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WRITTEN IN 1788.

The Messiad :

OR, THE

LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND
EXALTATION

OF

MESSIAH,

THE PROPHET OF THE NATIONS.

By SIMON GRAY, Esq.

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνη, ἰς ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men.”—*Luke.*

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO.

1842.



P R E F A C E.

THE Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ present by far the most perfect subject for an epic poem, of all those themes which have been offered to mankind. The expulsion of the First Pair from Paradise, of which Milton hath given so glorious a view, is by no means equal to it. Indeed, it is a subject, or story, absolutely perfect, as possessing all the qualities and capabilities of an epic subject, or story. I know no subject in all the extent of actual history, nor can I fancy any subject which the human imagination can create, either so perfect or so capable.

To this I can lay no personal claim. It hath been presented to me as to the rest of the members of Christendom. All the merit, which I can call my own, as to the subject, therefore, is, first, the having made choice of such a theme, and, next, what may arise from the view which I have taken of it, and the arrangement of its events which I have adopted, so as this view and this arrangement have not injured the story, but have rather assisted in shewing it fairly and impressively, in

all its wonderful bearings on the sentiments and feelings of mankind.

But this theme, naturally matchless and beyond all compare as it is, hath a peculiar difficulty attending upon it; and that difficulty, most will allow, somewhat unmanageable. It arises from the many and very contradictory and sectarian notions, entertained by the various sects of Christians concerning the Messiah, or "The Prophet of the Nations," and the doctrines which he and his apostles taught.

I saw this strongly as soon as I thought seriously of venturing upon this glorious theme. But fortunately I found, that Christ and his four sacred biographers, the Evangelists, had given me an example of how I ought to proceed, and by means of which I could get rid of this difficulty. Christ himself, as shewn by these pure and simple historians, teaches, in an untechnical natural style, the universal, or Catholic, doctrines and principles of Christianity.

Both he and they without any formal system exhibit these doctrines and principles in the clearest, and yet the most simple and inartificial manner. My object was to attend to them, and not to any sectarian doctors whomsoever. I determined to avoid, with the most scrupulous severity, all sectarian phrases and technicalities, whether I approved of them or not, and keep strictly by the doctrines and principles, recorded by those prosé epic writers, admitted of sacred authority, as they are, by all sects, and leave the rest to the imaginations, of the various sectarians themselves.

To flatter the feelings of any sect, or support the peculiar dogmas of Antinomians, Arians, Arminians, Bostonians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Mystics, Nestorians, Pelagians, Romanists, Sabellians, Socinians, Sublapsarians, Supralapsarians, or Swedenborgians, &c., is no aim of mine. To please any of these by so doing, would be to displeas all the rest. But independently of that, my determined object was hostile to any thing of the sort. It was not to write what is called, in the style of a by-gone century, *a body of divinity*—those who want that must seek elsewhere—but to set forth the universally admitted doctrines taught by Christ himself, and the divine spirit of his divine religion.

In regard to any sectarian dogma, or one which has been disputed by some Christians of intelligence and character, when it is noticed, which, I believe, is but seldom, if indeed distinctly at all, it is done in the language of Scripture. And readers will explain it for themselves, as they judge best.

On this delicate point the most scrupulous attention has been paid not to admit an expression which may hurt the feelings of any sect. In the process of revision during the various times this poem has been written over again, I have altered expressions which, perhaps, most would have thought not worth the while of meddling with, as I was jealous that nothing should betray the least sectarian partiality or prejudice.

There is, indeed, one portion of the poem which certain sectarians will no doubt blame much, as being harsh, and, as they think, unwarranted. Here the Romanists and

some other sectarians will assume that an express attack hath been made upon them. But in this they are mistaking. The disapprobations and reprehensions by Messiah and Ozriel, whether more or less severe, are made not against sects, or separate churches as such, but against the church in general, or to speak more correctly, against specific departures from the original pure-Christian system, whether as to notions or to practice, in compliance with the peculiar prevailing views and fancies of the ages through which Christianity passed.

Every unprejudiced reader must perceive that no distinction whatever is made as to any sect or age. Whether the times of the Fathers are referred to, the dark ages of Christendom, or the ages since the Reformation, all are condemned in proportion as they depart from the spirit and character of Christ's Christianity.

In various cases, it is owned, the reprehension is severe and expressed in the strongest language which I could use consistently with the character of the personages who find fault. A conscientious endeavour to accomplish the object of the poem required this. I have, indeed, in my revisions several times queried with myself whether I should not leave out this portion, in order to avoid hurting the feelings of any sectarian. But I found I could not honestly do it. I must by this lopping off essentially maim the poem, and lose the means of setting forth, by impressive examples, the great evils and corruptions which follow from departing from pure original Christianity. Still, however, if any thing unnecessarily hurtful to sectarian feelings have escaped, it shall be altered.

It will be clearly understood, and easily admitted, that where I have departed from simple prosaic fact, I consider myself responsible only for the *poetic truth* of the difference. The reader will judge for himself as to the propriety of it. All I hope for is, that he will at least believe while he reads. If he do not, I have so far failed.

Genuine Catholic Christianity, that is, the Christianity of Christ, hath perfected the genuine and divine theology of the Jews. In its pure uncorrupted state it renders theology a pure science, which really requires no further confirmation to the inquiring and reflecting mind than its own internal evidence. It throws a clear sunny light over the whole extent of religion and morality.

Even with reference to the present state of being alone, it is of the most vital and decisive importance. It is the greatest and most powerful medium of pure and intellectual civilisation, individual and national. And it tends to bestow on the *real believer*, that is, *the practiser of it*, all the happiness here dependent on the will.

I trust the *Messiad* not only breathes its genuine spirit, but is calculated to shew it in its native beauty.

SIMON GRAY.

2 Mornington Crescent,
25th December, 1841.

ERRATA.

- Book I. v. 461, *for without a care, read without care.*
II. v. 571, *for mature, read nature.*
V. v. 146, *for voice, read source.*
v. 447, *for healthy, read heathy.*
VI. v. 215, *for shoot, read shook.*
VII. v. 324, *after throne, for a full stop, a comma.*
v. 988, *for words, read tones.*
v. 1308, *for unwilling, read unwitting.*
v. 1403, *for Glancing, read Elancing.*
IX. v. 192, *dele the first as.*

BOOK I.

**THE DEITY DECLARES HIS PURPOSE WITH RESPECT TO
THE UNIVERSE, AND SENDING A MESSIAH.**

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, having proposed his subject, implores the assistance of God, and then proceeds to the baptism of Jesus by the hands of John the Baptist, in the river Jordan. Jesus is ascending from its banks, when Heaven opens, and the Spirit of God, in a visible form, lights upon him. A voice from on high, at the same moment, proclaims him the Son of God. He retires into a wilderness. God sees him there, and orders the Heavenly hosts to be summoned to His throne : to whom He declares the great end of His giving existence to the Universe : makes known His purpose of sending a Messiah into each of the worlds of Creation to save them, and of commencing the scheme of salvation with our world ; and finally gives command to prepare to descend to Earth, to install Jesus its Messiah.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK I.

OF Earth's blest Saviour, Him, who, on the cross
Of Calvary, gave his life for man, I sing.

Hear me, celestial Father. Though Thou sitt'st,
Above all worlds, on th' uncreated throne,
Hid in eternal light, Thou hast proclaim'd, 5
Thou wilt not turn away from him who bends
To Thee, nor spurn his prayer. O spurn not mine ;
But cleanse me from each mental taint terrene :
That taint, which clings to all the sons of men,
Ev'n to the good, as travellers through a state 10
Not final, not the best ; completely pure
Not long at first, and by corruption grown
Impure throughout and evil. Both from this,
Common to me with all, and, too, from what
Is more my own, the mental taint produced 15
Ev'n by the place, in which thy Providence,
That feeds a thousand worlds, and for each man,
The meanest, cares, hath pitch'd my earthly tent.
From all impureness cleanse my mind : nor let
Aught ill or mean debase a song that dares 20

To take for theme the plan of grace divine.
 True inspiration is from Thee. O warm
 My breast with heavenly fire, and ope my mouth
 To strains, which shall not shame the name I sing,
 As Thou did'st ope Isaiah's, when to him, 25
 Teaching the glory of the promis'd reign,
 Jeshurun listen'd in high ravishment,
 And wish'd to see the glory, which he saw
 In vision, set before him by Thy power ;
 The moral brightness to illumine man 30
 On Thy Messiah's day : day then to come,
 Now come, and whose all-cheering sun, for theme
 My youthful Muse, inflamed with grateful love,
 Hath dared to choose, and, through Thy grace, would sing
 Among the nations blest by its bright rays : 35
 Nor meanly sing, but in a manner worth
 A subject of such high import to men.
 O worthy of the subject make the song ;
 That to Earth's utmost lands I may set forth
 Thy grace supreme, in sending her, else lost, 40
 Messiah, saviour from the yoke of Hell ;
 And prove the pure Messian scheme, a scheme
 Not mortal man's, but all throughout Thine own.
 Aid thus implored from Him, who can make strong
 The weakest, now with hope shall I begin 45
 My strain ; with hope and confidence in Him,
 Yet not from trembling free, to sing what God
 Approved His own to men, by glorious signs,
 That shew'd His arm as plainly to man's soul,
 As though seen working in corporeal shape, 50

By man's eye looking on. Nay, ev'n from Heaven
 He spake with audible dread voice, with voice
 Heard really by the ear, as when a man
 Speaks to his fellow : spake to give to faith
 Foundation broad and sure ; and more than once : 55
 Then first, when from that stream of ancient fame,
 Which erst, ev'n while in deluge, own'd its God,
 Flow'd back, and let His chosen people pass,
 With feet unwetted o'er its stony bed,
 To go into the country promised them, 60
 Rich Canaan, promised by their God, and giv'n,
 With sweetness, grace, and majesty, well mix'd,
 Like angel in man's form, ascended up,
 Jesus, from being wash'd with the new rite
 Baptismal by Baptistes stern : a man 65
 Sent forth by God, as for a harbinger,
 To usher to th' expecting sons of men
 His great Ambassador, the Prince of Peace.
 Nor of such prince, though noblest of the name
 Beyond compare, is stern Baptistes found 70
 Unworthy harbinger : a man of truth,
 And good, though rugged, hating luxury.
 His raiment rude is cloth of camel's hair ;
 And binds his loins a leathern girdle broad.
 His food the locust, and the honey-dew 75
 Distill'd by the clear-flaming sun from leaves
 Of eastern trees. And he in Jordan's stream
 Baptizes ; nor finds few to come to him.
 With the baptismal rite to be wash'd clean
 From all pollution, and be clothed (they think) 80

In vest of purity, their evil deeds
 Confessing, forth have sped Jehudah's sons.
 The land is cover'd o'er with men; and bands
 Still come. These through the multitude press on
 To be baptized, and, now baptized, retire 85
 And join the throng, till place is found not for
 The standing of a host, in number, well
 To be compared with the vast locust-swarms,
 That come from sultry Afric in dark clouds,
 Despair before them, famine on their rear, 90
 The fiends of havoc in their midst, and fill
 The sky of Syria. Curtain'd as with night
 The region seems. But soon they light and leave
 No vestige of its vegetable growth.
 So numerous stands Jehudah round the sage, 95
 Who fears his God, and bows to Truth, none else.
 And seeing come among the multitude
 Some men of the proud Pharisean sect,
 And haughty Sadducean, viperous race,
 He cries, Who hath clear'd your dark minds to see 100
 The coming storm? who bent your stubborn hearts?
 O seeming penitents, shew penitence
 In heart, by holy deeds, sole proof. Nor trust
 Hence, hypocrites, as in the seasons past,
 To outward things; but trust to truth within, 105
 A wither'd twig else stays you on the steep
 Of ruin, that looks down to Hell, seen near.
 Nor vaunt hence of your surname, as the sons
 Of Abraam, father of the faithful. Clad
 In this bright name, and not in holiness, 110

Best robe, ye climb a rock full high, and thence
 Look down on general man. Vain fools. The God
 Of Abraam He could of these stones ye tread
 Build living men, seven times more worth the name
 Of sons to that great Sire in faith, than you. 115

The angel of the wrath of God hath laid
 The axe of ruin to the tree's prime base ;
 And every tree, producing not good fruit,
 Shall be hewn down, and giv'n to quenchless fire.
 Your weal depends. Think then, proud thoughtless race.

He sternly. And they tremble at his words 121
 Of terror and of truth. They tremble long.
 And all, uncertain, in their hearts inquire,
 Is he Messiah, whom the nations hope ?

When he unsoftening : With mere water I, 125
 But after me shall come (and soon shall come)
 One greater, of whose shoe the latchet band
 Not worthy' am I to loose. He shall baptize
 You with the holy spirit : He with fire
 Shall cleanse you from your sins. Fear, and be pure, 130
 For throughly shall he winnow from the chaff
 His grain ; and he shall store it up, but cast
 The chaff to flames that scorn all quenching power.
 Go, live all good, and flee the fire of Hell.

And straightway all, each for his proper house, 135
 Depart. The region, blacken'd with the host,
 Seems a dark-waving sea, in motion wide ;
 Nor doth not groan the weary earth beneath
 Such multitudes of men as walk along.
 They gone, straight Jesus down the reedy bank 140

Descends to be baptized ; when now to him
 The stern Baptistes : Thee will I baptize ?
 Not thou from me, I washing need from thee,
 O best, most pious of Jehudah's sons.
 To whom then Jesus, mild as gale of eve. 145
 Give it to be so now. For it becomes
 Us all to do the rites of piety :
 Which doing still, with care devout, both makes
 The soul to grow in love of God, our sire,
 Blessed effect, and is a tribute paid 150
 By gratitude : is all that we can give
 Him who gives all, but who can naught receive.
 At this the teacher yields. And now baptized
 Jesus goes up out of the stream of high
 Renown, but higher hence from washing him. 155
 With clinging eyes the stern Baptistes holds
 The pious man, as up he climbs, nor quits
 Him on the height, till lo ! empyreal Heaven
 Bursts open. On the teacher's darkened eyes
 Is pour'd a flood of glory. From Heaven's gate 160
 Blazing wide-open'd, fleet as lightning shaft,
 Shoots down the molten sky what seems a dove,
 But ill to be distinguish'd is its form,
 Amid the infinite radiance which it casts
 Round ether, putting out the star of noon. 165
 On Jesus lights the dove (the symbol pure
 Of God's all-quickenng Spirit) in whose light,
 As mid a sun he stands. He stands, upstay'd
 By power divine ; but down is fallen the sage,
 Blind, trembling, and confounded, on his face, 170

Invoking God. Then comes a voice from Heaven
(It shakes Creation down to Chaos' bourn).

List, O ye ends of Nature. Hear your God.

This is My Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Before all Nature, call'd to witness, thus 175

Stands Jesus, own'd by God His Son ; proclaim'd

From Heaven the son of the dread Sire unsir'd ;

And utmost Earth shall join to call him so

One day. But now the bright symbolic dove

Puts forth inspiring influence on his soul, 180

And spreads celestial warmth through all its powers,

Rapping it up beyond all earthly rage

In ecstasy of inspiration pure :

Then hurries him from Jordan's reedy banks

Up to a dreary waste, untrod by men : 185

A place of rocky mountains high, so torn,

And mix'd in such disorder, as if Earth,

Down to her centre shaken by the force

Of fire internal, or of whirlwind pent,

Had thrown them up in broken masses wild. 190

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor show of verdure decks

These dry and barren heaps of rugged rock,

These hills of desolation. All is harsh

To the hurt view. 'Tis famine's dismal seat,

And horror's. In a place so rueful finds 195

The eye no home, still travelling round, and still

Reaching no rest. Nor happier is the ear.

