Bought from Dr. Chapman

THE

PURPLE ISLAND,

A Poem:

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER.

WITH THE

CRITICAL REMARKS

OF

THE LATE HENRY HEADLEY, A. B.

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY WILLIAM JAQUES,

Translator of Franck's Guide to the Study of the Scriptures.

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

To be interested in the character and lives of those whose writings have instructed and delighted us, is natural to the human mind; nor is it reasonable that they who have laboured successfully for our advantage, should be wholly forgotten. "The Monument of Banished Mindes" is contemplated with a sort of pensive pleasure; and such mementoes must always contribute something of life and energy to the pieces which we peruse. Brief therefore as is the following sketch of our author's history, it will not be an unacceptable introduction to his poem of the Purple Island.

His father, Dr. Giles Fletcher, was a man of considerable reputation as an author, a poet, and a statesman. He was born in Kent in the middle of the 16th century; was educated at Eton; and in the year 1565 was elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge. He took the degree of A. B. in 1569, that of M. A. in 1573, and that of L. L. D. in 1581. Queen Elizabeth, who discovered so much prudence and discrimination in her choice of ministers, appointed him her commissioner in Scotland, Germany, and the Netherlands; and in 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada, she constituted him her ambassador to the court of Russia; where he concluded a commercial treaty with the Czar Theodore, much to the advantage of his native country. During his residence in that barbarous empire, he composed

his "Account of the Russe Commonwealth, or Manner of "Government by the Russe Emperor, commonly called the "Emperor of Moskovia, with the Manners and Fashions "of the people of that Country." This he printed on his return in 1590; but it was suppressed lest it should give offence. A second edition of this book appeared however in 1643.

Dr. Fletcher was appointed, subsequently to his mission to Russia, Secretary to the City of London, and one of the masters of the Court of Requests. In 1597 he was chosen Treasurer of St. Paul's. Besides the work already noticed, which will be found in Hakluyt's Voyages, Dr. Fletcher was the author of a discourse, the object of which was, to prove that the Tartars are the descendants of the Ten Tribes, who were led captive by Shalmaneser. Whiston adopted the same opinion, and even printed the discourse in the first volume of his Memoirs. Dr. Fletcher died in 1610.

Our author was allied to several men of eminence, besides his father. His uncle was the famous Fletcher, Bishop of Peterborough, who attended Mary, Queen of Scots, to the place of her execution, and exhorted her to change her religion; his cousin was the celebrated dramatic writer, whose name is so often mentioned in connexion with that of Beaumont; and his elder brother Giles Fletcher, was a poet of considerable merit. Benlowes in some verses which he addressed to our author, says, "Thy very *name's* a poet."

Little is known of the life of Phineas Fletcher: but Mr. Ellis conjectures he was born in 1584; He was educated at Eton; and admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge in 1600, took his Bachelor's degree in 1604, and his Master's degree in 1608. He entered into the church; and was presented to the living of Hilgay in Norfolk, in 1621, by Sir Henry Willoughby, which he held during a period of twenty-nine years. He died about the year 1650.

Besides the poem which is here reprinted, he was the author of seven Piscatory Eclogues, Eliza an Elegy, and several minor poems. He likewise wrote a drama, entitled SICELIDES, which was performed at King's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1631. "It was intended, originally," says the editor of the Biographia Dramatica, "to be per-

" formed before King James the First, on the 18th of May, " 1614; but his majesty leaving the university sooner, it " was not then represented." The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with choruses between the acts. Some of the incidents are borrowed from Ovid, and some from the Orlando Furioso. He also published at Cambridge, in 1632, some account of the lives of the Founders and other learned men of that university, under the following title:—" De Literatis antiquæ Britanniæ, præser- " tim qui doctrinâ claruerunt, quique collegia Cantabrigiæ " fundârunt." The works of Phineas Fletcher were printed at Cambridge in 1633, 4to.

The following remarks on the Poetry of our author, are from the elegant pen of the late lamented Henry Headley, A. B.—

" Who
" Of wisdom lover and sweet poesie,
" Was cropped in his prime,
" And ripe in worth, though green in years did die."

They are extracted from his " Select Beauties of An- " cient English Poetry;" and it may be observed that a *distinguished* place in that collection is assigned to Phineas Fletcher.

" Were the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood, by the most apprehensive auditor, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the five first cantos of The Purple Island are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material error in judgment; for which, however, *ample amends* are made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual

faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured; and, notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are two arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters, in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader Eclecta, or Intellect, are attacked by the vices: a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel, who appears at the prayers of Eclecta. The poet here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James the First (canto xii. stanza 55); on that account, perhaps, the most unpalatable passage in the book. From Fletcher's dedication of this his poem, with his Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies, to his friend Edmund Benlowes, it seems, that they were written very early; as he calls them "raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood." It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently intitled to a very high rank among our old English classics."

Mr. Headley's Supplement furnishes us with the following luminous criticisms: "At the bright lamp of Spenser, whose flame will never expire but with our language, many inferior bards have lighted their slender torches. The perusal of the Fairy Queen biassed the minds both of Cowley and More * to the pursuit of poetry. And to them we may add Fletcher, who, not contented with deriving his general taste for allegory and personification from him, has gone so far as immediately to adopt ima-

* Preface to his Philosophical Poems, 1647.

gery and particular figures. Though it may somewhat detract from the invention of Fletcher to compare him in some instances with his original, yet it is the only method of forming a real estimate of his merits; and as Dr. Johnson well observes, "it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather;" nor has he himself been backward in due acknowledgment, as these instances sufficiently evince:

"Two shepherds most I love with just adoring;
"That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed
"To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
"From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
"*And next our homebred Colin's* † *sweetest firing;*
"*Their steps not following close, but far admiring;*
"*To lacquey one of these is all my pride's aspiring.*"

Purple Island, Cant. vi. St. 5.

"The eulogium to Spenser's memory, Cant. i. stanza 19. does equal credit to his heart as to his abilities, and deserves being brought forward to notice.

"He again touches on the misfortune of Spenser, Cant. vi. St. 52.

"But to come more immediately to the several parallel passages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttonie.* Cant. vii. St. 80. with Spenser's B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 21 and 22.; compare Fletcher's *Atimus,* Cant. viii. St. 42, &c. with Spenser's *Idleness,* B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 18.; compare Fletcher's *Thumos,* Cant. vii. St. 55. with Spenser's *Wrath,* B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 33.; compare Fletcher's *Aselges,* Cant. vii. St. 23. with Spenser's *Lechery,* B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 24.; compare Fletcher's *Pleonectes,* Cant. viii. St. 24., with Spenser's *Avarice,* B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 27.; compare Fletcher's *Envie,* Cant. vii. St. 66. with Spenser's *Envy,* B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 30.; likewise with another description. B. 5. Cant. xii. St. 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well express what Pope with great felicity styles, "*damning with faint praise.*"

† Spenser.

" When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
" Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
" So marreth what he makes, and praising most dispraises.

" Compare Fletcher's *Deilos*, Cant. viii. St. 10. with Spenser's *Fear*, B. 3. Cant. xii. St. 12. There seems to be more nature and real poetry in Fletcher's describing him as but *starting* at the sight of his arms, than in Spenser, who on the same occasion represents him as absolutely " *flying fast away*;" but perhaps Spenser has heightened the image by making him equally terrified with the *sound* of them as the *sight*; this is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more consistently habited than his *Death*.

" A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
" A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
" Some more, some less fear his *all-frighting* face;
" But most who sleep in downy pleasure's bed.
Cant. xii. St. 38.

" Yet the first of these terrific attributes is suggested by Spenser, who has given it to Meleager:

" Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
" Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.
B. XI. Cant. xi. St. 22.

" In the preceding part of this Canto of Spenser, in which the foes of Temperance besiege her dwelling-place, we find sight, hearing, smell, and taste, personified, which remind us of Fletcher, and disgrace Spenser. I have often thought that a painter of taste might extract from the Purple Island a series of allegorical figures, which if well executed might do honour to his pencil; though in some instances he would find Fletcher " nimis Poeta," in others he would have little to do but to supply the colours: and as there can be no necessity for implicitly tying him down to his original, the liberty of rejecting superfluities, and supplying deficiences, should be allowed. The mottos and impresses, which in general are very happily adapted, give Fletcher's figures an air

of life, which in that particular renders them superior to those of Spenser and of Sackville *. The following rich figure of Hope (which is represented as masculine,) is among Fletcher's best pieces; the attitude of his leaning on his attendant Pollicita, to whom every female grace might be given, seems worthy the notice of a painter. I will quote the description at length, as it affords me an opportunity of comparing it with a figure of Spenser on " the same subject:

" Next went Elpinus, clad in *sky-like* blue †;
" And through his arms few stars did seem to peep;
" Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
" That rock'd in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep:
" His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
" On which an anchor bit with surest hold:
" *I hold by being held,* was written round in gold.

" Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
" As was his brother Fido's: fear seem'd to dwell
" Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
" And went, and came, that sure all was not well;
" Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
" His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
" *Pollicita* she *hight,* which ne'er could lie or feign.

Cant. ix. St. 30.

" The following is Spenser's personification, which is delineated with greater chastity than usual:

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* " Æschylus, in his " Seven Chiefs against Thebes," has shown much " fancy in the mottos and devices of the shields of the different chiefs.

† " Pyracles, in Sidney's Arcadia, is dressed in a garment of the same " materials: " Upon her body she wore a doublet of *sky-colour* satin," " &c. p. 42. Milton also has his " *sky-tinctured grain,*" Paradise Lost, V. " 285. But Fletcher might have had a passage in Quarles in his eye, who, " after describing Parthenia in a robe bespangled with stars of gold, adds,

" Her dishevell'd hair
" Hung loosely down, and veil'd the backer part
" Of those her *sky-resembling robes*; but so,
" That every breath would wave it to and fro,
" Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
" Sometimes one glimm'ring star, sometimes another.

Arg. and Par. B. iii.

" With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
" Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
" In silken *samite* she was light array'd,
" And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
" She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
" An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew,
" With which she sprinkled favours manifold
" On whom she list, and did great liking show;
" Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

B. III. Cant. xii. St. 13.

" The figure is simple, and the attributes are new; Hope is here divested of her usual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preserved) and the water-sprinkle substituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image; had it but received the sanction of antiquity for its adoption, we might perhaps have heard more in its praise. On their coins, the ancients, we find, represented Hope in the character of a sprightly girl, looking forward and holding a blossom or bud in her right hand *, whilst with her left she holds up her garment, to prevent its retarding her pace. On a coin of Hadrian, I have seen Fortune and Hope with this emblem. Mr. Spence has justly objected against Spenser, that many of his allegorical personifications are inconsistent, complicated, and overdone; he observes, that when they are well-invented, they are not well-marked out, and instances amongst others the figure of Hope now before us. But surely though his general charge may be true, in this instance he has been misled by his classical taste, and too great a reverence for the ancients; to expect an implicit adherence to them in all their mythological appendages is unreasonable and absurd, and at once puts a stop to every exertion of fancy and genius; it is but doing justice to them to acknowledge that their emblematic figures are unrivalled; but as their several distinct attributes are closely connected with, and indeed drawn from their religion, history, dress, and manners, they must be considered as relatively excellent only; we cannot be

* We commonly say " to destroy our *hopes in the bud.*

so barren of invention, as to be obliged tamely to have recourse to their imagery on all occasions; the religion, history, manners, and dress, of our own country, are sufficiently dignified to supply a fertile imagination with combinations infinitely new, and to justify us in forming a style of our own. Propriety in selection is every thing: to produce a strong effect from a few masterly outlines, and to give an individual and exclusive character to the personage, seems to have been the sole aim of the ancients. From the profusion of ornaments with which most modern allegorical figures are overwhelmed, we are as much at a loss to discover for whom they are designed, as we are to unravel a rebus or an anagram. Milton appears to have been a reader of Fletcher. I will conclude these desultory remarks on him, with noticing a few passages that have escaped the commentators of our divine Bard. Milton is invoking *Mirth* to bring with her,

> " Nods and becks, and wreathed *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."
>
> *L'Alleg.* 28.

" When this exquisite assemblage was formed, it is more than probable that the poet had an eye on the following passage of Fletcher:

> " Here *sportful* Laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
> " *Defies* all lumpish griefs, *and wrinkled care;*
> " And twenty merry mates *mirth* causes fitting,
> " And *smiles,* which, *Laughter's* sons, yet infants are.
>
> *Purple Island,* Cant. iv. St. 13. Edit. 1633.

> " Where thou perhaps under the *whelming* tide."
>
> *Lycid.* 157.

In the edition of 1630, Milton had written *humming* tide, which is perhaps more expressive and poetical. His first epithet he had probably from the following fine image of Fletcher:

" While *humming* rivers by his cabin creeping,
" Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease.

Eclog. 2.

" Milton uses *syllable*, Comus, 208. Fletcher in his miscellanies, page 85, has *syllabled.*"

It will not be unacceptable to the reader to know what portions of the Purple Island were *selected* by the taste and judgment of Mr. Headley, to form a part of a work composed of such rich materials as his " Beauties of Ancient Poetry." The first extract is the description of the descent of Orpheus into the infernal regions in search of his lost Eurydice, Cant. v. St. 61—67. In a note we have the following remark on that highly poetical episode: " These lines of Fletcher are a paraphrase, or rather translation, from Boethius. The whole description is forcible: some of the circumstances perhaps are heightened too much; but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himself in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of " quidlibet audendi" to the utmost."

The next extract, which is honoured with a place in the Beauties, is the description of the Shepherd's Life, Cant. xii. St. 2—6. "These beautiful lines," says Mr. Headley, seem to have suggested the plan of a most exquisite little piece called *The Hamlet*, by Mr. T. Warton, which contains such a collection of beautiful rural images, as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with. The latter part of it more closely reminds us of Fletcher. A shepherd's life is to be found in Spenser's Fairie Queene, B. VI. Cant. ix. St. 20.

The other extract is on the Instability of Human Greatness, Cant. vii. St. 2—7.

The reader will do well to pay particular attention to these spirited passages of the Purple Island, as well as to many others of singular beauty which the confined limits of Mr. Headley's Work and Plan, would not allow him to notice. That able young man was himself anxious that the *whole* works of our author should be reprinted.

W. J.

DEDICATION.

TO

MY MOST WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

EDWARD BENLOWES, ESQ.

SIR,

AS some optic-glasses, if we look one way, increase the object, if the other, lessen the quantity; such is an eye that looks through affection; it doubles any good, and extenuates what is amiss. Pardon me, Sir, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw Essays * of my very unripe years, and almost childhood. How unseasonable are blossoms in autumn! unless perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit. I am entering upon my winter, and yet these blooms of my first spring, must

* To this poem, when first published, were added a few piscatory eclogues and poetical miscellanies, written by the same author.

now shew themselves to our ripe wits, which will certainly give them no other entertainment, but derision. For myself, I cannot account that worthy of your patronage, which comes forth so short of my desires, thereby meriting no other light than the fire. But since you please to have them see more day, than their credit can well endure, marvel not if they fly under your shadow, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious yet more censorious age. In letting them go abroad, I desire only to testify how much I prefer your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to you more than any other. This if they witness for me, it is all the service I require. Sir, I leave them to your tuition, and entreat you to love him, who will contend with you in nothing but to out-love you, and would be known to the world by no other Name, than

Your true Friend,

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Hilgay, May 1, 1633.

Extract from the CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, *for December*, 1814.

"The name of Professor Franck is associated in the minds of those who are acquainted with the history of true religion, with all that is *learned, pious, useful*, and *excellent*. He was, indeed "a burning and a shining light;" and in extending the knowledge of his character and example, and translating the present brief, but valuable Work, the EDITOR has rendered a very acceptable and useful service to the lovers and students of sacred literature. The extent of the Professor's learning, and the soundness of his judgment, afford ample security to one class of enquirers; while the depth of his religious views, the spirituality of his mind, and the length of his experience, may well assure some others that he is not unworthy of their confidence as an instructor upon this fundamental subject. The Notes, by the Translator, contain *a valuable fund of Bibliographical Knowledge*, collected and digested from various approved sources, on all the topics discussed by Professor Franck, from which the student of the Sacred Writings may derive important direction and assistance. We have, perhaps, dwelt the longer upon this publication, because we consider that at a time when the most laudable zeal prevails amongst us for the distribution of the Divine Records, it is peculiarly important, that correct views respecting their meaning and interpretation should also be disseminated. We are happy therefore in having an opportunity of noticing *a Work which contains so much valuable information and direction upon this important point, and cordially recommend it to general perusal.*

Extract from the CRITICAL REVIEW, *for July and August*, 1815.

"At a time when the Sacred Writings are so generally diffused, and the knowledge of the eternal truths they contain so universally cultivated; the appearance of this Translation we regard as extremely seasonable and appropriate. No one, we think, will hesitate to confess that the publication of a work, the express object of which is to direct the student in his course through the Inspired Volume, is at once auxiliary to the promotion of true religion, and of inestimable advantage to all who are anxious to ascertain the real grounds of their faith... Of the merits of the Translator, it is our pleasing duty to speak in laudatory terms. The NOTES annexed claim much praise for their Learning, Judgment, and Ability; and are replete with evidence of extensive Bibliographical research.

XV.

Happy, thrice happy days in silver age!
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest;
When honour stoop'd to be learn'd wisdom's page;
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest;
When th' highest flying muse still higher climbs;
And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising crimes:
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

XVI.

But wretched we, to whom these iron days,
Hard days! afford no matter, nor reward:
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with steel, with lead their sense is barr'd.
Sings Linus, or his father*, as he uses?
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse refuses:
Ah what cares he for arts! he mocks at sacred muses.

XVII.

But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song;
Or Mœvius chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer-flies about their dunghill swarm:
They sneer, they grin:—'*Like to his like will move.*'
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Than this, Who hates not one, may he the other love!

XVIII.

Witness our Colin†; whom tho' all the graces,
And all the muses nurs'd; whose well taught song,
Parnassus' self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd throng;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits denied;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilified;
Distrest alas! he liv'd; distrest alas! he died.

* Apollo. † Spenser.

III.

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
  Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud;
Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains
  Were only known unto the silent wood:
    Their nearest blood from self-same fountains flow,
    Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow;
So seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two*.

IV.

Now when the shepherd-lads, with common voice,
  Their first consent had firmly ratified,
A gentle boy began to wave their choice;—
  "Thirsil, said he, tho' yet thy muse untried,
    Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign
    Soft sighs of love, unto a looser strain;
Or thy poor Thelgon's wrong, in mournful verse to plain;

V.

Yet, since the shepherd-swains do all consent
  To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad, to give a full content,
  Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart;
    Wake, wake thy long, thy too long sleeping muse,
    And thank them with a song, as is the use†:
Such honour thus conferr'd, thou may'st not well refuse.

VI.

Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,
  (Ah, lovely spite and spiteful loveliness!)
Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy sprite:
  Begin beloved swain, with good success."—
    "Ah, said the bashful boy, such wanton toys,
    A better mind and sacred vow destroys,
Since in a higher LOVE I settled all my joys.

* The Author speaks here of himself and his brother; who was also a Poet.

† i. e. Custom.

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When honour stoop'd to be learn'd wisdom's page;
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Hard days! afford no matter, nor reward:
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Their hearts with steel, with lead their sense is barr'd.
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Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse refuses:
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* Apollo. † Spenser.

XI.

And thou, choice wit! love's scholar, and love's master,
Art known to all, where love himself is known* :
Whether thou bidd'st Ulysses hie him faster;
Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan:
Who hath not seen upon the tragic stage,
Dire Atreus feast, and wrong'd Medea rage,
Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage?

XII.

