ð' òmá pása ánáxekríppn õrýnwa,
Ola paráí sfýrgwgh' fíly ènto mútrh àrnes.
Títsw òú 'y', áná ñállacta, plów phýgadh èrrwhorík
Kýmwti 'éluménti moúth; ti ð' dé' éntwbléichíth
'Ýrón 'Iordánvs ndi 'límmrfófeta pýnhn;
Títw', óreka, skarbdóumw 'ántróswa 'klántéthw,
'Oe kroi sfýrgwntes éttracêph eí 'aláj;
Bàiwtwv ti ð' dé' órres ánáxekríppn õrýnwa,
Ola paráí sfýrgwgh' fíly ènto mútrh àrnes;
Sélès 'gína, 'gínwv Òou mgyál' éttrwcíntwa,
Ýná, Òeán méwos 'úppwos sthýs 'ísthóddw,
'Ôe te kai 'êc sthýnóumtt pwtomwv xh mértwórrtwta,
Khréprh t' õénnn t'érrh ùppw 'klántéthw.

Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insimul inter reas forte captum insceus damnaverat, tìv òwv õénnn porúwnov, hòc subito misit.

'Ô òna, el óllysój me tòv õóvov, óuáá tòv' ómbov
Dêwov ólác drástwta, sofoúwntov, óuáá kýrrnov
'Rhôdiov 'óllýw, tò ð' éntovn õéth nóowntov,
Máfódwv ð' d' d' étvnta tòv ón pòl kòmbo ódývý,
Toáv òv pòlòv perównov õllac óllysój.
Sylva

In effigie ejus sculptorem.

Aenadē γεγράφθη χερι τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φωνή τάχ᾽ ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφων δεῖκτων.
Τῶν δ᾽ ἐκτυπωτῶν οὐκ ἐπεγράψατε, φίλοι,
Γελαῖ δὲ δαίδαλο δυσρήμα μορφάζουν.

AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM ΑΓΡΟΤΑΝΤΕΜ

Scazonites

O Musa gressum que volens trahis Claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum
Quam cum decentes flava Deloipe suras
Altermat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adesdum, et hæc sís verba paucæ Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis praetulit immeriti divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet fabra)
Venit feraces Italii soli ad glebas,
Visum superba cognitas urbes famā,
Virosequ, docteque indelem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Precedilesque fixa dannosum spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phebe! morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Paean
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallisbus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursum Musis
Sylva

Vicina dulci prata mulcebit canis.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit oitum æternum,
Suum reclus semper Αєgeriam spectans;
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annue colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimium sinistro luxus irruens loro;
Sed frans melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS

Ioannes Baptista Mansus, Marchi Villensis, vir ingenii laude, ut litterarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus est; primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus exstat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus: ab quo etiam iter Campaniae principes celebrator, in illo poemate cui titula GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi
Risplende il Manso ...

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summa benevolentia prosequi est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discедерet, ut ne ingrana ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuae meditantur carmina laudi Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phoebe, Quandquidem ille alium hae æquo est dignatus honor,
Post Galli cineres, et Meganeis Hetruci.
Tu quoque, si nostrum tantum valet aura Camene,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magnfico felix concordia Tasso
Juxit, et æternis inscriptis nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciqoquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dixi se gaudet alumnun,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausoniae stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Sylva

Nec Manes pietas tua chara sefellit amici; 535
Vidimis arridentem operoso ex are poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam 30
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliüs et magni nomine Phoebi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per æcum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quae nuper, gelidâ vix enunita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbem.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbra,
Qua Thamesis latè puris argenteus urinis
Oceanis glaucos perfundit gurgite crines;
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus inculsum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Qua plagá septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boötem.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
Flaventes spicas, et lutea malâ canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choraeas.
(Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Hercou laudes imitandique gesta canebant.)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiae de more pueilee,
Carminibus laetis memorant Corinedia Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fucuo.
Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Clarique perpetui succrescit fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates.
Syble

Cynthia, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.
At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
Rura Phereciae caelo fugitivus Apollo,
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum, uti clamoros placuit viare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irrigius inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sape sub illic nigrâ,
Ad citharae strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
Exili duros lesbat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suæ, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotaeque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecto senex! te Jupiter aequus oportet
Nascentem et miti lustratilumine Phoebus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetae.
Hinc longeva tibi lento sub fltre secentus
Vernat, et Aesoniae lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adulem mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phoebos decorasse viros qui tum bene nörir,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
Aut dicam invictae socialis fredere mensae
Magnanimos heros, et (O modó spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonias Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
Tandem, ubi, non tacite permensus tempora vitae;
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jurà relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;
Astanti sat erit si dicam 'Sim tibi curae';
Ille meos artus, liveni morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ:
Forisitan et nostras ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri,
Fronde comas; at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si praemia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego, celicoloä semotus in æthera divum,
Quod labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquä mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt), et tota mente serenum
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi letus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS

ARGUMENTUM

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem vicinie pastores, eadem studia sequuti,
a pueritæ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. THYRSIS, animi causä
profector, peregæ de obitu DAMONIS nuncium accepit. Domum
postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem
hoc carmine deplorat. DAMONIS autem sub personâ hic intel-
ligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Heturiae Lucæ paterno
genere oriuandus, cetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissinisque
ceteris virtutibus, dum vivere, juvenis egregius.

HIMERICIDES Nympheae (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),
Dicie Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, que murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Lucibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam his viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant borrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbros,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque reliciti
Cura vocat, simul assuetä seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
Copit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem:
'Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina caelo,
Postquam te inmitti rapuerunt finere, Damo;
Sicine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus.
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbribis?
At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

‘Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabique tuus tibi honos, longûnque vigebit
Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo
Solve post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid d est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociûmque habuisse canorum.

‘Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hec tibi certa manent, tibi erant haec premia, Damin.
At mihi quid tandem fieri modò? quis mihi fidus
Herebit lateri comes, ut tu sepe solebas,
Frigeribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminis ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

‘Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctern
Dulcisbus alloquiis, grato cum sibiit igni
Molle pírum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

‘Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut restate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan ascula somnum capit abditus umbri,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, sterit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropisque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

‘Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberró,
Sicubi ramosse densantur valliis umbrae;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Euris
Triste sonant, fracteque agitata crepuscula silvae.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei! quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Inrubia neglecto marcescit et uta racemo,
Nec myrtea juvante; ovium quoque tedet, at iliae
Merent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corystos vocat, Alphesiboeus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:
"Hic gelidi fontes, hic illeta grammata musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbustus undas."
Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hec, nam me redeunte tem fortè notàrat
(Ex callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),
"Thyrsi, quid hoc?" dixit; "que te coquar improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;
Saturni grave sepe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit precordia plumbo."

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphae, et "Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?" aiunt: "non hae solet esse juvente
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leve, et semper amorem
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit."

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
Doxta modos, citharæque scienis, sed perita fastu;
Venit Idumiani Chloris vicina fluenti:
Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ualla futuri.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnès unanimes secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitans, serè sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objectit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tuli rostro, seu stratit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pector discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris hord,
Surripit, externum linquens in secula damnnum.

4. Ita domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu! quis mé ignotas traxit vagus errror in oras
Ire per aèreas rupes, Alpenque nivosam?
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepulturn
(Quamvis illa foris, qualim dum viseret olim
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodalae,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluvisque sonantes?
Ahi certè extremin licisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse "Vale! nostri memor ibis ad astra."

4. Ita domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nonquam meminisse pignes,
Pastores Thuscii, musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damos,
Antiquà genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemos, quâ mollior herba,
Carpare nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrios,
Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum
Displaciui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscelle, calathique, et cerea vincla cictae:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

4. Ita domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hec mihi tum letus dictatbat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hexios.
Ah! quotes dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
"Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;
Vima nunc texit varios sibi quod sit in usus";
Et que facili speraham mente futura
Arripit voto levis, et presentia finxi.
"Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus, et argutæ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurreas medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentâm."
Ah! perante herbe, perante artesque medentâm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profeceris magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admórâm labra cicitis:
Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuerâ sono;: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulâs; tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylve.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per œquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogenie,
Brennunque Arviragunque duces, priscunque Belintim,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lège colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraudae ògernen;
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annós pendebis, fistula, pinu
Multûm obîta mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia? mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in avum
Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi),
Si me flavâ comas legat Usa, et potor Alunî,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treante,
Et Thamæsius meus ante omnes, et fusca metallîs
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentû sub cortice laurî,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
Mollique luxu degener otium)  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm  
Immundasque volúcres  
Unguibus imminentes  
Fígat Apollinê pharetrâ,  
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseô?

ANTISTROPHÉ

Quin tu, libelle, nutuì licet málâ  
Fíde, vel oscitantâ,  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quia te teneat specus,  
Seu qua te latebra, fôrâ unde vili  
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
Letare felix; en itern tibi  
Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ:

STROPHÉ 3

Nam te Rolîsius sui  
Optat peculi, numeróque justo  
Sibi polllicitum queritur abesse,  
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
Sunt data virum monumenta cura;  
Teque adytis etiam sacrís  
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
Æternorum operum custos fidélis,  
Quæstoque gaza nobilioris  
Quam cui praefuit Ion,  
Clarus Erectheîdes,  
Opulenta dei per templo parentis,  
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
Ion Actaeâ genitus Creusâ.
ANTISTROPHE

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amoenos;
Diamque Phæbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniā quam valle colit,
Delo posthabita,
Biōdoque Parnassi jugo;
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

EPODOS

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serè placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiā requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabí solers Roïst,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legionēm prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhíbíbit integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roïsio favente.

De tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum
do clausis; quas, tametì omnes nec versus numerò nec certis ubique
exactè respondént, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legéndi potius
ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alloquin hoc
is rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt
σχέδων, partim ἀναλυμένα. Phaleucia quae sunt spondeæm terio
bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.
SYLVÆ

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Piacamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobi
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod, si dolosi spes refulerit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare suflatu,
Cantabit ultrà Cardinalitium melos.

IN SALMASIUM

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidà hieme incollit algentes freta!
Vestrum misertas ille Salmasius Eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyros
Vobis cucullos, preferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii:
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriinis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.
NOTES.

PSALM CXIV.
First printed in 1645.


PSALM CXXXVI.
First printed in 1645.

over hardly 1645.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.
First printed in 1673. In the Title the words 'a Nephew of his' were added in 1713.


AT A VACATION EXERCISE.
First printed in 1673.


35—2
ON THE NATIVITY. First printed in 1645.


UPON THE CIRCUMCISION. First printed in 1645.

In Milton's own hand in the Trinity ms.

13, 14. As one line originally in Trin. ms. 19. High-throned High-thron'd ms. High throned 1645, 1673. 23. wrath] weaned ms. originally. 27, 28. As one line originally in Trin. ms. the present division being marked in the margin as also in 13, 14. 28. Will] Shall ms. in margin originally.

THE PASSION. First printed in 1645.


ON TIME. In the Trinity ms. this is in Milton's own hand, and he originally added to the title 'To be set on a clock case.' But their words he afterwards struck out. It was first printed in 1645.