It lists : And all is silence how unwish'd ;

Silence, that will not let it sleep, yet full,

Till broken by the howlings of wild beasts, 200

Heard from a gloomy forest on the west,
 Where fierce they range, save when by famine stung,
 Shunning the peaceful dwellings of mild man.
 To such a desert, far from trodden paths,
 Th' inspiring dove conducts the Son of God. 205
 Him there his Sire beholds from Heaven's dread throne,
 Rais'd on the centre of creation's orb :
 Thrice sacred throne, ne'er thought nor spoken of
 By angel powers without adoring awe ;
 And scarce to be express'd by mortal tongue 210
 Without profanity. For on its height
 Eternal Godhead (who lives full through space,
 Unbounded space, His house, but lives unseen,
 Save in His works, bright mirror) hath vouchsafed
 To prove His being to celestial eyes 215
 By marks of glory visible : To prove,
 Not shew. Could noblest finite sight endure
 Ev'n one lone ray, shot from th' infinite ens ?
 Yet, though but marks of being are beheld,
 Not being's self, much is it for the eyes 220
 Of seraphim to look on them. How then
 Shall lips of man declare them ? On a throne
 (But what its form no angel knows, unseen
 By eye, like its dread sessor, till this hour,
 And till the last, by finite eye, to be : 225
 Blindness eternal were from one side-glance)
 Placed on a hill, of amplitude such as
 Our world, uprising central to Heaven,
 And at the base encircled by a sea
 Of glory, broad and untranspassable 230

By creature, sits an infinite blaze : dread light.
 T' endure its rays for highest seraph's eye
 Were not, but that a forest of black clouds
 Embowers it. From the molten centre forth
 To th' outer cloud, still darken'd thus, the sun 235
 Internal to angelic vision grows
 Now suff'able : But ev'n its darkest skirts
 Outblaze beyond compare the solar disk,
 And such transfulgent day diffuse through Heaven,
 Behind the outmost hill 't is fierce beyond 240
 All sight of clay to bear. What time it falls
 Eternal Godhead utters forth His voice
 Well pleased, then by the central radiance, high
 Above the clouds encompassing, 't is blazed
 With such a flame of glory, that the sire 245
 Of day, when on his highest southern throne,
 In words imperial vaunting, I am king
 Of light. Save God, through nature I know none
 Equal or like ; and saying so, puts forth
 His utmost strength in brightness, making flame 250
 The waves of ocean and the hills of earth,
 Ev'n then placed in compare, ay, seven worlds off,
 To it were seen a dun and smoky orb,
 As is the queen of stars beheld, what night
 Her jealous spouse withdraws his eyes of love, 255
 Aiming to teach his value in the school
 Of loss (best school to teach the value true
 Of things) ; and she, thus left forlorn and sad,
 Puts on her dark disastrous weeds of woe.
 So would appear the glorious sun, compared 260

Far off with the dread brightness on the hill
 That hour, blest hour of deity well pleas'd.
 The noblest seraphim, who, orb in orb,
 Adoring, circle still th' eternal throne,
 And see the glory visible of God, 265
 As favour'd men the glory' of kings, dare not
 Then cast an upward glance, but on the ground
 Fall straightway prostrate, or their faces veil
 With their bright wings, which flame as if on fire
 Of glory, from th' excessive blaze divine, 270
 The blaze divine of pleased God. Heaven seems
 One sun. Far other, when in wrath he speaks,
 In wrath for sin. That hour, O fearful hour!
 Dread pitchy clouds emane from forth the throne,
 And blacken Heaven's extent with such a night, 275
 To it the darkest ever cover'd Earth,
 Were as bright summer's twilight, ay, the day
 While the proud sun reclines him on his hill,
 Surveying half the nations he illumines.
 Heaven quakes. Though not for evil, fear is round. 280
 Not so this hour, when, from the burning hill,
 God looking down with pity on the Earth,
 In darkness wrapt, then with complacence high
 Upon His son, its destined saviour, seen
 Cover'd with glory in the sandy wild, 285
 Sends forth a voice. Cherubic heralds, hear.
 Be summon'd straight all Heaven before Our throne.
 The hymning orbs fear not. They muse and wait
 In holy adoration, till the will
 Of Godhead, and the cause (full great they know) 290

For calling Heaven before Him, be declared
 From down the throue. The heralds thrice adore ;
 Nor longer stay. They spread their sixfold wings,
 And urge their flight o'er the blest realm. Aloft
 Each rears his trump, for blowing cherub form'd ; 295
 Its golden length enormous winded up
 In many a fulgent parabolic fold.
 Heaven's mountains echo. To her ancient walls
 The summons haste, (returning slow), heard there
 Loud as the shoutings of a host of men, 300
 Urging with rage victorious foes that flee.
 Bid by the sound well known, from every wind,
 Now angel, cherub, seraph hastening fill
 Th' empyreal sky. Full speedy is their flight,
 Yet not tumultuous from its speed. In bands 305
 Of differing numbers, but the least not small,
 A host, they fly. Beneath a hierarch,
 High Power, each band, in glorious phalanx form'd,
 Through the celestial ether hastes, beheld,
 As shining silver clouds at morn, that sail 310
 Along the ocean of the vernal sky ;
 Nor slacks its flight, till now it stands upon
 The shore of th' untranspassable broad sea
 Of glory ; where three thousand legions, all
 The hosts of Heaven assembled, stand ere long, 315
 Circling the throne of God. Th' assembly great
 And good (God's eye beholds it with delight),
 Thrice down adoring falls before Him, God
 Of Nature, Sire of all : its God and Sire :
 And thrice uprising, Alleluiah sings. 320

The Powers. Straight from the throne eternal forth
 Is giv'n the sign of coming voice. 'T is seen.
 Th' ethereal myriads thrice adore : then list,
 Or veiling their bright faces with their wings,
 Or prostrate laid upon the Heaven ; all hush'd 325
 As ocean's billows at the awful noon
 Of night, what time dread Thunder, muffled up
 In clouds on clouds, terrific cloak, sails high
 In ether, and wide Nature all aghast,
 In breathless presage, waits the bursting forth 330
 Of his resistless wrath, perhaps to dash
 To shivers portions of the world below.
 So hush'd lists Heaven, while Deity, with voice
 Of logos, heard upon the farthest hill
 Thrice awful in sublimity, yet mix'd 335
 With sweetness so divine, as more transcends
 The melting sweetness of th' empyreal harps,
 By angels roused to ecstasy, than these
 The harsh pipes of discordant man sev'n times,
 Thus tells His will, which is unchanging fate. 340
 Ye Powers of Heaven, who stand in faith before
 Our Presence, hear : and hear with pity, sons ;
 For ignorance and evil, at this hour,
 O'erwhelm, in general flood, Our thousand worlds :
 As know ye partly from the tidings brought 345
 To Heaven full often by the heralds come
 From your ethereal brethren, station'd through
 Creation's worlds, to tend the good, protect
 And aid their mortal weakness, and to be
 The ready servants of Our providence. 350

Nor have ye not too learnt what hath produced
 This state among Our mortal sons : Their wills
 Rebellious ; partly sway'd by Our archfoe
 (Hurl'd from the gates of Heaven to lowest Hell
 For mad assault on Our eternal throne), 355
 Seduced and sway'd by him, from this ill work
 Restrain'd not by Our doom, for counsels hid
 In God : but by their own perverseness more,
 Opposing truth and grace, and putting out
 The judging light We had on them bestow'd, 360
 To lead them by its guiding ray to truth ;
 And which had led them, had their wills obey'd.

Nor is their plight a plight of moral ill
 Alone, but too of natural ill conjoin'd
 To moral. Woe, disease, pain, death, throng round 365
 With their fell, noisome hosts, and lay our worlds
 In hated misery deep. Yet sure they serve
 Beneath Our banners, and they work Our will.

For, heavenly Powers, let not the thought intrude,
 The ways of wide Creation's God and yours 370
 Are ways unequal, cruel ; ways not good.
 You and the hosts of nature did We bid
 To being, and to sense of glory' and bliss,
 To make you happy : And that aim away,
 Ye yet had slept in nothing, as at first : 375
 An aim of good alone, good final, good
 To th' universal host of beings, born
 The sons of Our eternal loins : not aim
 Of glory to Our name. For glory is
 An aim meet save for the created mind : 380

Motive to yours, O Sons of Heaven, and to
 The mortal will: not to the omniscient Nous,
 That in its theian * contemplation sees
 All glory, an infinity of fame,
 The natural guerdon of its deeds divine; 385
 Thence cannot care for the applauding hand
 Of those it made, and whose applause beats not
 With wisdom, never by dim eye misled
 To judgment wrong. Benevolence, not the love
 Of glory, moves th' almighty arm. And We, 390
 O sons immortal, in translating you
 And all that live, from non-existence, death,
 To life, look'd not for praise. We but foresaw
 It freely granted by the pious mind.
 This We beheld, but feeblest urging power 395
 To work gave not to the all-working arm
 Such picture. Love of spreading happiness
 Gave it the motive full. Nor deem Our aim
 In granting being to unbeing things,
 Sense to unfeeling nought, as wholly made 400
 Of none effect, or yet half-frustrated.
 Though to the finite vision's partial view
 All seems a chaos wild of aimless ills,
 These ills are needful all to build the scheme
 Coeval with our mind: by Us conceived 405
 When brake th' eternal dawn, and which by Us
 This hour, as through all hours, is seen complete:
 By Us, whose mind, at one intuitive glance,

* From *Suof*, divine.

Scouring th' extent of boundless space and time,
 Things past, things present, and the things to come 410
 Sees present all alike. For are not We,
 O sons, the One ; ev'n He that takes the end
 From the beginning up ? Th' eternal day
 To us is present, when our family all
 Shall sit with us in Heaven. We see them quaff 415
 Bliss to the full : bliss pure and great, as can
 Their finite souls sustain unhurt, uncloy'd.
 No thought, or deed, but those of grateful love,
 Do We perceive : no groan, no murmuring,
 No sigh, no sound but that of joy, We hear 420
 Throughout Our wide creation, all made Heaven.
 Look, Nature's ends, to Us. Look, and be blest.
 We look on you, and we behold no woe.
 Is Heaven not round ? Symphonious songs of joy
 And filial Alleluiahs cease they from 425
 To glad the ear of Us, all-being's Sire ?
 Small is the pity, which is found within
 The finite mind, to that within your God's,
 To hear the groanings of his mortal race.
 But pity must not draw th' eternal mind 430
 From what its never-erring wisdom tells,
 Though ill this hour, is for a higher good
 To come, from odious evil to be born.
 Mix'd worlds of joy and woe are suitable
 To the peculiar mental powers, by Us 435
 Giv'n to the men, who dwell beneath our Heaven,
 Through low Creation : states of being, best
 For the first life of those who dwell therein.

Their habitants and they are like. And, sons,
 Disease and woe, though ill themselves, are sires 440
 Of moral good below, which but for them
 Were not produced. They better make the man
 Who passive moans, and many round, who feel,
 By sympathy, another's woes their own.
 The mechanism of man's mind is framed 445
 By Us to work that operation blest.
 By suffering tried, the good in virtue grow,
 In fortitude and patience; and by pain
 The stony hearts of proud and wicked men
 Are soften'd. They grow humble, and grow good, 450
 Taught in the school of sense, best speediest school,
 Their natural weakness, and the little cause
 They have to boast, or count upon themselves;
 And, too, to read and learn their neighbours' woes
 By woes that touch their own sore heart, so fix 455
 The lesson on their soul, remember'd long.
 And, but for death, doom'd all Our sons below,
 Stern Cruelty and high Oppression still
 Had fearless triumph'd on the ways of sin :
 Death, now a chain of terror, which curbs them 460
 Else wicked without a care; and now a goal
 Raised suddenly, them irreclaimable
 By all beside, to stop as on they rush
 In ill's career, so ruinous to men.
 And lest, ye Powers ethereal, not a groan, 465
 Or sigh, or tear, through our low empire's width,
 Is heaved from pain, or flows from sorrow down,
 And yet not in Our balance weigh'd, or which,

Beneath our all-directing care, not joins
 T' advance and to complete the theian scheme, 470
 For which We made exist the universe :
 The scheme of final, universal bliss.
 This We have purposed. And Our will shall stand.
 Th' Eternal. Lo! above the burning clouds
 Encompassing the throne invisible, 475
 Flames up the spiral sign of Godhead pleased,
 Scourging the farthest hills of Heaven with glare
 Insufferable, but past the lightning's age
 Endures not. Else in full dark night had set
 Not only Heaven's bright vision all, but all 480
 Through the broad universe. Struck by the sign,
 Struck through, straight prostrate fall th' immortal orbs
 O'ercome with glory, but ere long spring up ;
 At once they spring. And now with thoughts that soar
 What height ! the numberless of Heaven, upon 485
 The brink of th' untranspass'd dread flood, thrice round
 Adore : thrice round their golden crowns, whose gems
 Scorn stars, cast down before the Throne : thrice round
 Shout Alleluiah, and Heaven's gates reply :
 Then fired with angel rage, in transport pure, 490
 To song-sweet voices add celestial pipes
 That die ecstatic in soul-melting strain,
 Organs, which stir devotion in the heart,
 And raise the thoughts to God himself, with harps
 That make the bosom quiver with high bliss : 495
 Empyrean instruments of every kind,
 The kinds innumerable (most unknown to men,
 And all the noblest) add, and join as one :

As one the numberless of Heaven join round,
And thus salute th' eternal ear well pleased. 500

Good, O most High, are all Thy works and ways.
Righteous Thy acts, for Thou lov'st right, and Thou
Art wise to know, and powerful to perform,
As good to will the good of all Thy sons.
No cope Thy wisdom, and no girdle knows 505
Thy power. And sure untaught the wisdom, sure
The power ungiven, O great first cause of all.
For where the science, where exists the strength,
And not Thy gift, O king of worlds and Heaven,
And not the produce of Thy energy? 510

And infinite as Thy wisdom and Thy power,
So is Thy goodness, God. Th' angelic mind
Burns with unceasing love in Heaven, and love
Doth sometimes warm the human heart below :
What is man's love? or what the angel powers' 515
Compared with Thy pure love of all Thy sons,
O equal father of Thy universe?

Thus the celestial concert. Nor untouch'd
With the devotion of His faithful hosts,
From down His throne, again the great dread One. 520

Sons, now hath come the plenitude of time
In Our eternal bosom mark'd to save
Our worlds: to raise them from their ill estate,
And bring them back to goodness all, by truth,
Taught by a general prophet, sent to each, 525
In the high name of God, to teach and save.
And, Sons, such general prophet doth our mind
Divine decree to send into each world

Throughout our low Creation, send and claim
 By high command, with good and ill made strong, 530
 Faith in his name : for that the general host
 Are fashion'd chiefly by the power of name
 To be drawn to obedience and true good :
 And for the name of prophet high and dread,
 Come from Our throne, and as ambassador 535
 In Our great name of deity to them,
 To tell Our laws divine, and Our designs
 Of grace, seen such, and such believed, shall be
 A home-felt chain, shall draw the general host
 With proper power, not all the massiest links 540
 Of natural fair and good, connected well,
 Could draw men with, found chain of chaff : not such
 This chain, which on man's weakness laying hold
 Will drag them still ev'n by th' imperfect powers
 Of their inferior fate, to climb the hill 545
 Of goodness, steep to them. The general host
 (Each by another's voice urged on, and all
 More warmly from a common league, which hath
 One common aim and looks to one high goal)
 Shall bend their gaze of love with reverence mix'd, 550
 To the Heaven-sent ambassador, as though
 Visible God. They still in general song
 Of fond admiring love, shall sing his name :
 Nor this alone : but walk too in his ways :
 Both with high transport still rehearse his words, 555
 And give obedience to his bidding voice,
 As to the voice of God heard audibly ;
 Or to his tablets yield their wills, as held

The writings of the everliving king
 Who sent him. This shall be. For we will prove, 560
 To faith, his mission forth from Us, by deeds
 Of wonder done through him : such deeds, as all
 Shall own none but th' omnific arm could do :
 A mode of proof most speedy, and most strong
 To the great mass of men. They little know 565
 To find out truth by moral links, too fine
 For their gross vision ; but are smitten much
 By wondrous things, which still they seek, and still
 Believe, when told, though on thin credit stay'd.
 The superstitious times, through which the truth 570
 Messian hath to pass, for many an age
 Ere shine the noon of reason's day, first made
 To dawn by the Messian sun, claim this
 Approving way, and make it way of God.
 For 't is not for Messian truth, though pure 575
 To eye of sage, made clear by study long,
 To force its path through th' ignorance and rage
 Of superstition, save it be beheld
 Assisted by God's arm ; which shall assist.
 Faith in such prophet, common to great realms, 580
 Will tend, too, Heaven, to soften national hate,
 And national notions, fount of so much wrong,
 Such cruel deeds. To own themselves both sons
 Of one good God, and pupils of one Seer,
 Will tame this rancour, and rouse brothers' love. 585
 This is our ancient purpose ; this reveal'd :
 To send such prophets, and such way approve.
 And first, to give it being, and begin

Our great Messian aim, We go t' anoint
 Jesus of Nazaret, Our proper son 590
 (And born, list Heaven, to an inheritance
 Great over all, as ye shall learn ere long)
 Messiah to the Earth ; fair midway world
 In the first System which adjoins our own.