And now of late † th'Italian fisher-swain
Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line,
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By Nesis fair, and fairer Mergiline:
Whilst his thin net, upon his oars entwin'd,
With wanton strife catches the sun and wind;
Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.

XIII.

And that ‡French muse's eagle eye and wing,
Hath soar'd to heav'n, and there hath learn'd the art
To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing;
Too high and deep for any shallow heart.
Ah, blessed soul! in those celestial rays,
Which gave thee light, these lower works to blaze,
Thou sit'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.

XIV.

Thrice happy wits! which in the springing May,
Warm'd with the sun of well deserved favours,
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant savours!
Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd flow'rs
Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's show'rs,
But last, when time shall have decay'd the proudest tow'rs.

* Ovid. † Sannazar. ‡ Bartas.

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But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song;
Or Mœvius chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer-flies about their dunghill swarm:
They sneer, they grin:—'*Like to his like will move.*'
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Than this, Who hates not one, may he the other love!

XVIII.

Witness our Colin†; whom tho' all the graces,
And all the muses nurs'd; whose well taught song,
Parnassus' self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd throng;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits denied;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilified;
Distrest alas! he liv'd; distrest alas! he died.

* Apollo. † Spenser.

XIX.

And had not that great Hart, whose honour'd head
Now lies full low, pitied thy woeful plight;
There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unbless'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall sink;
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

XX.

O let th' Iambic muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there are quills to write, or eyes to read:
On his rank name let thine own voice be turn'd,
" *O may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,*
" *Alive or dead, be never of a muse adorn'd* *!"

XXI.

Oft therefore have I chid my tender muse;
Oft my chill breast beats off her flutt'ring wing:
Yet when new spring her gentle rays infuse,
All storms are laid, again I rise and sing:
At length soft fires dispers'd in every vein,
Yield open passage to the thronging train,
And swelling number's tide rolls like the surging main.

XXII.

So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis' son,
Pays tribute to his king,—the mantling stream,
Encounter'd by the tide now rushing on
With equal force, of's way doth doubtful seem;
At length the full-grown sea, and water's king
Chides the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
Back fly the streams to shroud them in their mother-spring.

* A citation from Spenser's Poem " The Ruines of Time;"...and supposed to allude to Cecil, Lord Burleigh.

XXIII.

Yet thou harmonious muse, why should'st thou droop,
That every vulgar ear thy music scorns?
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop;
No seed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
With thy stol'n plumes, their notes thro' th' air would fling;
Oh shame! they howl and croak, whilst fond they strain to sing.

XXIV.

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy nest;
Far be dull thoughts of winning earthly praise;
Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breast,
And crown their golden crowns with higher bays:
Enough that those who wear the crown of kings,
Great Israel's princes! strike thy sweetest strings:
Heaven's dove when high'st he flies, flies with thy heav'nly wings.

XXV.

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
Search either Ind, vaunt of their scars and wounds:
Let others their dear breath, nay, silence, sell
To fools; and swol'n, not rich, stretch out their bounds
By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless bed:

XXVI.

O let them in their gold quaff dropsies down!
O let them surfeits feast in silver bright!
Whilst sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
Its master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to sell:
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell,
Death weds and beds them; first in grave, and then in hell.

XXVII.

But ah! let me under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway 'mongst my shepherd peers,
With fearless merry-make, and piping still,
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Augustus* of our nation,
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

XXVIII.

There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare,
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love and look, shall speak their father plain:
Health be my feast, heaven hope, content my gain;
So in my little house, my lesser heart shall reign.

XXIX.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chant to th' echoing wood:
Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out her life and verse,
And chanting her own dirge, rides on her wat'ry hearse.

XXX.

What need I then to seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eye,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout;
Or shine upon me with her Gemini?
What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or heed I, if they do me right or wrong?
A shepherd's bliss nor stands nor falls with every tongue.

* James I.

XXXI.

GREAT PRINCE of shepherds! than thy heavens more high,
Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds wouldst bear;
Who reignedst in thy Heaven, yet felt'st our Hell;
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (tho' God's) did sell,
Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our hearts wouldst dwell:

XXXII.

GREAT PRINCE of shepherds! thou who late didst deign
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast;
Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!
Thou First and Last, inspire thy sacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless quill;
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

XXXIII.

Hark then, ah, hark! ye gentle shepherd crew;
An ISLE I fain would sing, an ISLAND fair;
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
A foreign home; a strange, tho' native coast;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

XXXIV.

Coeval with the world in her nativity;
Which tho' it now hath passed thro' many ages,
And still retains a natural proclivity
To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages
Of foe-men's spite, which still this ISLAND tosses;
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,
By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

XXXV.

Vain men! too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind!
The aged world though now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows:
Whole lives are spent to win, what one death hour must lose.

XXXVI.

How like's the world unto a tragic stage!
Where every changing scene the actors change;
Some, subject, crouch and fawn; some reign and rage;
And new strange plots, bring scenes as new and strange,
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have done.
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and groan,
Till all put off their robes; and stage and actors gone.

XXXVII.

Yet this fair ISLE, scited so nearly near,
That from our sides, nor place, nor time may sever;
Though to yourselves, yourselves are not more dear,
Yet with strange carelessness you travel never:
Thus while yourselves and native home forgetting,
You search for distant worlds, with needless sweating,
You never find yourselves; so lose ye more by getting.

XXXVIII.

When that GREAT POW'R, that ALL, far more than all,
(When now his time foreset was fully come)
Brought into act this indigested ball,
Which in himself, till then had only room;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain or ill;
But bid each kind, their several places fill:
He bid and they obey'd, their action was his will.

XXXIX.

Forth sprang the light, and spread his cheerful rays
  Thro' all the chaos; darkness headlong fell,
Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;
  And plung'd her ugly head in deepest Hell:
    Not that he meant to help his feeble sight
    To frame the rest; he made the day, of night:
All else but darkness; he the true, the only LIGHT.

XL.

Fire, water, earth, and air that fiercely strove
  His SOVREIGN HAND in strong alliance tied,
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
  So that GREAT WISDOM temper'd all their pride,
    Commanding strife and love shou'd never cease;
    That by their peaceful fight, and fighting peace,
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

XLI.

Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
  And this world built, and richly furnished;
To store Heaven's courts, and steer Earth's regiment,
  He cast to frame an ISLE, the heart and head
    Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
    Which like an index briefly should impart
The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

XLII.

That Trine-One with himself, in council sits,
  And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
  Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
    Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
    With aptness thereunto, as seem'd him best;
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it bless'd.

XLIII.

Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas,
  And bid nor waves nor troublous winds, offend it;
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please
  So wise a prince, made able to defend it
    Against all outward force, or inward spite:
    Him framing like himself, all shining bright;
A little living Sun, son of the living LIGHT.

XLIV.

Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it
  Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,
To move itself whither itself would have it,
  And know what falls within the verge of notion:
    No time might change it, but as ages went,
    So still return'd; still spending, never spent;
More rising in their fall, more rich in detrime

XLV.

So once the *cradle of that double light,
  Whereof one rules the night, the other day;
Till sad Latona, flying Juno's spite,
  Her double burthen there did safely lay,
    Nor rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
    With every wave, and every wind removing;
But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever moving.

XLVI.

Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather
  Many large volumes in a narrow place;
So that GREAT WISDOM, all this all together,
  Confin'd unto this ISLAND's little space;
    And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
    And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;
The little Isle of Man, or Purple Island nam'd it.

* DELOS, the birth-place of Apollo and Diana: so called from, δηλος, because when Latona their mother was persecuted by the Python, it suddenly made its *appearance* in the sea, and afforded her the asylum she sought.

XLVII.

Thrice happy was the world's first infancy,
Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know;
Joy without grief, love without jealousy;
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:
The willing earth brought tribute to her king;
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big swoll'n grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

XLVIII.

Of all the winds there was no difference,
None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus' mouth;
Nor Orithya's lover's violence
Distinguish'd from the ever dropping south:*
But either gentle west winds reign'd alone,
Or else no wind, or harmful wind was none;
But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

XLIX.

None knew the sea; oh, blessed ignorance!
None nam'd the stars, the north car's constant race,
Taurus' bright horns, or Fishes' happy chance:
Astrea yet chang'd not her name or place;
Her ev'n-pois'd balance, Heav'n yet never tried:
None sought new coasts, nor foreign lands descried;
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they died.

L.

But ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of a heavy nature, steady lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
And seldom comes, and soon away will go:
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

* Orithya, the daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, loved and carried away by Boreas.

LI.

Witness this glorious ISLE; which, not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,
Would try whate'er is in the continent;
And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.
Ah, fond, to seek what then was in thy will,
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

LII.

That old sly Serpent (sly, but spiteful more)
Vex'd with the glory of this happy ISLE,
Allured it subtly from the peaceful shore;
And with fair painted lies and colour'd guile,
Drench'd in dead seas, whose dark streams full of fright,
Empty their sulphur waves in endless night;
Where thousand deaths and hells, torment the damned sprite.

LIII.

So when a fisher-swain by chance hath spied
A big-grown pike pursue the lesser fry,
He sits a withy labyrinth beside,
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
Which he invading with out-stretched fin,
All suddenly is compass'd with the gin;
Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

LIV.

That deathful lake, hath these three properties;
No turning path, or issue thence is found:
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:
Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;
For what retireth from that hellish grave?
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

LV.

For ever had this ISLE in that dire pit,
With cureless grief, and endless error stray'd,
Where fire and brimstone had tormented it;
Had not the KING, whose laws he, fool! betray'd,
Unsnarl'd that chain, then firm that lake secured;
For which ten thousand tortures HE endur'd:
So hard was this lost ISLE, so hard to be recur'd

LVI.

O thou deep Well of life, wide stream of love,
More deep, more wide, than widest, deepest seas!
Who, dying, death to endless death didst prove,
To work this wilful rebel ISLAND's ease;
Thy love no time began, no time decays;
But still increaseth with decreasing days:
Where then may we begin, where may we end thy praise?

LVII.

My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
How can it make so high a tow'ring flight?
O depth without a depth! in humble breast,
With praises I admire so wondrous height:
But thou my sister Muse*, may'st well go high'r,
And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire!
Thereto may He his grace, and gentle heat aspire.

LVIII.

Then let me end my easier taken story,
And sing this ISLAND's new recover'd seat:—
But see, the eye of noon, its brightest glory,
Teaching great men, is ne'er so little, great;
Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns have laid:
Screen we our scorched heads in that thick beech's shade.

* Alluding to his brother and his poem entitled "Christ's Victory and Triumph."

CANTO II.

I.

DECLINING Phœbus, as he larger grows,
Taxing proud folly gentler waxeth still;
Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows:—
When Thirsil on a gently rising hill
Where all his flock he round might feeding view,
Sits down, and circled with a lovely crew
Of nymphs and shepherd-boys, thus 'gan his song renew.

II.

Now was this ISLE pull'd from that horrid main,
Which bears the fearful looks and name of Death;
And settled new with blood and dreadful pain
By HIM who twice had giv'n, once forfeit, breath:
A baser state than what was first assign'd;
Wherein, to curb the too aspiring mind,
The better things were lost, the worst were left behind.

III.

That glorious image of himself was raz'd;
Ah! scarce the place of that best part we find:
And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd;
Only some twinkling stars remain behind:
Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
Two other in its place succeeding rise;
And drooping stock with branches fresh immortalize.

IV.

So that lone *bird, in fruitful Arabic,
When now her strength, and waning life decays,
Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,
In spicy bed (fir'd by new Phœbus' rays)

* The Phœnix.

Herself, and all her crooked age consumes:
Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,
A new born Phœnix flies, and widow'd place resumes.

V.

It grounded lies upon a sure *foundation,
Compact and hard; whose matter, cold and dry,
To marble turns in strongest congelation;
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,
Through all the Isle and every part extent†,
To give just form to ev'ry regiment‡;
Imparting to each part due strength and 'stablishment.

VI.

Whose looser ends are glew'd with brother earth§,
Of nature like, and of a near relation;
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
That oft itself stands for a good foundation‖:
Both these a third doth solder fast, and bind¶;
Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind;
All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

VII.

Upon this base** a curious work is rais'd,
Like undivided brick, entire and one,
Tho' soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd††;
Distributed with due proportion:

* Namely, the Bones.

† i. e. Extended. It is so used by Spenser.

‡ i. e. Region.

§ Annexed to the Bones are the Cartilages, white, flexible, and smooth, which themselves ossify in process of time.

‖ Some of them sustain and uphold certain parts.

¶ These are fastened together by a kind of cartilages called Ligaments.

** Upon the bones, as the foundation, reposes the flesh, soft, ruddy, and covered with the common membrane or skin.

†† i. e. Poised. So Spenser.

And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thin:
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen.

VIII.

As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displays;
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
The vail transparent willingly betrays;
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light:
Lest eyes should surfeit with too greedy sight,
Transparent lawns with-hold, more to increase delight.

IX.

Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks*
In azure channels glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward slide, but ne'er return again†.

X.

Three diff'rent streams, from fountains different,
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,
(Yet each with other, friendly ever went)
Give to this Isle its fruitfulness and being:
The first in single channels ‡sky-like blue,
With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphry hue,
Sprinkle this crimson Isle, with purple colour'd dew.

* The whole body is watered, as it were, with great plenty of rivers; namely, the veins, arteries, and nerves.

† This was the universally received opinion, before Dr. Harvey made known his great discovery of the circulation of the blood.

‡ A vein is a hollow canal, which receives the blood from the artery, and conveys it back to the heart.

XI.

The * next, though from the same springs first it rise,
Yet passing through another greater fountain,
Doth lose his former name and qualities:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain;
More fiery light, and needful more than all;
And therefore fenced with a double wall;
All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden fall.

XII.

The †last, in all things diff'ring from the other,
Fall from an hill, and close together go,
Embracing as they run; each with his brother
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:
The coldest spring, yet nature best they have;
And like the lacteal stones which Heaven pave;
Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky wave.

XIII.

These with a thousand ‡streams through th' Island roving,
Bring tribute in; the first gives nourishment,
Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:
For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
The nimble posts quick down the river run,
And end their journey, though but now begun;
But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's done.

* An artery is a hollow canal, composed of fibres twisted together, which conveys the blood from the cavity of the heart to all the parts of the body.

† A nerve is a whitish, round, slender body, arising from the brain, which is supposed to convey the animal spirits to all parts of the body.

‡ That is, the veins convey the nourishment; the artery, life and heat; the nerves, sense and motion; the will commands, and the mandate is executed almost in an instant.

XIV.

The whole ISLE, parted in three regiments*,
By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;
Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
With loving concord, and with mutual aid:
The lowest hath the worst, but largest see;
The middle less, of greater dignity:
The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

XV.

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from foreign enmity,
With five strong builded walls† encompass'd round;
Which my rude pencil will in limning stain;
A work, more curious than which poets feign
Neptune and Phœbus built, and pulled down again‡.

XVI.

The first of these, is that round spreading fence§,
Which like a sea, girts th' Isle in every part;
Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
Of common matter, fram'd with special art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:
The same, a fence and spy; a watchman and a wall.

* The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose region is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns. The brain obtains the highest place, and is the least in compass, but the greatest in dignity.

† The skin, the fat, the fleshy panicle, the muscles, and the Peritonœum,

‡ Neptune and Phœbus are related to have built the walls of Troy.

§ The skin covers almost the whole body, and is formed of whitish fibres, intermixed with numberless branches of nerves, veins, and arteries.

XVII.

His native beauty is a lily white* ;
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth,
Least like itself; with divers stainings dight,
The inward disposition it detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;
Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

XVIII.

It cover'd stands with silken flourishing†,
Which as it oft decays, renews again,
The other's sense and beauty perfecting;
Which else would feel, but with unusual pain:
Whose pleasing sweetness, and resplendent shine,
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring eyn,
Doth oft the †Prince himself with witch'ries undermine.

XIX.

The second §rampier's of a softer matter,
Made by the purple rivers overflowing:
Whose airy wave and swelling waters, fatter,
(For want of heat, congeal'd,) and thicker growing,
The wand'ring heat‖, which quiet ne'er subsisteth
Sends back again to what confine it listeth;
And outward enemies by yielding, most resisteth.

* The native colour of the skin is white, but (as Hippocrates) it is changed into the colour of the predominant humour. Where melancholy abounds, it is dark; where phlegm, it is white and pale; where choler reigns, it is red and fiery, &c.

† The *cuticle or scarf-skin*, is an extremely thin and transparent membrane, void of sense, and covering the skin all over. It consists of several layers of exceeding small scales, which cover one another.

‡ The mind.

§ The fat is a whitish, oily substance, void of sense, is secreted from the blood, and lodged in small, oval, membranous bags, which shoot out of the arteries.

‖ The fat increases inward heat, by keeping it from outward parts; and defends the parts subject to it from bruises.

XX.

The *third more inward, firmer than the best,
  May seem at first, but thinly built, and slight;
But yet of more defence than all the rest;
  Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.
    These three (three common fences round impile)
    This regiment, and all the other Isle;
And saving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

XXI.

Beside these three, two† more appropriate guards,
  With constant watch compass this government:
The first eight companies in several wards,
  (To each his station in this regiment)
    On each side, four continual watch observe,
    And under one great captain jointly serve;
Two fore-right stand, two cross, and four obliquely swerve.

XXII.

The ‡other fram'd of common matter, all
  This lower region girts with strong defence;
More long than round, with double-builded wall,
  Though single often seems to slighter sense;
    With many gates, whose strangest properties
    Protect this coast from all conspiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

* The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick, sinewy, interwoven with little veins, and lies just under the fat.

† The proper parts infolding this lower region, are two; the first, the muscles of the belly, which are eight; four side-long, two right, and two across.

‡ The Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is a thin membrane, taking its name from compassing the bowels; round, but longer; every where double, yet so thin that it seems but single.

XXIII.

Between this fence's double-walled sides*,
  Four slender brooks run softly o'er the lea;
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides
  From this low region's metropolie:
    Two from th' heart-city bend their silent pace;
    The third from urine-lake with waters base,
In the †allantoid sea empties his flowing race.

XXIV.

Down in a ‡vale where these two parted walls
  Differ from each with wide distending space,
Into a lake the urine river falls,
  Which at the §Nephros hill begins his race:
    Crooking his banks he often runs astray,
    Lest his ill streams might backward find a way:
Thereto, some say, was built a curious framed bay.

XXV.

The urine-lake|| drinking his colour'd brook,
  By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:
But when the stream the brink 'gins overlook,
  A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;

* The double tunicle of the rim, is parted into a large space, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navel are contained. These are four, first the nurse, which is a vein nourishing the infant in the womb; second, two arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth, the Ourachos, a pipe whereby (whilst the child is in the womb) the urine is carried into the allantoid.

† A membrane receiving sweat and urine.

‡ The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder.

§ Nephros---Greek (ὁ Νεφρος) the kidneys.

|| The bladder is composed of three coats; the first is an extension of the Peritoneum: the second consists of muscular fibres; the third is both glandulous and nervous, and full of wrinkles, that it may be capable of contraction and dilatation.

Sphincter* some call; who, if he loosed be,
Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,
And rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

XXVI.

From thence with blinder passage (flying name)
These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;
Which though we term the hidden parts of shame,
Yet for the skill deserves no lesser praise
Than they, to which we honour'd names impart.
O, POWERFUL WISDOM! with what wond'rous art
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the vilest part.

XXVII.

Six †goodly cities, built with suburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region;
The first ‡Koilia, whose extremest bound
On this side's border'd by the Splenion§,
On that by sovereign Hepar's‖ large commands,
The merry Diazome¶ above it stands,
To both these join'd in league, and never failing bands.

* A name common to several muscles, which bind, strengthen, or draw together any part. Its glands separate a slimy matter, which defends the bladder from the acrimony of the urine. The involuntary emission of this, is prevented by a small muscle, which goes round the neck of the bladder.