18. to whose] to whose ms. 1645, 1673. 20. earthy] earthy Warne (ed. 2).

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC. First printed in 1645. In the Trinity ms. there are two rough drafts and a fair copy, all in Milton's hand. The first rough draft is very much torn and difficult to read. The second has two ends, from line 17 onwards. The fair copy, except in the last line, agrees with the printed text.

3. Wed...employ,] Miss ye choie choize chords, & happiest sounds employ second draft originally, altered to what we have in the text.
AT A SOLEMN MUSIC] Notes 549

and mix’d power] power & joyned force first draft. 4. After this line in the second draft, and apparently also in the first, there stood the following:

and whilst ye, equall raptures temper’d sweet
in high misterious holie spousall meet
match us from earth a while
us of our selves & home bred woes beguil.

In the first of these lines whilst was changed to ws in the second draft. In the second line holie was changed to holly, and in the last line home bred was changed to nation. 5. high-raised] up royal second draft originally. phantasy] fancies then first draft originally. 6. conceiv] MS. and ed. 1673. content 1645. 7. All that is left of this line in the first draft is up surrounds the soveraigne throne with soveraigne changed to sapphire-coloured. 8. To him] & him second draft originally. 9. In the first draft the line originally ended & sollemn erie. jubilee] jubilee MS. jubilie 1645, 1673. 10. burning] princesly first draft. tripeled second draft originally, changed to burning. 11. Their...blow] high lifted loud archangell trumpets blow second draft originally, altered to what stands in the text. In the first draft Milton finally wrote loud symphonie of silver trumpets blow angel-trumpets] Hyphened by Newton. 12. In the first draft, so far as can be deciphered, this line and the following stood thus:

and youths[al cher]ubim sweet-winged squires
Heave’s hensmen in ten thou[and quir]ys.

14. wear] beare first draft, originally wore. victorious] the freshe green first draft, altered first to blooming and then to victorious. In the second draft the reading was originally blooming altered to victorious. 15. Hymns] in hymnes first draft originally. devout] devote 1705. holy] sacred both drafts originally, altered in the margin of the second draft to holie. 16. After this the first draft originally had that all the frame of heaven and arches blue resound and Echo Hallélu. In the first instance that was altered to while, and then in the margin Milton wrote the alternatives whilst the whole frame of and while (originally whilst) all the starrie frame. The second draft had originally while all the starrie rounds & arches blue resound and echo Hallélu. 17. That...voice] The first draft originally had that we below may learne with hart & voice which was changed to that wee with undiscarding hart & voice and so it stood originally in the second draft, but it was finally altered to what we have in the text. 18. May rightly answer] rightly to answere
first draft originally. In his fair copy Milton first wrote could as in one of the two forms of the second draft. Initial of these lines the first draft had

by leaving out those harsh chromatic jarres of sin that all our musick marres & in our lives & in our song may keepe &c.

In the first form of the second draft Milton wrote in the margin ill naming as a substitute for chromatic, and the following line originally was

of clamorous sin that all our musick marres.

20. In the second form of the second draft this line originally stood
drown’d natures chime & wth tumultuous din.

28. To live with him, and sing] 1645, 1673. To live & sing wth him ws (both drafts and fair copy). in endless morn of light] As in both form of the second draft of the ms. and in the fair copy, as well as in 1645, 1673. In the first draft Milton originally wrote an ever-endless light, adding in the margin ever-glorious and unceiled as alternatives to ever-endless, and in the whole phrase where day dwells wth out night, in endless (or clamorous) mornes (or light) of light, and in never parting light.

SONG ON MAY MORNING. First printed in 1645.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

First printed in 1632 in the second Folio of Shakespeare, and again in 1645.


ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER. First printed in 1645.


ANOTHER ON THE SAME. First printed in 1645.

18. may not] mayn’t 1705. 28. been] 1673. bin 1645.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

First printed in 1645.

L’ALLEGRO.


IL PENSOEROSO.


ARCADES.

The heading was originally
Part of a maske
Looke nymphs & shepherds looke heere ends our quest
since at last ο’ eyes are blest.
10–13. The Trinity ms. had originally:
now seems guiltless of abuse
and distraction from her praise
lessen them half she hath express’d
Emvie her hide the rest.
Notes

22. unless] The MS. has unless altered to Ceres. 24. had] MS. originally would have.
28. ye] you MS. 40. ye whereas ye] you where you MS.
41. What shallow-searching Fame!] those virtues of dull Fame MS. originally. 44. are] have MS. originally. 45. of this] & charge of this MS. originally.
46. Above this line in the MS. are written the words live a thousand years. They were afterwards expunged.
47. With] in MS. originally. 49. and] or MS. originally. 50. bought] leaves MS. originally. 52. Or] MS. originally & altered to or.
53. Number... visit] MS. originally & number all my ranks, &c.
55. Hath lock'd up mortal sense] MS. originally & chain'd mortalitie, first changed to hath lockt up mortal sense and then to hath lockt up mortal sense. 56. turn] MS. originally turning. 82. toward] you towards MS.

COMUS.

This name was first affixed to the poem by Warton.

A Masque &c. The Title both in the Trinity and Egerton MS. is simply 'A maske.' The editions of 1645 and 1673 have the longer title as given here. In ed. 1637 it is added "on Michaelmas Night." The Pers. &c. First given in 1645: not in 1673. Stage Direction. The Trinity MS. has, 'The first scene discovers a wild wood. A Guardian spirit, or Daemon.' In the Egerton MS. it is 'The first scene discovers a wild wood, then a guardian spirit or demon descends or enters.' In ed. 1645 it is 'The first... Wood. The attendant Spirit descends or enters.' In the Egerton MS. there is a Prologue of twenty lines taken from what is now the Epilogue.

4. After this line there stood originally in the Trinity MS. the following:

amidst th Hesperian gardens on whose bancks
bedew'd with nectar, & celestial songs
sternall roses grow, & hischant
& fruits of golden rind, on whose faire tree
the scalie-harnest dragon ever keeps
his unenchanted eye, & round the verge
& sacred limits of this blissfull Isle
the jealous ocean that old river winds
his farre-extended armes till wth sleepe fall
Notes

half his wast flood y^a wide Atlantique fills & halfe the slow unfadom'd Stygian poole
but soft I was not sent to count yo' wonder
w^th distant worlds, & strange removed climes
yet thence I come and oft fro' thence behold
the smoke & stirre of this dim, narrow spot.

To these lines 'on whose bancks' was changed to 'where the'
then restored. In the third line 'grow' was successively changed
'tbrow,' and 'blosme,' and then restored. In line 5 'dragon' was
'twatchfull dragons.' In line 6 'unichanted' is substituted for
armed.' In line 7 'blisfull' was originally 'happie,' and in line 8
poole' was substituted for 'poole of styx.' After this the following
struck out:

I doubt me gentle mortalls these may seeme
strange distances to heare & unknowne climes.

These lines were originally transposed, and between them was written
beyond the written date of mortall change.

entron'd Trin. ms. showing that it is to be read as a dissylable.
ith Eg. ms. 14. opst] shows Trin. ms. originally. 18. The
ially stood in the Trin. ms.

but to my businesse now. Neptune whose sway.

is...Jove] Trin. ms., followed by edd. 1637, 1645, 1673, punctuates
ookke in by lot twixt high, & neither Jove.
has. Took in by lot, 'twixt high and neither Jove.

Took in, by lot 'twixt high and neither Jove.


the rule & title of each sea-girt isl.

[INLAY] Trin. ms. had originally rich gemmes inlay.

27. wold] wild, 1713. void Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1677.
28. the main] his empire Trin. ms. originally.

34. Where Whiter Keightley conj. 35. new-


m. 1673. ye 1645. ye 1637. 45. From] by Trin. ms.

46. grapes] grape Eg. ms. 48. mariners] mannors

53. groveling] groveling Trin. ms. groveling Eg. ms.
m. w^th originally in both ms., altered in Trin. ms. to whom,

us named and named him Consus Trin. ms. originally. 59. full-

lyphened by Keightley. 60. fields] feilds Trin. ms. 62. shelter

in. ms. originally. shedier] shade Trin. ms. 63. mighty] potent

originally. 65. signor] Milton began writing like but struck
it out. 66. drouth[4] drought Keightley. 67. found[4] made Trin. ms. originally. 68. potion works[4] potions work Trin. ms. originally. 69. of the gods[4] of the gods Trin. ms. which had originally of the god. 72. as they were[4] as before Trin. ms. originally. 73. 16[4] is 1657. 76. friends[friends; 1637. 79. advent rous[4] Mss. adventrous 1637, 1645, 1673. 80. the sparkick[4] a Sparkle Fenton. 81. convoy convoy Fenton. 82. sky roker[4] sky-robes Tickell. sky weie Eg. ms. 85. smooth skirrel[4] Hyphened in 1637, 1645. 90. Lichiest, and nearest[4] nearest & ablest Trin. ms. originally, but marked for transposition. to the present aid[4] Trin. ms. originally had to give present aide. This was first altered to to the present chance and then aide was restored. 92. hateful virgin Trin. ms. originally. After this line both ms. have 'Exit,' but in the Trin. ms. this is altered to 'goes out.' Stage Direction. As in ed. 1637. In Eg. ms. 'a glass of liquor' is substituted for 'his glass'; 'like men & women but headed like wild beasts' for 'headed...women.' In the Trin. ms. it stands thus: 'Comus enters wth a charming rod & glasse of liquor with his rest all headed like some wild beasts thre garments some like mens & some like womens they come on in a wild & antick fashion.' For 'come on in' the ms. at first had 'begin' and for 'antick' 'humorous.' To this was added 'intranit exauderst.' 97. Atlantic[4] Tartessian Trin. ms. ed. 99. dusky[4] northern Trin. ms. originally, afterwards changed to dusky but restored. The Eg. ms. also has Northern, but the printed editions read dusky. 102. welcome joy[4] welcome, joy Eg. ms. welcome joy 1637, 1608. The Trinity ms. is torn here, and it is impossible to say what the reading originally was. Birch and others read it And quick Law with he scrupulous head, but this is certainly wrong. All that I am able to decipher is &c followed by a word ending in -tom and then with her. But whatever it may have been it is altered to what we have in the text. 114. is swif[4] wth swif Trin. ms. originally. 117. town[4] yellow Trin. ms. originally. 118. faerie[4] faeries Trin. ms. faeries Eg. ms. 123. high[4] high Trin. ms. Night hat[4] Night hat Mss. 125. rite[4] rights Mss. 129. to whom[4] Tob. volume Eg. ms. & whom 1637, 1645, 1673. 130. burns[4] burns Eg. ms. 131. are[4] at 1637. 1607. 1645. 1673. 1607. 132. smit[4] smits Trin. ms. smits Tickell. 133. From the Trin. ms. it appears that Milton began to write and makes a blot of nature, then and then he must all the airs, and finally as in the text. 134. cloudy[4] polisht Tick. Ms. originally. 135. Heate[4] Heate Trin. ms. altered to Heate. 136. For this line Milton at first wrote & favour our close revoloe, altering the last word to jovemire. This fits in with the rejected reading in the previous line. 137. Of[4] till Trin. ms. originally. none[4] sought Trin. ms. originally. 139. on the Indian[4] Eg. ms. on th. Indian Trin. ms. 1645, 1673. 144. In[4] wth Trin. ms. originally. fantasta[4] & frolick Trin. ms. originally. The Measure. Both ms. add, 'in a wild ride
Notes

on antick. 145. feel hear Trin. Ms. originally. 146. After the Trinity Ms. had originally some virgin sure benighted in these woods for so I can distinguish by myne art.