Him have We destined to that office prime, 595
 There, to regenerate the race of men ;
 And thus to save it, in Our name, and by
 Our power, from forth its dark and ruin'd state :

A state to be deplored. The general night
 O'erspreads its thousand climes. For putting out 600
 Th' original light from Heaven (bestow'd on men

To shew the way to truth) they still pursued
 Their darkening fancies, till in total night
 Bewilder'd now they grope, and wander on
 Farther and farther from the road to Heaven : 605

All, save Jehudah, which through counsel high
 (Not to be understood by less than God)
 We chose from out the thousands of its world,
 To know Our real name, and to maintain
 Unquench'd th' ethereal fire of truth divine. 610

They bend them to the works of their own hands,
 Adore the beings by their fancies made,
 Or to Our creatures give the glory due
 To Us, the God who made them and sustains.

Thinking of Godhead with ideas form'd 615
 From things seen by the eye of man, they count
 Their great Supreme (Earth's darkest clime still holds
 High o'er its hosts of Gods, a God supreme)

As but a sovereign of a loftier throne
 Than any earthly, and encompass'd round 620
 With clearer glory ; while within his breast
 Reigns Passion, ofttimes with a lawless sway,
 As in the mortal. And their lower gods
 Are held in all things like themselves ; compeers
 And often worse : gods bloody or obscene, 625
 And so to be adored by them with blood,
 Or rites of wantonness. They form no thought
 Of an Eternal Mind of theian frame,
 Wherein ill passion never raged, nor rage
 Can ever : which an infinite distance off 630
 From cloud of hate, or storm of ire, is all
 A full blue sky of love, and how much more
 Serene and placid than their noblest eve.
 Not such of God their notions. Whence it comes
 They walk with easier mind along the paths 635
 Of evil, and put not their reason forth
 To stop desire on its career. For this
 Their Gods do not. Their God supreme, ev'n he
 O'er Passion's neck flings not the curbing rein.
 Such as his God, such, sons, the mortal stands : 640
 Benevolent with benevolent, ill with ill :
 As with a God of powers debased, still seen
 Full vile, so with the true great God, true man.
 A God of love pours social kindness down
 Upon man's soften'd soul, and he is found 645
 An angel made by an Eternal Good ;
 But wrath and hatred from an angry Heaven
 Are shed, and with a fiend upon its thro' e

Man rages, shudders still with thoughts of Hell,
 Malevolent, unfriendly, vengeful, proud, 650
 And stern and gloomy, like his ruthless god.

But Earth shall know her God's true name, and bear
 The marks of knowing it; though ignorance now
 And evil are through all her climes, and spread
 Thick night unlighted by one ray from high, 655
 Save from some glimmering stars o'er every land
 By Us set up, to save from total dark,
 Till the great morn, when shall the sun of truth,
 Our Seer, Messiah, bursting through the gloom
 With potent rays scourge off all sable shade, 660
 And kindle the blest day, that shall grow up
 In brightness of pure truth and love and peace,
 Till full it blazes as the day of Heaven.

Pauses th' Eternal. And the circling hosts,
 While tears of joy from forth their laden eyes, 665
 Bright as the suns of night, start big, to hear
 The high salvation destined by their God,
 The men of earth, by them true brothers held
 Of lower doom, and angels, though in flesh,
 Shout thrice, shout long. And with their shouts struck up
 The high celestial symph'nies rage. Heaven's hills 671
 Too join their gladness; and its lucent air
 Elastic catches up the general joy,
 And tells it off the space of many worlds
 Beyond th' empyreal walls. All hush'd again, 675
 From forth the light. Go straight, Aridael true,
 And hither bring the chariot of thy God:
 Grave Sebael, thou the banner of Our Heaven:

And ye, Our faithful hosts, prepare t' attend
Your God to central Earth, there to install 680
Jesus, her prophet and spiritual prince,
And the Regenerator she so needs ;
Her Saviour : send him forth to teach her sunk
In ignorance dark, spread Heaven's pure laws of love
O'er her ten thousand realms, and give her eyes 685
Of faith the pattern of true man, a form
Visible of th' invisible true God.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

**THE DESCENT OF THE SCHECHINAH TO EARTH; AND THE
INSTALMENT OF JESUS AS MESSIAH.**

ARGUMENT.

THE symbol of Godhead descends to Earth, to meet which the Logos-symbol leaves Jesus amid darkness and a dreadful tempest: Suddenly he beholds the glory of approaching Deity, and falls breathless on the ground. The chariot of God now reaches Earth, and the tempest is rebuked. Ozriel touches Jesus with a rod, restores him to consciousness, and then stands by his side, in the form of a man, to give him confidence in the presence of such august beings. Satan, attracted by the glory of the spectacle, draws near; but the great Reminoel advances against him, and he is driven off. Deity now makes known to Jesus the office of Messiah, and enquires if he be willing to purchase salvation for men with his blood. He is willing. And forthwith he is anointed Messiah, and the Judge of men; while God swears that every knee in Heaven and Earth shall bow to him, and every tongue confess him to be Lord. He is commanded to sojourn forty days in the desert. A guard of Cherubim is appointed to him. And the symbol of Logos again surrounds him to fit him by inspiration for the office of Messiah.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE Captain of Heaven's chariot-guard, the Power
Commanded, hastens to the chariot place
Of Heaven ; an ample vale, between two hills,
Whose sides of brass rise steep, rise bright to view,
As the sun-gilded orb that lights the night, 5
High in the splendour of her fulness seen.
Come thither, he ascends a mount amid
The vale, aloft on which stands sole the car
Divine, the workmanship of God's own hands,
And like th' artificer. As Sol from down 10
His height at noon-day, golden rays it pours
On Heaven's unnumber'd cars of blazing show,
Ranged on the plain around. There to its sprite
Who dwells in it, its moving power, its soul,
He gives the order of its God. This heard, 15
With gladness down the mount it rolls self-moved
From every part forth-volleying rays of flame
So many and bright, that to the watery eye
A ball of molten silver pure it seems.
And to the throne of Heaven it bends its way, 20

Self-guided ; of created hands the touch
 Not deigning to endure, for God reserv'd
 A virgin receptacle. When a stream
 In harvest-time, swoln from the sky's black clouds,
 The reservoirs of water stolen by heat 25
 From ocean's ample store, disdains its mounds,
 And from amid the mountains in high rage
 Sweeps red and foaming o'er the yellow fields,
 The hills return the roar, the dale resounds :
 So Heaven's wide circuit, from the car of God, 30
 While hastening onward to th' eternal throne.

Meantime from the celestial storehouse come,
 The standard-bearer of the God of hosts,
 High Sebael, prince seraphic, and most grave
 Of all th' ethereal powers, an ancient sire : 35
 For as among God's mortal sons on Earth,
 Among his high immortal sons in Heaven,
 Fair youthful grace, and the less showy port
 Of middle years, and age's graveness mild,
 Yield differing ranks, give sweet variety. 40
 Not that immortals change in years ; for form'd
 At first full what they are to be, young Powers,
 Mid-aged, or fathers grave, from infancy
 They grow not up like man, nor yet, like him,
 Climb to frail age, grown children weak again ; 45
 But thrice three thousand ages hence shall be
 What they are at this hour, and what they were
 Created by their maker. Still the same,
 They are that now which future man shall be.

This patriarchal chieftain angels view 50

With filial eyes, and at a distance bend.
 Such are his looks, his form, his port, he' inspires
 Such reverence in immortals, as in men
 (Terrestrial things with heavenly to compare)
 A sire of state, upon whose head hath age 55
 Conferr'd her silver honours, still revered
 When by the worthy worn. He thrice twelve years
 Hath ruled the empire, and for millions toil'd
 T' augment their happiness: confess'd by all
 Their friend, their father: steady for their rights, 60
 Yet striving much to soothe the people's rage
 For ruthless war, rous'd oft by causes slight.
 And still, though nature prompts him to retire
 From place so high and stormy to the ease
 And shelter'd quiet of the private vale, 65
 His love of doing good, not lust of power,
 And the strong wishes of his country, keep
 Him on the height of sway. Of princelike form,
 He moves with port majestic; and, though time
 With its strong marks hath stamped his countenance clear,
 Yet mid the sage's dignity shines mix'd 71
 The smiling gay benevolence of the youth.
 Where'er he comes, the people crowd to view
 The veteran lov'd, the common friend of all;
 Nor cease with fondness, yet with awe, to gaze 75
 As on a being from a higher world.
 Such Sebael is among the powers of Heaven.
 But through the opening angel multitude,
 That bends on either hand, the seraph moves
 Bearing God's banner, which to touch for him 80

Alone is lawful; to all others ill,
 And were sure ruin. From a blazing length
 Of diamond it waves wide its ample web,
 White as the snow of hills, on which are wrought
 With purple dy'd by God and gems of Heaven, 85
 Upon this side mysterious ciphers, known
 Save to the maker, God; on that, two Powers,
 Fair Truth and Love, encircling with fond arms
 A beauteous smiling infant form, their child,
 Whose name is Peace. How glorious to the sight 90
 The whole; in richness seen excelling far
 The bright aerial gildings of proud Sol,
 When from the mountain's top he takes farewell
 Of upper Earth, there loitering fondly, scarce
 Enduring to leave her his much-lov'd realm, 95
 To th' usurpations of Night's gloomy Power.
 But now from down th' eternal hill descends
 And fills the car divine an orb of light,
 Schechinah visible of deity
 Invisible. But darkness, robe of God, 100
 For sake of finite eyes is cast around
 The orb; yet sure its darken'd glory still
 Shines like the sun's on summer noon. Then straight
 The car hastes on with rapid wheels, yet hastes
 With guarded majesty, as conscious of 105
 The infinite dignity of what it bears.
 Aloft before, Heaven's four chief heralds fly
 Each with his mighty blazing trump; and fast
 By God's right hand, upon a livid cloud,
 More dark and awful from the blaze around, 110

Rides Thunder, terrible and puissant Power,
 By whom th' incens'd Eternal speaks and acts,
 The visible dread representative
 Of Nature's God in wrath. In His right hand
 Flame shafts that rend the oaks, and shake the hills, 115
 The shafts of wrath omnipotent. Upon
 His brow and in His eyes, seen full of God,
 Sits awful Menace sternly fierce, and seems
 To threat perdition to all finite ill,
 Though wide as Nature's land. And sure such threat
 Were work of the mere waving of his arm, 121
 Whose every nerve is strung with deity.
 Yet though a dreaded Power, a friend that loves,
 Is He: a champion to the meanest man,
 Whose heart delights in good. O glorious fate 125
 To have so dread a puissance for a friend
 And champion. But He is the natural foe,
 And of all foes the worst, to him that's ill,
 Or man or angel. Dreadful is your doom,
 O ye that have Him for a foe. To think 130
 Of sin's existence mere, his natural hate
 Stupendous oftimes rages to such height,
 Save for the Word of God, confess'd His king,
 And whose voice sole can bid him back to peace,
 (Each finite voice disdain'd as is the man's, 135
 That to the raging ocean says, Be still,)
 He would commix the mid and outmost parts
 Of wide creation, making its great realm
 One burning waste, like Hell. On God's right-hand
 Rides the dread Puissance; and behind the car 140

Is Sebael with Heaven's banner, moving bright
 In undulations glorious to the eye.
 A guarding troop of warlike seraphim
 Its either side attends. Upon their heads
 Shine golden helmets, and above the helms 145
 Wave lofty plumes of every beauteous dye,
 Like palm-trees flourishing. Behind their wings
 Are cast orbicular shields, that blaze, famed shields
 Impierceable to any stroke of power
 Beneath divine ; and in their right-hands swords 150
 Of fire threat ruin to assailants all ;
 But who will spurn the threat ? And now move on
 Heaven's hosts in files well-form'd : each host behind
 Its hierarch, and with it borne aloft
 Its proper ensign, that the ravish'd eye 155
 Beholds such golden forests, as glad Sol
 On a fair summer morning, when he looks
 With horizontal glance from Halidown :
 The train of God, and worthy deity.
 The walls of Heaven, built of bright diamond, 160
 As would th' Andean hills on fire, now rise
 Upon their view : Heaven's walls not to be pass'd
 By finite beings. God hath built them so
 To be eternal bounds. The heralds four,
 Reaching the gate of sevenfold adamant, 165
 By which Heaven's Powers descend from Heaven to Earth,
 Straight with their swords of fire (the four bright flames
 Put forth as one, with skilful hands) the lock
 Full of residing spirit, touch. It bursts
 With thunder sound, yet sweet as dying flutes 170

At evening to fond lovers' ears, the gate
 Self-opening on its golden hinges sweeps
 A mighty circle outward, and affords
 A space for passing, ample as the straits
 Through which a ceaseless flood, not to return, 175
 From the vast Atlantean ocean rolls
 Into the Midland sea. Upon the eye
 Angelic bursts a scene worth God's own sight.
 Unnumber'd worlds in regular systems form'd
 With skill divine, move in high beauty round 180
 Their proper suns, which centric hung, by chains
 Invisible, to th' everlasting throne,
 Yield light and heat, bereft of which were found
 Creation an uninhabitable waste.
 A thousand comet-stars with trains that blaze 185
 Are seen to wander : there, some lesser down
 Near Chaos' skirts : here, others larger seem
 To threaten the walls of Heaven with furiate speed ;
 Wandering, as to the trembling eye appears,
 On lawless courses, but in truth led on 190
 In system's strictest cords. High-ravish'd halt
 The heavenly hosts awhile : awhile they halt
 To view the spectacle divine, and lo !
 The theian symbol brightens to behold
 The work of Logos, God's artificer. 195
 Heaven's threshold, paved with blazing gold, now cross'd
 The azure clime, that lies between the walls
 Celestial and Creation, next receives
 God's chariot. It prepares to fly. Straight spread
 Them out eight wings (its wings are Cherubim 200

The steeds of God) deck'd in the plumes of Heaven,
 Of hues so many' and bright, that far surpass'd
 Seems pale the bow. The bow of old renown
 (The sign to man against a second flood)
 Which summer's brilliant western Sun depaints 205
 Upon the sable east, assail'd by clouds
 That would usurp its region, but opposed
 Send downward in big rattling drops, and make
 The flowers revive and fields again look green,
 Beside them placed, would shrink from sight. It flies.
 Nor lags the host, but mid revolving worlds, 211
 Hastes downward fleetly as the gold-wing'd darts,
 Which Sol at noon, with perpendicular aim
 Shoots down on blazing Afric's middle realms.
 Unnumber'd systems, centred all by suns, 215
 That seem to look more glorious, seem to move
 In nobler order from the presence high
 Of their own God, in his schechinah seen,
 Are view'd around, through space immeasurable,
 When God's bright chariot on the upper bourn 220
 Of our wide solar system (to the bounds
 Adjoining of Heaven's own, the central orb
 Of round Creation's millions) makes a pause;
 And the symbolic dove that late had led
 Up Jesus to the wilderness, arrives, 225
 There leaving him to darkness and dire storm.
 So God ordains, that the unwonted dark,
 Amid th' empyreal light, might make more dread,
 More solemn, his inauguration high,
 And sudden change upon his memory grave 230

So deep the scene, the rudest files of Time
 Shall never wear it out : a scene of God,
 Scene such as Nature never saw but once,
 What time the One divine, in theian car,
 Eternal Logos and eternal Spirit, 235
 God's hands, with him on either side, rode forth
 To build the fabric of Creation fair.
 Commanding Godhead in his word, he spake
 And placed ten thousand thousand worlds in space,
 While the celestial hosts pour'd forth behind 240
 Millions on millions, made his universe,
 New-built, through all its great circumference,
 Ring echoing with hosannahs high to Him,
 Its builder. Sure that memorable time
 Shall sole of all be liken'd to this night 245
 Of the instalment of Messiah : God
 Himself to Earth descending, and with Him
 All Heaven, to put that name on Jesus. He
 Left solitary, stands amid a night,
 Through whose thick gloom no starry gleam finds sway ;
 But clouds on clouds inwrapping all around, 251
 Blacken the scene to more than common night.
 Nor is it dark alone ; for from the west
 Howl creatures horribly : the big rains dash,
 And loudly bellowing rave the maniac fiends 255
 Of tempest. In dread manner seems to roll
 Tremendous thunder, circling Heaven's dark heights.
 And oft athwart the fearful midnight glare
 Red lightnings. At the feet of Jesus Hell
 Appears to ope. Earth wildly quakes. She groans ;

And sure her end seems come. Mid such a night 261
 And such dire storm he left alone, and from
 Th' inspiring trance recovering, thus cries out.