† Besides the bladder there are six special parts contained in this lower region; the liver, the stomach, and the guts; the gall, the spleen or milt; the kidneys and parts for generation.

‡ The stomach (or *Koilia* Κοιλια ἡ) is the first in order though not in dignity, which is long and round, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the chyle.

§ Splenion, the spleen from ὁ Σπλην.

‖ Hepar, the liver, from το Ηπαρ.

¶ Diazome, from το Διαζωμα.

XXVIII.

The form (as when with breath the bag-pipes rise
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise more,
Fram'd to the most capacious figure's guise;
For 'tis the Island's garner; here its store
Lies treasur'd up, which, well prepar'd, it sends
By secret path that to th' arch-city bends;
Which, making it more fit, to all the Isle extends.

XXIX.

Far hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,
This city's *steward dwells in vaulted stone;
And twice a day Koilia's store-house fills
With certain rent and due provision:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
Which to describe I better time shall have,
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy wave.

XXX.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters †stand,
Receivers of the customary rent;
On each side four, (the foremost of the band)
Whose office to divide what in is sent;
Straight other four break it in pieces small;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
Fit it for convoy and this city's arsenal.

* Gustus, the taste, is the caterer, or steward to the stomach, which has its place in Cephal; that is the head. The surface of the tongue is filled with small Papillæ, which are no other than fine ramifications of the gustatory nerve; these are variously moved by the particles of meat and drink; and this motion being by that nerve transmitted to the brain, that perception arises which we style tasting.

† In each jaw, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth or breakers, and ten grinders.

XXXI.

From thence a *groom of wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors,
To see the victuals shipp'd at fittest tide;
Which straight from thence with prosp'rous channel slide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

XXXII.

The †haven, fram'd with wondrous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:
But when the rent is slack, it rages rife‡,
And mut'nies in itself with civil strife:
Whereto §a little groom eggs it with sharpest knife.

XXXIII.

Below ‖dwells in this city's market-place,
The island's common cook, Concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle space
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;

* The tongue with great agility delivers up the meat well chewed, to the instruments of swallowing, (eight serving to this purpose,) which instantly send the meat into the stomach.

† The upper mouth of the stomach hath little veins, or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

‡ *Rife*, Frequently: so Spenser.

§ A short vessel, which sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

‖ In the bottom of the stomach which is placed in the midst of the belly is concoction performed.

Whence never from his labour he retires;
No rest he asks, or better change requires:
Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps nor sleep desires.

XXXIV.

That *heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire,
Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
But moist'ning flames a gentle heat inspire,
Which sure some inborn neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth.

XXXV.

Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames the iron sides entwining,
Above is stopp'd with close lid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow straits confining;
So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth;
Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,
Who daily all the Isle with fit provision feedeth.

XXXVI.

There many a groom, the busy cook attends
In under offices and several place:
This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
To be cast out; another, liquors base;
Another garbage, which the kitchen cloys;
And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
By divers secret ways in under sinks convoys.

* The concoction of meats in the stomach, is perfected as by an innate property and special virtue; as well as by the outward heat of adjoining parts.

XXXVII.

Therefore a second *port, is sidelong fram'd,
To let out what unsavory remains;
There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
Which soon the full-grown kitchen cleanly drains,
By divers pipes with hundred turnings giring,
Lest that the food, too speedily retiring,
Should whet the appetite, still cloy'd and still desiring.

XXXVIII.

So Erisiothon, fir'd (as men do say)
With hungry rage, ne'er fed, though ever feeding;
Ten thousand dishes serv'd in ev'ry day,
Yet still ten thousand thousand dishes needing;
In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:
A whole camp's meat he in his gorge inhum'd;
And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd†.

XXXIX.

Such would the state of this whole Island be,
If those pipes' windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacity,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
These ‡pipes are seven-fold longer than the Isle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thin; three thick, and vile.

* The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called the Janitor (or porter) as sending out the food now conocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body, should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

† See Ovid. Metam. 8. Fab. 18.

‡ The entrails when dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body.

XL.

The *first is narrow'st, and down-right doth look,
Lest that his charge discharg'd, might back retire;
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the channel's stopt with stifling mire,
Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters soaking,
His tender sides with sharpest stream provoking,
Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry choking.

XLI.

The †second lean and lank, still pil'd, and harried
By mighty bord'rers oft his barns invading:
Away his food and new-inn'd store is carried;
Therefore an angry colour never fading
Purples his cheek: the ‡third for length exceeds,
And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:
These three most noble are, adorn'd with silken threads.

XLII.

The §foremost of the base, half blind appears;
And where his broad way in an isthmus ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not 'scape, he backward sends:

* The first is straight without any winding, that the chyle might not return; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges the choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve-finger) from its length.

† The second, is called the lank or hungry gut, as being more empty than the rest; for the liver being near, it draws out its juice or cream. It is known from the rest by its red colour.

‡ The third called Ilion, or winding, from his many folds and turnings, is the longest of all.

§ The first of the baser sort, is called blind; at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and by the veins of the midriffe drawn out.

The *second Ælo's court, where tempests raging,
Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the Island, thunders sad presaging.

XLIII.

The †last downright falls to port Esquiline‡,
More straight above, beneath still broader growing,
Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
This gate endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office, sight and naming flies:
Therefore between two hills, in darkest valley lies.

XLIV.

To that § arch-city of this government,
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three, in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs which else the kitchen cloy.
In ‖every one the Hepar keeps his spies,
Who if ought good with evil blended lies;
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasuries.

* The second is Colon (or the tormentor) because of the wind there staying and vexing the body. Ælos appears to be used for Æolus, the god of winds. See Virg. Æn. Lib. 1. v. 56.

† The last called Rectum (or straight) hath no windings, short, larger towards the end, that the excrement may be more easily ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

‡ An allusion to the Porta Esquilina at Rome, through which dead bodies and criminals were conveyed to Mons Esquilinus.

§ The thin entrails serve for carrying and concocting the chyle. They are all sprinkledwith numberless little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be brought to the liver.

‖ Epiploon or over-swimmer, descends below the navel, and ascends above the highest entrails. It is of skinny substance and entirely overlaid with fat.

XLV.

Two several *covers fence these twice three pipes :
The first from over-swimming takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes :
The second strengthen'd with a double frame,
From foreign enmity the pipes maintains :
Close by †Pancreas stands, who ne'er complains ;
Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their state sustains

XLVI.

Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.—
But see, the sun, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.
Now hie we home ; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers and their tender young :
To-morrow with the day we may renew our song."

* The Mesentery, which ties and knits the entrails together.

† Pancreas or all-flesh, for so it seems, is laid as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins, that are there dispread.

CANTO III.

I.

THE morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vex'd at the ling'ring shades that long had left her,
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing night, of rule and heaven bereft her:
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls or rises.

II.

Thirsil from withy prison, as he uses,
Lets out his flock, and on a hill stood heeding,
Which bites the grass, and which his meat refuses;
So his glad eyes fed with their greedy feeding.
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs and shepherd-swains,
While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry plains;
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling trains.

III.

"You gentle shepherds, and you snowy sires,
That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
In verse uncouth, such wonders comprehending?
Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit
To frame this curious Isle, whose framing yet
Was never throughly known to any human wit.

IV.

Thou Shepherd-God, who only know'st it right,
And hid'st that art from all the world beside;
Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,
And in this fog, my erring foot-steps guide:

Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake it:
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,
When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make it.

V.

Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
Th' *arch city Hepar, stretching her commands,
To all within this lower region;
Fenc'd with such bars and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreigners' invasion:
Hence are the †walls, slight, thin; built but for sight and fashion.

VI.

To th' heart and to th' head-city surely tied‡
With firmest league and mutual reference:
His lieges there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife and casual difference:
Built §all alike, seeming like rubies sheen‖,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

VII.

Much like a **mount, it easily ascendeth;
The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass:
But on the lower many a crag dependeth,
Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:

* Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver, is the principal. The situation strong, and safe walled in by the ribs.

† It is covered with one single tunicle, and that very thin and slight.

‡ The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

§ The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to itself.

‖ i. e. Fair, shining.

** The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower on the outside like to a hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

Here first the *purple fountain making vent,
By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

VIII.

In this †fair town the Isle's great steward dwells;
His porphry house glitters in purple dye;
In purple clad himself: from thence he deals
His store, to all the Isle's necessity:
And though the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

IX.

And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball,
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray‡:
So 'twixt the Splenion's frost and th' angry gall,
The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the Isle by his sweet influence;
So slakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

X.

Within, some say, §Love hath his habitation,
Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother:
For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with more perfect love, affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

* From it rise all the springs of blood that run in the veins.

† The steward of the whole Isle, is here fitly placed; because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

‡ The planet Jupiter.

§ Here Plato disposes the seat of love.

XI.

Two *purple streams here raise their boiling heads;
The first and least, in hollow cavern breeding,
His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads;
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the Isle their food and vegetation.

XII.

Yet these from other streams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
These as they run in narrow banks impent,
Are then at least, when in the main they flow;
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,
That all his trunk in his full body hides;
Which straight, his stem to thousand branches subdivides.

XIII.

Yet lest these †streams might hap to be infected,
With other liquors in the well abounding,
Before their flowing channels are detected;
Some lesser delfts, the fountain's bottom sounding,
Draw out the baser streams, the springs annoying,
A hundred pipes unto that end employing;
Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load convoying.

* Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams.

† The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors drawn away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places.

XIV.

Such is fair Hepar, *which with great dissension
Of all the rest pleads most antiquity;
But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,
And justest challenge, claims priority:
But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;
For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid both foundations, yet Hepar's built afore.

XV.

Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well,
Rise with the native streams; the first like fire†,
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire;
Which, wer't not surely held with strong retention,
Would stir domestic strife and fierce contention,
And waste the weary Isle with never ceas'd dissension.

XVI.

Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus‡, that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straits, all closely barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

* Famous is the controversy between the peripateticks and physicians; one holding the heart, the other the liver to be first. That the liver is the first in time and making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the liver.

† The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is choleric, bitter, like flame in colour; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

‡ Choledochus, the Gall, is of a membraneous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour

XVII.

The *next ill stream the wholesome fount offending,
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the Splenion tending,
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,
Built long and square: some say that laughter here
Keeps residence; but laughter fits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

XVIII.

And should these † ways, stopt by ill accident,
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy humours,
The cloudy Isle, with hellish dreariment
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful rumours:
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell;
Dark, doleful, deadly, dull, a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrours dwell.

XIX.

If this black town in ‡over-growth increases,
With too much strength his neighbours overbearing,
The Hepar daily and whole Isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade or ashie ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th'Isle thrives; its curse, his blessing:
So when a §tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure their distressing.

from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall; and this fence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.

* The second ill humour is earthy and heavy, which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels, unto the spleen; the native seat of melancholy.

† If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies and vain terrors.

‡ Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays and withers; but where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes.

§ Trajan compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full, drained his subjects' purse; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.

XX.

The third bad *water, bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,
Is drawn into the double Nephro's mountain;
Which draw the best for growth and nourishment;
The worst as through a little †pap distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' urine-lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

XXI.

These ‡mountains differ but in situation,
In form and manner like: the left is higher,
Lest even height might slack their operation:
Both like the Moon (which now wants half her fire)
Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended;
And both have walls of earth, before those walls extended.

XXII.

The sixth and last town in this region,
With large stretch'd precincts and with compass wide,
Is that where Venus and her wanton son
Her wanton Cupid will in youth reside:
For though his arrows and his golden bow,
On other hills he frankly doth bestow,
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth glow.

XXIII.

For that great Providence, their course foreseeing
Too easily led into the sea of death;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth:

* The watery humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of these parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

† The Ureters receive the water separated from the blood, as distilled from little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

‡ The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher.

He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation;
Out of whose ashes comes another Island nation.

XXIV.

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,
(For what alone, can live or fruitful be?)
Arren the first, the second Thelu nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where Venus and her wanton have their being;
For nothing is produced of two, in all agreeing.

XXV.

But though some few in these hid parts would see
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame;
Yet for the most would turn to luxury,
And what they should lament, would make their game;
Fly then those parts, which best are undescried;
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,
What th' Isle and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide!

XXVI.

These two fair Isles, distinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the other's side,
Are oft made one, by love's firm combination;
And from this unity are multiplied:
Strange it may seem, such their condition,
That they are more dispread by union;
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

XXVII.

For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
Another little Isle is soon proceeding;
At first of unlike frame and matter being,
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding;

Till, at full time, the tedious prison flying,
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying;
And shakes the trembling Isle with often painful dying.

XXVIII.

So by the Bosphorus straights, in Euxine seas,
Not far from old Byzantum, closely stand
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,
Which sometime seem but one combined land:
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

XXIX.

Here oft, not lust, but sweeter chastity,
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
Now link'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny;
Now Phœnix-like, alone in narrow cells:
Such Phœnix one, (but one at once may be,
In Albion's Isle,) thee, *Basilissa, thee,
Such only have I seen, such shall I never see,

XXX.

What nymph was this, said fairest Rosaleen,
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?
She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's queen,
Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
Since she a dear †Deer's side unwilling rented;
Whose death she all too late, too much repented.

XXXI.

Ah, royal maid! why shouldst thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault, was but too much believing ‡:

* Queen Elizabeth. † The Earl of Essex.

‡ Historians inform us, that Elizabeth complained she had been betrayed into this sanguinary measure.

It is too much, so much thou should'st repent thee;
His joyous soul at rest deserves no grieving.
These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
But, ah, no words, no pray'rs, might ever bend her
To give an end to grief: till endless grief did end her.

XXXII.

But how should I those sorrows dare display?
Or how limme forth her virtues' wonderment!
She was, ay me! she was, the sweetest May,
That ever flow'r'd in Albion's regiment:
Few eyes fall'n lights adore; yet fame shall keep
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

XXXIII.

And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd in Spain,
Learn of fell Geryon* to snarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to stain;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and bawl;
Yet shall our Cynthia's high triumphing light
Deride their howling throats and toothless spite:
And sail through heav'n, whilst they sink down in endless night.

XXXIV.

So is this Island's lower region:
Yet, ah! much better is it sure than so.
But my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherd 's state, my song as low)
Mar what they make—But now in yonder shade
Rest we, while suns have longer shadows made:
See, how our panting flocks run to the cooler glade."

* In heathen mythology, a fabulous giant, with three heads.

CANTO IV.

I.

THE shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,
With simple cates, such as the country yields;
And while from scorching beams secure they rested,
The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their stalks the blushing strawberries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high looking eyes;
Shewing that sweetness oft both low and hidden lies.

II.

But when the day had his meridian run,
Between his highest throne and low declining;
Thirsil again his forced task begun,
His wonted audience his sides entwining.—
"The middle province next this lower stands,
Where th' Isle's heart-city spreads his large commands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and friendly bands.

III.

Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair
In midst of Heaven, and to dead darkness here
Gives light and life; such is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly near,
That those wise ancients, from their nature's sight
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd aright
The sun the great world's heart, the heart the less world's light.

IV.

This * middle coast, to all the Isle dispends
All heat and life: hence it another guard
(Beside these common to the first) defends;
Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and hard:
Which stretching round about his circling arms,
Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;
Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

V.

But in the front † two fair twin-bulwarks rise;
In th' Arren built for strength and ornament;
In Thelu of more use, and larger size;
For hence the young Isle draws his nourishment;
Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;
Here milky springs in sugar'd rivers flow,
Which first gave th' Infant Isle to be, and then to grow.

VI.

For when the lesser Island (still increasing
In Venus' temple) to some greatness grows,
Now larger rooms and wider spaces seizing,
It stops the Hepar rivers;—backward flows
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)
Dyes his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

VII.

So where fair Medway down the Kentish dales,
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,

* The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

† The breasts.

‡ When the infant grows large, the blood vessels are so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, blood turns back to the breast, and there by an innate and wonderful faculty is turned into milk.

Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;
The big-grown main with foamy billows swelling,
Stops there the sudden stream: her steady race
Staggers a while, at length flows back apace;
And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

VIII.

These two fair mounts are like two hemispheres,
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
Whose tops two little purple hillocks rears,
Much like the poles in Heaven's axletrees:
And round about two circling altars gire
In blushing red; the rest in snowy tire,
Like Thracian Hœmus looks, which ne'er feels Phœbus' fire.

IX.

That mighty Hand, in these dissected wreaths,
(Where moves our Sun) his throne's fair picture gives;
The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes;
His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
Nor scorns that lofty One, thus low to dwell;
Here his best stars he sets and glorious cell,
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to Heav'n from Hell.

X.

About this region round in compass stand
A guard, both for defence and respiration,
Of * sixty four, parted in several bands;
Half to let out the smoky exhalation;
The other half to draw in fresher winds:
Beside both these, a third of both their kinds,
That lets both out and in; which no enforcement binds.

* In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which is either free or forced: the instruments of forced breathing are sixty-four, whereof thirty-two distend, and as many contract it.

XI.

This third the merry * Diazome we call,
A border-city these two coasts removing;
That like a balk with his cross-builded wall,
Disparts the terms of anger and of loving;
Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen fires,
And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;
Loose † when he draws in air, contract when he expires.

XII.

The ‡ Diazome of sev'ral matters fram'd:
The first, moist, soft; harder the next, and drier:
His fashion like th' fish a Raia nam'd;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;
By eight streams water'd; two from Hepar low,
And from th' heart-town as many higher go;
But two twice told down from the Cephal mountain flow.

XIII.

Here § sportful laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
Defies all lampish griefs and wrinkled care;
And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,
And smiles, with laughter's sons, yet infants are.
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With self-same flames high Cephal's towers fry;
Such is their feeling love and loving sympathy.

* The instrument of free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the Midriffe, as a wall, parting the heart and liver.

† The midriffe dilates itself when it draws in, and contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

‡ The midriffe consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshy; it hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

§ Here most men have placed the seat of laughter; it hath much sympathy with the brain, so that if the midriffe be inflamed, present madness ensues.

XIV.

This coast stands girt with a * peculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:
The † chiefest city and imperial,
Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending;
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then should my rude pen this wonder write,
Which Thou, who only mad'st it, only know'st aright?

XV.

In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole Isle, and of this government:
If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,
More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,
And with his yellow streams the fruitful Island wet.

XVI.

Flank'd ‡ with two diff'rent walls (for more defence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;
In whose soft waves and circling profluence,
This city, like an isle, might safely float:
In motion still, (a motion fix'd, not roving)
Most like to heav'n, in his most constant moving:
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active loving.

XVII.

Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;
His § matter hid, and, like itself, unknown:

* Within, the Pleura, or skin which covers the ribs on the inside, compasses this middle region.

† The heart is placed in the midst of this province and of the whole body.

‡ The heart is immured, partly by a membrane going round it, and a peculiar tunicle; partly with an humour, like whey; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

§ The flesh of the heart is proper and peculiar to itself; not like other muscles, of a figure pyramidal.

Two rivers of his own ; another by,
That from the Hepar rises, like a crown,
Infolds the narrow part : for that great All
This his works' glory made pyramidal,
Then crown'd with triple wreath and cloth'd in scarlet pall.

XVIII.

The city's self in two * partitions reft,
That on the right, this on the other side :
The † right (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his pension at his certain tide,
A pension of liquors strangely wrought ;
Which first by Hepar's streams are higher brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words or thought.

XIX.

The ‡ grosser waves of these life-streams (which here
With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to § Pneumon bear :
But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd
As through ‖ a wall, with hidden passage slide ;
Where many secret gates (gates hardly spied)
With convoy safe, give passage to the other side.

XX.