: the end of this line both Ms s. have the stage-direction 'they all 150. charms' trains Trin. Ms. originally. 151. sily trains] charms Trin. Ms. originally. 154. dazzling] powder'd Trin. Ms. by. 155. [blur] At first sight and then blind' in Trin. Ms. if else Trin. Ms. originally. 161. glising] gleaving Eg. Ms. [ind] Win Tickell. 164. snare] nets Trin. Ms. originally. yt/in In the margin of the Trin. Ms. is written in another hand thirt. 1673 this line is omitted and the two following lines are transposed. the Trin. Ms. Milton wrote & hearken, if I may, her business hear.

, Ms. has and hearken if I may her business hear.

itions of 1637 and 1645 follow substantially Milton's Ms. The 1673 follows ed. 1645 in the text but in the table of Errata altered to

And hearken, if I may her business hear.

untouched Trin. ms. originally. 216. I see...believe] For this line
Trin. ms. had

I see ye...this dusty hollow is a paradise
this dusty hollow is a paradise

217. to whom] to whom Trin. ms. t whom 1637, 1645, 1673. 219. gar-
dian] cherub Trin. ms. originally. 223. sabre] sabre 1637. 226. hold] hollow Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. hollow Eg. ms. 227. farther] fartherest Trin. ms. 1637. 228. venture] Eg. ms. venter Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 229. off] 1637, 1645, 1673. hence Trin. ms. (margin). 231. shell] fell Trin. ms. (margin). 233. violet-embroidered] violet-embroider'd Trin. ms. 1645. violet embroidered Eg. ms. 241. of] to Eg. ms. 243. give resounding] hold a counterpoint Trin. ms. hand a Counterpoint Eg. ms. 244. Say] Say Trin. ms. originally 'Comus enters,' altered to 'looks in and speaks' as in Eg. ms. 250. empty-vaulted] Hyphenated in 1637, 1645, 1673, but not in Trin. ms. 252. id] 1645, 1673. she ms. and idg. 254. In the Trinity ms. these lines are added in the margin. 254. Amidst] sitting amidst Trin. ms. originally. 255. potent] In the Trinity ms. Milton first wrote potent then powerfull then mighty and then restored potent. 256. at] when Eg. ms. 257. I] would speak and chide Trin. ms. originally, then would speak chiding, and finally as in the text. 257. foreign] foreign Eg. Trin. ms. forreigne Trin. ms. 1637. foref. 1645, 1673. 256. certain] added above the line in Trin. ms. 268. Dwellest] livest Trin. ms. originally. 270. prosperously] prospering Trin. ms. originally. 276. answer] After this in Trin. ms. the words to give me are repeated and struck out. 278. leave] leave 1705. 279. near-watering] Hyphenated in 1637, 1645, 1673. thine watering hands Trin. ms. originally. 280. warry] warried Trin. ms. altered to warrie. turf] Tickell. turf ms. and 1637. turf 1645, 1673. 283. i] it Trin. ms. in the Eg. ms. 289. hose] 1637. loose ms. 1645, 1673. 291. Two such] such two Trin. ms. 294. saw them] saw 'em Eg. ms. 297. human] as thy stand...as they stood Trin. ms. humans as they stood Trin. ms. humans as they stood, Eg. ms. human; as they stood, 1637. 300. colour] colourless Eg. ms. 301. saw strove] Hyphenated in Eg. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 304. found them] found them ed Trin. ms. originally. 308. star-light] 1645, 1673. star-light Trin. ms. 1637. star-light Eg. ms. 310. the sure guest] sure steersman Trin. ms. originally. 312. wild] wide ms. In Trin. ms. wild is written in the margin but not in Milton's hand. 313. body] Milton seems to have been doubtful about this word, for he wrote it three times and bracketed it twice. 316. Or shrunted within these limits] Milton first wrote within these limits, adding shrunted in the margin as an epithet to limits. This he first altered to Or shrunted within these limits, and finally to what we have in the text.
Eve morrow wrote] the larke rouse Trin. ms. originally. low-roasted] love roaster Eg. ms. thatch'd] thatched Trin. ms. paled] paleate Trin. ms. 1637. paleat Eg. ms. In the margin of Trin. ms. palled is written in the same hand as wild l. 311. palled 1645, 1673.

In Walton. yet is most pretended] is pretended yet Trin. ms. originally.
or less secure] I cannot be Trin. ms. originally, transferred to the next line. me my Eg. ms. my] this Trin. ms. originally. Execunt] Trin. ms. om. Eg. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. Enter the two Brothers.] Walton. the tow brothers enter Trin. ms. The two brothers Eg. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. wont] wontest Trin. ms. originally. wont Eg. ms. love] prove Peck conj. thy] a Trin. ms. originally. close] lone Eg. ms. and Trin. ms. originally, first altered to sad, and then to close. A fair copy of these lines was written on a separate piece of paper and fastened to the opposite leaf. In Todd's time this was still preserved and the readings which it contained are quoted by him; but owing to the enterprise of some collector it has disappeared for many years. whether] 1695. whether Eg. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. amongst rude burs and thistles] The Trin. ms. had at first in this dead solitude and then in this surrounding wilds. Learns her unfilled head] In Trin. ms. at first she learns her thought-filled head, fraught with sad fears] In Trin. ms. at first musing at our senium inesse. What if] or else Trin. ms. originally; not Or lost, as given by Walton. After this line in the Trinity ms. the following three lines are added:

so fares as did forsaken Proserpine
when the big rowling flacks of pitchie clouds
& darkness wound her in. 1 Bro. Peace brother peace.

So also Eg. ms. For rowling Milton first wrote rowswelling. be not...self-delusion] Omitted in both ms. In Trin. ms. it was apparently the piece which has been lost, as the readings are given by Walton and Todd. over-exquisite] over exquisite 1637.


plumes] plumes Walton conj. princes Ladur conj. all-to ruffled] all to ruff'd Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. all too ruffled] Ticell. benighted...dungeon] Both ms. have walks in black vapours, though the moonlyde brand

In the Trinity ms. these lines are struck out, and the present text is written.
in the margin. 388. and] or Trin. ms. originally and Eg. ms. 389. a hermit] an Hermit 1637. words] In Trin. ms. it was first head; then paun, then heads again, and finally needs. 391. His few books or his book Trin. ms. first had his books, his hairy goonne. 395. dragon with Hyphenated in 1695. 398. unwound] unwound Eg. ms. 399. treasure] treasures Eg. ms. 400. hope] thinks Trin. ms. originally. 401. v[or] Eg. ms. 402. left] She Eg. ms. 403. wide surrounding land] sea, &c. hidden wild Trin. ms. originally. wide] see ms. wild 1647. wild 1645. 1673. 404. Of night or loneliness] Of night: of loneliness Fenton 1777. rocks] rocks 1695. me not] Eg. ms. me not in Trin. ms. 406. irreverent] question, no ms., followed by five lines which were afterwards omitted:

I could be willing though now 'tis dark to trie
A tough encounter wh't the strongest Russian
That lurks by hidge or lane of this dead circuit
to have her by my side, though I were sure
She might be free from peril where she is.

In Trin. ms. the first of these lines began, behaw me but I would, and its encounter Milton first wrote passado. 410. Yet [but ms. hope and fear] hopes & fears Trin. ms. originally. 411. the event] Trin. ms. the event Eg. ms. 1647, 1645, 1673. 413. gladly banish] Marked for transplantation in Trin. ms. 415. imagine] imagine brother ms. 417. you] em. 1647. 423. And,...here] For this line the Trin. ms. had first
& may [upon any needfull accident]
be it not in pride or in presumptuon
which he afterwards transferred to line 431. In the margin it appears that may was written by mistake for the next line. 423. May true] walk through Trin. ms. originally. 425. ray] or Trin. ms. originally. 426. salvage fierce,] salvage fierce, Trin. ms. salvage, fierce, Eg. ms. Milton first wrote savage, bandit] Banditti Tuckell. 427. Will] shall Trin. ms. originally. 428. there] even ms. 429. After this line was inserted in both ms.

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444. mountain part] Hyphenated by Knightley. 447. that[ the Dalton.
448. That[ the Eg. Ms. unconquer'd] Milton first wrote aortal, then word-enque'rt, and finally as in the text. 449. Milton began the line with frozen, apparently for freezing, but struck it out. 449-452. stone....
453. soul is found] Milton first wrote of her pureness, then of bright rays. 454. A soul is found it finds a soul[ T]rin. Ms. originally. 455. Driving...guilt[ T]ickell.
475. sensuality] sensuality Eg. Ms. 1637. 476. Opposite this line in the Trinity Ms. was originally the stage-direction ‘Hallow within.’ The line at first ended list bro. list.
477. Stage Direction in Trin. Ms. ‘hallow fare off.’
478. Stage Direction in Trin. Ms. ‘hallow fare off.’ far-off] far-o’f Trin. Ms. far of Eg. Ms. far off 1637. far of 1645. far of 1673. hallow] hallow Trin. Ms. 1645, 1673. hallow Eg. Ms. 483. night-found[ T]hr. Hyphenated in 1645. 485. roving robber[ T]rin. Ms. cur’d man of 1st word. Above the line, over the space between cur’d and man,
is written hodge, and in the margin some roving robber is added but afterwards struck out. 486. Again, again] yet again, again[ T]rin. Ms. originally.
487. aven, aven Eg. Ms. 1673. aven aven 1645. hall] hallow Trin. Ms.
1645, 1673. 488-489. Between these lines in Trin. Ms. was first written had best look to his forehead. here he bramble. This was altered to he may chance or scratch his forehead etc., and then struck out. 490. Stage Direction. Enter...The Attendant...shepherd.] 1637, 1645. he hallows the guardian Daemon hallows aven & enters in the habit of shepherd Trin. Ms. he hallows and is answered, the guardian duron comes in habited like a shepherd Eg. Ms.
514. Spir.]
519. For...blind] Added in the margin of Trin. Ms. 520. novel]
nov[ T]rin. Ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 523. Deep skill’d] First cur’d, then deepen learnt, and finally deepen skill’d, in Trin. Ms. 528. And the]
Milton at first intended to write and make the. \[531\]illy croft\] pantō lawns Trin. ms. originally. \[545\] fs.\n\nMilton first wrote what looks like sucking, a local name for honeysuckle. This he altered to blowing, but struck it out and wrote wanton in the margin; then blowing again, and lastly wanton. The doubtful word is certainly not spreading as Birch and others read it.