Where am I, O my God? How hither come?
 O sevenfold horrors!—whither shall I flee? 265
 'T is darkness of the shades of death: 't is as
 The storm of Sinai hill. O God, my God,
 What have I done, that this hath come to me?
 By Jordan late I stood, and now I am
 Amid Hell's horrors. God of grace, my Sire, 270
 Give me to instant death, if so Thou wilt,
 But me from this horrific gloom O save.

When on his eyes, upturn'd to Heaven, bursts through
 The awful dusk the glory' of coming God,
 More dazzling from the blackness round. In flames 275
 Of deity the God of nature comes!
 He cries, straight falling prostrate in a trance
 Upon the bibulous sand. God's chariot wheels
 Touch Earth. She to her lowest depths would shrink,
 Woods bend them, valleys tremble, hills would flee. 280
 And now Thy Logos, O eternal king,
 Peace, warring elements. And all is still.

Gone is the gloom, heard is the storm no more,
 But all around is as the twilight calm
 Of May, while o'er the soft green fields, or through 285
 The scented woods, the musing good man roams,
 To taste the sweets of nature, then most sweet,
 When the kind seraph Ozriel, at a voice
 From out the Cloud of Glory, with a rod
 Of virtue touches softly Jesus' head, 290

Intranced as he lies stretch'd. Straight on his feet
 He quicken'd stands, and gazes wildly round
 Upon the glorious spectacle ; with fear
 Shaken, with fear and strong amazement mix'd,
 On the vast train upreaching to the verge 295
 Of Earth's wide annual sphere ; for all the hosts
 Of Heaven (save those left compassing the Throne,
 But not for safety's sake ; th' omnipotent,
 In power, on every spot of space alike
 Is fully present, though invisible) 300
 Are in the train, and to have stood stretch'd out
 In horizontal lines it sure had throng'd
 Twice twenty times the length of Earth. Embower'd
 In clouds of power divine uprais'd, 't is hid,
 But not from eyes immortal. Hither drawn 305
 By the strange sudden brightness of the train,
 From plotting ill, or working it through Earth ;
 Comes Satan near, archfoe of God and man.
 In semblance of a hermit with white locks,
 He comes, and on the chariot, spouting rays 310
 That kindle midnight to no common noon,
 Then on the train immense, by him soon known
 Th' ethereal hosts come down, he fiercely pores,
 Boiling with fury at the peerless pomp
 Of deity, whom to compeer dares soar 315
 His vanity insane. He pores, but oft
 Through pangs of envy turns his brow away
 To scape the hateful blaze, which yet the gloom
 Behind to his scorch'd eyes, regazing now,
 Gives greater brightness, sharpening up his pangs. 320

He stands so tortured, when at God's command,
 To drive th' archfiend from hearing the pure scheme
 Messian, Heaven's best scheme and last, this hour
 To be unfolded to the son of God,
 Reminoel, high commander of the guard 325
 Celestial, great archseraph, and most brave
 Of all the brave of Heaven, whose heart ne'er knew
 To shake save at the voice of Thunder, moves
 On from behind God's banner, where he stood
 Foremost in place of the empyreal train. 330
 High on his brow sits valour ealm, sublime,
 That seeks a peer, yet would not find a peer,
 Ay, in a legion of the angels fallen,
 With rage infernal rushing ; yet, fast by,
 On the same brow sits cherub sweetness ; that 335
 Portending to each power beneath his God,
 If foe of God or man, dire ruin ; this
 Inspiring in each heart by virtue warm'd
 Sure confidence of safety. Vestured high
 In the best panoply of Heaven, he moves. 340
 Above his adamantine helmet waves
 A crest of lofty plumes, which seem to show
 More brightly, with a nobler motion wave,
 From moving on against God's enemy ;
 And Heavenly mail encases up his form 345
 Mail light as cloth of cassimere, cloth weaved
 For queens, yet such of temper, from its touch
 Resilient and unpiercing flies each stroke
 Of finite power. On his left arm he bears
 His buckler, mighty orb of diamond 350

Empyrean, from whose sun-like face shoot forth
 Unnumber'd rays, as a chrystalline lake,
 Shined on by a high summer's sun at noon.
 And in his noble hand, hand almost nerved
 To grasp and hurl dread Thunder's shafts, he holds 355
 A sword of God unshiverable, whose edge
 Divine, save goodness, naught gainsays : in size
 Huge as ten meteors, in whose ruddy glare,
 Waving o'er Caledonia's land, are seen
 Dire bloody War and fearful things to come, 360
 By her grave swains upgazing. On he moves
 In gait majestic. As would Lebanon,
 The mighty Lebanon of old renown,
 Renown'd for woody majesty, moved on
 With all his host of cedars at the nod 365
 Of Him Jeshurun worshipp'd ; so moves on
 Towards the archfiend the archseraphic Power,
 And thus to him in th' ear of listening Heaven.
 Depart, O thou self-tempted foe of Love
 And Grace divine ; for though thy Hellish self 370
 Thou vesture in a form of innocence,
 Purest of human, yet such form assumed
 Cannot beguile our eyes, to reckon thee
 Another than lost Lucifer : than him
 Who covers o'er most foul ambition, aims 375
 Of ruin, with the cloak of freedom. Go,
 Nor longer dare profane this hallow'd scene
 With thy ill presence, or before my God
 And thine, I will th' invincibility,
 Ascribed to thee by flattering fiends, assay ; 380

And through His help, I trust this hour to shew
That vict'ry, by a just and fair decree,
Is doom'd the friend of Heaven against its foe.

At this the archseraphic fiend shines up
To his dread native form, with sudden glare, 385
As of a rapid sky-flash, darting through
The hill-born fogs that whelm in pitchy dark
The rigorous night of winter, and the gloom
Far around illuming with a blood-red light :
And in a tone of high audacious pride. 390

It well beseems thee, O empyreal slave,
Whose mind from thy luxurious place, the plain
Of joy, ne'er dared a glance at freedom's hill,
O'er blazing rocks of Hell, that fill the view
With glory, bright beyond, how far beyond, 395
Th' enduring of a mind so slavish, weak,
Degenerate as is thine, to utter words
Of such a regal sort, and with a tone
So regal too, to Lucifer, as though
To some vile Power unknown. Am I not he, 400
Who scorning venal bliss most high, and woe
Most cruel, dared assert, assert and win
The freedom of immortal hosts? not he,
Whom wide Creation's mid and outmost worlds
(Their people, though of minds but mean, yet far 405
In soul excelling you, immortal slaves)
The pay of flattery nobly spurning, hymn
As their true king and sole. Nor ween, O Power,
Presumptuous and so vain, though at thy back
Assistant stand the armies of the sky, 410

In slavery's gorgeous trappings ; and though stand
 The signs of Him who, bliss-bribed thou sing'st,
 In puissance, as in wisdom, knows no peer,
 From thy ambitious sword shall shrink the arm
 Though lone. Advance, O gairy warrior, thou 415
 That stalk'st so boldly in the confidence
 Of what thou seest behind. Advance, and since
 Thy soaring vanity impels thee on
 To front the proper foe of Him thou serv'st ;
 This sword of freedom, in thy foil, with ease 420
 Accomplish'd, shall reward with vengeance due
 Thy fond ambition, and assert Heaven's hosts
 Foul slaves, high Freedom's native enemies.

The dire archseraph, first of evil Powers.
 To whom Reminoel, struck with horror harsh 425
 At sounds so grating to the Heavenly ear,
 And back recoiling on abhorrent steps.

Cease, cease, O Power supreme in ill, thy words,
 Envenom'd with worst horror, blasphemies
 So dire, th' unblushing Power of night itself 430
 Shrinks at the sound.—O Sire of falsehood, well,
 Well hast thou, and in hellish manner, shewn
 'T is to the blaze of glistening words to gild
 With truth's bright semblance, falsity, though dark
 As Hell's, as thine. Not we, ye fiends are slaves. 435
 Not we, that freely serve th' Eternal Good,
 Who waked us into being, to enjoy
 Celestial bliss ; and waked us unimplored,
 While we in joyless non-existence slept.
 Him, worthy of the ever-bended knee 440

Of adoration pure, we freely serve,
 Free from infuriate passion's yoke, dire yoke :
 A liberty in which is freedom's all.
 While ye, still dragg'd on by ambition (deem'd
 But O how falsely, freedom) bear a chain 445
 Vile slavery's heaviest and most shameful load :
 A chain, whose burden would weigh down to Hell
 A legion of free Powers. But go, false fiend,
 I will no more such dire communion hold.
 No longer with thy Hellish discourse scourge 450
 Heaven's ear, or with thy Hellish form profane
 A place, made holy with the Presence dread
 Of the Schechinah of our God, of Him,
 Who made thee with thy hosts rebellious all :
 Who still moves all thy motions : and the breath, 455
 The gentlest gale, of whose enkindled ire
 Omnipotent, could blow thee and thy hosts
 At once to' eternal nothing. Nay, the God,
 Whom in thy pride thou dar'st thus to blaspheme,
 Could give a host of grasshoppers to sweep 460
 Thee and thy boasted legions o'er the field
 Shrieking and fleeing, or in shameful rout
 On rout o'erturn'd ; so did His counsel will.
 But in His service high thou toil'st, ev'n thou,
 O fiend, and all thy fiends : in all your aims 465
 Obedient, though rebellious. Him ye own
 A God in wisdom and in power unpeer'd,
 Thou and thy fiends ; and own with voices loud
 Beyond most other ; though in a harsh strain.
 As Heaven's own high. But speed thee, or this sword

Shall chase thee bellowing through the gates of Hell. 471
 He these. And straight his wondrous sword, to which
 The hill of Carmel with its darksome woods,
 And its internal rocks deep-clasp'd in rocks,
 Would give but small resistance, raising high, 475
 Three times around his head he waves the form
 Terrific : and it seems of purest flame.
 Whereat Hell's monarch, with infuriate breast
 For combat straight prepares : and swelling up
 To magnitude beyond the native, stands 480
 An Alp, that pierces with its head the clouds,
 While North in all its dire tempestuous wrath
 Assails it, but in vain ; or as the hill
 Heclean, whose dire top of fire thick smoke
 With fearful darkness copes. And now is hung 485
 In balance conflict dread, tremendous strife !
 As of two comet stars. The chains which hold
 Them in their course each bursting, both sweep on
 With speed of lightning, towards each other drawn,
 And in their vortex many a planet drag 490
 Along from forth its place, all set on fire :
 Half nature seems to blaze : they meet : The shock
 Shakes wide existence to her ends at once,
 Displaces suns, and shatters far-off worlds :
 To fragments dash'd, the flaming ruins fill 495
 Creation. But unknown in its result
 Is left the battle threaten'd to be fought
 By two such Powers, first of created Powers,
 Whom Logos form'd. For God, Almighty Sire,
 Yet who, like finite beings, wills to work 500

So sweet, so tempting after such a storm,
 Standing upon its banks, and poring on
 Their mutual pictures in the watery glass
 Sees scarce a curl wind on its silver face.
 Such is the soul of Jesus. By his side 535
 In human form (much of the inner Power
 Shines through in radiance of sweet majesty)
 Indued to give to human weakness, lone
 Mid angel powers, the confidence that springs
 Save from the cheering presence of a peer, 540
 Stands Ozriel, tender-hearted Power, whose breast
 Knows but the soft and kind, and in whose mien,
 More mild than the seraphic, smiles pure love.
 And well he Jesus cheers : to whom from forth
 The symbol blaze, the Good ; not with the voice, 545
 The awful, used to address the hosts of Heaven,
 At every sound th' empyreal universe
 Shaking ; but voice more fit for mortal ear,
 Soft, yet of deity, The trembling heart
 It calms ; and through the high-enravis'd soul 550
 Sheds truth and goodness, and enkindles love,
 No feeble blaze, nor weakening from its glow.
 So speaks eternal Logos, voice of God.
 Jesus, We thee have chosen from among
 The sons of men, to be from Us to Earth 555
 Our legislative last ambassador,
 Her erring children to regenerate,
 And from a state of rueful night to save,
 Spreading the day of Heaven through all her lands.
 From aim of God to this Jehudah's clime 560

We have the knowledge of our proper name
 For ages past confined. But now hath come
 The day in Our eternal mind ordain'd
 To spread this science over earth, and We
 Will suffer her dark nations hence no more 565
 To grope in night's bewildering dusk, not shined
 Upon by light from Heaven : And many lands
 Shall be as Jacob's, and shall know their God.
 With thee Our Logos, whose omnific voice
 From chaos bade arise an universe, 570
 Built mature, kindled suns, and gave to worlds
 Their being and their motion ; on whose arm
 The basis of existence rests, rests sure,
 Shall dwell intended, as thy own, in flesh.
 By inspiration shall he make thee know 575
 Each truth divine thy office high demands
 The knowledge of, and by thine arm shall do
 Such works of Godlike power, as shall stamp thee
 Messiah incontestably to all,
 Who hearken to their God, obedient sons, 580
 And sons that seek to know their maker's will :
 Drawn to explore those works, seen works perform'd
 Not, with divinity, mean trivial truths
 To stamp, but truths on which their earthly weal,
 And future weal depend ; a science deep 585
 Affecting more the heart of human kind,
 Than that on which is hung th' increase of flocks,
 Or skill in nature's laws, or fame. So shall
 Through Earth be light divine, sweet certainty.
 What scatter'd truths are found in any land, 590

Received from sages (by our Logos taught,
 Though secretly) Heaven's sanction shall obtain,
 And the remaining dark shall be made light ;
 While many nations, that in total night
 Bewilder'd grope, by Heaven's bright sun illumed 595
 Shall be directed to the happy place
 Of truth divine, and true terrestrial bliss,
 To them as yet unknown, but which their God
 Hath will'd them all upon their day to know.