At each hand of the left, ¶ two streets stand by,
Of several stuff and several working fram'd,

* Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right and left ; of which, the left is more excellent and noble.

† The right receives into its hollowness, the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

‡ This right side sends down to the lungs that part of the blood which is less laboured and thicker ; but the thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy partition into the left side.

§ The lungs.

‖ This fleshy partition severs the right side from the left ; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores or passages.

¶ Two skinny additions (from their likeness called the ears or auricles) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called the right ; the other, the left, takes in the air sent by the lungs.

With hundred crooks and deep wrought cavity:
Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd;
I' th' right-hand street, the tribute liquor sitteth:
The left, foro'd air into his concave getteth,
Which subtile wrought and thin, for future workmen fitteth.

XXI.

The city's * left side (by some hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together ment,
Stills them with equal, never quenched firing
Then in small streams (through all the Isle retiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

XXII.

In this † heart-city, four main streams appear;
One from the Hepar, where the tribute landeth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth, a band of Tritons standeth,
(Three Tritons stand) who with their three fork'd mace,
Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass ‡.

XXIII.

The § second is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;

* The left side of the heart takes in this air and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosom, sends them out by the great artery into the whole body.

† In the heart are four great vessels, the first is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding doors, with three forks, giving passage, but no return to the blood.

‡ (What is said concerning the blood, both in the stanzas and notes is agreeable to the old philosophy; this poem being written before Dr. Harvey made known his discovery.)

§ The second vessel is called the artery vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs, for their nourishment: here also are the like three folding doors, made like half circles; giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that sending
From thence the waters, all regress deny.
The * third unlike to this, from Pneumon flowing,
And is due air—tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates and bars, which stop all backward going.

XXIV.

The † last full spring, out of this left side rises,
Where three fair nymphs, like Cynthia's self appearing,
Draw down the stream which all the Isle suffices;
But stop back ways, some ill revolture fearing.
This river still itself to less dividing,
At length with thousand little brooks runs sliding,
His fellow course along with Hepar's channels guiding.

XXV.

Within this city is the ‡ palace fram'd,
Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;
And their attendants, passions untam'd:
(Oft very Hell, in this straight room resideth)
And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs inspiring,
Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring.
Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quenchless firing.

XXVI.

Yet that great Light, by whom all heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:

* The third is called the veiny artery, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

† The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a flood-gate made of three semicircular membranes.

‡ The heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

Cease Earth, ah! cease, proud Babel Earth, to swell:
Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low roof'd cell;
First Heav'n must dwell in man, then man in Heav'n shall dwell.

XXVII.

Close to Kerdia, * Pneumon takes his seat,
Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:
Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat,
Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate cold:
Itself of larger size, distended wide,
In divers streets and out-ways, multiplied;
Yet in one corporation all are jointly tied.

XXVIII.

Fitly 'tis clothed with † hangings thin and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefest use, to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)
And for that end a long pipe down descends
(Which here itself, in many lesser spends)
Until, low at the foot of Cephal's mount it ends.

XXIX.

This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,
To fit each several voice with perfect sound;
Therefore of divers matter the conveyance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,
(For wat'ry softness is sound's enemy)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

* The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart; whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large. It is the instrument of breathing and speaking, divided into many parcels, but all united into one body.

† The lungs are covered with a light and very thin tunicle, lest it might hinder their motion.

‡ The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilages, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the gristles together.

XXX.

The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,
  But smooth and pliable, made for extending,
Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;
  All in one body jointly comprehending:
    The * last most soft, which where the circle's scanted,
    Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted;
Not hurting under parts, which next to this are planted.

XXXI.

Upon the top there stands the pipe's safe † covering,
  Made for the voice's better modulation:
Above it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,
  Which shut and open it at all occasion:
    The cover in four parts itself dividing.
    Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding:
One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

XXXII.

Close ‡ by this pipe, runs that great channel down,
  Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every day
Brings to Koilia due provision:
  Straight at whose § mouth a flood-gate stops the way,
    Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
    Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
For swallowing soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

* And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.

† The Larynx, or covering of the wind-pipe, is a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

‡ Adjoining to it, is the Oesophagus or meat-pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

§ At whose end is the Epiglottis or cover of the throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and changing the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

XXXIII.

But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air;
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name and place,
And twinkles in the Heav'n with doubtful face:
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes, home apace."

CANTO V.

I.

BY this the old Night's head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And gladsome birth of young succeeding Day,
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere:
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to play:
And Thirsil with night's death, revives his morning lay.

II.

"The highest region in this little Isle,
Is both the Island's, and Creator's glory:
Ah! then, my lowly muse, and rugged style,
How durst thou pencil out this wondrous story?
Oh Thou! who mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse, thy glory's instrument.

III.

So shall my flagging Muse to Heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire:
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here, low in this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

IV.

The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compass and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd, like Heav'n, spherical,
Of largest figure and of loveliest grace;

Though shap'd at first the *least of all the three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

V.

So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,
In which this earthly ball was first divided;
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
Where victory and learned arts resided;
And, by the Greek and Roman monarchy,
Sway'd both the rest; now press'd by slavery
Of Moscow, and the big-swoll'n Turkish tyranny.

VI.

Here all the †senses dwell, and all the arts:
Here learned Muses by their silver spring;
The ‡city sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring;
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill and great expence;
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief residence.

VII.

And sure for ornament and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect and ravishing delight,
Not all the Isle or world, with this can pair;
But in the Thelu is the fairest sight:
These suburbs many call the Island's face;
Whose charming beauty and bewitching grace,
Oft times the §Prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

* The head of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame and office, most like to heaven, being highest in this little world, as also, in figure, being round.

† The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.

‡ The head is divided into the city and suburbs; the brain within the wall of the scull, and the face without.

§ The mind.

VIII.

For as this Isle is a short summary
Of all that in this all is wide dispread;
So th' Island's face is th' Isle's epitome,
Where e'en the prince's thoughts are often read:
For when that All had finish'd every kind,
And all his works would in less volume bind,
Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

IX.

Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,
The city's self's more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yields it defence, but greater ornament:
The divers colour'd trees and fresh array
Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay:
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

X.

Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,
The gazer's eye still more and more entices,
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight;
Whose beauty much more wins his ravish'd heart,
That now he only thinks the outward part
To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

XI.

Four several * walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace:
The first thick, soft; the second dry and hard;
As when soft earth before hard stone we place:

* Beside the common tunicles of the body, the brain is covered, first, with the bone of the scull; secondly, with the pericranium, or skin, covering the skull; and thirdly, with two inward skins.

The second all the city round encases,
And, like a rock, with thicker sides embraces;
For here the prince, his court, and standing palace places.

XII.

The other* two, of matter thin and light;
And yet the first much harder than the other;
Both cherish all the city: therefore right,
They call that hard, and this the tender mother.
The †first with divers crooks and turnings wries,
Cutting the town in four quaternities:
But both join to resist invading enemies.

XIII.

Next these, the buildings yield themselves to sight;
The outward, soft and pale, like ashes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both, from th' Isle's first matter took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats, needful sleep infest,
Cold numbs the workmen; middle temper's best;
When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives timely rest.

XIV.

Within the §centre (as a market-place)
Two caverns stand, made like a Moon half spent;
Of special use, for in their hollow space
All odours to their judge themselves present:
Here first are born the spirits animal,
Whose matter, almost immaterial,
Resembles heaven's matter quintessential.

*These two are called the hard and tender mother: (dura et pia mater).

† The whole substance of the brain is divided into four parts by divers folds of the inward skin.

‡ The outside of the brain is softer, and of an ashy colour; the inward part white and harder.

§ Almost in the middle of the brain, are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, receiving odours, &c.

XV.

Hard by, a *hundred nimble workmen stand,
These noble spirits readily preparing;
Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
With never ended work and sleepless caring;
Hereby two little hillocks jointly rise,
Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise,
That cite all odours here, as to their just assize.

XVI.

Next these a †wall, built all of sapphires, shining
As fair, more precious; hence it takes its name;
By which the ‡third cave lies, his sides combining
To the other two, and from them hath his frame,
(A meeting of those former cavities);
Vaulted by three fair arches safe it §lies,
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

XVII.

By this ‖third cave, the humid city drains
Base noisome streams, the milky streets annoying;
And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down convoying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills,
And then through other sinks, by little, soft distills.

* Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animal spirits are concocted, thinned, and fitted for service: and close by, are two little bunches, like teats, the instruments of smelling.

† Next is that Septum Lucidum, or b ight wall, severing these hollow caverns.

‡ The third cavity is nothing else but a meeting of the two former.

§ It lies under Corpus Cameratum, or the chamber substance, which with three arches, bears up the whole weight of the brain.

‖ By the third cavity are two passages, and at the end of the first is the (infundibulum) or tunnel, under which is the (glans pituitaria) or rheum kernel, as a sponge sucking the rheum, and distilling it into the palate.

XVIII.

Between *this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth ; the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasing dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past;
Those here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore close by this †fourth wondrous cave,
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milky wave.

XIX.

Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrodite
Grew into one with wanton Salmacis ;
Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light,
Her tears and self; may dare compare with this;
Which ‡here beginning, down a lake descends,
Whose rocky channel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the Isle dispends.

XX.

Many fair ||rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which still in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel :
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

* The other passage reaches to the fourth cavity, which yields a safe way for the spirits.

† The fourth cavity is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected.

‡ The pith, or marrow, springing in the brain, flows down through the back bone.

|| All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body, have their rout, partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

XXI.

This *silver lake, first from th' head-city springing,
To that bright fount four little channels sends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place dispends:
Such is th' head-city, such the prince's hall;
Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

XXII.

Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
First †stands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightness shaming,
The city's fore front, cast in silver bright:
At whose proud base, are built two watching tow'rs,
Whence hate and love skirmish with equal pow'rs,
When smiling gladness shines, and sullen sorrow show'rs.

XXIII.

Here ‡sits retir'd the silent reverence;
And when the prince incens'd with anger's fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his light'ning hence:
Here dusky reddish clouds foretel his ire:
Of nothing can this Isle more boast aright:
A twin-born sun, a double seeing light;
With much delight they see, are seen with much delight.

XXIV.

That §Thracian shepherd call'd them nature's glass;
Yet than a glass, in this much worthier being:
Blind glasses represent some near set face,
But this a living glass, both seen and seeing:

* The pith of the back bone, springing from the brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed into the back.

† The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

‡ The eyes are the index of the mind, discovering every affection.

§ Orpheus.

Like *Heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing ;
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring :
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot desiring.

XXV.

They mounted high, sit on a lofty hill ;
(For they the prince's best intelligence !
And quickly warn of future good or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense :
Here †Visus keeps, whose court than crystal smoother,
And clearer seems ; he, though a younger brother,
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

XXVI.

Six ‡bands are set to stir the moving tow'r :
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it higher ;
The next the humble band, that moves it lower ;
The bibbing third, draws it together nigher ;
The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving :
The other two, helping the compass roving,
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands of loving.

XXVII.

Above, §two compass groves (love's bended bows)
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher place :
Before, a ‖wall, deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moment's space :
The low part fix'd, the higher quick descending ;
Upon whose tops, spear-men their pikes intending,
Watch there both night and day, the castle's port defending.

* Plato affirmed, they were lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning, but shining.

† Visus, or the sight, is the noblest of all the senses.

‡ These are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomists.

§ Above are the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat.

‖ The eye-lids serve to keep off dust, flies, &c.

XXVIII.

Three* divers lakes within these bulwarks lie,
The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Daunting his rash and forcible invasion;
And with a clear and whitish inundation,
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasion.

XXIX.

In midst of both is plac'd the crystal† pond;
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining
Like sapphires or the sparkling diamond,
His inward beams with outward light combining,
Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;
The divers forms doth further still direct,
Till by the nimble post they're brought to th' intellect.

XXX.

The ‡third, like molten glass, all clear and white,
Both round embrace the noble crystalline.
Six §inward walls fence in this tow'r of sight:
The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,
And girts the castle with a close embrace,
Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,
Where light and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

XXXI.

The ‖second not so massy as the other,
Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,

* There are three humours in the eye: the first the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

† The second is the crystalline, and is the chief instrument of sight.

‡ The third, from its likeness, is called the glassy humour.

§ There are six tunicles belonging to the eye, the first called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, except the black window.

‖ The second is cornea or horny tunicle, transparent, and made of the hard mother.

Takes his beginning from that harder mother;
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;
Through whose translucent sides much light is borne
Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

XXXII.

The *third of softer mould, is like a grape,
Which all entwines with his encircling side:
In midst, a window lets in every shape;
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
His inmost side more black than starless night;
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

XXXIII.

The †fourth of finest work, more slight and thin,
Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine
With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin:
This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.
The ‡next is made out of that milky spring,
That from the Cephal mount his waves doth fling,
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

XXXIV.

His substance as the head spring perfect white;
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
And to his eyes are lively pourtrayed.

* The third is Uvea, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin, and pervious by a small round window; is diversly coloured without, but exceeding black within.

† The fourth is thinner than any cobweb, compassing the crystalline humour.

‡ The fifth, reticularis, is a netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain.

The *last the glassy wall (that round encasing
The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing)
The white and glassy wells, parts with his strict embracing.

XXXV.

Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r;
Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending
His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,
Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline,
And fully view'd in that white netty shine,
From thence with speedy haste is posted to the mind.

XXXVI.

Much as a one-eyed room, hung all with night,
Only that side, which adverse to his eye
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,
Is spread with some white shining tapestry,
An hundred shapes that through flit airs stray,
Rush boldly in, crowding that narrow way;
And on that bright fac'd wall obscurely dancing play.

XXXVII.

Two †pair of rivers from the head-spring flow,
To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race
(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
The ‡ other pair, these walking tow'rs are moving;
At first but one, then in two channels roving:
And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

* The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping in the glassy humour.

† The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing nerve, and the moving one; the optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one another.

‡ The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed; therefore as one moves, so moves the other.

XXXVIII.

Auditus*, second of the Pentarchy†,
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;
Yet of more need and more commodity:
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:
On each side of the mount's a double cave;
Both which a goodly portal doth embrave,
And winding entrance, like Mæander's erring wave.

XXXIX.

The ‡portal hard and dry, all hung around
With silken, thin, carnation tapestry;
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,
That through the shaken air passes by:
The entrance winding, lest some violence
Might fright the judge with sudden influence,
Or some unwelcome guest, might vex the busy sense.

XL.

This §cave's first part, fram'd with a steep ascent,
For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)
Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent:
Where stands a braced drum, whose sounding head
(Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,
Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,
Which soon is thence convey'd unto the judgment chair.

XLI.

The ‖drum is made of substance hard and thin:
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,

* Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the sight, but more needful.

† The five senses.

‡ The outward ear is of a gristly matter, covered with the common tunicle; framed of many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.

§ The inward ear consists of four passages, the first is steep, lest any thing should enter in.

‖ If the drum be wet with the falling of the rheum, we are hard of hearing, if it grow thick, we become irrecoverably deaf.

The loudest sound is hardly heard within:
But if it once grow thick, with stubborn let,
It bars all passage to the inner room;
No sounding voice unto his seat may come:
The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his drum.

XLII.

This *drum divides the first and second part,
In which three hearing instruments reside;
Three instruments compact by wondrous art,
With slender string knit to the drum's inside;
Their native temper being hard and dry,
Fitting the sound with their firm quality,
Continue still the same in age and infancy.

XLIII.

The first an † hammer call'd, whose out-grown sides
Lie on the drum; but with his swelling end
Fix'd in the hollow stithe, there fast abides:
The stithe's short foot, doth on the drum depend,
His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd;
The stirrup's sharp side by the stithe embrac'd;
But his broad base tied to a little window fast.

XLIV.

Two ‡ little windows ever open lie,
The sound unto the cave's third part conveying;

* The drum parteth the first and second passage. To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of hearing; which never grow, or decrease, in child hood or age: they are all in the second passage.

† The hammer, stithe (or anvil), and stirrup, all take their names from their likeness; and are all tied to the drum by a small string.

‡ These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity,
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,
Would else corrupt, and still supplies the spending:
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bending,
Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

XLV.

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand
Built to empound the Cretan prince's shame:
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosamond,
Fair Rosamond, fled jealous Ellenore;
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,
That woods and hardest rocks, her harder fate deplore.

XLVI.

The third part with his narrow rocky straits
Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp accenting;
Then sends it to the *fourth; where ready waits
A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,
Makes to the judgment-seat with speedy flight;
There the 'gust judge attending day and night,
Receives the ent'ring sounds, and dooms each voice aright.

XLVII.

As when a stone troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,
Which soon another and another scatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:
All so the air, struck with some violence nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the sky;
All which inflected move with sounding quality.

* The last passage is called the Cochlea, snail, or periwinkle, where the nerves of hearing plainly appear.

XLVIII.

These at Auditus' palace soon arriving,
Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum :
To those, three instruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice discern : then that third room
Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys it thence ;
Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,
And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

XLIX.

This sense is made the master of request,
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear :
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest ;
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear :
Oftimes he lets in anger-stirring lies,
Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his master's enemies !

L.

'Twixt Visus' double court a tower stands,
Plac'd in the suburbs' centre ; whose high top,
And lofty raised ridge the rest commands :
Low at his feet a double door stands ope,
Admitting passage to the air's ascending ;
And divers odours to the city sending,
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets dispending.

LI.

This vaulted tow'r's half built of massy stone,
The other half of stuff less hard and dry,
Fit for distending, or compression :
The outward wall may seem all porphyry.
Olfactus * dwells within this lofty fort ;
But in the city is his chief resort,
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging court.

* The sense of smelling.

LII.

By two great caves are fix'd these * little hills,
Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast;
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
Into the city passeth: with the rest
The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd;
Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common judge they are with speed convey'd.

LIII.

At each side of that tow'r, stands two †fair plains,
More fair than that in which rich Thessaly
Was once frequented by the Muse's trains:
Here ever sits sweet blushing modesty:
Here in two colours beauty shining bright,
Dressing her white with red, her red with white,
With pleasing chain enthrals, and binds loose wand'ring sight.

LIV.

Below a cave, roof'd with a heav'n-like plaster,
And under strew'd with purple tapestry,
Where ‡Gustus dwells, the Isle's and prince's taster,
Koilia's steward, one of the Pentarchy;
Whom § Tactus (some affirm) got of his mother:
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

LV.

Tactus the last, but yet the eldest brother;
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
The first and last, more needful than the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:

* These are those two little paps or teats spoken of in the xvth stanza of this canto.

† The cheeks.

‡ Gustus, or the taste, is in the palate.

§ Tactus, the sense of feeling.

Through all the Isle distended is his dwelling;
He rules the streams that from the Cephal swelling,
Run all along the Isle, both sense and motion dealing.

LVI.

With Gustus, Lingua* dwells, his prattling wife,
Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities:
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife;
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies,
Or best, or worst; no mean: made all of fire,
Which sometimes Hell, and sometimes Heav'n inspire,
By whom truth's self oft speaks, oft that first murd'ring liar.

LVII.

The idle Sun stood still at her command,
Breathing his fiery steeds in Gibeon:
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,
Resting her coach in vales of Ajalon.
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries:
Her voice tears open Hell with horrid blasphemies.

LVIII.

Therefore that great Creator, well foreseeing
To what a monster she would soon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd her with iron† bit, and held from ranging;
And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,
Bridling her course, too many words refraining,
And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

LIX.

For close within he sets twice sixteen guarders‡,
Whose harden'd temper could not soon be mov'd:

* The tongue. † The tongue is held with a ligament called the bridle.
‡ It is guarded by the teeth and lips, both which help and sweeten the voice.

Without the gate he plac'd two other warders,
  To shut and ope the door, as it behov'd:
    But such strange force hath her enchanting art,
    That she hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her slights all furtherance impart.