\[546-7\]. These two lines were originally transposed in Trin. ms. \[547\] meditate [mitate] meditate upon 1673. \[548\]. o\n\nthe close Trin. ms. originally. \[551\] cause, and lest of] cause & him Trin. ms. originally. \[553\] drowsy-frighted] Hyphenated in Newton's autograph but not in his text. drowsy-frighted Trin. ms. drowsy-frighted Eg. x. 1637, 1645, 1673. Dalton reads drowsy frightened, and not drowsy-frighted as stated by Newton. drowsy-frighted Wolfe conj. \[555\] soft\nMilton first wrote soft, then still, then still again, then sweet, and finally restored soft. solemn-breathing] Watton.

\[556\] The line at first stood as the softest stream of distill'd perfumes as in Eg. ms. Then

rose like the softest stream of distill'd perfumes, and finally slow was altered to rich. stream] stream 1673. \[561\] that might create] might retrace Theobald conj. \[563\] did] 1637, 1645, 1673. might miss. \[572\] knew know Eg. ms. \[574\] midster midster Milton at first appears to have written helpless, but struck it out and added at the end of the line who toke him. This again he rejected and wrote midster for helpless.

\[578\] with] & with Trin. ms. originally. \[580\] But\nMilton first began the line and this further 1673. further miss. 1643. further 1637. \[581\] ye you Eg. ms. \[597\] self-consum'd self consumed ms. 1637. self-consum'd 1645, 1673. \[599\] But] om. Landor conj. \[603\] grisly] grisly Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. grisly Eg. ms. \[605\] forms] bugs Trin. ms. bugs Eg. ms. bugs 1637. all added above the line in Trin. ms.

\[609\] return his purchase back] release his new prey Trin. ms. originally. \[608-9\] to a soul life & cleave his soul denote to the happy Eg. ms. and Trin. ms. originally. This was altered in Trin. ms. to lowest hills, and then lowest was struck out.

\[609\] work\n
\[610\] thy] the Eg. ms. \[611\] stole] Trin. ms. originally. little steal] In Trin. ms. this was first altered to small avail and then restored.

\[614\] unthrift] unquiet Trin. ms. originally. \[615\] all thy sinews] every sinews Trin. ms. originally.

\[616\] Thyself] om. Eg. ms. \[624\] I did he did Eg. ms. \[626\] s.\n\nEg. ms. \[627\] names] knew Trin. ms. originally. \[632\] But\n
Omitted in Eg. ms. \[632\] And Keightley conj. \[633\] Bon.

It bore Keightley conj. but not not Newton conj. but Seward conj. \[634\] like] light Seward conj. little Fenton (1727). \[636-7\]. Added in the margin of Trin. ms. \[636\] is it that that Moly] then that ancient Moly Trin. ms. originally. \[637\] That Hermes once] with Hermes and
Trin. ms. which originally had that Mercury. 638. Hanomy] Hanomia  
ms. 1657. soraigne Eg. ms. 640. mildew blast] mildew, blast 1695.  
641. easily] Trin. ms. 1657, 1645, 1673. gently Eg. ms. ghostly Tickell.  
Franier] frosty Peck conj. 642. when we go] Eg. ms. 1645, 1673.  
when we go 1637. as we go] Trin. ms. altered to when on the way, and  
thence to when we go. 643. the normancier's hall] the normancier's  
hall Eg. ms. his norman talk hall Trin. ms. originally. 650. dauntless  
hardihood] suddenae violence Trin. ms. originally. 651. blade] blades  
Trin. ms. originally. 652. shed'] powre Trin. ms. originally. liquore  
faction Trin. ms. originally. 653. But] and Trin. ms. originally.  
656. will they] they will Trin. ms. originally. 657. PIL] J ms.  
658. And...us] & have heaven cast his best regard upon us Trin. ms.  
originally. Stage Direction: Soft music] omitted in ms. appears] is  
discovered Trin. ms. to whom...rise] She offers to rise. Trin. ms.  
alabaster] Tickell. alabaster ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 661. or as  
fast, as Trin. ms. 662-6. Fool...frown] Added in the margin of Trin. ms.  
662. do not boast thou art over proud] Trin. ms. originally. 664. With  
& fancie Trin. ms. originally. begot on] innocent in Trin. ms. originally.  
672. fresh] briste Trin. ms. originally. 675. Nepenthes] Nepenthes 1705,  
676. wrote-born] Hyphened in Eg. ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 678. After this  
line is inserted in both ms. and then struck out.  
688. been] bin Trin. ms. 689. but] here ms. originally. 695. ugly-  
headed] ugly headed Trin. ms. ugly headed Eg. ms. ugly-headed 1637.  
ugly-headed 1644, 1673. 696. bred'd enchantments] hit bred opiate  
Trin. ms. originally. 697-700. Omitted in Eg. ms. 698. forgery,  
709. saloon] shallow Eg. ms. 712. fruits, and (and) & wth fruits  
Trin. ms. originally. 713. Thronging] cramming Trin. ms. originally.  
After this line there was in the Trinity ms. at first  
the fields with cattell & the air with fowle. 716. smooth-hair'd'] 1637, 1645, 1673. smooth hair'd] Trin. ms. smooth- 
hair'd Eg. ms. 717. To deck] to adorn Trin. ms. originally.  
to fetched and then restored. 722. frieze] Tickell. frieze Trin. ms.  
frieze Eg. ms. Frieze 1637, 1645, 1673. 727. And live like living as  
Trin. ms. originally, but the writing is blistered and difficult to read.  
729. Added in the margin of the Trin. ms. 732. would swell] would  
have her waters up above the shore Trin. ms. originally. 733. Would...  
dust] would so studdle the center wth thire starredlight] Trin. ms. originally.  
M
733-4. Would...below] would use evaine with stars, that they him
Eg. ms. 734. And so bastid with stars] more they not taken these Trin.
ms. originally. 735. light] day Trin. ms. originally. 737-755. Omited
in Eg. ms. 737. and] In Trin. ms. Milton first wrote now, altered it is
and, and then restored now. 743. al] are Trin. ms. but marked for
correction. 744. with languish'd head] & fades away Trin. ms. originally.
745. at feasts] in feasts Newton. 749. thence] from Trin. ms.
originally. 746. course] course 1637, 1645, 1673. confusion
beetle browns Trin. ms. originally. 751. sampler] sample Trin. ms.
anand] or Trin. ms. teaze] Newton. teaze Trin. ms. 1637, 1645, 1675.
755. and be...yet] & looks upon this cowardly failep Trin. ms. originally,
followed by lines 673-8. Then comes

"Here Ladie thou hast need of some refreshing
that hast bin tire'd all day with out repast
& timely rest hast wanted here, sweet Ladie faire virgin
this will restore all some La stand back false traitor"
followed by lines 663-4, 693-5. Then follow six lines which are now
represented by lines 666-703, but very much altered. 761. om. Landor conj.
758. mine] my Eg. ms. 753. would] went Trin. ms. originally.
764. catesze] Catesze Eg. ms. catesze Trin. ms. 1637. catese 1645.
1673. 765. Means] intends Trin. ms. originally. 772. blessing
blessings Eg. ms. 777. feast] feasts Eg. ms. 779-806. Skall [...]
strongly] Omitted in both ms. 780. enough] 1637, enough 1645.
1673. enow Keightley. 781. contemptuous] 1615, 1673.
refreshful 1637. 800. She fables not. I feel that] She fables not, I feel
that; Symson conj. 806. Come, no more] Come ye are too nowal
Trin. ms. originally. 807-810. The Trinity ms. originally had
this is more norall stuffe the very leas
& settings of a melancholy blood

The first line was altered to

"This is your norall stuffe the tilled lees."
807. This is] this Trin. ms. direct] direct 1657. 809. yet om. Tickell.
Eg. ms. has 'glasse of liquor,' & 'the Demon is to come in with the brothers.'
In the Trinity ms. it is 'the brothers rush in strike his glasse downe the
shapes (originally 'monsters') make as though they would resist but are
all driven in. Demon enters wth them,' you] ye Eg. ms. scope] paul
Trin. ms. originally. 816. raf] are Trin. ms. originally. 818. on
here] remains Trin. ms. altered to heere sits. 821. Some other words
I have] there is another way Trin. ms. which that ms. 823. would] smoothest Tickell.
825. smooth] smooth Eg. ms. 826. virgin pwr
yoldese chast Trin. ms. originally. 828. That] when Eg. ms. 829. wh
The 1673. 831. flood] flood Trin. ms. altered to streame and then
restored. 834. *pearl'd...in* white wrists to receive her in Trin. Ms. originally. For *receiver* was first substituted *carie*, then *take*, and finally as in the text. 835. *peach'd* peach'd Eg. Ms. 836. *bear'd* and love Trin. Ms. originally. 846. *make* have Trin. Ms. originally. After this Trin. Ms. has

and often *take* our cattell ad strange pincheir.

847. Omitted in Eg. Ms. and in Trin. Ms. 1637, 1645, 1673. 848. *rustic* lovely Trin. Ms. originally. 851. *panisies, pinks, and gaudy* pancies & of bonnie Trin. Ms. originally. Then bonnie was altered to gaudie and finally the present text was substituted. 853. *The* each Trin. Ms. originally. then...*spell* Trin. Ms. had first secret holding spell, then melt each running spell, and finally as in the text. 857. *In hard-settng need* in honoures verses cause Trin. Ms. originally, altered to *in hard destriped need* hard-settng* Hyphen* in 1695. 858. *power* Trin. Ms. originally had *power*, which was first altered to *call* and then restored. adhering* strong* Trin. Ms. originally. 860. In Trin. Ms. the line was at first

Listen virgin where thou sittst.


To waite on Amphitrite in her bower.

924. *brimmed* crystal Trin. Ms. originally. *brimmed* Warburton conj. 927. *tumble* tumbled 1673. *thel* from Trin. Ms. originally. 937. After this line the Ms. have ‘Song ends.’ 938. In Eg. Ms. the lines 938-943 and 956-7 are given to the Elder Brother and lines 944-955 to the Demon. 948. *must* come Trin. Ms. originally. 951. *there* were Ms.

953. *their* this Eg. Ms. 956. *grew* are Ms. and 1637.
In Trin. ms. grow is written in the margin. 957. sit} raisier Trin. ms. originally. 958. Stage Direction. presenting] and then is presented Trin. ms. then is presented Eg. ms. then come in] then enter Trin. ms. Dancers] dances & such like gambols &c. Trin. ms. dances, and the like &c. Eg. ms. after them... at (originally *After*) those sports the Daemon wth y a bro. & the Ladie enter Trin. ms. towards the end of these sports the demon with the 3 brothers and the ladye come in Eg. ms. Song. Spir. the Daemon sings Trin. ms. the spirit sings Eg. ms. Enough] mss. 1637. enough 1645. 1673. 962. Of... guise] Trin. ms. hit at first of speacker being (altered to too) & courtly guise. Then speaker was changed to nimblier and curiously to such masts, and finally the line assumed its present form. 963. In Trin. ms. the line at first stood such as Hera do device.