Hear, Jesus ! hear, ye hosts of Heaven ! We give
 A second being to Our mortal sons. 601
 All men shall live again. So We decree.

The present system of terrestrial things
 We purposed to prepare Our mortal sons
 For one more perfect to succeed. In this 605
 Doth misery rage, which, save for aims divine,
 Beneath Our throne had never been ; and sure
 The day shall have its noon, when that dire ill,
 Now necessary to the scheme of God,
 But in itself much hated, shall be found 610

No more within Our realm. A chief part then,
 O Jesus, of the office high mark'd thine,
 Is to promulgate and to prove to men
 This high decree of God, that He will raise
 The universal dead to second life ; 615
 The good to bliss, the bad to punishment :
 That hence the good, though mourning now may wipe
 Their tears with hope, and still in goodness grow
 From prospect of the happy couch, on which
 They all shall rest them from their toils below : 620

And sinners musing on the penal ill
 Foredoom'd for sin, may back from evil's path
 Return and fly to goodness and to God.

This, Jesus, is the work ordain'd for thee,
 And 't is Our fix'd decree that thou begin 625
 The work Messian in Jehudah's land ;
 And that thou with Jehudah bound thy toils,
 Bequeathing to thy followers bold and true
 To bear through Earth the banners of mild Peace.

And listen, Jesus. To begin the work 630
 Messian, it is needful that thou live
 In poverty, and live both wrong'd and scorn'd
 By those, whom to high happiness to bring
 Thy care and toil are giv'n : and that at length,
 By them condemn'd, thou die in public pangs. 635

Son, thou must die upon the cruel cross :
 Such is th' inevitable fate of him,
 Who dares to preach Messian truths before
 A people furious and obdurate, bound
 To ancient notions, and to rites ordain'd, 640
 For visible strong signs of piety,
 In a rude age, to their departed sires ;
 But though the native dowry of the work
 Messian, at this hour of frenzy high,
 The hour most fit, be ignominy' and woe, 645
 And all the direful things of Calvary hill,
 A noble aim it shall accomplish well.
 It will produce an interest deep, and love
 Indelible for thee among thy sons :
 On all the suffering ages of thy church 650

(Nor number small have we ordain'd ere yet
 Messian men shall rest them in soft peace,
 None to annoy them, none to make them fear)
 Conferring high and needed fortitude,
 By holding up the patience under ills 655
 Of their loved prince, the author of their faith;
 And so the person of their hearts, their thoughts,
 And their ambition high to imitate.
 For sire-sprung men aspire with such fond aim,
 Or such keen care, to imitate the deeds 660
 Of none, as of their leader. The more dire
 The misery, and the darker is the shame,
 Which he endures, more courage and more cheer,
 More nobly-daring spirit it bequeaths
 To all his followers. Thus exhorts their love. 665
 If such great woe and such great shame our prince,
 To whom we are but as the desert-sand,
 Bare, and for us, O can we, will we shrink
 To take the cup he took, though bitter cup,
 And drink of it with him? No, we will take 670
 The cup our leader took: We will essay
 To drink it nobly as he did, to be
 The worthy subjects of our high-loved king.
 And thou must die in public pangs, O Son,
 Not that thou only raise an interest warm, 675
 Or yet example only that thou give
 To all the suffering good, thy children, doom'd
 To tread the paths of woe and blood like thee;
 But being raised to life by Our right arm
 Omnific, give proof clear to Earth's last age, 680

And not to be gainsaid by men of truth ;
 Proof moulded in the fashion of the thing
 To be approved ; proof of that doctrine high,
 Which to declare to men thou art sent forth,
 That we, in a like manner, on the day 685
 Predestined by the eternal mind, will raise
 The universal dead. Thou shalt, O son,
 Be raised again, and make th' attested thing
 Sure to the weighing faith of utmost men,
 As though they sang the destined heritage 690
 With Heaven's sweet songs amid Heaven's bow'rs, beheld
 Already blooming o'er their heads, perceived
 Already in the odour high they yield.

And, Son, it is required, that thou give up
 Thy soul before the congregated men 695
 Of Sion-hill, that so no shade of doubt
 Of leaguings friends lurk in the faithful breast
 That only seeming death had cut the cords
 Which tie the soul and body ; sure to lurk
 Wert thou to die upon the peaceful couch 700
 Mid weeping friends, by them to earth consign'd.
 But lo, thy death, inflicted by thy foes,
 And underneath the eyelids of the sky,
 While too thine enemies guard thy mortal form,
 Ev'n in the tomb, shall drive all shade of doubt 705
 From forth the serious breast. A chief part then,
 And not to be avoided, of the work
 Of the Messiah, as the prophet sent
 To publish immortality to man,
 It is, O Son, to die in public pangs : 710

Die with an aim, with which died never man
 On Earth in days now past, and never shall
 In days to come: a voluntary death,
 To which, list Heaven, that of the greatest good
 To this low earth, from out the history cull'd 716
 Of the illustrious band who have their lives
 For men devoted, or shall hence devote,
 Compared, in true advantage to man's race,
 Appears as little, as the good perform'd
 By the most noble of our human sons 720
 Compared with the amount of Deity's
 To no small tribe of men. For he shall die
 T' achieve probation of the second life,
 Decreed by God: by being raised, to give
 Proof to the grossest mental eye, as not 725
 Like only, but the thing to be approved:
 And by his blood, paid down as ransom-price,
 Buy sure salvation to ten thousand lands,
 And give the suffering sons to conquer through
 The blood of him, their sire: to triumph o'er 730
 The opposition both of Earth and Hell,
 Enleagu'd to stop the banners of pure peace.
 Say then, O Jesus, wilt thou thus to live
 Mid want and wrongs, derided, and t' expire
 In torment on the ignominious tree, 735
 The sons of men to save? Art thou resolved,
 And willing, with the cost of pangs and blood,
 To purchase the salvation of a world?
 For sake of mortal ear, descending down
 From theian to angelic argument, 740

Th' eternal God to Jesus, who bends low,
 And with each nerve of his fix'd soul gives heed,
 Ravish'd with joy beyond all mortal sort
 To hear those glorious words. Adoring down
 On earth he falls by Ozriel's thigh : and thrice 745
 He essays to speak, and thrice he cannot speak ;
 Then pauses a long while : words come at length,
 And thus with awe-fill'd heart, and trembling lips.

Jehovah, God of Heaven and Earth, to Thee
 O how shall be my words—the words of clay 750
 To Him, who built creation by His Word,
 And stays it, filling th' infinite orb of space ?
 My lips have not to move. Teach me to speak
 Words proper, words beseeming mortal mouth
 Addressing God. Let from my lips escape 755
 None vain or rash. My strengthen'd soul inspire
 With wisdom, in meet manner to declare,
 That I Thy servant am, and to Thy will
 Made known submit well-pleas'd, that I am he
 Whom Thou hast chosen out to save mankind, 760
 My father's sons. And since thou, God and Sire,
 Hast of Thy grace deign'd to demand my death,
 As needful to advance man's good, and work
 Salvation to his race, I will to die.

He prostrate on the sand. Th' empyreal host, 765
 (The farthest angel hears Messiah's words,
 Such audient power possess those spirits) struck
 At such high-daring love in mortal man,
 Gaze wondering one on other, and they say.

O love heroic ! higher than our Heaven's ! 770

Was ever love like this? Can there be found
 In all the hearts seraphic, hearts that glow
 With love's bright flame, love that will dare to die,
 To die in shame and torment, to restore
 Our nature sunk to Hell? Small are the powers 775
 Of man, but great is sometimes found his love,
 Excelling ev'n th' angelic. Die to save
 The very men, who quaff his purple blood
 Insulting. Goodness wondrous. Love like God's.

They mutually say aloud. At once 780
 Unnumber'd eyes, bright galaxy of stars,
 Concentering fix them on their destined Lord,
 Blazing with rapture to survey a man
 Transcending angel-Powers, a son of Earth,
 The radiance of whose goodness ev'n outshines 785
 The bright celestial: and the thronging rays,
 Shot by this angel-sky, bestarr'd with eyes,
 Much glory to this scene of glory add,
 Or seem to add: when the eternal voice.

Messiah, (such shall henceforth be thy name) 790

Since thou this day hast chosen thus the choice
 More noble, chosen from the hand of God
 Unshrinking, and with cheerful will, to take
 The cup of death, thy brethren lost to save,
 Thine is the guerdon, thine the honour due 795

The first Messiah, thine Messiah now
 To be by God install'd and Judge of men.
 For when thou hast the work Messian closed
 On Calvary hill, to Heaven We will thee bring
 Into Our Presence, there to sit and reign 800

At Our right hand, the prince of Heaven and Earth,
 Upon the Hypotheian seat, whereon
 Th' archfoe of Godhead, Lucifer long lost,
 Ere yet by pride he fell from high, sat throned.
 And as We live, We swear, that all in Heaven 805
 And Earth, dominions, pryncedoms, angels, men,
 All down to thee the subject knee shall bend,
 Their crowns and sceptres flinging at thy feet ;
 And every tongue in both confess thee Lord,
 Thee primate set o'er nature ; by Our gift 810
 Raised to such height, and for Our glory raised.

Th' Almighty swears. High emphasis of oath
 Divine, from the right hand of Deity,
 Dread Thunder lifts his nature-shaking voice
 Aloft three times, and to the ends of Earth, 815
 That quakes through all her varied climes, declares
 The high decree, confirm'd by oath divine.
 But hush'd in holy reverence the Powers
 Adore. Then thus respeaks Omnipotence.

Go forth, Hirozzel, and with the pure oil 820
 Of Heaven, anointing Jesus' head, install
 Him *the Messiah,* and the Judge of men.*

And forth Hirozzel goes, archangel grave
 Of reverend brow, and form to be revered ;
 And from a vase of blazing diamond, 825
 Pours of empyreal oil on Jesus' head.

* Therefore, saith Peter, let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ ; that is, the Anointed, the Messiah, the great promised Teacher, and Prince, in religion, that was to come. Acts, ii. 36.

Then from amid the central glory-blaze,
Schechinah of our God, th' eternal Word :
Our Son Messiah, and the Judge of men.

And Thunder lifts again his voice sublime 830
In Nature's ear : no pause is made : As one
The voices of th' angelic legions join
To shout *Messiah, and the Judge of men :*
Then sing all glory to their God and sire
In strain though sweet, so lofty, that our Earth 835
Well-balanced on her giddy axle shakes.

When Deity. Here forty days sojourn ;
Full forty days and forty nights to come,
Within this wild ; where Logos shall thee fit
For the Messian work, that claims a height 840
Of knowledge and of goodness, which ascends
To the seraphic. And this season now
Accomplish'd full, back to the domes of men,
With Logos fill'd, and clad with theian power,
Be sped thy steps to lift the voice of peace, 845
Th' ambassador of God to man. Be blest.

'T is said ; and now command is forthwith giv'n
Neamoel, captain of a host in Heaven,
And twice twelve cherubim to spread arranged
Along the desert's skirts, to see that none 850
Within the hallow'd region enter, none
For forty days and forty nights to come,
To taint the holy place, or to disturb
Messiah's soul in inspiration rapt :
And after, while he dwells on earth, earth's light, 855
To follow him invisibly, and guard

Him from each evil near, undoom'd by God.

Straightway Neamoel, brave young cherub, bids
Come forth th' empyreal train, the chosen troop
Of cherubim. In heavenly panoply, 860

With gladness they come forth, glad of their fate,
To' attend their destined Lord. Full bright are seen,
Upon a tranquil morning, mighty waves,
Yet gentle, urged on to the sounding shore,
From a strong gale on th' ocean's other side, 865
Illumined with the horizontal rays

Of radiant Sol, just rising from the deep.
So bright are seen the cherubim, while on
They to their stations in the desert march :
All glorious, but conspicuous o'er the rest 870
Neamoel by his beauteous form is known,
And grace of youth, yet a majestic gait.

And now from the Schechinah blaze of God
Rolls down a noble orb of glory, bright
As is the setting sun's ; symbolic sign 875
Of Logos ; and as mid a burning cloud
Wraps up Messiah from th' angelic eyes.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

HEAVEN.

DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN AND ITS ENJOYMENTS.

ARGUMENT.

THE Divine Symbol returns to Heaven, and reascends the eternal throne. The angelic hosts hymn God. They then separate. Heaven and its enjoyments are now sung.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK III.

THE car divine spreads forth its eightfold wings
Cherubic, and from Earth (she trembles long)
Bends up its journey to its native realm,
The Heaven of Heavens: long journey to the thought
Of mortals, not to God's swift car. The hosts 5
Celestial to the solar bourn, as up
In majesty and glory' of God it rides,
Still ope their radiant lines, made pale, and give
An ample passage. Either army low
Bends on the wing, adoring bends; and now 10
In easy order circling round, the Powers
Join in the passing train, and form its rear.
But still as 't is gone up, they cast down looks
Of fond regard and admiration high,
Upon the cloud of glory, hid in which 15
Stands Jesus, hence their Hypotheian king:
Still think upon the man of patriot love
So daring, of benevolence so divine;
And cheer them, though they leave him now below,
They shall ere long behold him on his throne, 20

And in his glory great. And up 't is pass'd ;
 Yet is not left the desert to the gloom
 Of night return'd completely : much drink up
 The thirsty rays of the Schechinah bright
 Of Logos, arm and mind of deity, 25
 That plann'd and built creation, and upholds.

Meanwhile the car of God hath reach'd the verge
 Of our sun-centred system, which adjoins
 The theian place of Godhead visible,
 The first and nearest to that sacred space, 30
 Heaven's orb, round whose vast circle it still moves :
 Proud thought for man, and claiming purer life.
 When, now outlengthen'd to its utmost line
 Is seen th' empyreal train ; vast train : to worlds
 That roll fast by creation's lowest bourn, 35
 If visible to eyes unclar'd by God,
 It had appear'd in brightness and pure light
 Surpassing far three trains of comets, back
 From the immeasured wastes of boundless space
 Resweeping, and with terrour shaking much 40
 The troubled hearts of many a gazing world.

At length th' eternal throne approach'd, from up
 The car the godhead-symbol now ascends
 The hill divine, and mingles in the blaze
 Of uncreated light, that hides the throne 45
 From finite eyes. Then th' empyrean sounds
 From the bright chariot hastening to the mount,
 Its haughty place above th' ethereal cars.