LX.

Thus (with their help) by her the sacred Muses
  Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business;
By her the prince, unto his Prince oft uses,
  In heav'nly throne, from Hell to find access.
    She Heav'n to Earth in music often brings,
    And Earth to Heav'n:—but oh, how sweet she sings,
When in rich Grace's key, she tunes poor Nature's strings.

LXI.

Thus Orpheus won his lost Euridice;
  Whom some deaf snake, that could no music hear,
Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,
  Thinking to kiss, kill'd with his forked spear:
    He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,
    Down to Avernus' river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful blandishment.

LXII.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,
  From Phœbus' harp and Muses spring had brought him;
What sharpest grief for his Euridice,
  And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,
    He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
    Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn Hell:
He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

LXIII.

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
  Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford;

All Hell came running there (a hideous rout)
And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:
The aged ferryman shov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float,
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

LXIV.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now;
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting Hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel at length stood still;
But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's skill.

LXV.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever:
The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.
The Furies flung their snaky whips away,
And melt in tears, at his enchanting lay;
No wailings now were heard: all Hell kept holiday.

LXVI.

That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell;
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining pitied much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

LXVII.

At length return'd with his Euridice;
But with this law, never to turn his eyes

Till he was past the bounds of Tartary;
  Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
    Love is love's law; love but to love is tied).
  Now when the dawn of the next day he spied,
Ah, wretch:—Euridice he saw,—and lost,—and died.

LXVIII.

All so, who strives from grave of hellish night,
  To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
  He turns again to Hell his yielding eye,
    And longs to see what he had left; his sore
    Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore:
His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judgment more.

LXIX.

But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
  And tire my flagging Muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
  The outward parts be plain to every sight:
    But to describe the people of this Isle,
    And that great* prince, these reeds are all too vile.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty style.

LXX.

See Phlegon drenched in the liquid main,
  Allays his thirst, and cools his flaming car;
Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:
  See, th' apish Earth hath lighted many a star,
    Sparkling in dewy globes:—all home invite:
    Home then my flocks, home shepherd's, home, 'tis night:
My song with day is done; my Muse is set with light."

LXXI.

By this the gentle boys had framed well
  A myrtle garland mix'd with conq'ring bay,

* The intellect.

From whose fit march issued a pleasing smile,
And all enamell'd it with roses gay;
With which they crown'd their honour'd Thirsil's head;
Ah! blessed shepherd swain! ah happy meed!
While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of reed.

CANTO IV.

I.

THE hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthful Cephalus to play,
Unmask'd her face and rosy beauties spread:
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd.

II.

The gentle shepherds on a hillock plac'd,
(Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that to the Muses throng
By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe and song.

III.

"See, Thirsil, see the shepherd's expectation;
Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that Island's happy nation;
Oh, do not leave thy Isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;
Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and victories?"

IV.

"Thenot, my dear! that simple fisher-swain,
Whose little boat in some small river strays;
Yet fondly launches in the swelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:

How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,
Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds;
A narrow compass best my ungrown Muse empounds.

V.

Two shepherds most I love, with just adoring,
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed,
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin, sweetest firing:
Their steps not following close, but far admiring;
To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring.

VI.

Then you my peers, whose quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deign gently hear this Purple Island's nation,
A people never seen, yet still in sight;
Our daily guests and natives, yet unknown;
Our servants born, but now commanders grown;
Our friends, and enemies; aliens, yet still our own.

VII.

Not like those heroes, who in better times
This happy Island first inhabited
In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes,
That godlike nation yet dispeopled:
Those claim'd their birth from that eternal Light
Held th' Isle, and rul'd it in their Father's right;
And in their faces shone their parent's image bright.

VIII.

For when this Isle that main would fond forsake,
In which at first it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;
Back to their father fled this heav'nly race,

And left the Isle forlorn and desolate;
That now with fear, and wishes all too late,
Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker fate.

IX.

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states reign,
And there take view of what Heav'n's self exceeds?
The sun-less stars, these lights the Sun distain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excel
What here on Earth, in air, or Heav'n do dwell:
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

X.

Soon as these saints the treach'rous Isle forsook,
Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,
And every fort, and every castle took,
All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:
The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,
By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

XI.

So where the neatest badger most abides;
Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,
Which into halls and closulets divides:
But when the crafty fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,
That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

XII.

But when those graces (at their Father's throne)
In Heav'n's high court to justice had complain'd,
How they were wrong'd, and forced from their own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;

How th' Earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd in good;
So full-ripe vice; how blasted virtue's bud:
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengeful flood:

XIII.

Forth stepp'd the just * Dicæa, full of rage;
(The first born daughter of th' Almighty King)
Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire asswage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but 'Father' only, spake,
The faultless Heav'ns, like leaves in autumn, shake;
And all that glorious throng with horrid palsies quake!

XIV.

Heard you not †late, with what loud trumpets' sound,
Her breath awak'd her Father's sleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, Earth shook, Heav'n frown'd,
And Heav'ns dread king call'd for his forked fire!
Hark! how the pow'rful words strike through the ear;
The frighten'd sense shoots up the staring hair,
And shakes the trembling soul with fright and shudd'ring fear.

XV.

So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining
In prison close; they scorning to be under
Her dull subjection, and her pow'r disdaining,
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds in sunder.
Meanwhile the wounded earth, that forc'd their stay,
With terrour reels, the hills run far away;
And frighted world, fears Hell, breaks out upon the day.

* According to heathen mythology, the daughter of Jupiter, the maiden goddess of justice and judgment.

† See the poem called Christ's Victory, &c. part I. stanza 18.

XVI.

But see, how 'twixt her sister and her sire,
Soft hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The striking thunderer recalls his blows;
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

XVII.

So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the Sun; anon the rattling hail
On Earth pours down his shot with fell despite:
Which being spent, the Sun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller, out of his covert creeps.

XVIII.

Ah, fairest maid! best essence of thy Father,
Equal unto thy never equall'd sire;
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And Heav'ns bright burning eye loses his blinded sight.

XIX.

Who then those sugared strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy Father and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand,
That unawares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou dear *swain, thy heav'nly load unfraught;
For she herself hath thee her speeches taught,
So near her Heav'n they be, so far from human thought.

* The author of Christ's Victory, &c.

XX.

But let my lighter skiff return again
Unto that little Isle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundless main,
Or tell the nation from this Island reft;
But sing that civil strife and home dissension
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention,
Where never peace is heard, nor ever peace is mention.

XXI.

For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook,
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)
By force the lost, and empty Island took;
Claim hence full conquest, and possession's right:
But that fair band which Mercy sent anew,
The ashes of that first heroic crew,*,
From their forefathers claim their right, and Island's due.

XXII.

In their fair looks their parents' grace appears,
Yet their renowned sires were much more glorious;
For what decays not with decaying years?
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight:
Nor can the other cease or day or night,
While th' Isle is doubly rent with endless war and fright.

XXIII.

As when the Britain and the Iberian fleet,
With resolute and fearless expectation,
On trembling seas with equal fury meet,
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;
Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons 'gin shrink:
Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage sink:
Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping surges drink.

* See the viith stanza of this canto.

XXIV.

But who, alas! shall teach my ruder breast
The names and deeds of these heroic kings;
Or downy Muse, which now but left the nest,
Mount from her bush to Heav'n with new born wings?
Thou sacred maid! which from fair Palestine,
Through all the world hast spread thy brightest shine,
Kindle thy shepherd swain, with thy light flaming eyn.

XXV.

Sacred Thespio! which in Sinai's grove
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest Jove,
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here beneath,
With vilest earth, and men more vile residing;
Come holy virgin, to my bosom gliding;
With thy glad angel light my blind-fold footsteps guiding.

XXVI.

And thou, dread Spirit! which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty led)
This nest of hellish fogs, and Stygian night,
With thy bright orient Sun hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd;
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself eschew'd.

XXVII.

Dread Spirit! do thou those sev'ral bands unfold;
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement
To this lost Isle, and which with courage bold,
Hourly assail thy rightful regiment;
And with strong hand oppress and keep them under.
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That Heav'n and Earth may sound, resound thy praise with wonder.

XXVIII.

The Island's prince, of frame celestial,
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing Intellect;
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestrial;
Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect,
No human sight may ever hope descry:
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he stands at so bright majesty.

XXIX.

Look, as the sun, whose ray and searching light,
Here, there, and every where itself displays,
No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,
Soon back he flings the two bold vent'ring gleam,
Down to the Earth the flames all broken stream;
Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced beam.

XXX.

His strangest body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compass high,
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both are held;
Yet thousand thousand Heavens he could contain,
And still as empty as at first remain:
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

XXXI.

Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him soar up to Heav'n, and thence down throwing
The centre search, and Dis' dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps
All restless night he watch and warding keeps:
Never his careful head on resting pillow sleeps.

XXXII.

In ev'ry quarter of this blessed Isle
  Himself both present is, and president;
Nor once retires (ah, happy realm the while,
  That by no officer's lewd lavishment,
    With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art!)
    He all in all, and all in ev'ry part,
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole impart.

XXXIII.

He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
  But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom by intestine rage,
  Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
    And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;
    Sooner than thought to that Great Judge he flies;
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

XXXIV.

For he the judge's viceroy here is plac'd;
  Where if he live, as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with fresh pleasure grac'd,
  Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity;
    Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
    And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

XXXV.

There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
  There dainty joys laugh at white-headed caring;
There day no night, delight no end shall know;
  Sweets without surfeit; fulness without sparing;
    And by its spending, growing happiness:
    There God himself in glory's lavishness
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

XXXVI.

But if he here neglects his Master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebel,
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw;
Deeps, where night, death, despair, and horrour dwell,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears;
And still increasing grief, and torment never wears.

XXXVII.

Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain;
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies;
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

XXXVIII.

Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a tow'r where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searcheth into his foes and friend's designs,
For most he fears, his subjects' wav'ring mind;
This tower then only falls when treason undermines.

XXXIX.

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

XL.

So curl'd-head Thetis, water's feared queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight;
And planet's glorious king may best be seen,
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing light,
And neither none (nor all his face discloses:)
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he loses.

XLI.

Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
That help him in this tent to govern well;
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears:
Three of his inmost private council deal
In great affairs: five of less dignity
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and high.

XLII.

Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
For their just number called the Pentarchy;
The other three, three pillars of the state:
The *first in midst of that high tow'r doth lie,
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)
The judge and arbiter of every thing,
Which those five brethren's posts into his office bring.

XLIII.

Of middle years, and seemly personage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight:
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel;
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell
To be the wisest man, that then on Earth did dwell.

* The common sense.

XLIV.

As Neptune's cistern draws in tribute tides,
(Yet never full) which every channel brings,
And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides;
For by some hidden way, back to the springs
It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,
Which, with a circling duty, still are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed.

XLV.

Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors,
Gives to the five the pow'r of all descrying;
Which back to him with mutual duty bears
All their informings, and the causes trying:
For through straight ways the nimble post ascends
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,
Which to the next well scann'd, he straightway recommends.

XLVI.

The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,
Phantastes* hight, his years are fresh and green;
His visage old, his face too much defac'd
With ashes pale; his eyes deep sunken been
With often thoughts, and never slack'd intention:
Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

XLVII.

But in his private thoughts and busy brain
Thousand thin forms and idle fancies flit;
The three-shap'd Sphinx; and direful Harpy's train;
Which in the world had never being yet;
Oft dreams of fire, and water; loose delight;
And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move, for great affright.

* The fancy.

XLVIII.

Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
In new habiliments can quickly dight;
Of all material and gross parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble prince's sight;
Which soon as he hath view'd with searching eye,
He straight commits them to his treasury,
Which old Eumnestes keeps, father of memory.

XLIX.

Eumnestes old, who in his living screen
(His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,
And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:
Well he recalls Nimrod's first tyranny;
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty sky;
Well he recalls the Earth's twice growing infancy.

L.

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better fate!)
And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:
Only on him a nimble page attends,
Who when for aught the aged grandsire sends
With swift, yet backward steps, his ready aidance lends.

LI.

But let my song pass from these worthy sages
Unto this Island's highest *sovereign:
And those hard wars which all the year he wages:
For these three late a gentle †shepherd swain
Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen
In Alma's house: his memory yet green
Lives in his well tun'd songs; immortal all I ween.

* The understanding. † Spenser.

LII.

Nor can I guess, whether his Muse divine.
  Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;
Therefore Eumnestes in his lasting shrine
  Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;
    Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;
    There shall our Colin live for ever blest,
'Spite of those thousand spites, which living, him oppress'd.

LIII.

The prince his time in double office spends:
  For first those forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his court busy Phantastes sends,
  And for the easier discerning fits:
    For shedding round about his sparkling light,
    He clears their dusky shades, and cloudy night,
Producing like himself their shapes all shining bright.

LIV.

As when the Sun restores the glitt'ring day,
  The world late cloth'd in night's black livery,
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
  And paints itself in choice variety;
    Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving:
    All so this prince those shapes obscure receiving,
With his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

LV.

This first, is call'd the active faculty,
  Which to a higher pow'r the object leaves:
That takes it in itself, and cunningly
  Changing itself, the object soon perceives:
    For straight itself in self-same shape adorning.
    Becomes the same with quick and strange transforming;
So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

LVI.

Thus when the eye through Visus' jetty ports
Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange
Quickly itself to ev'ry fort consorts,
So is whate'er it sees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that *mirrour bright
He ever fastens his unmoved sight,
So is what there he views; divine, full, glorious light.

LVII.

Soon as the prince, these forms hath clearly seen,
Parting the false from true, the wrong from right,
He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,
Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;
Voletta † fair, who with him lives, and reigns;
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains:
Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

LVIII.

Not that great ‡ sovereign of the Fairy land,
Whom late our Colin hath eternized;
(Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,
Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;
Though in her breast she virtue's temple bare,
The fairest temple of a guest so fair):
Nor that great ‡Glorian's self, with this might e'er compare.

LIX.

Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,
Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling face
Her husband's self now cannot well descry:
With such strange brightness, such immortal grace,
Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
That Cynthia's silver cheek would quickly fade,
And light itself to her, would seem a painted shade.

2 Corinthians, iii. 18. † The Will. ‡ Queen Elizabeth.

LX.

But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,
  She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot;
Her Lord's fixt law, and spouse's light denied,
  So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:
    And now all dark is their first morning ray.
    What verse might then their former light display,
When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest day?

LXI.

On her a royal damsel still attends,
  And faithful counsellor, *Synteresis:
For though Voletta ever good intends,
  Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is;
    But ills so fairly dress'd with cunning slight,
    That virtue's self they well may seem to sight,
But that bright virtue's self oft seems not half so bright.

LXII.

Therefore Synteresis of nimble sight,
  Oft helps her doubtful hand, and erring eye;
Else mought she ever, stumbling in this night,
  Fall down as deep as deepest Tartary.
    Nay, thence a sad fair maid, Repentance, rears,
    And in her arms her fainting lady bears,
Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

LXIII.

Thereto she adds a water sovereign,
  Of wondrous force, and skilful composition:
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein;
  Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,
    With lips' confession, and with bitter cries,
    Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

* Conscience.

LXIV.

These cordial drops, these spirit healing balms,
  Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes;
Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms:
  And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her rise,
    And glass of unmask'd sin, she bright displays,
    Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former ways;
So soon repairs her light, doubling her new-born rays.

LXV.

But, ah! why do we (simple as we been)
  With curious labour, dim, and vailed sight,
Pry in the nature of this king and queen,
  Groping in darkness for so clear a light?
    A light, which once could not be thought or told,
    But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

LXVI.

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
  (Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness!)
Unlike those former days, and first estate,
  When he espous'd with melting happiness,
    To fair Voletta, both their lights conspiring.
    He saw whate'er was fit for her requiring,
And she to his clear sight, would temper her desiring.

LXVII.

When both replenish'd with celestial light,
  All coming evils could foresee and fly;
When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight,
  Could every nature's difference descry:
    Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,
    Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,
Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

LXVIII.

The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet in the spring in troops new mustered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb :
The early violet will fresh arise,
Spreading his flower'd purple to the skies ;
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

LXIX.

The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays ;
The helio trope to cloth of gold aspires ;
In hundred-colour'd silks the tulip plays ;
Th' imperial flow'r, his neck with pearl attires ;
The lily, high her silver grogram rears ;
The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears ;
The red-rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears.

LXX.

How falls it then, that such a heav'nly light,
As this great king's should sink so wondrous low,
That scarce he can suspect his former height ?
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,
And steal away his beauty glittering fair ?
One only blot, so great a light to impair,
That never could he hope his waning to repair ?

LXXI.

Ah ! never could he hope once to repair
So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun,
Adopt him both his brother and his heir ;
Who through base life, and death, and Hell, would run,
To seat him in his lost, now surer cell,
That he may mount to Heav'n, He sunk to Hell ;
That he might live, He died, that he might rise, He fell !

LXXII.

A perfect virgin breeds and bears a son,
Th' immortal father of his mortal mother;
Earth, Heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, met in one:
His younger brother's child, his children's brother,
Eternity, who yet was born and died;
His own creator, Earth's scorn, Heav'n's pride;
Who Deity, is flesh'd, and man's flesh deified.

LXXIII.

Thou uncreated Sun, Heav'n's glory bright!
Whom we with hearts, and knees low bent, adore;
At rising, perfect, and now falling light!
Ah, what reward, what thanks shall we restore!
Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be:
O, all the good we hope, and all we see!
That thee we know and love, comes from thy love and thee.

LXXIV.

Receive, what we can only back return,
(Yet that we may return, thou first must give)
A heart, which fain would flame, which fain would burn
In praise; for thee, to thee, would only live:
And thou (who satt'st in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

LXXV.

So we beholding with immortal eye,
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his first beauty and true majesty,
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base:
And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,
Whence thou strik'st all the world with shudd'ring fear,
May not be held by Earth, nor hold vile Earth so dear.

LXXVI.

Then should thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing
A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,
And rouse his flagging Muse, and flutt'ring wing,
To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
(Which once thou wrought'st, when Nilus' slimy shore,
Or Jordan's banks thy mighty hand adore)
Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

LXXVII.

But see, the stealing night with softest pace,
To fly the western Sun, creeps up the east;
Cold Hespar 'gins unmask his evening face,
And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:
Home then, my lambs; the falling drops eschew:
To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new,
And with the rising Sun banquet on pearled dew.

CANTO VII.

I.

THE rising morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled Heav'ns in golden robes invests;
Thirsil upstarting from his fearless bed,
Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
Unhous'd his bleeting flock, and quickly thence
Hasting to his expecting audience,
Thus with sad verse began their grieved minds t' incense.

II.

"Fond man, that looks on Earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

III.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss 'gainst heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds:
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes*.

IV.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?

* i. e. Places.

Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd*,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

V.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

VI.

That monstrous beast, which nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands.
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

VII.

And that black †vulture, which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the Earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims, chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

VIII.

Nor might this prince escape, though he as far
All these excells in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest Phœbus does the dimmest star:
The deepest falls are from the highest place.

* i.e went. † The Turk.

There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with frail yielding wall.

IX.

Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy Muse!
Sacred Thespio! what the cause may be
Of such despite; so many foremen use
To persecute unpitied misery!
Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin stay?

X.

When that great Lord his standing court would build,
The outward walls with gems and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprights:
But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
So down were flung:—(oft bliss is double pain)
In Heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in Hell they reign.

XI.

There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and hate;
Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust, and pride; prevails by slight:
To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to snakes;
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils makes.

XII.

But that great *Lion, who in Judah's plains
The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
The dragon's craft, and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive prince in his protection;

* Revelation v. 5.

Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners thence* :
Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek a higher Providence.

XIII.