965. This second Song... 1637, 1645, 1673. 2 song Trin. ms. 2 Song presents... Eg. ms. 971. patience] First altered in Trin. ms. in temperance and then restored. 973. With... praise] in...days Trin. ms. originally. 975. The dances ended... 1637, 1645. 1673. they dance the dances all ended the Daemon sings, or says Trin. ms. (first draft). 976-1011. To the ocean...noun] Omitted in Eg. ms. in which lines 976-98 and 988-996, 998, 999 with some alterations are converted into a Prologue. 976. To the ocean] From the heavens Eg. ms. 979. broad] plains Trin. ms. with broad in margin (first draft), fields] field Eg. ms. After this line the first draft of Trin. ms. had farre beyond earths end where the wind then (changed to low) doth bend. 982. In the first draft of Trin. ms. the line stood of Atlas & his daughters three. Then daughters was altered to nasses; afterwards Atlas to Hephaest and daughters was restored. 983. In the second draft of Trin. ms. the reading was where grows the right-borne gold upon his native tree.

984-7. Omitted in first draft of Trin. ms. 988. There] that there Trin. ms. 1637 and ed. 1673, corrected in Errata. 990. cedarn] myrtle Trin. ms. (first draft). 991. Nord...smell] balm, and cardia's fragrant smell Trin. ms. (first draft). 992. humid] In first draft of Trin. ms. garland'd, altered to garnish and then to humid. 995. purfled] watchet Trin. ms. (first draft). After this line Trin. ms. (first draft) had yellow, watchet, green, & blew, which also appears in Eg. ms. and in the second draft of Trin. ms. but is there struck out. 996. with Elyrian] off wth manna Trin. ms. (first draft) and Eg. ms. wth Sabean Trin. ms. (second draft originally). 997. Litt...true] Omitted in Eg. ms. In the margin of Trin. ms. (second draft). 999. young Adams off] many a cherub soft Trin. ms. (first draft) and Eg. ms. 1000-1011. Waxing...noun] Omitted in Eg. ms. and Trin. ms. (first draft). 1002. Assyrian] Cyprian Tickell. 1012. But...
LYCIDAS

In the University Library, Cambridge, there is a copy of Lycidas, ed. 1638, with corrections in Milton's hand. In the heading the words 'And by occasion...height' are omitted in the Trinity MS. They are in the edition of 1645.

2. never sere] Hypeneth in 1638, 1645. 6. dear] 1645. deare MS. and 1638. 8. For Lycidas] young Lycidas MS. originally. 9. Young Lycidas] (Young Lycidas f) 1638. 10. he well knew] MS. he knew 1638 (corrected by Milton to he well knew). 12. bier] bier 1638. bear MS. bear 1645, 1673. 17. loudly] louder 1713. 22. And] to MS. originally. 25. Together both &c.] A new paragraph in 1645. 26. opening] glimmering 1638 and MS. originally. 30. till the star...bright] till the e'en starre bright MS. (corrected to till the starre that rose in Ewning bright), till the e'n starre bright 1638. 31. westering] burnish 1638 and MS. corrected to westering. 33. Temper'd to the] Temper'd to th' 1638, temper'd to th' MS. 37. gone] struck out and then restored in MS. 39. Thee, Shepherd,] thee shepherd, MS. Thee Shepherd, 1645, 1673. thee shepherds; 1658. 41. echoe] Echo MS. altered to Echo's. 42. haste copys] haste-copys 1638. 46. wanting] meaning 1713. 47. wardrobe wear] buttons wears MS. originally, altered to buttons beare and then to wardrobe weare. 49. shepherd's] Kightly. Shepherd's Tickell. 51. loved] lord 1638, corrected in Milton's own hand to love. It is difficult to say whether in the MS. he began writing youn for young or whether he repeated your by mistake. In either case it is corrected to love. 53. your] the 1638, corrected in Milton's hand to your. The MS. has yo'. 56. Ay me! I fondly dream,] Ah me, I fondly dream! 1638. 56-7. dream, Had ye been there] dreams had ye bin there, MS., followed by Newton. 58-63. What...where?] The MS. originally had what could the golden hyerd Calliopes for her inhaunting son when she beheld (the gods farre sighted bee) his glorie scalpe roule downes the Thracian lee. Of these lines the first, third and fourth are struck out and in the margin is written

LYCIDAS

Notes

New Eg. MS. and Trin. MS. (first draft). my task is smoothly done] my message well is don Trin. MS. (first draft); then business was substituted for message and finally the present text. 1014. green earth'] earth green. Eg. MS. and Trin. MS. (first draft) originally. 1020. ye] you Eg. MS. 1023. stop] bow Trin. MS. (first draft) originally. After this Trin. MS. (first draft) has 'Exit the end. Finis.' The second draft has 'The end'; and Eg. MS. 'Finis.'
The second of these lines is obliterated entirely, and the third partially. In the final draft Milton wrote what we now have in the text, altering "might lament to did lament" and "divine visage to garvse (or guris) visage."

65. strictly] strictly 1638.
67. use] ms. and 1645. do 1638, corrected to use in Milton’s hand.
69. Or with] hid in ms. (and ed. 1638), corrected to or with.
73. when] where 1638.
75. Fory] vary Peck conj.
85. honour’d] smooth ms. originally, altered first to fam’d and then to honour’d.
86. Smooth-sliding] 1638. soft sliding ms. originally, altered to smooth sliding.
103. Cann] Channus 1638.
105. Inwrought] severely are ms. altered to inwrought.
123. aught] Warton. aught ms. 1638.
121. herdmans] heardsman ms. shepherd’s Peck conj.
129. nothing said] nothing said 1645 and ms. originally, altered to little int. Ed. 1638 has little said.
131. and smiles] and smiles 1638.
So ms. originally. This was first altered to faintly and then sparsely was restored. The reading ‘strictly’ recorded by Warton and Todd is a mistake.

139. Throw] bring ms. originally, altered to throw.

142-151. The first draft of these lines reads thus:

Bring the ratshe primors that unwedded dies
colouring the pale cheek of unisoned love
and that sad fleur that stirs
to write his owne won on the vermeil graine
next addes Narcissus yet still weeps in vainae
the woodbine and of panice frenk’th with jet
the glowing violet
to the cowslip that hungs his pensive head
and every butt that servos lover wares
let Daffodilys fill thire cupes with tears
bid Amaranthus all his beautie shed
to stir the laurest horse &c.

144. froak] froak Meadowcourt conj.
145. glowing] glowing Landor conj.
146. the well-attired woodbine] the garish columbine ms. originally, altered to the well-attir’d woodbine.
148. embroidery wares] The ms. at first had escutcheon wares. This was changed to escutcheon wares, then to imbroider wares, and finally to imbroiderie wares.
150. And] let ms. originally, transposing lines 149, 150.
153. fruit] saf ms.

### SONNETS.

I. First printed in 1645. Title 'To the Nightingale' first given by Tickell.

II. Title first given by Tickell. 'On his being arriv'd to his 23d year.'


Notes


VIII. In the editions of 1645 and 1673 this Sonnet has no title. In the Trinity ms. there was originally, in the handwriting of the amanuensis who transcribed the Sonnet, ‘On his dore when y* Citty expected as assault.’ This was struck out by Milton, who in his own hand subjoined: ‘When the assault was intended to y* Citty.’ 2. If deed...please] 1673. If ever deed of honour did thee please Trin. ms. 1645. 11. temple and] temple and Trin. ms.

IX. This Sonnet has no title in Trin. ms. The present heading was added by Newton. In 1713 it is ‘To a Lady.’ 5. with [Ruth] the Ruth 1645. 7. growing virtues] Trin. ms. originally had blooming virtue, then blooming virtue, then blooming was altered to prospering, and finally growing virtues was written in the margin. 13. Milton at first wrote open the dore of Bliss, that hore of night, for which he substituted passes to bliss at y* midst watch of night and then altered watch to hore.

X. Title as in ms. 3. lived in] left them Trin. ms. originally.

XI. Not in ed. 1645. The heading was first prefixed to the following Sonnet, which was originally numbered 11, to ‘Follow ye’ 10. in ye printed booke,’ as the ms. says. In ed. 1673 the order of Sonnets XI. and XII was changed to the present. The first draft is in Milton’s own hand, and there is a fair copy by another. 1. A book was writ of f writ a book Trin. ms. (first draft). 2. wroth] wroth g Trin. ms. (first draft). 3. The...walk’d] It went off well about Trin. ms. (first draft). 4. intellect] intellects; now] writ; but now is Trin. ms. (first draft). 5. is it] 1673 (Errata). is 1673. if it is Keightley. 9. Galasp?] Galasp Keightley. 10. rugged] barbarous Trin. ms. (first draft), altered to rough hewn and then to rugged.

XII. Not in ed. 1645. In Trin. ms. there are two copies, one in Milton’s own hand, the other in that of an amanuensis. 4. cushion] burnards Trin. ms. (first draft). 10. And...free] And hate the truth whereby they should be free Trin. ms. (first draft), corrected by Milton to the present reading.

XIII. Not in ed. 1645. In the Trinity ms. there are three copies. First, a rough draft in Milton’s own hand, then a fair copy also by Milton, and lastly a copy by an amanuensis. The heading of the first is ‘To my freind Mr Hen. Lawes Feb. 9. 1645.’ This was left when Milton
struck out the first draft and wrote the fair copy, to which it was evidently intended to serve as a heading. But the amanuensis who wrote the third copy inserted instead, and also before his own transcript, ‘To Mr Hen: Laws on the publishing of his Aires,’ and the heading of the third copy was still further changed by omitting ‘the publishing of.’

3. Words...scan] words with just notes, wth till then wld to scan or when most were wont to scan Trin. ms. (first draft).

4. committing] mislaying Trin. ms. (first draft) in margin.

5. worth] wth Trin. ms. (first draft), worth being struck out, but afterwards restored.

6. With...saw] and gies thee praise above the pipe of Pan Trin. ms. (first draft).


8. That...tongue] that didst reform thy art, the chief among Trin. ms. (first draft). arie] aires Trin. ms. (Milton’s fair copy) originally.


10. Dante...higher] Fame by the Tuscan’s law, shall set thee higher Trin. ms. (first draft).

11. The ms. of the rough draft is blotted, but it seems that Milton first wrote then old Casell whom Dante won to sing.

The changes he afterwards made were consequent upon the changes in the previous line.

14. milder] mildest Trin. ms. (first draft), originally.

XIV. Not in ed. 1645. In 1673 it had no title. In 1713 it is called ‘An Elegy.’ In the Trinity ms. the title as given here is in Milton’s hand. Of this Sonnet as of the last there are three copies in the ms. The first is Milton’s rough draft, the second his fair copy, and the third a copy by an amanuensis.


5-8. Stay’d... ever] In his first draft Milton wrote Strait follow’d thee the path that Saints have tro’d Still as they journey’d from this dark abode Up to ye’ Realm of peace & joy for ever.

In the second of these lines he changed it to when and afterwards wrote in the margin the lines as we have them.

9. Love...best] Faith who led on ye’ way, & knew them best Trin. ms. (first draft) originally. This was changed to Faith shou’d ye’ way, & shee who saw them best

and so it stood at first in Milton’s fair copy, but finally he altered it to what we have in the text.