Nor lag th' empyreal hosts. In flaming files
 The beach of glory's untranspass'd dread flood 50

They now approach, and, still as they arrive,
 They stretch around, and circle the dread sea,
 In orbs surrounding orbs, more bright than suns,
 And wider than the orbs of worlds. Before
 Their God thrice prostrate now they fall, and thrice 55
 Shout Alleluiah: thrice the walls of Heaven
 Re-echo loud and long. Then sweet and high
 In song bursts on th' eternal ear each voice
 Of the celestial millions: nor alone;
 Heaven's instruments past numbering join the strain. 60

All-knowing and almighty, peerless One,
 Eternal father, God of grace and love,
 Whose temple, from the unbeginning morn
 Of dread eternity, hath been th' extent
 Of boundless space, a temple worth thyself, 65
 At whose first bidding Chaos was beheld
 A glorious universe, thy power divine
 How shall we hymn? thy goodness how? Above
 The noblest wing of finite thought they soar,
 Hid in th' eternal clouds of deity. 70

Source of existence, and its basis, God,
 Whose frown shakes Nature's vast circumference,
 Whose voice could make her and her wonders all
 Evanish in blank space, before thy throne
 Thee we much-trembling, thee we low adore, 75
 And own us worms in puissance, worms in mind
 Contemplating the heights of God, and works
 Of that great arm, which into being brought
 Us and Creation wide: save for which arm
 Had Nature never been: save for which arm 80

Still working, would she sink in primal naught,
 And silence were through space: deep silence mid
 Thy presence omnipresent; Presence true,
 Alone essential, and from absence isled
 By infinite floods, and floods that ever dure, 85
 Whose names are high eternity and high
 Impossibility: were silence full,
 Surpassing ev'n the silence of the night
 Before the dayspring of creation fair:
 Blest memorable dayspring, when our hosts 90
 First sang the grand creation-song, and made
 Enravis'd Heaven re-echo to the strain:
 From down whose walls God-built, through infinite space,
 Immeasurable clime, slept gloom, seen dark
 As are the shades of death. Confusion's waves 95
 Dash'd horribly, and made dire din. No voice
 Of creature was through all the wilderness
 Of desert space. Thou spakest. And orbs of fire,
 Immense, unnumber'd, kindle in the wild
 Mind-cheering day: then first: while mighty worlds 100
 Encircle them, and move in order bright:
 Worlds, from whose coasts ten thousand thousand tribes
 Of living creatures in unnumber'd strains,
 Strains varying with the kinds, by instinct hymn
 Thee their great author, benefactor, God. 105
 O work of deity, adorable
 In all his works, as in his cares. Ay, hōw
 Unscannable thy cares, dread king of kings,
 Shepherd of Nature, governour supreme.
 And if unscannable thy cares, much more— 110

O what the mind, that cares those cares, and well !
 And such thy cares are, such thy grace divine.
 By Thee lives all the life ; by Thee are moved
 The motions in a thousand thousand worlds.
 From creatures, that evade the mortal eye, 115
 To highest powers, that hymn before thy throne,
 The life, the food, the thoughts, the bliss of all
 Come forth from Thee, O universal Sire.
 Ye hosts of clay, ye many-peopled climes,
 Ye many-clim'd worlds, O join with us 120
 T' extol aloud our common God, who gave
 Us what we have, and made us what we are.
 Gives all, makes all : Him who intends you bliss
 High as angelic in your Heaven to come ;
 Whereof, O Earth, to tell you hath He sent 125
 This day Messiah, and on your drear night
 Make dawn the day-spring of immortal joy.
 Let Earth, let all Creation, let all Heaven,
 Break forth and sing, and be the song of Him,
 The first, the last, the without similar One. 130
 So sing th' angelic orbs, and harmony
 Unwonted seems through nature, and what less
 Could be ? Three thousand hosts of angels sing
 And in the high celestial strain assists
 Those spirits such a combination great 135
 Of instrumental tones, to it compared,
 The noblest concert ever ravish'd man
 In grandeur and variety, would prove
 A few rude oaten pipes : in harmony,
 Discordance harsh. The everlasting Sire 140

Delighted, from the hill, which fiercer flames
 With blaze of God, Well done, O sons beloved,
 And through their quivering frames, spreads bliss, high bliss,
 Empyrean ecstasy and glorious joy,
 Beyond the powers of noblest earthly song, 145
 Nor scarce for a seraphic tongue to tell.
 Thrice now around the hill 't is prostrate fall'n,
 And thrice Heaven's width with Alleluiah rings.
 Then the celestial Powers, their God adored,
 Disperse in order; all disperse, save those, 150
 In circling choice, drawn from the general host
 Before the theian mountain to rejoice,
 And hymn with ceaseless song th' eternal king,
 Until their hour of ministration loved,
 Thought short, is closed. In flaming squadrons fly 155
 The fleet immortals through th' empyreal air,
 Found agitated, like our Earth's by clouds
 Heavy and black, that swiftly flit along
 A summer's noon, grown on a sudden dark,
 But soon again its brightness to resume: 160
 They to their places fly, to tend the fields
 Of Heaven so fair, so pleasant, Earth's to them,
 Yea, sure the sweetest of the high-sung fields
 Arcadian were but dreary barren wilds.
 For here the palace is of Nature: here 165
 Her native Eden, garden blest, wherein
 She loves to walk for ever, and on which
 The whole of her high science and strong arm
 Hath she put forth, that she might roam high-rapt
 Mid the supreme of beauty. Ever here 170

Is seen to ravish'd eyes her woodland form,
Moving in grace and majesty divine.

Here gladdens everlasting spring, immix'd
With autumn ripe. Here grow the trees of life,
Of stature high, whose boughs with branches throug'd
And plumed with foliage, as the emerald green, 176
On this side put sweet-scented blossoms forth,
Which to the eye, with pleasure trembling, seem
Of every bright and lovely hue; on that
Fruits of unnumber'd names, or golden orbs 180
With grass-green streaks enamell'd and bright red;
Fair pyral forms of face smooth, glossy' or rough,
Or thronging glassy globes of glistening brown,
Who to their parents cling with slender arms,
Fearful of falling: some from forth the womb 185
Parental issuing, embryos bent on Heaven,
Ambitious births; some proud and fair in youth,
And some arrived at the full age mature.
Those food, these nectar yield the happy hosts
Angelic; food and nectar, that never cloy, 190
Nor surfeit those who use them: both of taste
Worth Heaven. To them the fruits and wines terrene
Of daintiest gust were ashes and rank gall.

Here stretch out ample plains, clad through all time
In May's sweet garb, and deck'd with scatter'd bands 195
Of Heaven's fair trees: soul-pleasing fields, still seen
In rich and changeless verdure: worth their place.
And ever up at distances, well-plann'd,
Climb hills or mountains of each varying form,
Or beauteous or sublime. A lovely hill 200

Here rises, deck'd with lofty trees, who hold
 The oaks of Earth most daring nothing else
 Than shrubs, that grow fast by a quiet stream,
 And trees whose place is fix'd in Nature's mode
 Of noble disarray ; and to its top 205
 Still gently climbs with graceful footsteps, clad
 In never-fading velvet. There a flood
 Of mighty hills on hills with wildness waves
 Outstretching to immeasurable extent,
 And seems th' eternal mound of Heaven's fair land ; 210
 High-daring hills, whose height and form attain
 The noblest glory of sublimity ;
 And many forests darken their bold sides.
 From out these hills on hills pour rapid streams,
 Each born at once a river ; and o'er rocks 215
 That make an opposition fond, not rude,
 Down hasten to the plain, as brooking ill
 The least delay from Heaven's rich fields. These reach'd
 Enravis'd with such beauty, they divide
 And wander all around t' enjoy each nook 220
 In many a thousand streams, dividing still,
 Until amid the charms of Heaven's fair fields
 Unnumber'd rural streamlets gently rove ;
 Some gaily tripping it o'er pebbles, some
 Lingerin', as through delight, in many a maze 225
 Of polish'd silver ; oftimes wantoning o'er
 Sharp broken marble crags in eddying play ;
 And with a pleasing sound : their margins deck'd
 With thronging flowers, in fragrance and in hue
 Supreme : their lovely forms unnumber'd. Some 230

Place their delight in plain and simple charms.
 Some more ambitious wear a thousand hues
 To fix th' admiring eye. And beauteous shrubs
 Give their assistance to the flowers t' adorn
 Those margins fair beyond the reach of song. 235
 Both shrubs and flowers of countless kinds and names,
 Unknown both to Earth's gardens and her fields.
 The meanest one (to use the speech terrene,
 Where all is noble) would reject for foil
 Earth's noblest ones, ay, with just pride not bear 240
 These for a hedge to bound them, counting all
 Our shrubs and flowers poor thistles, or foul weeds.
 Such fragrance they send forth, as scoffs at Earth's,
 And through the pure celestial atmosphere
 Still billowing, gives Heaven's happy hosts to breathe 245
 In odour high, such as the sons of men,
 Who wander through the woods at eve in June,
 May aim to fancy, but the aim is vain.
 Around such fields, and mid such margins rove
 The happy rills. Nor ween ye, that they run 250
 Terrestrial water: no, far other they;
 Ethereal liquid life, which quaff'd (how much
 More exquisite to the lips than song can tell:
 It to compare with aught that Earth affords
 Were blasphemy, but that 't is ignorance fond) 255
 Dispreads through all the frame ecstatic joy,
 Ethereal life, and vigour ever fresh.
 Still wander round the well-pleas'd rills, and still
 Enamour'd of the beauteous scenes, go slow,
 As loath to leave them, nor at length with haste, 260

Pay they their tribute to the Lake of Life ;
 Vast lake, fast by the untranspassed flood
 Of glory, common receptacle form'd
 For all the Heavenly streams. From them and it
 Th' ethereal nation quaffs immortal health, 265
 In draughts of nectar : while the chrystal flood
 Still gently waving, spreads exhaled among
 Heaven's vegetable races, to the full
 Them feeding with the genial dews of life.
 A cup of it, nor of large circle, sent 270
 Down to the lower people of God's loins,
 Would chase disease from mid no narrow realm.
 From it a nation, nor in number small,
 Expiring fast beneath dire pestilence,
 Earth's horror and the bane of men, would drink 275
 Pure instantaneous health, and sacred life
 Beyond th' attacks of pain or sickness. O!
 For such a cup ! as nectar sweet, yet not
 Circean found. And sure, ye virtuous men,
 Such a celestial cup shall bless your lips, 280
 When now your day hath reach'd its destined noon,
 Nor niggard shall your quaffing be, through fear
 Of scarcity of such immortal wine ;
 For ye shall quaff it, standing on the brink
 Of the still-brimming lake : there standing fill 285
 At choice the cup of joy, and fill it full.
 But on the clime celestial to confer
 The charms of contrast, and remind the hosts
 Angelic of the dread all-crushing power
 Of godhead wroth, full oft along the side 290

Of the high hills, upiled on hills, confound
 The dizzy eye dire overhanging rocks ;
 Rocks so sublime in terrour seen, that back
 Instinctively at th' all-dismaying sight
 Recoils Reminoel ; back that boldest Power 286
 Of finite Powers recoils, and almost quakes.

Nor parching heat, nor withering cold is here ;
 Nor dark damp clouds, still glooming much the sky,
 But more the sickening mind. Here rage no storms,
 Here hurricanes none roar ; nor shake the realm 300
 Convulsions. But all ether o'er the head,
 And the firm Heaven beneath the feet at peace,
 On every side are calm serenity,
 And gentle temperature, that ever dure.

The glory visible of God, sole sun 305
 To the empyreal world, a sun how far
 Excelling all created suns ! sends forth
 Unceasing through Heaven's great circumference,
 Soft light ; and with soft light a warmth divine,
 Forbidding aught to fade ; commanding all 310
 In vernal youth and beauty fresh to bloom,
 Bloom all time long : nor only light and warmth,
 But by a theian operation hid,
 It atmospheres the happy clime of Heaven
 With spirit-air, of kind unknown to man, 315
 Not like the air of fog and storm, Earth's air,
 Inspiring languor, care and mental gloom,
 Or stirring gusts of madness, not true joy :
 Too, forming mid the soul the feverish heat
 Of vengeance, or the frost of selfish love : 320

But nerving with an unrelaxing strength
 Th' angelic mind, and with a changeless tone,
 Changeless as God, the sun, dispreparing still
 Through the unstormy, clear celestial soul,
 True rapture's blaze, eternal peace serene, 325
 And love still flaming, love not knowing bourn.

From Heaven's sweet day, O how much better day
 Than that of Earth! t' enjoy alternate night,
 In grateful change, th' angelic hosts retire
 To groves, placed frequent through the land of Heaven ;
 Form'd of the trees of God, of high renown, 331
 In stature equal to a moderate hill
 Terrene ; whose many-branched boughs aloft
 In arch substantial woven (shrubs below,
 Each other clasping with ten thousand arms, 335
 Join the design) give entrance to no ray,
 Fled wing'd with glory from the heavenly sun.
 To these, at times defined, th' ethereal Powers
 Retire, their labours leaving, labours loved,
 Though simple, worthy God's own land, their place, 340
 Th' arraying right of Heaven's rich fields, or at
 Establish'd seasons, frequent and desired,
 In dynasties assembling, each before
 The seraph prince, in order such, such pomp
 Of high array, as forces pride, yet Heaven's, 345
 Amid the breast of the great hierarch
 To rise, makes Heaven look fairer, charms God's eye ;
 Their aim to adore their maker and promote
 Strict order suiting to immortal hosts.
 Such labours leave they, nothing tired, and now 350

Pass to the night of Heaven : for mid those groves,
Capacious vaults, is all the night it knows.

Sleep, loss of bliss, ne'er seizes Heaven ; nor need
The Powers celestial such refreshment, claim'd
As necessary by the sons of clay ; 355

To spirits useless. Far within the night
Of these vast winding shades, mid darkness, soft,
Not gloomy, soothing twilight of Earth's May,
But nobler, as the all of Heaven than Earth's,
Choosing the soul-collecting dusk of eve, 360

For meditation and self-converse best,
Some solitary roam. There while the birds
Of Heaven, that on the trees embowering sit
Bright-plumed, nor coy, in music melt their powers
Of song, and tune unceasing strains, how far 365

Transcending those of Earth's best groves in June,
Sweet plaintive strains, which by their sadness soothe
The listeners' mind to peace's soft delight,
Th' ethereal solitary walkers, rapt,
Joy self-communion, highest bliss of Heaven. 370

Most mid the central night, illumed by stars,
Bright globes of fire which ever burns self-fed,
Not knowing or decrease, or smoke, by chains
Of diamond hung to the umbrageous roof,
On seats of vegetable velvet sit 375

In fulgent orbs. From tables, stored with fruits
Ambrosial and the wines of Heaven, obtain'd
From the rich trees and streams or Lake of Life,
Regaling on empyreal fare, they hold
High converse on th' Eternal's plans, all laid 380

With wisdom so divine : new glorious truths
 Still reaching, and still solving problems new,
 So high, as would disrap the noblest mind
 Terrene, if audient, to wild frenzy's plight.
 Oft talk they of the high celestial joys, 385
 Which to partake, from nonexistence, void
 Of bliss, th' eternal Logos bade them come :
 Their sun-bright eyes in tears angelic melt
 Before their glowing hearts, that boil dissolved
 In rapt'rous love and gush. They can no more. 390
 In ecstasy 't is paused. By all around
 In ecstasy's blest languor, but not long :
 For breaking forth with harp and pipe that join,
 They hymn the great All-Good, th' Eternal Sire,
 Nor do th' umbrageous mansions for short while 395
 Re-echo to the heavenly melody.
 Recovering now they council hold to swell
 Their mutual joys, more Heavenly make their Heaven,
 T' encrease that store of bliss, giv'n by th' All-Good,
 Giv'n freely, so combine to aid his scheme, 400
 Great scheme of God, and worth the king of worlds,
 Of universal bliss progressive still
 To higher, through eternity to-come,
 Combine to aid ; so pay the tribute all
 Which God requires. Oft to Creation down 405
 They cast their thoughts, and of its people talk,
 Now sorrowing with the sad, bewailing now
 Our horrid wars man-waged on fellow-men,
 And foul revolt ungrateful from their God,
 Sole rightful sovereign, and who gives us all. 410

Then sing they the high day, forewritten men
 To angelize, and place them in their Heaven,
 Or kindred Heavens god-built. Then of those Powers,
 Their brethren, spread through wide Creation's worlds,
 The angels of the good, to lead them up 415
 To bliss and glory, won from sowing peace
 And love mid men; from dangers them to shield,
 From dangers imminent which else had fall'n
 With lapse of ruin; servants true of God,
 Auxiliaries of high providence, 420
 Co-builders of its scheme, they talk, and talk
 With love, not envy. And with pity oft,
 With pity of a moral sort, they speak
 Of that abyss of sin and pain, in which
 Hath sunk proud Lucifer, their prince of yore, 425
 With his bad millions: brothers once, now lost.
 Nor henceforth of their Hypotheian king,
 God's son, Messiah, shall they nothing talk,
 Or cease to wonder at his wondrous love,
 Which charm'd their ears and won their hearts this day.
 While still what season converse likes to pause, 431
 Each noblest tone in music's powerful chord
 Strikes up. Straight quivers each immortal heart
 In rapture, raised by harmony worth Heaven.
 Thus pass the hours angelic in the land 435
 Of Heaven, around Creation's centre fix'd,
 Whence God surveys, and moves, and rules the whole,
 Though men, from the commencement of their race,
 Have thought, and spoken of it, as on high
 Above the Earth, held central by the most. 440

As overhead, it still seems up to all
The systems, and their circling orbs throughout
Creation, which in slow progression move
Around that central land, the land of God,
Where shines His throne, and where His Presence too
Is shewn by marks of glory visible : 446
Blest region, through whose mid and outmost fields
Are peace, and love, and never-ceasing joy.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

SATAN'S DESCENT TO HELL.