So now spread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite, encamped lie
Th' enraged dragon and his serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,
He swells with venom'd gore†, and pois'nous heat;
His tail unfolded, Heav'n itself doth beat,
And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcendent seat,

XIV.

With him goes‡ Caro, cursed dam of sin,
Foul, filthy dam of fouler progeny;
Yet seems (skin deep) most fair by witching gin
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay, worse than) Hell's infernal bags;
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

XV.

Therefore her loathsome shape's in steel array'd;
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright;
And on her shield a Mermaid sung and play'd,
Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring sight;
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the eye,
And whom she wins, she kills:—the word, 'Hear, gaze, and die.'

XVI.

And after march'd a fruitful serpent fry,
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;

* Luke iv 18. † Revelations, xii. 12. ‡ The flesh.

Marshall'd in sev'ral ranks their colours fly:
  Four* to Anagnus, four this painted whore
    To loathsome Asebie brought forth to light;
    Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:
But swol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

XVII.

Mæchus† the first, of shameless bold aspect;
  Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:
Oft look'd he back, as if he did suspect
  Th' approach of some unwish'd, unwelcome foe:
    Behind, fell Jealousy his steps observ'd,
    And sure Revenge with dart that never swerv'd:
Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

XVIII.

His armour black as Hell, or starless night,
  And in his shield he lively pourtray'd bare
Mars fast impound in arms of Venus' light,
  And tied as fast in Vulcan's subtil snare:
    She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too late;
    But his red colour seem to sparkle hate:
'Sweet are stol'n waters,' round about the marge he wrate.

XIX.

Porneius‡ next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
  Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,
And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright;
  Seem'd as he now where dying, or now dead:
    And with him Wastefulness, that all expended,
    And Want, that still in theft and prison ended,
A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

* The fruits of the flesh, see Gal. v. 19, 20, 21, and are here ranked into four companies: 1st, unchastity; 2nd, irreligion; 3rd, unrighteousness; 4th, intemperance.

† Adultery, Gal. v. 19. ‡ Fornication.

XX.

His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,
Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire:
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That flesh and bones where gnaw'n with hot desire,
About his wrist his blazing shield did fry
With sweltring hearts in flames of luxury.
His word, 'In fire I live, in fire I burn and die.'

XXI.

With him* Acatharus, in Tuscan dress;
A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wantonwise,
On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;
He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:
Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace:
Before, bold impudence, that cannot change her grace.

XXII.

His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,
Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;
Als would himself keep out their childish toys,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,
Which trussing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:
And round was writ 'Like with his like is coupled.'

XXIII.

Aselges† follow'd next the boldest boy
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;
His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder's plight;
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's spright.

* Sodomy, Rom i. 26, 27. ; Lev. xx. 13, 15, 16. † Lasciviousness.

XXIV.

Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
  Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond disguises,
In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:
  So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;
    And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,
    There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose desires;
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame inspires.

XXV.

There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor *,
  Oft take (his mistress by) the bitter bob†:
There learns her each day's change of Gules, Verd, Or,
  (His sampler); if she pouts, her slave must sob:
    Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky;
    Her love his Heav'n, her sight eternity:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

XXVI.

Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,
  Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair:
Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore,
  With ribbons dress'd, begg'd from his mistress' hair.
    On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
    His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind;
The word was wrought with gold, 'Such is a lover's mind.'

XXVII.

These four, Anagnus and foul Caro's sons,
  Who led a diff'rent and disorder'd rout;
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers ‡ wons,
  And loose Desire, and Danger link'd with Doubt;
    And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new:
    But lazy Ease usher'd the idle crew;
And lame Disease shuts up their troops with torments due.

* A term used for leave to sleep awhile. † A taunt. ‡ i. e. Dwells.

XXVIII.

Next band, by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons begot in Stygian night:
First * Idololatros, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:
For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

XXIX.

Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lust, fiends, deified:
He makes mere pageant of the saving† rock,
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock:
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier block?

XXX.

Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd;
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest;
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore,
'Idols are laymen's books,' he round all wrote in ore.

XXXI.

Next ‡Pharmakeus, of ghastly, wild aspect;
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey;
Full easily would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,

* Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by false worship, as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to that which is not God against the first.

† Psalm lxii. 7. ‡ Witchcraft, and magical arts.

By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' marked flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the Sun and Moon, and chang'd the day and night.

XXXII.

So when the south (dipping his sablest wings
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard,
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips' loud thunderings,
And flashing eyes make all the world afraid:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met;
The Sun but now is rising, now is set,
And finds west shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

XXXIII.

By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells;
Oft brings from shades his grandsire's damned ghost;
Oft stolen goods forces out by wicked spells:
His frightful shield with thousand fiends embost,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play:
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write or say.

XXXIV.

The third *Hæreticus, a wrangling earl,
Who in the way to Heav'n would wilful err;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl:
His Crambe oft repeats;—all tongue, no ear;
Him Obstinacy, Pride, and Scorn attended:
On's shield, with truth error disguis'd contended:
His motto this, 'Rather thus err, than be amended.'

XXXV.

Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,
That vaunts the shew of all, has truth of none:

* Heresy.

A rotten heart he masks with painted face;
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mongst bees, a drone,
'Mongst stars, a meteor:—all the world neglects him;
Nor good, nor bad, nor Heav'n, nor Earth affects him:
The Earth, for glaring forms, for bare forms Heav'n rejects him.

XXXVI.

His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime he leaves:
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint;
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint:
A saint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a saint.

XXXVII.

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell:
So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulphur taste proclaim their root's in hell:
So airy flames to heav'nly seem allied,
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

XXXVIII.

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spungy light;
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches grown;
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;
So quagmires false, their mire with em'ralds crown:
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame;
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame;
Smooth rush, peach stone, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

XXXIX.

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;
Glitt'ring with glossy stones, and fine deceit:

His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gall'd the eye,
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-conceit:
On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head,
With gold, and gems:—his word, 'More gorgeous when dead.'

XL.

Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance;
A loathsome monster, light, sight, 'mendment scorning;
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout; her silver head adorning,
(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd:
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wise youth is honour'd age;—age's with dotage stain'd.

XLI.

Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to wield;
Both like their mother, dull and beetle ey'd:
The first was Error false, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

XLII.

Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite;
Whilst she to see herself, amazed stood,
So often got with child and big with spite:
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe.—How soon prospers the vicious weed!

XLIII.

The other owl-ey'd Superstition,
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light;

Yet stiles herself holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night:
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind;
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd:
No custom would she break, or change her settled mind.

XLIV.

If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her mazed steps; sad fears affright her
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:
Her only *bible is an Erra Pater†;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water:
I' th' dark, all lights are sprights, all noises chains that clatter.

XLV.

With them march'd (sunk in deep security)
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;
And by him, new oaths coining Blasphemy,
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing:
And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:
Under, Hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew Damnation.

XLVI.

Next Adicus his sons;—first ‡Ecthros sly,
Whose prick'd-up ears kept open house for lies;
And's leering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries:

* Alluding to the erroneous Popish translation.

† In contradistinction to Vera Mater, i. e. the true mother; the church of Rome so calling herself.

‡ Hatred

Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,
Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

XLVII.

So when a sable cloud, with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail)
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;
But soon 'gins low'r: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

XLVIII.

His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,
Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears;
(The weeping crocodile) his word, 'I kill with tears.'

XLIX.

With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected;
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected;
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

L.

Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd;
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,

Which unawares thro' th' other's ribs he smites;
There lay the wretch without all burial rites:
His word, 'He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.'

LI.

Eris* the next, of sex unfit for war:
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight and jar;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And non-obstantes force with courage bold:
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

LII.

She is the trumpet to this angry train,
And whets their fury with loud-railing spite:
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engross'd them all.

LIII.

Zelos† the third, whose spiteful emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,
At easy rate that fair possession selling:
Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce light'ning all in quick destruction drew.

LIV.

Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,
Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:
Well could he bulls, snakes, Hell, all monsters tame;

* Variance. † Emulation.

Well could he Heav'n support, and prop alone:
But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword: his motto, 'First, or none.'

LV.

Thumos* the fourth, a dire, revengeful swain;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire,
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
And all the blood in's boiling heart did treasure,
Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

LVI.

Like as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath,
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;
Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'erflow:
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow.

LVII.

For in his face, red heat and ashy cold,
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours;
That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours:
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd.

LVIII.

Next him Erithius†, most unquiet swain,
That all in law, and fond contention spent;
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
With whom in any thing he would consent;

* Wrath. † Strife.

His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spight:
Patience, he, th' asses' load, and coward's virtue, hight.

LIX.

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
Thus would he right from right by force with-hold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand:
Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base minds, and spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

LX.

Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper-swords,
Fill'd up with writs, subpœnas, trial-cases;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:
Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A salamander drawn in lively frame:
His word was this, 'I live, I breathe, I feed on flame.'

LXI.

Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis*,
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weeds, for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and states and princes sway:
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

LXII.

A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;
For Heav'n, Earth, Hell, he claims with lofty pride:
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heav'n's doors and Hell's to shut, and open wide.

* Sedition, or Schism.

But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:
For Hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
Nor Heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells by slight.

LXIII.

"Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
As different in rule, as nature being:
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

LXIV.

As when the pow'rful wind and adverse tide
Strive which should most command the subject main;
The scornful waves swelling with angry pride
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:
Mean time the shaking vessel doubtful plays,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
And would obey them both, yet neither she obeys.

LXV.

A subtil craftman fram'd him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling Sophistry;
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:
Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.
His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain;
In which two swords he bore: his word, 'Divide, and reign.'

LXVI.

Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:

On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

LXVII.

Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
Which both his sight, and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising, most dispraises.

LXVIII.

Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd,
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite;
His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid;
He pip'd, she sigh'd: his word, 'Her day, my night.'
His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung:
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming rung.

LXIX.

Last of this rout the savage Phonos* went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood;
And when more age and strength more fierceness lent,
She taught in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

LXX.

So when the never settled Scythian
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:
When now the Sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein;

* Murder.

So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat:
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.
Monster! the rav'nous bear, his kind will never eat.

LXXI.

Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited,
Some sear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian brand;
Some with black terrors his faint conscience baited,
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did stand:
The first born man still in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,
Which for revenge to Heav'n, from Earth did loudly roar.

LXXII.

His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of Hell;
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)
For shew, not use: on it a viper swilling
The dam's split gore; his empty bowels filling
With flesh that gave him life: his word, 'I live by killing.'

LXXIII.

And last, his brutish sons, Acrates sent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos* the first, whose paunch his feet out-went,
As if it usher'd his unsettled head:
His soul quite souced lay in grapy blood;
In all his parts the idle dropsy stood;
Which, tho' already drown'd, still thirsted for the flood.

LXXIV.

This thing, nor man, nor beast, turns all his wealth
In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drenching:
So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health;
Firing his cheeks with quenching; strangely quenching

* Drunkenness.

His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But, nimble lips, known things and hid unfold;
Belchings, oft sips, large spits point the long tale he told.

LXXV.

His armour green might seem a fruitful vine;
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine;
And peeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives:
Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,
Whom wild grown Mœnads bore, and ev'ry stride,
Bacche, Iö Bacche, loud with madding voice they cry'd.

LXXVI.

On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting) reels:
Under his arm a bag-pipe swoll'n he held,
(Yet wine-swoll'n cheeks the windy bag outswell'd)
So loudly pipes: his word, 'But full, no mirth I yield.'

LXXVII.

Insatiate sink, how with so general stain
Thy loathed puddles, court, town, fields entice!
Ay me! the shepherd's selves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulph do sacrifice:
All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
How can'st thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink?

LXXVIII.

The eye thou wrong'st with vomit's reeking streams,
The ear with belching; touch thou drown'st in wine;
The taste thou surfeit'st; smell with spewing steams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine;

Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou slakest;
The mind and will thou (wit's bane) captive takest;
Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou senseless makes

LXXIX.

Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices,
With seeming good, are fairly cloth'd to sight;
Their feigned sweets, the blear-ey'd will entices,
Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light:
Thee, neither true, nor yet false good commends;
Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

LXXX.

With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling brother,
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the other,
And both most like a monstrous belly'd swine:
His life was either a continued feast,
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

LXXXI.

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands:
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd down store
And porter wanting room had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd, that he could gormandize no more.

LXXXII.

His crane-like neck was all unlac'd; his breast,
And gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground;

Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Else could they ill so huge a burthen steer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

LXXXIII.

Only a target light, upon his arm
He careless bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head, and paunch, and soul itself a brawn
Half drown'd within; without, yet still did hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont:
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; Gryll could but grunt.

LXXXIV.

Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts, self pleasing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin;
And at the rear of these in secret guise
Crept Thievery, and Detraction, near akin,
No twins more like: they seem'd almost the same;
One stole the goods, the other the good name;
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

LXXXV.

Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
Were new-shap'd oaths, and damning perjuries;
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting;
Sauc'd with the salt of Hell, dire blasphemies.
But till th' ambitious Sun, yet still aspiring,
Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'll rest our weary song, to that thick grove retiring.

CANTO VIII.

I.

THE sun began to slack his bended bow,
And more obliquely, dart his milder ray;
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow,
And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching day:
The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;
Thirsil, refresh'd with this soft breathing air,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair.

II.

What watchful care must fence that weary state,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege;
And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate
Strive which should first yield up their woeful liege?
By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
By weakeness' self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

III.

How comes it then, that in so near decay
We deadly sleep in deep security,
When every hour is ready to betray
Our lives to that still watching enemy?
Wake then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth;
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

IV.

Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,
Cosmos* the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold and glitt'ring arms;

* The world or Mammon.

Well might he seem a strong and gentle knight,
As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;
But was a recreant base, a foul, false cheating spright.

V.

And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchymy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing;
His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery,
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass round,
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:
Busy they puff and blow: the word, 'Mistake the ground.'

VI.

Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,
(Mistaken) light appear, sad lightning prove:
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to light;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;
His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd damnation.

VII.

His lib'ral favours, complimental arts;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no tears!
'Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world of fears.'

VIII.

Pure Essence! who hast made a stone descry
'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's pride
That dares aspire to gold's high sov'reignty;
Ah, leave some touchstone erring eyes to guide,

And judge dissemblance! see by what devices,
Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight entices,
That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues vices.

IX.

Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry sight,
That we may loath their inward ugliness;
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shady light
Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what it is.

X.

Next to the captain, coward * Deilos far'd
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:
And sending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought-of treachery;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

XI.

Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befel:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as Hell.
His sense, he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, aud fears his causeless fears.

XII.

Harness'd with massy steel, for fence not fight;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:

* Fearfulness.

His shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knight-like arms he goodly bears:
His word: 'Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.'

XIII.

With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps unsure;
That every way, and neither way inclin'd;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful lies.

XIV.

Fond Deilos all; Tolmetes* nothing fears;
Just frights he laughs, all terrors counteth base;
And when of danger or sad news he hears,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous threat;
That his hot blood driv'n from the native seat,
Leaves his faint coward heart empty of lively heat.†

XV.

Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:
His limbs with arms or shield he would not fence,
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could daunt:
Much would he boldly do; but, much more boldly vaunt.

* Overboldness, or fool-hardiness.

† The philosopher rightly calls such θρασυδείλους Ethic. 3. cap. 7. not only fool-hardy but faint-hardy.

XVI.

With him went self-admiring Arrogance;
And Brag; his deeds without a helper praising;
Blind Carelessness before would lead the dance;
Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance paising,
Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,
'Fore danger spent with lavish diffluence,
Was none, or weak, in time of greatest exigence.

XVII.

As when a fiery courser ready bent,
Puts forth himself as first with swiftest pace;
Till with too sudden flash his spirit spent,
Already fails now in the middle race:
His hanging crest far from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeys his angry guide;
Rivers of sweat and blood flow from his gored side.

XVIII.

Thus ran the rash Tolmetes, never viewing
The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
Destruction close his steps in post pursuing;
And certain ruin's heavy weights depended
Over his cursed head; and smooth-fac'd Guile,
That with him oft would loosely play and smile;
Till in his snare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous wile.

XIX.

Next march'd Asotus*, careless, spending, swain;
Who with a fork went spreading all around
What his old sire with sweating toil and pain,
Long time was raking from his raked ground:
In giving he observ'd nor form nor matter,
But best reward he got, that best could flatter†.
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but scatter.

* Prodigality. † Arist. Eth. 4.

XX.

Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,
  Deck'd court-like in the choice and newest guise;
But all behind like drudging slavery,
  With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,
    His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,
    Were naked left; (ah, foul indecent sight!)
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

XXI.

His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,
  A sad black hearse borne up with sable swains;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
  (Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains
    To endless darkness; while the Sun's bright brow,
    With fiery beams, quenches their smoking tow,
And wastes their idle cost: the word, 'Not need, but show.'

XXII.

A vagrant rout (a shoal of tattling daws)
  Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle lays;
And Flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,
  Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise.
    Behind fond Pity much his fall lamented.
    And Misery that former waste repented:
The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

XXIII.

His steward was his kinsman, Vain Expence,
  Who proudly strove in matters light, to shew
Heroic mind in braggart affluence;
  So lost his treasure, getting nought in lieu,
    But ostentation of a foolish pride,
    While women fond, and boys stood gaping wide;
But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

XXIV.

Next Pleonectes* went, his gold admiring,
His servant's drudge, slave to his basest slave;
Never enough, and still too much desiring:
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
Himself protects his god from noisome rusting;
Much fears to keep, much more to loose his lusting;
Himself and golden god, and every one mistrusting.

XXV.

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;
That silver badge his near end plainly proves:
Yet as to earth he nearer bows his head†,
So loves it more; for 'Like his like still loves'.
Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,
And deep into the earth digs back with pain:
From Hell his gold he brings, and hoards in Hell again.

XXVI.

His clothes all patch'd with more than honest thrift,
And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of wasting:
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;
And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting:
Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine;
And wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,
He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving shine.

XXVII.

O, hungry metal! false deceitful ray,
Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th'earth's hidden womb.
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
We drag thy buried corse from hellish tomb:
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the the swelling ocean ever starts;
While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

* Covetousness. † Arist. Ethic.

XXVIII.

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
With so much costly toil and painful sweat,
Durst rob thy palace bord'ring next to Hell?
Well may'st thou come from that infernal seat,
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill.
Fond men that with such pain do woo your ill!
Needless to send for grief, for he is next us still.

XXIX.

His arms were light and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:
Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,
An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalk'd Imprese* fill'd;
A bag sure seal'd: his word, 'Much better sav'd than spill'd.'

XXX.

By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His care's to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry and howl, while others laugh apace.

XXXI.

Long after went Pusillus†, weakest heart;
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
Loneness his Heav'n, and bus'ness was his Hell.
'A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.'

* It is an emblem or device, with a motto. † Feeble-mindedness.

XXXII.

His goodly arms, eaten with shameful dust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must;
His goodly gifts with little use abusing;
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain*,
That loth to change his love and quiet reign,
For glorious war-like deeds, did crafty madness feign.

XXXIII.

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir
Did helpless lie; and Greek lords watching, still
Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will:
About was wrote, 'Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.'

XXXIV.

By him went Idleness, his loved friend,
And Shame with both; with all, ragg'd Poverty:
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting awhile fit opportunity;
And taking 'count of hours mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guilty corse late grief, and helpless pain.

XXXV.

This dull cold earth with standing water froze;
At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease;
His soul like Ahaz' dial, while it goes
Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees:
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to steal.

* Ulysses.

XXXVI.

All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was Chaunus *, that too high himself esteem'd:
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd;
With his own praise, like windy bladder blown:
His eyes too little, or too much his own;
For known to all men weak, was to himself unknown†.

XXXVII.

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
Aiming his arrows at his purest light:
But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning bright.
Fell idly on the strand; his word, 'Yet high, and right.'