12. that] these Trin. ms. (first draft) originally.

13. speak] speak 1673. in] Trin. ms. (Milton’s two copies) on Trin. ms. (third copy) and 1673.

On the new forcers of Conscience etc. First printed in 1673, with this title. In the Trinity ms. it is simply called ‘On the forcers of Conscience,’
XV. Not in 1645 or 1673. It is written in Milton's handwriting, as that given here. It is in The Life and Death of Sir 1663. It is in the Trinity ms. but not in 3 originally. Councils 1694. Councils 7. Then] And ms. originally, but
Translators

Notes

571


XIX. First printed in 1673. Not in Trin. ms. Title added by Newton.

XX. First printed in 1673, but without a title. In 1713 the heading is ‘To Mr Lawrence, Son to the President of Crowell’s Council.’

XXI. First printed in 1673 but without a title. In 1713 the title is ‘On Cyriack Skinner.’ The first four lines are wanting in the Trinity MS.


XXII. First printed in 1694. In Trin. ms. but not in Milton’s hand.


XXIII. First printed in 1673. The title was added in 1713. It is in the Trinity MS. but in the handwriting of an amanuensis.

Translations.

The Fragments of Translations were first collected from Milton’s Prose Works in Tonson’s edition of 1713. With these were included a piece from Ariosto which is really Harington’s, and some verses from the English translation by Washington of the Defenso pro Populo Anglicano.

From Dante. 2. *domain* domains 1641.

From the History of Britain. 2. *rolling sphere* moving Spheres 1713.


The translations from the Psalms were first printed in 1673.

Notes


LXXXII. 25. in might (italic) 1673. in might (roman) Mason.


LXXXIV. 3. are,) Tickell. are! 1673. 4. near,) Tickell. near 1673.


LXXXVI. 54. shew) 1673. show Rouse.

LXXXVIII. 9. store) 1673. sors 1713. 41. dead,) Fenton. dead. 1673. 45. loving-kindness) Fenton. loving kindness 1673. 46. hold,) Todd. hold, 1673. 50. known,) Todd. known. 1673.


V. 16. bloody and,) 1695. blood'd and 1673.


VII. 12. mought,) Fenton. mought 1673. 22. fury anguish,) furi anguish 1673.


PARADISE LOST.

Commentatory verses. 1. Amisam) Amisum Verity conj. 9. pos tumque) Portumque Edd. 2, 3. 15. futurum) futura Fenton. On Paradise Lost. 11. soon) still Newton. 15. he perpleas'd) still
Notes

51, 52. offend...command] commend...offend Fenton.


Lost I. II.

Notes


576

Notes

[Paradise]

229. and void of pain ]; and, void of pain, Masson. 220. light; in
Bentley conj. 222-3. what change; Worth waiting [what change;
245-6. odours; flowers, Our [odours, and ambrosial flowers Our Mll.
245. on] from Bentley conj. 246. offerings [Newton. offerings;
Fenton. offerings. Ed. 1. 249. hate ]; 1719. hate Ed. 1.
250-1. By force...Heaven] Put in a parenthesis by Mull. 254. war
fast Mull. 256. easy] lay Bentley conj. 268. Hell ]; Keightley.
Hell? Ed. 1. 282. where; Ed. 1. were Ed. 2. 303-4. public
care; And...in his face] public care And privately counsel; and his fast
Pearce conj. 311. Virtues]; Fenton. Virtues; Ed. 1. 313. Hell]
Hell—Mull. 315. growing]; growing Mull. empire; doubling.
Fenton. empire; doubled; Ed. 1. empire doubled? Mull conj. doubl-
et! while] doubled, while Montgomery. 329. peace and war] fast
or war Mull (Bentley conj.). peace in war Pearce conj.
332. Fools
safed] Virtues]; Ed. 1-3. Fools safed Masson. 337. revenge, though
slow]; revenge, though slow! Mull. revenge? Though slow, Mull conj.
340. feel ]; fed Mull. 358. subtly]; subtly] 1705. subtly Levi Ed. 1. 362. here
there Bentley conj. 365. were]; are Masson. 375. fruit] for
Tickell. original]; Originals Ed. 1. 376. room]; Fenton. room Ed. 1.
378. empire]; empire Mull. 409-10. abrupt, etc...isle]; abrupt? Say
he arrive...isle; Bentley conj. 410. isle]; Fenton. isle; Ed. 1.
414. ne]; use Errata to Ed. 1. 440. Woe-gaping]; Woe-gaping
Ed. 1. 444. escape)]; 1688. escape Ed. 1. 483. their
1688. this Ed. 1. her Edd. 2-3. 489. North wind]; Hyphen to
Ed. 3. 490. learning]; learning Mull. 491. landskip]; Bentley.
landskip Ed. 1. 494. Herd's]; flacks Bentley conj.
495. hill and valley rings]; hills and valleys ring Bentley conj.
498. rational, rational!—Mull. 499. grace; and, God proclaiming
grace and God proclaiming peace Mull. 504. enoral Fenton. enoral
Ed. 1. 506. council]; Council Ed. 1. Council Ed. 2. 508. and
soon]; who seemed Mull conj. 515. trumpeted]; Masson. Trumped
Ed. 1. trumpets]; Keightley. result ]; result Mull, putting lines 516, 517
in a parenthesis. 518. heralds]; Harolds Ed. 1. Harolds 388.
521-2. Thus...hope, the]; Thus...more...hope...the Mull. 527. his
this Ed. 2. 529-30. Upon...content, At]; Upon...race, content in
Mull. 542. [Echaste] Ed. 2. Onia Ed. 1. 551. Free wise
Then, Virtue, Bentley conj. 562-3. argued there, Of argued, that
Mull. 568. obscured, []; obscure 1688. 571-2. discover, if]; discover;
wide...world—if Mull 580. Heard...stream]; Heard on...shore or thus
from...stream Bentley. Philogethon. Mark Ed. 8.
591. all else]; or else Newton (1770), a misprint. 596. hole]; half]; half
follow line 2, Mull conj.
23. roll] rovel Ed. 1. tail
seek Bentley conj.

33. two,

Phineus] Phineus and Tiresias
note. Thus] numbers. As.

Turns Mull. 45. instead.
nature's works] blanc; All
Bentley conj.

48. bla.
Keightley conj.

81-6. Adversary l...hold;] N
sarré,...hold; Ed. 1.

101. fail'd] fell Bentley conj.
receive?...paid,...mas. Ed. 1.

choice] as choice Mull, putth

110. had] and Fenton (1727).
conj. foreseen] foredoom'd Bent
put in a parenthesis by Mull.

con.

141. visibly] visit
Bentley conj. omitting the.

folly—l Masson.

Keightley (Stillingfleet conj.).

158. naught,] Fenton. naught,
safe] woutraet Ed. 1. woutraet

die, Die Ed. 1. die. Die Tickle.

love,...save, Ed. 1.

Bentley conj. quire] choir Fent

bin Ed. 1.

231. unpreven
unrequested D——
but all...joy,] Ed. 1. but all...Angels—with voices—uttering joy. 
9. but—all...Angels—with voices—uttering joy—Mason.
13. that never fades] this that never fades Bentley conj. 361. beams all. 
372. sung Omnipotent] Ed. 1. sung, Omnipotent 
375-7. invisible Amidst,...inaccessible, but] invisible—Amidst—
bute...but Mull. 379. shrive...shrines...Keightley. 383. song
ations: thou Ed. 1. Dominations thou Mull. 394. chariot
Hyphened by Tickell. 398. Sun] Sword Mull. 411. nowhere} 
\textit{c Ed. 1. 413. my song} our song Bentley conj. 414. my \n\textit{a Harpe} Bentley conj. 
431. vulture\} Vulture Ed. 1. 
yoaning\} and yoaning Fenton. 443. lifeless\} Bentley. livelless 
Naught Ed. 1. 450. likely inhabit\} likely, inhabit Mull.
\textit{er this a line omitted,} Pearce conj. many more, too long\} more too 
\textit{same Bentley conj.} 
474-5. idiot, errata...trumpery. Here} 
Errata and friars—White...trumpery—Here Mull. 483. talk'd\} 
\textit{still'd or name'd} Bentley conj. 
487. cross wind} Hyphened on. 
497-8. Long...untrod. All] Long after! Now... 
All Mull. 505. palace gate} Hyphened by Fenton. 
\textit{/mites} Ed. 3. 
\textit{Frontispice Ed. 1. 2. 599. shading} shading 
513. To Pandan-Aram, in the field of Lun} Newton. To Pandan-
\textit{he field of Lun} Ed. 1. 516. mean'd] deep Mull. 534. and 
as his Eye} Bentley conj. and his eye'd Pearse conj. 541. Heaven
hyphened by Fenton. 
555-7. (and well...shade?) Put in a 
cais by Fenton. 565. shown] show'd Bentley conj. 566. nigh
hyphened by Keightley. 
574-6. but up...longitude} In a paren-
\textit{Newton (Pearce conj.)}. 580. starry} Sorry Ed. 1. 592. medal} 
\textit{Medal Ed. 1. 594. With} Which Ed. 1. 597. to} 
\textit{enton. two o' th'} Anon. conj. (Pearce). 599. Imagined...\textit{nen}
\textit{a parenthesis by Fenton.} 
605. here} there Bentley conj. 
\textit{ere} There Bentley conj. \textit{met} Mull. 614. Undressed. Fur} 
of; far Fenton. Undass'd, far} Ed. 1, and Mull, who puts lines 
\textit{or...fall in a parenthesis.} 
615-7. all sunshine, as...as they 
\textit{all. As when...to Bentley conj.} 
619. can] could Bentley conj. 
\textit{to Bentley conj.} 656. \textit{The first art} The first, art Mull. 
\textit{nder}...\textit{Heaven} Put in a parenthesis by Mull. 
664. favour, 
\textit{favorite Bentley conj.} 678. that lost their loss 1705. 679. men 
guell conj. ms. 
691. sharpest sighted} Hyphened by Tickell. 
\textit{leads...excess] Placed after Heaven line 701 by Mull.} 
707. deep] 
\textit{deep Ed. 1. 716. this} the 1705. 721. walls) well Bentley 
724-5. That place...day} In a parenthesis, Pearce conj. 
741. in} 
1, corrected in Errata and in some copies.
823. might [as] might, as Fenton. new] man Bentley conj. 824. mild [Ed. 1. mild Ed. 2. 824. beams, on herb] beams; herb Mull.


V. 1-9. This passage is reconstructed by Mr Mull thus:

New Morn, her way steps in the eastern chime
Advancing, crowned the earth with orient pearl
And temperate vapours bland, which Aurora's fan
Lightly dispersed—the only sound of leaves.
And sullen vills, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough:—so much the more,
When Adam waked, so customed (for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred),
His wonder was to find unawaked Eve.