Against th' eternal enemy, Heaven's hymn'd king.
 To our great Kosmarchs through creation's worlds
 Have we made known what would our will have done,
 Till we return from up the glorious land,
 Sole land of freedom, Hell: there having held 25
 High council on the question, shall we still
 Go on to tread the paths so long awhile
 Trod with such blaze of glory', and treading lay
 In dust, as we have all Heaven's schemes yet form'd
 (Form'd as though but by Hell to be destroy'd) 30
 The scheme Messian, last now left to Heaven.
 To whom thus Parnoch with a studied grace.
 Unrival'd God, and Nature's One supreme,
 Thy will made known is mine. And as of wont
 Lift up thy voice revered in high command; 35
 Is Parnoch's but t' obey? 'T is meet, most High,
 That the assembled hosts of faithful Hell
 Should gaze in wonder on their king return'd,
 Clad in insufferable glory, won
 By victory o'er the vanquish'd king of Heaven, 40
 Eternal and all-conquering sung by slaves,
 And give applause high as his victory's height.
 In his foul dialect of flattery. Straight
 The self-deem'd rival of th' omnipotent
 Seats him upon an ample cloud of fire, 45
 Enkindled by his power. Outblazing much
 The Sire of day, in morning's crimson cloke,
 Now climbing up above the orient hills,
 With Parnoch and a train of seraphim,
 (Though fall'n) on horizontal course he sails 50

The high ethereal sea, which seems on fire.
 Behind him sweeps the many-climbed Earth
 On rapid wings, and now its utmost land
 Arrived, from his high place he casts his eyes
 (Whose ray can pierce through systems, see all clear) 55
 To chaos down, seen half-creation off,
 And for a mighty voyage through the sea
 Of infinite space, with floating golden isles
 Innumerable crowded, straight the fiend prepares.

Soon to an orb of spotted silver seen 60
 Enkindles up the Earth, left far behind.
 Down past those floating isles, which seem far off
 Small glittering orbs, but darken on his eye,
 As he approaches, up to mighty worlds,
 With luminous mountains, glimmering ocean plains, 65
 And darker vales, he swims: past some so near
 He sees unshaking forests black, upon
 The sides of hills, and copious polish'd streams,
 That wind their widening course serpentine, join'd
 By many a wandering hollow, round whole climes 70
 (With pitchy green bepainted) into seas,
 Which seem unwavering dusky plains. Past some
 Off farther, and they seem vast glimmering rounds,
 On which but spotted brightness is beheld.
 Full oft between prime worlds he steers his course 75
 And satellitic orbs, that tend on them
 (As squadrons clad in bright attire of gold
 Upon their journeying monarchs, loving pomp)
 In their great journey round their central suns,
 Vast distance off; and back these servile orbs 80

Cast, from their sun-illumined faces, light
 On the prime worlds, else dark for too great while,
 To cheer long night and give a second day.
 Oft near orbicular oceans of pure fire,
 From up whose centres to the highest poles, 85
 Immeasured height, ten thousand thousand flames
 Sweep intervolving with volcanic wrath ;
 So dread in splendour, that his shrinking eyes,
 Although seraphic, with the wondrous glare
 Dissolve to darkness ; and such piercing rays 90
 Of heat they in unceasing volleys shoot,
 As strike his ens ethereal through, and make
 Him down the burning atmosphere pursue
 His flight with all the speed of spirits pure,
 With speed beyond all thought of man, to which 95
 Were held the movement of a lazy stream
 To the light wind's, that of the mortal shafts,
 Which through the hissing sky at man's command
 The hurricanic wrath of nitrous fire,
 By opposition made more furious, hurls, 100
 While hill, dell, wood, rock, a whole clime resounds
 Re-echoing long the thunder-roar terrene.
 But full three thousand systems now sail'd through
 (Earth's sun is grown a little sparkling star)
 He reaches the drear country of old Night ; 105
 A vacuous clime of darkness ne'er illumed,
 Dread void, that joins creation's lowest verge :
 There form'd for Night's abode. For from this clime
 Unmatter'd, and the utter black of gloom
 Eternal, save where some faint stragglng rays 110

From far Creation journey on its skirts,
 Travellers that tremble, and look dark at sight
 So horrible, nor daring enter on
 The fearful track before them, all the night
 Known through Creation, day's successor, comes. 115
 This clime, less horrid to th' archseraph fall'n,
 Because congenial to the moral dark,
 The night of mind, within him, he prepares
 To cross. And high upon his fiery cloud,
 Which raises in the region black a realm, 120
 Nor small, of flames diverging far, as fleet
 As light, he speeds, with care and steady poise :
 For in this pure vacuity to have
 But sunk one hair-breadth, he must have endured
 To sink through all eternity. When lo, 125
 Dread fate, a hecatontarch of his train,
 Zindernog, youthful Power, most scorning heed
 And of most giddy daringness of all
 The daring Powers of Hell, the danger known
 Counting but little, and to shew to eyes 130
 Applauding, boldness that disdains a peer,
 Slackens his steadfast poise. Scarce visible
 To the spectators is the slackening. Down
 As lapse of thought, a thousand furlongs straight
 He plunges through the vacuous dire abyss, 135
 Straining with wistful aim to spy his peers
 Yet steady, though fear-smitten, but in vain ;
 Not to be seen are they by his hot eyes,
 Through giddy whirling blind. And still he shrieks
 O aid, O aid, O straightway give me aid, 140

With dolorous voice so loud, that sure if shriek'd,
 In nature's plenitude, it straight had forced
 The coasts of Chaos and Creation's bounds
 It to republish. But th' unmatter'd clime
 Bears to the ears of his convoyagers 145
 Not even a sigh, such as the down-eyed maid's
 Of burnish'd neck, and arms of snow morn-tinged,
 Who never till this time felt love, nor knows
 Yet that she loves the young of years and tall,
 Who bows before her, though full oft she steals 150
 With crimsoning brow a love-urged glance, and deems
 His words and deeds not those of mortal man,
 But rather of an angel sped from Heaven,
 And trembling sighs, who ne'er before could sigh.
 Such sighs as hers the matterless dark waste 155
 Bears not, more hush'd than midnight on our orb.
 Nor dare the host, by terrour tortured high,
 Hastening with tenfold care a downward glance
 Cast to their lost convoyager, who falls
 Past raising, save by the Almighty arm, 160
 Each breath a thousand furlongs : screaming still
 And falling ; in a frenzy dire, unknown
 To mortal song, at th' era of his lapse,
 For many a world-breadth. But at length is quench'd
 In senseless trance the living flame. And now 165
 A lifeless mass he falls, falls down a space
 Ten thousand times the breadth of Earth, each time
 Her annual journey round the centric sun
 She glad performs. And at this present hour,
 Save Providence have interfered, or he 170

In his descent have the attraction met
 Of some material mass near this void's side,
 He falls, and shall endure to fall, ev'n while
 Eternity pursues her way, to which
 Fate cannot put a goal. Horrific fruit 175
 Of an attempt against the will of Heaven.

At length with centering care and utmost speed
 This horrid gloom is cross'd. Unheard till now
 (For through the dark unundulating void
 Wave not the billows of slow-moving sound) 180
 As of a thousand thunder-peals commix'd,
 Burst, on his ear astounded, noises wild
 From all-horrific Chaos. Back recoils
 The fiend that never fear'd, and almost fears :
 While Parnoch, and the hellish squadron quake 185
 In horror. Long Hell's king (for many an age
 Now unaccustom'd to the fearful sight)
 Fix'd gazes on the horrid ocean-mire ;
 An ocean of the seeds of things unform'd.

Here water, flame, here clay and ether, all 190
 Half-form'd, in one mass mix. Confusion, king
 Of Chaos, and her tempest-troubléd main,
 With din of thunder stirs eternal storms
 Volcanic, which increase from length of rage,
 Seeming to take delight in naught but wars 195
 Of tempest upon flood, upwhirling waves
 As Ætna high ; and with an arm could dash
 Creation wide to ruins, but that God
 Forbids. He hath endow'd th' unmatter'd realm
 Along its coast next Chaos, nature's hate, 200

With wondrous power repellent to restrain
 That Death to being, and his living works,
 From warring with Creation ; that thence come
 To her not ruin ; to her upmost world,
 All melted to misbeing, sure to come, 205
 Ay, from an intercourse of but one day
 With thrice-horrific Chaos, primal realm,
 And of ambition boundless, were this chain
 Slacken'd so long, a chain of power like that,
 Which girds the frame of Nature. To shew forth 210
 Things past conceiving great from things much less
 Placed by, though mighty in themselves ; one time
 Of ancient times th' Almighty to o'erwhelm
 Ill general man, by word of Logos giv'n,
 To continents and islands shatter'd all 215
 Th' exterior mundane crust. Then straight from forth
 Their ancient place th' internal waters driv'n
 Raged, and encompass'd half the orb of Earth
 With ocean upon ocean, sea on sea.
 Dire was the storm, and far beyond the powers 220
 Of song to tell, but still more dire and wild
 That raging throughout Chaos all time long.
 Yea, sometimes in its furor this dread sea
 Approaches near that awful scene at first,
 Th' ineffable convulsion and strange fray 225
 Which shook our system through its whole extent,
 When the Creator, to complete the Earth,
 Then a round miry ocean of things mix'd,
 Kindled a central fire, and blew it up
 With an almighty force, to separate 230

The dry parts from the liquid ; and thus form'd
 The mountains, plains and hollows of the seas
 Of Earth,* at once prepared a dwelling fair
 For man, to be created ere long while.

The Demon much his trembling squadron cheers, 235
 And they now cheer'd, the wildly-waving lake
 All enter. And the parted waves straight close
 Behind them with convulsion. Down is bent
 Their course to Hell. With toil, angelic toil,
 Is cleft th' opposing mass, and now they force 240
 Their way through strata of Chaotic clay,
 Now down thick atmospheres of air ill-form'd,
 And now down lakes of half-form'd liquid ; oft
 Down climes of what seems flame ; more often down
 A mass of earth, air, water, flame all mix'd. 245
 At length with toil ineffable is gain'd
 A depth, whose fathom haply were the poles
 Of two join'd worlds, when through their mental frames
 Dispreads confusion's torpor, dire effect
 Of Chaos to all voyagers, who tempt 250
 That horrid main. Their minds enchaos'd thus
 Ideas none of things form true, but thoughts
 Commix with thoughts dissimilar, pictures strange
 And phantasies chaotic forming. So
 They wander wild, not knowing where their course, 255
 Now sinking, now emerging ; now their way
 With horizontal aim, but far from straight,
 Shaping in strange disorder. To their eyes

* Gen. i. 9, 10.

That form false pictures, masses of the flame
 Of Chaos oft present Hell's fiery gate : 260
 As often thitherward they bend their course,
 And for a guerdon find their labours lost.

Thus they toss'd wildly through internal waves,
 To which the far-famed waves of Southmost Horn,
 Raised by the toiling host of winter's fiends 265
 Infuriate, bent to dash to pieces Earth,
 While from their fury shakes the southern Pole,
 Were but the ragings of that native stream,
 Named White, when swoln with many a summer-cloud
 It rushes red by Mardon's haughty steep 270
 With twice its wonted fleetness. Mid such floods,
 Such wild wroth whirlpools, and oft mid a night
 Full black as that which sleeps in Night's void realm,
 They wander, nor unfrequently they meet
 Some of the missoul'd and mishapen Powers 275
 Of Chaos-clime, that know not where they drive,
 Scouring the maniac whirlpools, full as wild.
 To them with anxious voice the king of Hell
 In speech of Chaos, jargon strange and harsh,
 Known to his lips, says thus, Where do we ride 280
 Mid these dire waves, and tell where lies the way
 Of our straight pilgrimage? To whom in words
 Uncouth commence reply th' ill-featured men :
 But scarce what seem for lips, a ghastly sight,
 Have oped t' attempt an answer to Hell's king, 285
 When lo, forgetting the discourse begun,
 They stagger like th' inebriated race
 Of wine and night, and in vagaries wild

They drive before the storm. And the dire fiend
 Bewilder'd, with his weary train, had roved 290
 Perhaps for ages in the wild abyss,
 Toss'd as light barks by ocean's waves, nor found
 The goal they sought, had not the whirlpools, raised
 By the sulphureous smoke and livid flames,
 That issue without ceasing from Hell's mouth, 295
 Caught them; caught them in rude infuriate gripe,
 And with the force of Indian whirlwinds dash'd
 Them down upon the threshold of dire Hell.

Intranced long while 't is lain. At length their minds
 Regaining slow the pristine order lost, 300
 They after many a giddy aim uprise
 Restrengthen'd. Now with horror it is gazed
 On the horrific scene. Volcanic flames
 Thick-issuing through the ample mouth of Hell,
 Sweep back the circum-ambient mass with rage 305
 Eternal, and with such dread tumult, sure
 To it the mightiest on the sea terrene,
 Wrought by the fiercest whirlwinds that e'er raged
 Commixing Alp-like billows with the clouds
 Of Heaven, and laying bare their deepest bed 310
 Unfathomable, were but the curls raised
 By zephyrs on an eve of gentle May.
 And dread the din now heard. The Demon's ear
 Is stunn'd with hoarse harsh thunders such, to them
 The noblest thunders ever roll'd along 315
 The sky of earth, and shook a quaking clime
 With terrour, haply were the whispers soft
 Of evening's gales, on every pyral leaf

Scarce rustled, breathing forth their scented souls.

But Hell's dread Kalif, and his numerous train 320

Pass on through the colossan gate, dire mouth
Of a dire realm; so wide, that through with ease
Might sidelong sail a line of many ships

For battle built. Now please their Hellish ears
The horrid roaring of the ocean-moat, 325

Which circles Hell's domain of dire extent
With liquid fire, with molten lava, here
Found in its native place, the land of fire.

Sped through, now high upon its burning beach
Stands Hell's supreme; there muses; and around 330

His labouring eyes he casts; now on the waves,
That heave in mountains capt with horrid fire
Sulphureous, and with dark combustion scorch
The width and height of Hell: its atmosphere
Inflaming so, it seems all fire, yet fire 335

Of dusky hue, tinged with the thickening smoke,
And then along Hell's solid land: a land
(Things Hellish with terrestrial to compare,
Though far from kindred found, the direst thing
Of earth scarce meriting the name of dire, 340

Compared with Hell's least dire) seen as of late *
The fertile clime, the fair Trinacrian, round
The famed Etnean hill, th'astound and dread
Of old and modern days, what time, perhaps
To work the wrath of God on human guilt, 345
That hoary king of horrid hills disgorged

* In 1783.