XXXVIII.

Next brave Philotimus‡ in post did ride:
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind;
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst:
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clambered first.

XXXIX.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state:
His brain's the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which in spite of Heav'n he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till Fate cuts off his thread; so heapeth sins
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

* Arrogancy. † The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Eth. 4. ‡ Ambition.

XL.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself!—thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves:—in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.
Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring.
'Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.'

XLI.

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the Sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning Earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, 'Yet had what he desir'd.'

XLII.

But Atimus*, a careless, idle swain,
Tho' Glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,
And fair Occasion, with little pain
Reach'd him her ivory hand; but (lozel base!)
Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'ous mind:
Base were his resty thoughts; base was his dunghill kind.

XLIII.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams, swam down thro' ease to Hell;
His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins.
He left his heart behind him with his feast:
His target with a flying dart was dress'd,
Posting unto his mark; the word, 'I move to rest.'

* Baseness of mind.

XLIV.

Next Colax*, all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,
Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices;
He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame;
He temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides;
Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within its lurking poison hides.

XLV.

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay;
So like the rock it holds, itself transforming,
That subtle fish hunts for her headless prey:
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
Allure the hungry bird; so fisher waits,
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

XLVI.

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore;
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;
To drain the rich his own dry pits to store;
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:
A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,
The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's slave,
Sin's and hell's winning bawd, the Devil's fact'ring knave.

XLVII.

A mist he casts before his patron's sight,
That blackest vices never once appear;
But greater than it is seems virtue's light;
His lord's displeasure is his only fear:
His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail
To death, make open way where force would fail.
'Less hurts the lion's paw, than fox's softest tail.'

* Flattery.

XLVIII.

His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please;
His sword which in his mouth close sheathed lay,
Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.
Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!
The Sardoin herb, with many branches filling
His shield, was his device: the word, 'I please in killing.'

LXIX.

Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?
Nobles of thee their courtship learn; of thee
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:
(Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

L.

Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,
And Honour by some hidden cunning made;
Not Honour's self, but Honour's semblance base,
For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade:
Behind, his parents duly him attend;
With them he forced is his age to spend;
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

LI.

Next follow'd Dyscolus*, a froward wight;
His lips all swoll'n, and eye-brows ever bent;
With sooty locks, swart looks, and scowling sight;
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:
He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beside himself commended.
'Humours of tongues imposthum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.'

* Moroseness.

LII.

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their objects guides;
Nor fears he gods on Earth, or Heav'n to wrong:
Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight,
A raging dog foaming out wrath and spite:
The word to his device, 'Impartial all I bite.'

LIII.

Geloios* next ensu'd, a merry Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac'd;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;
Ne car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac'd;
Salt†, round about he flung upon the sand;
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

LIV.

His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain
And rotten speech, (ah!) was not mirth, but madness:
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness):
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
(In number he the third, first in degree)
At which himself would laugh, and fleer: his word, 'We [three.'

LV.

And after Agrios ‡, a sullen swain,
All mirth that in himself and others hated;
Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein,
His weary sense he never recreated;
And now he march'd as if he somewhat dream'd;
All honest joy, but madness he esteem'd;
Refreshing's idleness; but sport, he folly deem'd.

* Mad laughter, Eccles. ii. 2. † Wit. ‡ Rusticity, or savageness.

LVI.

In's arms, his mind the workman fit express'd,
  Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet
And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd
  To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat :
    Upon his shield a heap of fenny mire,
    In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn : his word, 'Smoke without [fire.'

LVII.

Last Impudence, whose never-changing face
  Knew but one colour ; with some brass-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace :
  About her all the fiends in armies fly :
    Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in guise
    Of roaring boys ; set look, with fixed eyes
Out-looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty defies.

LVIII.

And as her thoughts, so arms all black as Hell,
  Her brazen shield two sable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell :
  Beneath the word was set, 'All change I scorn.'
    But if I all this rout in foul array
    Should muster up, and place in battle 'ray,
Too long yourselves and flocks my tedious song would stay.

LIX.

The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls :
  The setting Sun (man's state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls ;
  So we by falling rose, by rising fell.
    The gloomy cloud of night 'gins softly creep,
    And all our world with sable tincture steep :
Home now ye shepherd-swains ; home now my loved
    sheep."

CANTO IX.

I.

THE bridegroom Sun, who late the earth espous'd,
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rous'd,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her flow'rs:
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bow'rs,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic tow'rs.

II.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light;
The Earth she left, and up to Heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;
Teaching the proud, that soar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the less they seem and see.

III.

The shepherds met, and Thomalin began;
Young Thomalin, whose notes and silver string
Silence the rising lark, and falling swan:
"Come Thirsil, end thy lay, and cheerly sing;
Hear'st how the larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer stay?"

IV.

"Well sett'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes,
Much easier to hear than imitate:
Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;
But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,

Down to the centre tie with captive string:
Well might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing she lofty mounts: ah! mounting should I sing?

V.

Oh, thou dread King of that heroic band!
Which by thy pow'r beats back these hellish sprites,
Rescuing this state from death and base command;—
Tell me dread King! what are those warlike knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their strength's increase,
That though so few in number, never cease
To keep this sieged town, 'gainst numbers numberless?

VI.

The first commanders in this holy train
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;
Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;
His name Spirito, she Urania fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was,
Both now more fair and strong, which prov'd their heav'nly race.

VII.

His arms, with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,
Bright flaming tougues, in divers sections parted;
His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit disparted*.
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious Dove,
'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, 'Conqu'ring by peace and love.'

VIII.

But she Amazon-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays;

* Heb. iv. 12.

Her Mighty Spouse in fight, and fierce alarms
  Attends, and equals in these bloody frays;
    And on her shield a heav'nly globe (displaying
    The constellations, lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, 'I rule obeying.'

IX.

About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;
  A heav'nly offspring of a heav'nly bed:
Well mought you in their looks his stoutness see,
  With her sweet graces lovely tempered.
    Fit youths they seem'd to play in Princes hall,
    (But, ah! long since they thence were banish'd* all)
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war doth call.

X.

The first in order (nor in worth the last)
  Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and Muse's spring,
Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste
  He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly king;
    But now to bloody field is fully bent:
    Yet still he seem'd to study as he went:
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

XI.

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
  Garnish'd with golden suns and radiant flow'rs;
Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
  And when he falls, shut up their leafy bow'rs:
    Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend
    Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:
His word in silver wrote, 'I borrow what I lend.'

XII.

All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
  In which he read and learn'd his Maker's will:

* Canto iv, stanza 8.

Most on his word, yet much on Heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.
Close to him went still-musing Contemplation,
That made good use of ills by meditation;
So to him ill itself was good, by strange mutation:

XIII.

And Care*, who never from his sides would part,
Of Knowledge oft the ways and means inquiring,
To practise what he learn'd from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that Sov'reign Guide, whose ways so steep,
Though fain he would, yet weak, he could not keep:
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

XIV.

Next Tapinus†, whose sweet, tho' lowly grace,
All other higher than himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd:
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low-roof'd house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

XV.

Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto him;
As hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;
But public place and charge, are forc'd to woo him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:
Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed virgin's womb,
The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a tomb.

XVI.

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;

* 2 Cor vii. 11. What carefulness, &c. † Humility.

So sweetest vi'lets trail on lowly ground;
  So richest pearls lie clos'd in vilest shells:
    So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
    So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates.
The Highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

XVII.

Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,
  Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's fears;
And in his hand his spoils and trophies glad,
  The monster's sword and head, he bravely bears:
    Plain in his lovely face you might behold
    A blushing meekness met with courage bold:
'Little, not little worth,' was fairly wrote in gold.

XVIII.

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
  Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
  And low submit unto the higher pow'rs:
    But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;
    For tied in such a holy service bands,
In this Obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

XIX.

By them went Fide*, marshal of the field:
  Weak was his mother when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly child,
  As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray:
    Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
    A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright,

XX.

So may we see a little lionet,
  When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,

* Faith.

Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full strength and courage bring;
The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before:
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighted roar.

XXI.

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the Sun's impetuous course;
Nature breaks nature's laws at his command;
No force of Hell or Heav'n withstands his force:
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

XXII.

His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descried
The lively semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

XXIII.

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from Heav'n impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall:
No final loss his courage might appal;
Growing more sound by wound, and rising by his fall.

XXIV.

So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;

Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another:
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

XXV.

With him his nurse, went careful Acoe*;
Whose hands first from his mother's womb did take him,
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
She never might, she never would forsake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutual band:
For by her needful help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail and fall in the foe men's hand.

XXVI.

With both, sweet Meditation ever pac'd,
His nurse's daughter, and his foster-sister;
Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd,
And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd her:
For she had taught him by her silent talk
To tread the safe; and dang'rous ways to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

XXVII.

Behind him Penitence did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her swelling tears, which, e'en in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheeks, the sinful puddles draining:
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,
And much the mocking world her soul infested;
More she the hateful world, and most herself detested.

XXVIII.

She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd scoff of carnal hearts;

* Hearing.

Yet smiling Heav'n delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful smarts:
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrash'd;
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had slash'd,
Yet was it angel's wine that in her eyes was mash'd.

XXIX.

With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding,
Help with their sullen blacks their mistress' woe;
Amendment still (but his own faults) chiding;
And Penance arm'd with smarting whips did go:
Then sad Remorse came sighing all the way;
Last Satisfaction, giving all away:
Much surely did he owe, much more he would repay.

XXX.

Next went Elpinus*, clad in sky-like blue;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold:
'I hold by being held,' was written round in gold.

XXXI.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
As was his brother Fido's:—fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita†, she lights, which ne'er could lie or feign.

XXXII.

Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;
Not that Great Love which cloth'd his Godhead bright

* Hope. † Promise.

With rags of flesh, and now again above
Hath dress'd his flesh in Heav'n's eternal light:
Much less the brat of that false Cyprian dame,
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful flame.

XXXIII.

But this from Heav'n brings his immortal race,
And nurs'd by Gratitude whose careful arms
Long held, and hold him still in kind embrace:
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wondrous strength, and beauty rare:
Next that God Love, from whom his offsprings are,
No match in Earth, or Heav'n may with this Love compare.

XXXIV.

His page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous passion of that highest Love,
His burning zeal to greater flame exciting:
Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that Love no more.

XXXV.

Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear
That glorious Name; which when, or where he spy'd
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defied,
And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake:
But if for Him, he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his sake.

XXXVI.

His glitt'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts
Seem'd burn in chaste desire and heav'nly flame:

And on his shield kind Jonathan imparts
To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
'Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.'

XXXVII.

These led the vanguard; and a hundred moe
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:
But first in middleward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely Swain*,
Vaunting himself Love's twin, but yonger brother:
Well mought it be, for e'en their very mother
With pleasing errour oft mistook one for the other.

XXXVIII.

As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ran in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all:
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd:
The more he looks the more his judgment err'd:
So she first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

XXXIX.

Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin:
In this they only differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to Heav'n; the younger twin
'Mongst mortals here his love and kindness spent;
Teaching (strange alchymy) to get a living,
By selling lands, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying filling bags, so Heav'n by Earth atchieving.

XL.

About him troop'd the poor with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care and large expence,

* Charity.

With kindest words and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side;
And shameful parts of bared bodies hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

XLI.

To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels, hid in mortal clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom Heav'n and Earth, and all the world cannot contain.

XLII.

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest vows broke open Heav'n's wide door;
That not in vain sweet plenty evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

XLIII.

Behind attend him in an uncouth-wise
A troop with little caps and shaved head;
Such whilome was enfranchis'd bondmen's dress,
New freed from cruel masters' servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strain,
And on his head due praise, and thousand blessings rain.

XLIV.

He was a father to the fatherless,
To widows he supply'd a husband's care;

Nor would he heap up woe to their distress,
Or by a guardian's name their state impair;
But rescue them from strong oppressors might:
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy spite;
'Who fears the highest Judge, need fear no mortal wight.'

XLV.

Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,
The sick to visit, and those meagre swains,
Who all their weary life in darkness spent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, press'd with heavy chains:
He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to spend it,
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
'Gold then is only good which to our God we lend it.'

XLVI.

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with dainty flow'd the lowly hearse;
Then all along the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

XLVII.

So once that royal maid* fierce Thebes beguil'd,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(Whilst willing night in darkness safely hid her)
She lowly laid in earth's all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils and with the weary spade.

XLVIII.

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;

* Antigone daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.

Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied plaints she often cry'd,
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

XLIX.

Ay me! my ever wrong'd and banish'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb the grave:
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have;
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal a grave.'

L.

But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-passion drawn my feeling moan?
But thus this Love deals with those murder'd saints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that groan.
'But now in that beech grove we'll safely play,
And in those shadows mock the boiling ray;
Which yet increases more with the decreasing day."

CANTO X.

I.

THE shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where hillock seats, shades yield a canopy;
Whose top with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might seem to make a little azure sky:
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A lesser Atlas seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the Heav'ns, which sore his shoulders pain'd.

II.

And here and there sweet primrose scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some other wink'd, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true
A little Heav'n on Earth in narrow space she drew.

III.

Within this earthly Heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining Sun, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The sheep had left their shades, to mind their meat,
Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirsil again began his weary song repeat.

IV.

"Great pow'r of Love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou enflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!
Nothing is free from thy sweet government:

Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heav'ns move;
Which void of sense itself, yet are not void of love.

V.

But those twin Loves, which from thy seas of light
To us on Earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wondrous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;
Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

VI.

Next to the younger Love, Irenus* went,
Whose hoary head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battles had he spent;
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a loped tree he idly pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless night.

VII.

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
'Thrice happy author of a happy peace,'
Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores his will;
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:
Earth's slave† Heav'n's heir heis;—as God, pays good for ill.

VIII.

By him Andreos‡ pac'd, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:

* Peaceableness. † Matt. v. 9. ‡ Fortitude.

Nor will he death or life, or seek or fly,
Ready for both.—He is as cowardly
Who longer fears to live, as he who fears to die.

IX.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but stout:
His warmth had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
His rage well temper'd is: no fear can daunt
His reason; but cold blood is valiant:
Well may he strength in death; but never courage want.

X.

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north-wind rides;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain;
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken, whining plain*.

XI.

Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;
No mischief weakens his resolved mind:
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
His shield an even ballast ship embraves,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly raves:
His word was this, 'I fear but Heav'n, nor winds nor waves.'

XII.

And next Macrothumus†, whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red:

* i. e. complain. † Long-suffering.

Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite.
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

XIII.

Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;
Yet, most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yielding itself to him a winning were:
And though he died, yet dead, he rose a conqueror.

XIV.

His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched:
Most strong he is, because he will be weak:
And happy most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;
Rejoicing most, when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented.

XV.

His rocky arms of massy adament,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade;
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
Though many weights its rising arms depress'd:
His word was 'Rising most, by being most oppress'd.'

XVI.

Next him Androphilus*, whose sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could cease as soon to be, as not be kind:
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,

* Gentleness, or courtesy.

Much less commanded in his gentle heart:
To basest men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art.

XVII.

His enemies knew not how to discommend him;
All others dearly lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

XVIII.

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,
Afford the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide:
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
Had drawn the Sun; whose eye did ne'er repine
To look on good and ill: his word, 'To all I shine.'

XIX.

Fair Virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,
Leaving the court from whence thou took'st thy name?
While in thy place is stept disdaining vile,
And flattery, base son of need and shame;
And with them surly scorn, and hateful pride;
Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,
Which more display her shame, than loathsome foulness hide.

XX.

Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,
(As gentle swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart, and all thy train,
Where hundred other graces quarter'd were;

But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever such; and now those few are none.

XXI.

By him the stout Encrates* boldly went,
Assailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite mispent;
For he whole armies single bold defies;
With him nor might, nor cunning slights prevail;
All force on him they try, all forces fail:
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

XXII.

His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need;
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:
On's shield a hand from Heav'n a orchard dressing,
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing;
So adding fruit: his word, 'By lessening increasing.'

XXIII.

His settled mind was written in his face;
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chase:
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritance he would not lavish sell
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighb'ring Hell:
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

XXIV.

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:
Not those in Heav'n, the flow'ry Geminies,
Are half so lovely bright; the one his bride,
Agneia† chaste, was join'd in Hymen's ties,

* Temperance. † Chastity in the married.

And love, as pure as Heav'ns conjunction:
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone:
So were they two to sight; in truth entirely one.

XXV.

Upon her arched brows, unarmed Love
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory;
And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty:
Ten thousand moe her fairer breast contains;
Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

XXVI.

Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The scorching ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts:
Upon his shield a pair of turtles shone;
A lovely pair, still coupled, ne'er alone:
Her word, 'Though one when two, yet either two, or none.'

XXVII.

With her, her sister went, a warlike Maid,
Parthenia *, all in steel and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

XXVIII.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new;

* Chastity in the single.

Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ 'Such is chaste single state.'

XXIX.

Thus hid in arms she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise:
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise;
The fairest Maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

XXX.

Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain:
Sure Heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

XXXI.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying:
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts: deadly those weapons show;
Yet sweet the death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

XXXII.

And at the foot of this celestial frame,
Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame;
Yet with Heav'ns stars in this too near agreeing;

They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

XXXIII.

Ye matchless stars (yet each the other's match)
Heav'ns richest diamonds, set in amel white
From whose bright spheres all grace the graces catch
And will not move but by your loadstars bright;
How have you stol'n and stor'd your armoury
With Love's and Death's strong shafts and from your sky,
Pour down thick show'rs of darts to make whole armies fly?

XXXIV.

Above those Suns, two rainbows high aspire,
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
Fair Iris seem'd to mourn in sable 'tire;
Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast:
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it seem'd that two fair rainbows show'd
Above their sparkling Suns, without or rain or cloud.

XXXV.

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a Fair, which none attain, but all admire?

XXXVI.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,

And with rare musick charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

XXXVII.

Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little rising heads disclose,
And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
From those two bulwarks love doth safely fight;
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight
To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

XXXVIII.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move;
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

XXXIX.

Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia
Glist'ring in arms, herself presents to sight;
And when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,
With Theseus enter'd lists in single fight,
With equal arms her mighty foe opposing;
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,
Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by losing.

XL.

A thousand Knights woo'd her with busy pain,
To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd;
Although her dear-sought love to entertain,
They all their wit, and all their strength apply'd:

Yet in her heart, Love close his sceptre sway'd,
Which to a Heavenly Spouse her thoughts betray'd,
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely maid.

XLI.

Upon her steps a virgin page attended,
Fair Erythre*, whose often blushing face,
Sweetly her in-born bashful thoughts commended;
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged grace,
Which she a shrine to purity devotes:
So when clear ivory, vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

XLII.

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl:
But that sweet paradise, ah! could we see,
On whose white mount lets daintier apples be,
Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting tree.

XLIII.

These noble Knights this threaten'd fort defend;
These and a thousand moe heroic Swains,
That to this 'stressed state their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battle to recite;
For Hesperus Heav'ns tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each star to wait upon their mistress Night.

* Modesty.

CANTO XI.

I.

THE early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strew'd his path with splendid marigolds:
The Moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds
Till light is quench'd, and Heav'n in seas hath flung
The headlong day:—to th' hill the shepherd's throng,
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

II.

"Who now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent his griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpets 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill?

III.

Ah, thou dread Spirit! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes and higher art;
Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

IV.

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos, best
Of all that e'er thy glorious work did sing:

Or as those holy fishers once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues ;
And brought'st down Heav'n to Earth in those all conqu'ring
songs.

V.

These mighty Heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemy :
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war and deadly enmity.

VI.

Thither repairs the careful Intellect,
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair :
With both, their daughter ; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much impair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

VII.