4. airy light[.] Hyphenated by Fenton. 5-6. which...vills[.] from sunning vills, Which th'only sound of leaves Fenton conj. 17. soft touching[.] Hyphenated by Tickell. 19. ever now[.] Hyphenated by Fenton [1727].
22. tender[.] tender Newton. 25. sweet[.] sweets Bentley conj. 42. Full...ord[.] Hyphenated by Tickell. pleasing[.] pleasing 1711. 45-7. desire[.]...gage[.] Bentley. desire[.]...gage Fenton. desire[.]...gage. Ed. 1. 60. man[.] Fenton. Man; Ed. 1. 77-8. among the gods Thyself[.] among the Gods. Thyself Keightley. 90. exaltation[.] Keightley. exaltation; Ed. 1. 2. 118. unapprov'd[.] unapprov'd Todd. 137. arbour[.] arbour[.] Bentley conj. roof[.] Newton (Pearce conj.). roof, Ed. 1. 139-43. who... plains[.] Put in a parenthesis by Fenton. 139. up risen[.] Hyphenated by Fenton. 142. landscape[.] 1710. Landscape Ed. 1. landscape Fenton. 148. Their...sung[.] Their Maker in fit strains, pronounced or sung Keightley. Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung Mason. 156. Unapprov'd[.] Fenton. Unapprov'd, Ed. 1. 163. ye in' aye in Mull. Heaven[.] Heaven, Ed. 1. Heaven' Tickell. 164. all ye[.] all we Bentley conj. 172. him thy greater[.] him creator Bentley conj. thy creator Thyre conj. (withdrawn). 175. fees[.] fly'it, Bentley (Richardson conj.). 176. orb that Rie[.] orbs, that rest Mull. 186-7. dusky...gold[.] Put in a parenthesis by Mull. 188. In...rise[.] Transposed by Mull to follow line 190.
193. Breath[.] Breath Ed. 1, corrected in Errata. 198. Heaven gate[.] Hyphenated by Tickell. 207. gather'd[.] 1688. gathered Ed. 1. 210-1. recov'rs'...calm. On... recov'ring...calm; On Bentley conj. recov'rs'...calm, On Pearce conj. 211. On Then Newton conj. 218. adopt'd[.] ador'd Mull. 226. Hath...disturb'd[.] Hath rais'd; and how in Paradise disturb'd Pearce conj. 229. half[.] haste Mull. 242. violence[.] Tickell. violence. Ed. 1. 250. up springing[.] Hyphenated by Fenton. 257. In some copies of Ed. 1 this line begins a paragraph, and there is no comma after cloud. 257-8. From...sue[.] Pointed as in Ed. 1. Fenton marks no cloud...interposed as a parenthesis. Keightley and Mull continue the parenthesis to small. 261. hills. At Ed. 1. hills; as Mason. 265. appearing ken[.] appearing kens Ed. 1. appearing, kens Newton. appearing ken, Keightley. 268. steady[.] Todd. steady Ed. 1. 269. virgin fancies[.] Hyphenated by Fenton. 297. art[.] Fenton. art; Ed. 1. Art Bentley. 302. needs[.] Ed. 2. need Ed. 1. 311. mid-morn[.] Ed. 2. mid-morn Ed. 1. 312. vouchsafe[.] 1688. vouchsafe Ed. 1. 332. small store[.] small stores
parenthesis by Fenton. [power, at once] Ed. 1. 2. [power, at once Ed.].
334. Satan, with...smile] Satan—without...smile—Mull. [337-31. Then
 divisible[Put in a parenthesis by Mull. 332. nectarous] ichorous Bentley
 conj. 334. erewhile ere while Ed. 1. 345-6. not...rein[Put in
 a parenthesis by Fenton. 345. not] nor Tickell. 352. or...and 371.
353. his] each his Bentley and Teyler conj. 365. Adra'mach] Newton
Chariotier 1688. 391. stood...recollected Keightley. 399. cubicle] martial Bentley conj.
grow: Deep...Light? 1695. grow Deep...Light? Ed. 1. grow? Deep-Light,
inventer Ed. 1. 506-7. For sin, on...bent. Forthwith] For sin. On...bent,
Forthwith Mull. 513. without] 1705. without 1688. without Ed. 1.
516-7. Bentley continues the parenthesis to stone. 521. day-spring
Ed. 2. day spring Ed. 1. 332. half] Fenton. alt Ed. 1.
538-9. pursuit This...flight!] pursuit This day fear not his flight, Mull.
544. or high] on high or and high Keightley conj. 545. angled] right
Fenton conj. 547-8. themselves...impediment!] Ed. 1. themselves...
impediment, Fenton. themselves...,impediment, Tickell. 550. need] need
572. triple-mounted Ed. 1. triple mounted Ed. 2.
574. Mull begin the parenthesis at this line. 575. or mountain] on mountain Fenton
conj. 580. Stow] Held Mull (Bentley conj.). Show Mitford conj. Show
Dyce conj. 587. noise] blast or force Bentley conj. 597. note
Ed. 1. 629-30. thoughts beyond...victory] thoughts—beyond—All doubt of
victory—Mull. 655. arm'd.] armed Mull, putting lines 654-8 in a
noise; Ed. 1. 670. wrack] wack Fenton (1727). 674-5. all, adv'd.
all adv'd That Mull. 681. invisible] the invisible Upton conj.
687. These] Those Keightley conj. 713-4. arms...sword] arms: And
gird my sword Amon conj. (Newton). 727. extollation] extollation


for] Ed. 1. thes for Ed. 2. 490. he] it Bentley conj. 479. Ani life-blood streaming] With Life-blood streaming Bentley conj. 497. for]
forge Tickell. 510. pleased] pleased 1711. 520. hill top] Hypenized
by Fenton. 521. I have] Edd. 1, 2. have / Ed. 3. 527-8. 10, an
outside] Ed. 1. 10. An outside? Fenton. 10. An outside? Keightley.
571. Oft-times] 1705. Oft times Ed. 1. 595. half abroad'd Adam
Spirits, Ed. 1. 616. they] Fenton. they, Ed. 1. 619. rang'd
Hyphenized by Fenton. 622. the body] thy body 1711. 633. love,
Ed. 1. love' Fenton. 642. require] requires Fenton (1721). 647. adore:] Edd. 1, 2. adore, Ed. 3. adore' Fenton. 

IX. 1. Angel] guest] Hypenized by Fenton. 11. a world of me] In
a parenthesis Atterbury conj. 12. June’s, that] June’s that Bentley
conj. or] and Pearce conj. doubtfully. 25. mystery] 1688. matrice
Ed. 1. 35. Impress] Ed. 1. Impress 1688. 36. Banor] Banor
Ancon conj. Ms. 37. tournament] Tickell. Tournament 1688. Tourn-
ament Ed. 1. 38. sensehal] Ed. 1. Senneshal 1688. 70. New... change] Marked as a parenthesis by Keightley. though...change Put in
sutilec Ed. 1. 93. subtle] Bentley. subtly 1688. sutulise Ed. 1.
119. place or] place of Bentley conj. cause or Ancon. conj. (Newton.
133. went] Fenton. was, Ed. 1. 134. there,] there' Ed. 1. that
bin Ed. 1, and 153, 856, 863, 867, 976, 1016, 1160, 1173.
141. mile] 1695. mileigh Ed. 1. 155. angel wing' Angel-wings Fenton.
159. midnight vapour] midnight-vapour Keightley. 157. aspir
cal Fenton. aspire'd Ed. 1. high] high! high Ed. 1. 160. low cash
183. fast sleeping] Hypenized by Fenton. 184. well-stored] well-stro'd
Fenton. subtile Fenton. subtle Ed. 1, and in 307, 311.
when as Ed. 2. 194. breathe] 1688. breath Ed. 1. 195. To do
To their Bentley conj. 200. scents] 1688. Sents Ed. 1 (but in 37
scents). 203. hands] scam Bentley conj. 213. hear] Ed. 1, lar
Ed. 2. 222. object] objects Masson. 227. Solo Eeu] O Eeu Bentley
conj. 244. These] The 1711. joint hands'] joint-hands Fenton.
246. arc long'] ar-long Fenton. 270. virgin majesty'] Hypenized
by Fenton. 289. Adam] Fenton. Adam, Ed. 1. 308. other]
Notes

Keightley. other Fenton. other's. Tickell. others Ed. 1. 316. thy.
Ed. 2. Put Ed. 1. 334. our witness. from Fenton. our witness from
Ed. 1. 334. -6. Bentley would read lines 334-6 as follows:
Favour from Heaven our witness, from th' Assault
Alone without exterior help sustain'd.
And what is Faith, Love, Virtue, unassayed?

338, 345. imperfect. 1688. imperfect Ed. 1. 345. Of all in all Bentley
353. beware? Ed. 1. be ware Newton. be aware Bentley conj.
354. fair appearing? fair-appearing Todd. appearing good Hyphened by Fenton.
382. nor? read 1711.
Likewise Ed. 2. 394-5. Pomona...Vertumnus? Put in a parenthesis
by Fenton. 396. virgin? virgin, or Anon. conj. (Pearce).
410. or? and Bentley conj.
418. lay? call'd Bentley conj.
420. or? and Keightley
conj. 420-1. riuilet He? Riuilet. He Tickell.
426. Half spied?
Hyphened by Fenton. bushing? bushing Tickell.
427. soft stooping? half-stooping 1711.
431. slender? tender Masson.
431. myrtle hand 1688. myrtle-hand Fenton.
436. and held? in folds Bentley conj.
ms.
lost Ed. 1. and 554. 473. me? Keightley. me? Fenton. me Ed. 1.
498. tower'd? 1738.
(Dunster conj.) 506. Hormione? Harmonia Bentley conj.
515. steers? versus Keightley conj.
539. serpent tongue? Hyphened by Fenton.
560. sublest? Bentley.
subtlest 1688. subtlety Fenton.
Sutlet Ed. 1. 563. camest thou? thou camest' Bentley conj.
601. this? his 1688.
Tree. Ed. 1.
632. made? Ed. 2. make Ed. 1.
638. Which...attend? Put in a parenthesis by Fenton.
641. To? Through 1711.
649. rest? rest
657. garden trees? Hyphened by Fenton.
673. collected, while each part? collected whole,
while each Bentley conj. part? part's Pearson conj.
674. air? air
Bentley conj. Newton proposed to retain act and to read 1. 673 as
Bentley...each act...and act Landor conj. tongue, tongue Masson.
Notes

[Paradise]

594 Notes

[PARADISE]

Lost XI

Notes



PARADISE REGAINED.