But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face :
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortal eye ?
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal grace
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,
With amorous sighs and many a lovely moan,
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his only one.

VIII.

Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest Eclecta, to describe thy beauty,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which, ever he admires with humble duty ;

But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song of songs.

IX.

The Island's King with sober countenance
Aggrates the Knights, who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech and comely amenance*,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended:
His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the Knights, her champions, he commands.

X.

The God-like Maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,
From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,
Which with its silver streams, o'er-runs the beauteous plains.

XI.

As when the Sun in midst of summer's heat
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:
Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,
Upon the Earth his welcome anger pours,
And Heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her former lowrs.

XII.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise;
And first in th' eye, then in the lip, thus spake;

* i. e. Behaviour.

'Ah, gentle Knights, how may a simple Maid,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,
Give due reward for such your pains and friendly aid?

XIII.

But if my Princely Spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed:
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.'

XIV.

By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in order well arrang'd:
And fast'ning in their eyes that heav'nly Maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

XV.

Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen and daughter fair;
But when the Knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows and many a pray'r:
At last they climb up to the castle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry Knight
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

XVI.

As when a youth bound for the Belgick war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far
They see not now, and now are seen no more:

Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

XVII.

Mean time these champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in sight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.
Sound now, ye trumpets, sound alarums loud;
Hark, how their clamours whet their anger proud!
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

XVIII.

So oft the South with civil enmity
Musters his wat'ry forces 'gainst the West;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:
At length the flame breaks from th' impris'ning cold
With horrid noise tearing the limber mould:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

XIX.

First did that warlike Maid herself advance;
And riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudest enemy:
Porneius* soon his ready spear addrest,
And close advancing on his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

XX.

In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain:
But much unlike the martial Virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,

* See canto vii. stanza 19.

Broaching with bloody point his breast before:
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,
And bid pale Death come in at that red gaping door.

XXI.

There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clotted blood,
Breathing together out his life and lust,
Which from his breast swam in the steaming flood:
In maids his joy, now by a Maid defy'd,
His life he lost, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman died.

XXII.

Aselges, struck with such a heavy sight,
Greedy to 'venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despite.
And met the Virgin in the middle way:
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

XXIII.

The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
He well had learnt the liquid air dispart
And swim along the Heav'ns with pinions light;
Now that fair Maid taught him this nimble art:
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the empty element,
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

XXIV.

The rest that saw with fear the ill success
Of single fight, durst not like fortune try;
But round beset her with their num'rous press:
Before, beside, behind, they on her fly,

And every part with coward odds assail:
But she redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with iron flail.

XXV.

As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little curs, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behind; soon as the angry hound
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain;
The rest fear'd with his crying run amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in vain.

XXVI.

The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this Maiden Knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might:
A crafty swain well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms,
That True Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape and arms.

XXVII.

The watchfull'st sight, no difference could descry;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same:
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The Maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
Till she, less careful, did fit time afford:
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

XXVIII.

Ye pow'rful heav'ns! and Thou, their Governor!
With what eyes can you view this doleful sight?
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly slight?

The dreadful weapon through the air doth glide ;
But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside :
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor died.

XXIX.

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight ;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains :
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains :
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recal,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

XXX.

All so a lily press'd with heavy rain,
Which fills her cups with show'rs up to the brinks ;
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burthen sinks :
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Which too hot scorching beams quite disarrays ;
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays.

XXXI.

Th' undaunted Maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd ;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry.
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play ;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

XXXII.

And now, perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to list'ning Heav'n her trembling eyes ;
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent ;
' Thou chastest Love ! that rul'st the wand'ring skies,

More pure than purest heavens by thee mov'd;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd;
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd;

XXXIII.

Let not this temple of thy spotless love,
Be with foul hand, and beastly rage defil'd:
But when my spirit shall its camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votary with loathsome spot to foil.'

XXXIV.

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much High Love seem'd passion'd with those cries;
Much more those streams his heart and patience break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

XXXV.

Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought:
'See, see! he cries, where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
Hie ye, ho, hie ye fast! the Highest Love commands.'

XXXVI.

They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spied;
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning fly:
Their brother Continence runs by their side;

Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore:
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the more.

XXXVII.

Encrates and his spouse with slashing sword
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly;
While Continence a precious liquor pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

XXXVIII.

So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lays out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

XXXIX.

Now rush they all into the flying trains;
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight
From laden oaks the plenteous acorns pours;
Or when the thicken'd air that sadly low'rs,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April show'rs.

XL.

The greedy Dragon that aloof did spy
So ill success of this renewed fray;
More vex'd with loss of certain victory,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,

Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,
And from his smoking jaws streams out a smould'ring night.

XLI.

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
The swelling band that drunken Methos led;
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawless bands disordered:
So now they hold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight;
While both with former loss sharpen their raging spite.

XLII.

Freshly these Knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battle all their strength renew:
Down fell Geloion by Encrates' hands;
Agneia, Mœchus and Anagnus slew;
And spying Methos fenc'd in's iron vine,
Pierc'd his swollen paunch: there lies the drunken swine,
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

XLIII.

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controuls
The victor proud; he spoils, devours, and tears:
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fears.

XLIV.

Such was the slaughter these three champions made;
But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands:

Oft were they succour'd fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft :—the Dragon, grown more wise
By former loss, began another way devise.

XLV.

Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,
For easy skirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers, furnish'd well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison stains;
Which dipp'd in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

XLVI.

Thereto of substance strong, so thin and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely others hurt, and never wounded, wound.

XLVII.

Much were the knighs encumber'd with these foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows through the wind:
And in their course oft would they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers blind.

XLVIII.

As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,
The false-back Tartars, fear, with cunning feign,
And posting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down rain

Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight:
And what by force they lose, they win by slight;
Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by flight.

XLIX.

Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew:
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue;
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:
In such a fight, he wins who fastest flies.
Fly, fly chaste knights, such subtil enemies:
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqu'ror surely dies.

L.

The knights oppress'd with wounds and travel past,
Did soon retire, and now were near to fainting:
With that a winged post him speeded fast,
The General with these heavy news acquainting:
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But, let our weary Muse awhile respire:
Shade we our scorched heads from Phœbus' parching fire."

CANTO XII.

I.

THE shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks,
(Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
At length, thus Thirsil ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

II.

" Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns:
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

III.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

IV.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.

In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

V.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troubl'ous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

VI.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

VII.

The world's Great Light his lowly state hath bless'd,
And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace,
And serpents flew to hear his softest strains;
He fed his flock where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

VIII.

Then thou High Light! whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh! do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!
Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;

That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might;
And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring flight.

IX.

The Mighty General mov'd with the news
Of those four famous Knights so near decay,
With hasty speed the conqu'ring foe pursues;
At last he spies where they were led away,
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

X.

And for the Knights were faint, he quickly sent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;
Which she had eak'd with long experiment:
For many a soul and many a wounded heart
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again;
The broken spirit, with grief and horror slain,
That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with smarting pain.

XI.

For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep;
The first of rue which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:
Then would she make another strange confection,
And mix it with Nepenthe sovereign;
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling pain:
Thus she the knights rescu'd, and wash'd from sinful stain.

XII.

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought dissever;
And Knowledge with his train begins anew

To strike fresh summons up and hot alarms :
In midst great Fido, clad in sun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

XIII.

So when the Sun shines in bright Taurus' head,
Returning tempests all with winter fill ;
And still successive storms fresh mustered,
The timely year in his first springings kill :
And oft it breathes awhile, then straight again
Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain :
The country's vows and hopes swim on the drowned plain.

XIV.

The lovely twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian bands,
Chasing their troops, now with no feigned flight :
Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of sight :
Against these conquerors Hypocrisy,
And Cosmo's hated bands, with Ecthros fly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the twins defy.

XV.

Elpinus, mighty enemies assail ;
But Doubt of all the other most infested ;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force molested ;
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And sudden alter'd his first kind of fight ;
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning slight.

XVI.

So that great river, with Alcides striving
In Oeneus' court for the Ætolian maid,
To divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,
From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd,

Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

XVII.

Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd him,
That oft he stagger'd with unusual fright;
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:
But he would still his wavering strength maintain,
And chace that monster through the sandy plain:
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

XVIII.

Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defied:
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft-starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfied,
And fond Suspect, and thousand other foes;
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows,
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

XIX.

As when blood-guilty Earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with less we may compare)
The mighty Thunderer through the air flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open ways prepare:
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o'er him;
And angels on their flaming wings up bore him:
Mean time the guilty Heav'ns for fear fly fast before him.

XX.

There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with its ruin'd sides;
Or on some church his three-fork'd dart bestows,

(Which yet his sacred worship, foul mistakes,)
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes;
Nor sure to fall or stand, with doubtful trembling shakes.

XXI.

With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right
His mighty bands: so now his scatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight;
While with new change the Dragon's army droops,
And from the following victors headlong run:
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly won.

XXII.

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps:
As when Tiphœus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day:
The wavering Ætna shakes and fain would run away.

XXIII.

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
In this dark Chaos:—they the seed of night:
But these not so, who night and darkness flee;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light:
But Knowledge soon began a way devise
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes:
So open'd Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

XXIV.

Of one pure Diamond, celestial fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade

And lightsome day beget before his time;
Framed in Heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipp'd in the fiery Sun, which burnt the baser slime.

XXV.

As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face;
At length the piercing Sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chase:
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
So this bright shield the dismal darkness tears,
And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

XXVI.

Which when afar, the fiery Dragon spies
His slights deluded with so little pain;
To his last refuge now at length he flies:
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain;
And now with loathly sight, he up doth speed
From stinking paunch, a most deformed crew;
That Heav'n itself did fly from their most ugly view.

XXVII.

The first that crept from his detested maw,
Was Hamartia*, foul, deformed wight;
More foul, deform'd, the Sun yet never saw;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:
A woman seem'd she in her upper part:
To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

XXVIII.

The rest (tho' hid) in serpent's form array'd,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail;
Over her back her knotty tail display'd,
Along the empty air did lofty sail;

* Sin.

The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but blood of heav'nly King.

XXIX.

Of that first woman, her the Dragon got,
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)
Whom when she saw so fill'd with monst'rous spot,
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother:
But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;
And all that dare her kindly entertain:
So some parts of her dam, more of her sire remain.

XXX.

Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears;
Yet with a monst'rous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round;
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

XXXI.

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes;
But Hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair
Appears, when her true form true light descries:
Her loathsome face, blancht skin, and snaky hair;
Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion smell;
The worst of ills, the child, and dam of Hell;
Is chaffer fit for fools their precious souls to sell!

XXXII.

The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal night:
His looks fast nail'd to Sin; long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wild staring fright.

His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head;
Light, Heav'n, and Earth, himself, and all things fled:
A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

XXXIII.

His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,
And heavy mould; yet Earth could not content him:
Heav'n fast he flies, and Heav'n fled him as fast;
Tho' kin to Hell, yet Hell did much torment him:
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;
With him went many a fiend, and ugly spright,
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

XXXIV.

Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings:
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings:
His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,
Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

XXXV.

Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly darts;
Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore,
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, "Reward of sin is death."

XXXVI.

The last two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of death agreeing;
The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;

Born deaf, and blind:—nothing might stop his way:
No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could stay,
Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

XXXVII.

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy, and maid:
Nor beggar can intreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his slaves in cloth of flesh array'd:
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horrour brings in midst of love's alarms;
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

XXXVIII.

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some less, fear his affrighting face;
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed:
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high,
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

XXXIX.

The second far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur streams;
Which creeping round about him fill'd with smart
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemes:
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames may sever,
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never.

XL.

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The Sun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd;
Scar'd at such hell-hounds' view, Heaven's mazed light
Sets in an early evening: Earth astound,

Bids dogs with howls give warning : at which sound
The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,
And frighted fled away ; no sands might them impound.

XLI.

The palsied troop like asps first shaken fare,
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,
Candied the ghastly face :—locks stand and stare :
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood :
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain ;
So conquering Dragon binds the knights in slavish chain.

XLII.

As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil ;
Wise Perseus with such multitudes oppress'd,
Before him bore the snaky Gorgon's spoil :
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd ;
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

XLIII.

The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her champion's blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd ;
Limning true sorrow in sad silent art :
Light grief floats on the tongue ; but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

XLIV.

What Dœdal art such griefs can truly shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, loud sobs, and burning prayers,
Baptising ev'ry limb in weeping dew ?
Whose swollen eyes, redd'ning with briny tears,

Chrystalline rocks; coral, the lid appears;
Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears: [tears.
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with

XLV.

At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight appears;
And vents itself in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and watry shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the morning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to sympathize.

XLVI.

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue;
Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent,
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong:
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
From firmest truth; then glimps'd the hopeful morrow:
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

XLVII.

'Ah dearest Lord! my heart's sole Sovereign,
Who sitt'st exalted on thy burning throne;
Hear from thy Heav'ns, where thou dost safely reign,
Cloth'd with the golden Sun, and silver Moon:
Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that glorious Majesty,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

XLVIII.

To thee, dear Lord! I lift this wat'ry eye,
This eye which thou so oft in love hast prais'd;
This eye with which thou wounded oft wouldst die;
To thee, dear Lord! these suppliant hands are rais'd:

These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

XLIX.

See how thy foes despiteful trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear!
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bays,
And all thy foes tred down and spread as clay?
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long thou stay'st my love; come love, no longer stay.

L.

Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lock'd thy sweetness up in fierce disdain?
In vain didst thou these thousand mischiefs prove?
Are all these griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no;—of ill thou only dost repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou torment me?

LI.

Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my soul beleaguer; bow thine ears;
And hear my cries pierce through my groans and fears:
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins, but through my plaints and tears.

LII.

Let frailty, favour; sorrow, succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock, though poor changeling rove,
Tost up and down in waves of worldly flood:

Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails misguide;
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

LIII.

Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes:
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!
Dear Spouse! unless thy right hand even steers;
Oh! if thou anchor not these threat'ning fears;
Thy ark will sail as deep in blood, as now in tears.'

LIV.

With that a thund'ring noise seem'd shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks Earth's rampart door.

LV.

And straight an angel * full of heav'nly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the Earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame:
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

LVI.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty Earth with thund'ring knell;

* Our late most learned sovereign, in his Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse.

And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
'Babel, great Babel lies as low as Hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her Heav'n-exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as ground.'

LVII.

The broken Heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last:
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

LVIII.

Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd;
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

LIX.

So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the Earth with shadows black doth shroud:
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

LX.

Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams his glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;

Like thousand suns in one :—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite,
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

LXI.

His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand :
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous Name,
Which neither Earth nor Heav'n could understand :
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
His conq'ring head : well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

LXII.

His armour all was dy'd in purple blood ;
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood ;
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears, and cracks their trait'rous swords :
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, 'The King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

LXIII.

His snow white steed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills ;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind :
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts ;
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.

LXIV.

The Dragon, wounded with His flaming brand,
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie :
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victory.

So now he's bound in adamantine chain;
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

LXV.

Thence by a mighty swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretch'd at length, close to his body clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, respires:
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

LXVI.

As when Alcides from forc'd Hell had drawn
The three-head Dog, and master'd all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

LXVII.

Soon at this sight the knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flow'rs from winter's tomb
(When now the Sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays:
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

LXVIII.

The Prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never ending liberty;
To meet the Victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,

Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise :
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy, his never ending days.

LXIX.

The fair Eclecta, who with widow'd brow
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad array,
Now silken linen * cloth'd like frozen snow,
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day :
This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought,
While he her love with hundred presents sought,
And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought !

LXX.

And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from his most glorious face)
Like to a precious Jasper†, pure refin'd,
Which with a Crystal mix'd, much mends his grace :
The golden stars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks ; the Sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

LXXI.

Ah ! who that flame can tell ? Ah ! who can see ?
Enough is me with silence to admire ;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire :
Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs run all away in sliding tears ;
That like a wat'ry sun her gladsome face appears.

LXXII.

At length when joys had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue :
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng ;

* Rev. xix. 8. † Ibid. xxi. 11.

'My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,
(Whom to enjoy is Heav'n, but Hell to miss)
What are the world's false joys, what Heav'ns true joys to this?

LXXIII.

Ah, dearest Lord! does my rapt soul behold thee?
Am I awake? and sure I do not dream?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, thee I see; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy stamp is printed in my heart,
And thousand ne'er felt joys stream in each melting part."

LXXIV.

Thus with glad sorrow did she plain her,
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While He with equal joy did entertain her,
Herself, her champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went;
Whose work in narrow words may not be pent:
For boundless thought is less than is that glorious tent.

LXXV.

There sweet delights, which know nor end nor measure;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasure full grown, yet ever freshly breeding:
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiving:
The soul still big with joy, yet still conceiving; [ing.
Beyond slow tongue's report, beyond quick thought's perceiv-

LXXVI.

There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joy, and heav'nly loves:
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant moving:

No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridal bed is in that heav'nly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

LXXVII.

And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damsels their just praises chant;
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt:
Heav'ns winged hosts, greeting this glorious spring,
Attune their higher notes, and Hymens sing:
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's loftiest wing.

LXXVIII.

Upon His lightning brow Love proudly sitting
Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty;
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting;
Displays the marks of Highest Deity:
There full of strength in Lordly arms he stands,
And every heart, and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul, his strength and Lordly pow'r withstands.

LXXIX.

Upon her forehead thousand cheerful Graces,
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces;
His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny;
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

LXXX.

Upon her cheek doth Beauty's self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs:
On which if Envy might but glance ascant,
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in show'rs:

Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd :
Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet descry'd ;
Nor ever Earth so fair, so undefil'd a bride.

LXXXI.

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As far the Sun surpassing in his light,
As doth the Sun the Earth with flaming blaze :
Sweet influence streams from his quick'ning sight :
His beams from nought did all this All display ;
And when to less than nought they fell away,
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

LXXXII.

All Heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame :
Her seeing stars (which we miscal bright eyes)
More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
More fruitful than the May-time Geminies :
These, back restore the timely summer's fire ;
Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
Inspiriting dead souls, and quick'ning warm desire.

LXXXIII.

These two fair Suns in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,
Where in the centre, joy triumphing sits :
Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
Her mid-day bliss no future night admits ;
But in the mirrors of her Spouse's eyes
Her fairest self she dresses ; there where lies
All sweets, a glorious beauty to imparadise.

LXXXIV.

His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck ;
Within their circlets hundred Graces set,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck :

His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain*,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both sustain;
Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

LXXXV.

Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
With gold enamels fair the silver white;
There heav'nly Loves their pretty sportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her dainty neck, spread with that silver mould,
Where double beauty doth itself unfold,
In th' own fair silver shines, and borrow'd gold.

LXXXVI.

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
Were loves self-sailing, shipwreck'd often sitteth.
Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
Where better could her love than here have nested?
Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly feasted?
Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever rested.

LXXXVII.

Run now you shepherd-swains; ah! run you thither
Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed way:
And haste, you lovely maids, haste you together
With this sweet bride, while yet the sun-shine day
Guides your blind steps; while yet loud summons call,
That every wood and hill resounds withal,
Come Hymen, Hymen come, drest in thy golden pall.

LXXXVIII.

The sounding echo back the music flung,
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.
But lo! the day is ended with my song,
And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:

* Atlas.

Stoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop thee low :
Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee now ;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough."

LXXXIX.

So up they rose, while all the shepherd-throng
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
And led their Thirsil home with joyful song :
Mean time the lovely nymph with garlands new,
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With lilies set, and hyacinths around ;
And lord of all the year, and their May-sportings crown'd.

THE END.

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