(NEWTON). 21. To all baptized Baptizing all or And all baptized
Calton conj. 24. To the flood Jordan came as] To the flood Jordan,
came as 1705. 37. a while a while Fenton. 45-7. For...satisfaction
Put in a parenthesis by Fenton. 60-3. At least...Air] Put in a
parenthesis by Dunster. 62. being] Ed. 1. [Errata]. being, Ed. 1.
being, Tickell. 84. heard] Ed. 1. hear Ed. 2. 85. un] In
Tickell. 97. Not...snares] Put in a parenthesis by Dunster. well-
couch'd well couch'd...well-woven] Hyphenated by Tickell.
150-150. fast, By...sufferance:] Ed. 1. fast, By...sufferance Keightley.
171. harm] harm Calton conj. withdrawn. 182. and vigili in vigili
Symson conj. 189. leading] Newton. leading; Ed. 1. leading
Keightley. 193. enter'd] entered Ed. 1. 195. meditations] meditation
1698. 225. unawo] unawo 1698. 226. subdue] destroy Ed. 1,
corrected in Errata. 241. should] Ed. 1. shall Ed. 2. 249. before,
in heaven] before in heaven, Fenton (1727). 253. new grown
Hyphenated by Todd. 254. thee King] the King Ed. 2. 259. straight
Ed. 2. strait Ed. 1. 271. knew] Ed. 1. new Ed. 2. 294. our
Ed. 1. out Ed. 2. 295. side] side, Fenton (1727). 297-8. The
way...difficult] The way he came, not having marked return, Was difficult
Masson. 304-5. hill Sometimes, anon] hill, Sometimes anon Fenton
(1727). 307. and some Jortin conj. 315-8. Following...out
Put in a parenthesis by Fenton (1727). 329-32. caravans...drought.
Caravans...drought Ed. 1. 331. down] Ed. 1. drought Ed. 2. 333. aught] Keightley. aught Ed. 1.
339. sth] sth Thyer conj. 359-1. God, who...manna] Newton
(Calton conj). God; who...manna; Ed. 1. God; who...Manna
Tickell. God] who...manna; Fenton. 353. Elia} Elia
Jortin conj. 404. less] Tickell. less Ed. 1. 415. or] and
Landor conj. 417. Impar] Imparts Ed. 1, corrected in Errata.
426. infictions? but his patience worn.] Fenton. infictions, but his patience
worn? Ed. 1. 460. being] being 1698. 463. our] Ed. 1. and
500. wing] Ed. 1. wings Ed. 2.
II. 6–8. I mean...named] Put in a parenthesis by Fenton (1727).
27. no...call] Put in a parenthesis by Tickell. 30. from what?] Ed. 1. from that 1688.
35–5. Now...restored] Marked as a quotation by Mason.
40. rapt] wrapt Newton. 51. pointed at] pointed out
125–6. So...trouble] Put in a parenthesis by Dunster. 126. trouble?] Mason. trouble; Ed. 1. 127. who...Ed. 1. 128. than] om.
129. Ed. 1, corrected in Errata 130. if he...least] Ed. 1. 135. If he...least] Dost thou at least Dunster.
227. worth, of] worth; with Meadowcourt conj. 236. Rocks...yorn'd] Put in a parenthesis by Mason. after[ often
not 1705. 341. fail'd] fail'd Ed. 1, corrected in Errata. 342. pastry
doubt] What, doubts Fenton. 371. knowledge works, at] knowledge, works
Ed. 1, corrected in Errata. 388. find?] Tickell. find, Ed. 1. 401. far-felt] Fenton. far felt Ed. 1. far-fetch'd Tickell. 405. with...
temptation] his appointment with these words Landor conj. 420. the dizzy]
what dizzy Symson conj. how keep the dizzy Calton conj. 445. of]
om. 1705. 446. Quintitus] Quintus 1688. 448. these] these
Keightley conj. 485. often] often Landor conj.

the flame] Ed. 1. attempts, the flame 1705. 31. praise?] Tickell.
praise?] Ed. 1. 55. displeased] despair'd 1705. 76. remote] Ed. 1. remote
Fenton. 78. conquerors, conquerors] Keightley. 83. sacrif-
ice?] Todd. Sacrifice; Ed. 1. 87. reward.] Ed. 1. reward? Tickell.
88. in] no Newton (1760). 96–7. memorable?] By...doing] Ed. 1. memorable By...doing Dunster.
141. belongs;] Ed. 1. belongs Mason. 151. the nothing] Ed. 1.
Notes

[Paragraph]


SAMSON AGONISTES.

1. Samson, [Attendant leading him] Todd.  2. further[further


[Regained iv]  
[Notes] 601  

[Browne].  330. pebbles] pebles Ed. 1.  336. harps in Babylon,] Ed. 1. harps, in Babylon Dunster.  337. victors!] Dunster. victor's Masson.  Victors Ed. 1.  347-350. to all...from that] In a parenthesis, Mitford conj.  350. Such...[the] That in a parenthesis by Dunster.  351-2. Unless...left] Transposed by Dunster to follow line 345.  353. that] though Calton conj.  387. Attend] Ed. 1. Attend Dunster.  410. thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds[!] thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds Ed. 1. thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds 1688. thunder; at both ends of Heav'n the clouds Symson conj. thunder, and both Ends of Heav'n: the clouds Meadowcourt conj.  435. behold[!] beheld Newton conj.  443. they all were spent] Put in a parenthesis by Dunster.  452. wound[!] Newton. wound Ed. 1.  455. oft-times[!] oft times Ed. 1.  458. perfect[!] 1688. perfect Ed. 1.  457-471. Browne quotes an anonymous alteration in a copy in the British Museum:  

Did I not tell thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
The perfect season offered, with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, prolonging still  
man] or men Ed. 2.  546. this] the Ed. 2.  548. pure] Newton.  
break. Ed. 1.  564. useful.] Ed. 1. useful? Keightley.  565. im-
possed? Tickell. import'd, Ed. 1.  572. obscure.] Ed. 1. obscure?  
612. These] These 1713.  627. medicinal] medicinal Ed. 1. medicinal  
life Errata to Ed. 1. life Ed. 1. life: Tickell.  658. sought] fraught  
Warburton conj.  666. with] to Ed. 1, corrected in Errata.  
Fathers, what is man, Tickell. Fathers! what is man? Fenton.  
668-9. various (Or...contrarious?) various, various, controversial. Ed. 1.  
673. brute] Masson. brute! Tickell. brute. Ed. 1.  679-80. adorn'd,  
To] 1688. adorn'd To Ed. 1.  666. ingrateful] ungrateful Masson.  
Newton. Gadier Ed. 1.  720. sent] Ed. 2. sent Ed. 1.  729. into  
Hymns Ed. 1.  763. brows snake] Hyphenated by Keightley.  
783. frailty] 1705. frailty Ed. 1.  786-7. kind, Thine forgive mine]  
Ed. 1. kind; Thine forgive mine, Keightley.  820. mine? Tickell.  
mine! Ed. 1.  829. feign'd] Tickell. feign'd, Ed. 1.  832. murderers]  
864. these] their 1705.  874. Been] Bin Ed. 1.  878. knew't, Too well!, knew it; Too well;  
Todd.  883-4. husband,...profess'd?] Tickell. husband...profess:  
Ed. 1.  895. the!] Masson. the! Ed. 1.  896. it?] Masson. it;  
Ed. 1.  899. cannot] they cannot 1705.  902. appear?] Keightley.  
936. adder?] Tickell. Adders Ed. 1.  939. could] Ed. 1. couldn't 1688.  
949. full] Newton. Full Ed. 1.  962. sea to shore] seas to shores  
Upton conj.  966. hat?] Masson. hate! Ed. 1.  973. one black, the  
other white] one white, the other black Keightley conj.  974. wild] wild  
quarrel!] Hyphenated in Ed. 1.  1009. wodlock treachery] Hyphenated in Ed. 1.  
1034. wisest men] the wisest man Meadowcourt conj.  
1035. Seeming at first] Landor would omit Seeming or at first  
1038. far] worn 1713.  1061. had we] we had Tickell. had n't we
Sympon conj. more? [sic, I see a storm.] Fenton. retire, I see a storm Ed. 2.  

1095. [Enter] Hither! Hicher! Fenton. 

1115. [Enter] Sainch blowne! Hicher! Fenton.  

1154. [Enter] Sainch blowne! Hicher! Fenton.  

1188. [Enter] Vain! Fenton.  

1195. [Enter] Vain! Fenton.  


1281. [Enter] Blowne! Tickell.  

1330. [Enter] Contempt! Masson.  

1390. [Enter] Contempt! Masson.  

1432. [Enter] Contempt! Masson.  

1532. [Enter] Contempt! Masson.  

For God of old hath for his people wept:  
Things as incredible: what wonders now?  

1569. Colton proposed to distribute the speeches thus:  

Chor. A little lay will bring some notice hither
AGONISTES] Notes

Of good or bad so great.

Man. Of bad the sooner!

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.

Char. And to our wish &c.

1537. Of good... sooner] Omitted in Ed. 1, but added in Errata.
1543. behold] 1688. behold; Ed. 1. 1544. pursues]
Ed. 2. pursues Ed. 1. 1548. To thee] To the Ed. 2. 1552. here] 
1562. surfeit] 1688. surfeit Ed. 1. 1571. indeed!] Fenton. indeed,
1599. I had] had I 1705.
1604. at] from Newton conj.
1626. or break] and break 1705.
1637. stupendous] Ed. 1. stupendous
Tickell. 1649. convulsion] confusion 1705.
1550. show] Ed. 1.
1553. or] and Keightley conj.
1693. And as an] And not as an Cony.
Nor as an Keightley
conj. 1706-7. survives, A secular bird,] Keightley. survives, A secular
Chapter Ed. 2. 1722. breasts] breasts Fenton. 1728. clotted] clodded
1688. 1735. ever green] Hyphened by Fenton. 1735. servants
servant 1688.

LATIN POEMS.

Italian Ode to Milton by Francini. First printed in 1645.
71. o stori] 1673. o storia 1645.

Latin Letter by Carolo Dati.
In the signature Tickell substituted 'Diodatus' for 'Datus.'
In the fourth paragraph the edition of 1645 had vassitate, which in
1673 was corrected to venustate.

Elegiarum Liber. First printed in 1645.
possit 1673.


22. aqua?] aqua; Masson. 26. pascu.] pascu? Fenton. 68. mih] 
Fenton. mihi. 1645, 1673.


Epigrammata. The first eight were in the edition of 1645. The 'Apologus de Rustico et Herou' was added in 1673. The other two we doubtfully assigned to Milton. 'De Moro' first appeared in 1654 in the 'Defensio Secunda,' and the lines 'Ad Christianam' were printed in Andrew Marvell's 'Miscellaneous Poems' in 1681. Tolland by whom they were reprinted in 1699 does not decide whether they were by Milton or Marvell.


Sylvarum Liber. First printed in 1645. The Greek verses on his portrait were placed here in 1673.


Philosophus ad Regem.
4, 5. In 1645 these lines stand literally thus:

Mαφ αγνω θερ ανω τον θεου μηδε πολλος θεφη
Τισιν δη ει τωνι περισσων θεμα διανο

Epitaphium Damonis.
Argumentum. comperti] compertiens 1713.
48-9. focus...ulmo?] Tickell. focus...ulmo. 1645.
Poems] Notes 607

Ad Joannem Rousium. First printed in 1673.
2. [Footer] Fronte Warton conj.

In his first edition of Milton's 'Minor Poems,' Warton said that both these readings were to be found in the ms. in the Bodleian Library, which he adds is in Milton's own hand. These statements are incorrect. Professor Masson is more guarded in saying that the Ode is carefully written out on a sheet of paper by Milton himself, 'or some one else.,'

In Salmassii Hundredam. From Milton's 'Defensio Prima,' 1650 or 1651.

In Salmassium. From the 'Defensio Secunda,' 1654.