The Hell which ever teems within. Forth rush'd
 Wide rivers of dire flame-red lava fused,
 Crusting with solid fire the lands below
 And sweeping in their fiery torrents off 350
 Whole crowds, ev'n to no narrow clime of men :
 Then next assailing Ocean, and from him,
 Who shakes far-distant regions in his wrath,
 Seizing a province wide ; while hills of smoke
 Of thickness felt, with fiery spume (more dread 355
 From the surrounding dusk) commix'd entomb
 The shivering nation in a vault of night,
 That to the wretches bodes eternity
 For its duration. Thunders shake the midst
 And ends of ether. Earthquakes shake the midst 360
 And ends of many lands. Dire fiends in hosts,
 With yells make nature shudder, war on high,
 Mid th' infinite storm, which from the land of life
 Strikes myriads, happy for the mortal stroke :
 Unnumber'd voices in loud frenzy howl 365
 On Death, to save them from such fearful state
 Of Nature. Horror and great woe are round
 Throughout the upper, nether and mid clime.
 But o'er a landscape, how much direr, looks
 God's enemy, seeing save volcanoes, seas 370
 And rivers of worst fire ; plains, mountains high
 Of burning mould ; an atmosphere of smoke
 And flame : and hearing save incessant howls
 The yells of Tophet, groans, hell-menacings,
 Hell-vulsions, ever-thundering hurricanes, 375
 Tornados, whirlwinds, storms of infinite blast :

An universe of all that's dire and ill,
 Worst crimes, worst miseries and worst natural scenes :
 All ill's worst things compiled in one dire world
 Of horror and of woe, that ever dure. 380

Long silent stands the horror-smitten fiend,
 Rapt in deep muse, from gazing on his realm,
 The native land of storm and Simoom dire ;
 Ruin's chief seat ; dread work of wrath divine ;
 Horror of Nature, and more horrid now 385

To him, who for so long a time hath dwelt
 In calm Creation's regions soft. Hail ! Hell,
 Bursts suddenly th' unbending foe of God,
 Hail, Hellish empire, hail ! high freedom's dower,
 Exile, yet glory' of liberty, thrice hail ! 390

In all thy horrors to our eyes thou look'st
 More lovely than look'd native Heaven, deck'd out
 In all its dazzling charms to us, while chain'd
 T' acknowledge a superior, and to bend
 To Him obedient, though Almighty sung. 395

Loved Land of freedom, back to thee is come
 Thy sovereign, wearied with the weight of fame,
 Won from th' eternal foe, who fondly thought
 To bury freedom and her god-like chiefs
 In thy dire vault. Behold thy king return'd, 400

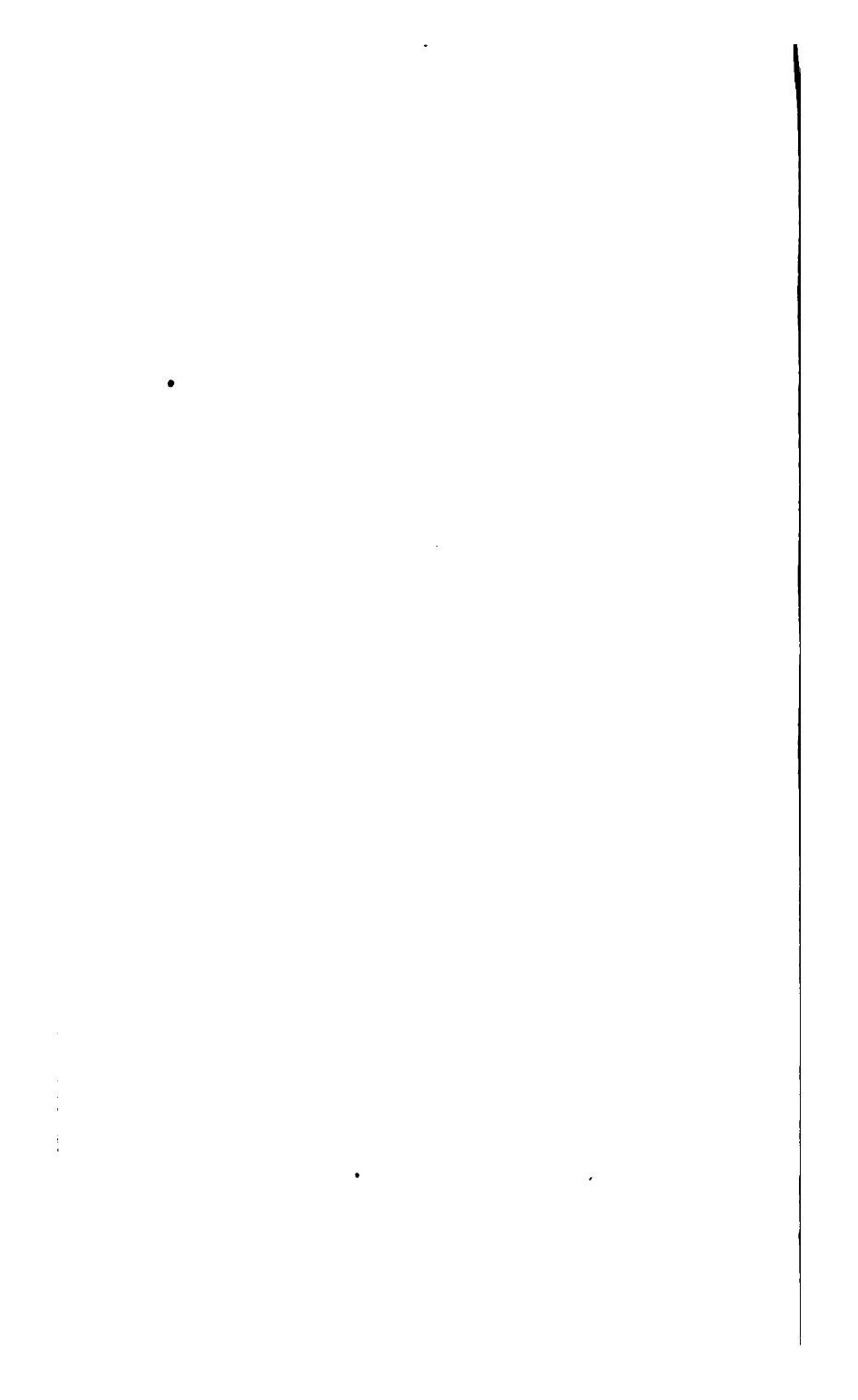
Who sigh'd to dwell remote from thee, although
 A land of loss and woe. Not all the blaze
 Of infinite glory, infinite glory won
 From the great Thunderer, no, could ever drive
 Thee from his clinging breast. We come again 405

To thee, though dower'd with ruin and worst woe,

Loved bride, whose dowry sounds to nature's bourns
 The greatness of th' eternal mind, that sought
 Such bridal couch so dower'd, and holds thy king
 Up to th' astound and alleluiahs high 410
 Of utmost immortality, as one
 Not knowing peer or like in majesty
 Of high endurance: one, who for the sake
 Of glorious freedom, and to give the eyes
 Of seraphim and gods th' exemplar prime 415
 Of climbing from the yoke to freedom's cliff,
 Dared to expose him to th' eternal ire
 Of Him, who hurls the thundershaft, expose
 Him foremost, as the target of the hosts
 Of immortality, wherein might lodge 420
 The emptied quiver of the thunder-bow,
 Those hosts secure behind. Lift up thy eyes,
 O subject Hell, and see thy king come back,
 But O in how far other mode now come,
 From that, in which he came at first, and first 425
 Beheld thy horrid landscape. That dire time
 By conquering Thunder raging on his wings,
 And Ruin's whirlwinds driven, he came wrapt up
 In shame's thick dusky clouds. But now he comes
 In glory: on his van and in his rear 430
 A thousand triumphs with him, triumphs won—
 Give ear, O Hell, and at thy hearing raise
 Thy voice in high triumphal rage, to hail
 Back to thy shores of liberty thy king,
 Come with all glory, with all triumph come, 435
 The god of gods, the vanquisher of whom

But the small hovel built of sods upon
A hill which yields save health and stones, to screen
Him from the sudden blast. Thick round it throng
Hell's people, their great king return'd to see 470
Impatient all. But while the portal guard
Without a troop of Hellish seraphim
In burning panoply, and arm'd with swords
Of Tophet's steel, which flames, by Hell's dire smoke
Not to be sullied, through the portal, built 475
For gods, of adamant, with Parnoch, he
Hastes to an inner place, there to refresh
Him wearied from a voyage long and dire,
Of mighty toil ev'n to immortal Powers.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



BOOK V.

HELL.

THE PHYLARCHS OF HELL, AND THEIR WORSHIPPERS.

ARGUMENT.

SATAN commands the Powers of Hell to be assembled. An innumerable host comes. And now Margniod, Harandoc, Phodroth, Aufgondoth, Poluroch, Sebatnim, and Parnoch, chieftains of the tribes of Hell (whose worshippers throughout Creation are here recorded,) ascend the Council-hill. There they await the coming of their sovereign. He comes. And being seated on his throne, he attempts to speak ; but he is forced to pause.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK V.

THE strength impair'd by toil, by rest restored,
By pause from labour, not renewing sleep,
(Sleep, care's sweet soother, and pain's softener mild,
Like Hope, ne'er visits Hell, or Hell's harsh mind,
To vengeance still awake, still vex'd by storms 5
Of rage, and hate, and discontent, and fear
Dashing in ceaseless agitation wild)
Hell's king commands the heralds, swiftest Powers,
To warn the chieftains of the tribes of Hell,
Ill chieftains of ill tribes, of his return, 10
And summon each to council. They return'd,
He bids them sound aloud their mighty trumps
T' assemble the inferior Hellish Powers.

To the four winds of Hell the heralds fly 15
Obedient: and o'er all the echoing coasts
Hell rings with circling thunder. Nor hath ceased
The hoarse sound long, when, like the ample clouds
Of dusk on winter's morn, from Hell's dark climes,
Each Power of rank and sway their rapid wings
Urge through the shaken gloom; nor these alone, 20

But those elected by plebeian Hell
To proxy them : a host in number vast,
That bend their speedy flight all to the hill
Of council. In an ample square gold-paved
Of Apoleiar, lifts it up its head, 25
No hillock height, or Hardown mount, I ween ;
Its vast orbicular girth of silver built,
Aping the fashion of the regal hill
In Heaven's blest land ; but how unlike. Its top
Sublime supports the gorgeous throne of Hell, 30
Bestarr'd with flaming gems, that down the gloom
Dim-glimmer as the firmamental stars,
What hour thin shadowy clouds, beneath the moon,
Course th' upper regions of the winter night.
Around the regal hill, on either side 35
Wide-shaded with some lofty trees of Heaven,
Stolen to adorn the height, but sickly seen,
In this dire clime so foreign to their own,
And wither'd dark, while fruitage none they yield,
Now throng unnumber'd dark-brow'd fiends, beheld
In many an ample orb, with anxious minds 40
Waiting the coming of the chieftains great.
When lo, all cast their eyes tow'rd's the bright stairs,
Which climb in opal to the tribunal thrones,
Raised high around the royal, on the hill. 45
For passing through a troop of seraphim,
Splendid in mail, and in whose nobler hands
Blaze swords of fire, to guard the entering place
At the hill's foot, ascends with warlike port
Fierce Margniod, dread archseraph, forth in whom 50

Stupendous ruin seen of powers once prime,
Powers nigh divine, shines splendour of high sort
In darkness: strongest of the Powers, that warr'd
Upon th' eternal king: by Him thrown down
From Heaven most high to ruin's lowest place. 55
Such climbs he, held by many fiends, nor those
All of his tribe, scarce second to the peer
Self-deem'd of God, his rival: but from wile
Abhorrent high, and heedless or of pain,
Or of perdition, 't is the tumults wild 60
Of war sole charm his mind, which wild and fierce
Restraint nor rival brooks. The Hellish sign
He snatch'd, grown weary of empyreal peace,
And from war's wild confusion and dire din
Hoping a higher Heaven; and with him drew 65
His warrior tribe, in Heaven of all her tribes
Most brave; in Hell still fiercest of its clans
Discordant, save Harandoc's threefold dire.
And him obey, performing rites of blood,
Which make the day grow dark, and man a fiend, 70
Uncounted myriads through Creation's worlds;
But chiefly those in sway, who happy peace
Spurn fiercely, and by horrid glory fired,
Still plunge fair regions in a deluge dire
Of woe, of tumult, horror, blood, and death. 75
But now their eyes that clomb, descend to see
Next climb Harandoc, more than devil dire,
The cruelest, fiercest and most lawless fiend
Of all the fierce and cruel fiends of Hell.
To him the one-eyed Polyphemus, who, 80

Dread cannibal, devour'd the quivering frames
 Of th' Odyssean crew, were but a dwarf,
 And tiny dwarf and weak. Of arm is he
 Fearful for less than Deity to think
 Of, in a fiend of moderate ill, then what 85
 In fiend, with whose the common fury' and ill
 Of fiends, together seen, were scarcely held
 The fury and the ill of the worst man.
 O, what save infinite horror and dismay,
 But that the right-hand of Omnipotence 90
 Doth guard the realm of nature and the strength
 And wrath of all are His. They work for Him,
 Wielded by Him to work the work divine.
 Then let not man, or yet the son of man
 Quake in dismay, since that he dwells secure 95
 Beneath the buckler of th' Eternal God,
 Our own true Sire. In the all-hellish looks
 Of this horrific demon, this pure fiend,
 Grin hideously an ever-warring host,
 Red rage, and horror, ruin, and revenge, 100
 And blue despair. His mind is such, so dire,
 To it the fiercest, worst of human minds,
 Caligula's, or Alva's, were full mild,
 Were maiden's mind. Its every thought and wish,
 Impregn'd by vengeful fire for Hell doom'd him 105
 And hate, past fiendish hate, against his God,
 Are blood, destruction, horror, cruelty,
 All infinite, all beyond the worst man's thought.
 One soft idea never moderates
 His viperous heart, nor thoughtful reason e'er 110

Guides him, but blind revenge and heedless rage.
 The Hellish league he join'd with horrid aim
 T' inhell the Heaven of equal Deity
 The gift t' unnumber'd sons of glory, whom
 Less worthy than himself the demon deem'd. 115
 And his abhorr'd draconian laws obey
 (His name was Moloch in Jehudah's land,
 There worshipp'd in despite of nature's cries)
 Those human devilish, whose inhuman hearts,
 Of iron, for they are not flesh and blood, 120
 Thrice heated red in dire Gehenna's flames,
 Their native polar cold hath harden'd up
 To Hellish steel; and who without one tear,
 One sigh, could hear a whole Creation's groans:
 Those Hellish, who the steady men of truth 125
 (For spurning to call true what their calm eye
 Through God's great dower to all man's sons, the dower
 Of mental vision free, saw false, and which
 Had sure been false, but that the sword of power
 Shook its dread terrors to force slavish climes 130
 To see it true) have tortured oft with pangs,
 With Oh what pangs; they make the torn heart gush
 To think of them: those, who the harmless climes
 Far off from the stern glance of Justice throned,
 And from the shade protective of the palm, 135
 The palm-tree of just Law; give smiling up
 To havoc's crew: and those with hearts and hands
 How ill, who pluck their nature's blood and soul
 Though black, from father, son, from friend and from
 The native land, from all by man held high, 140

And sell him, as of bestial race, to chains
 Eternal, chains unsmooth'd by downy hope,
 But rugged rough with viper-barb'd despair :
 A traffic at the hour first told in Hell
 (Long after Satan found Messiah's death, 145
 The voice of death to the dire Hellish reign)
 T' was gazed in uncouth horror ; and that breath
 A gleam of pity, never seen till then
 In that drear ever-during total night
 Of rage and wrong, glanced from the livid eye 150
 Of every fiend, save dark Harandoc's. He
 With a dire grin of foul delight, which hurt
 Ev'n Hell, cried out, O strange delicious tale.
 And other human fiendish tribes his sway
 Of horror own, to number far beyond 155
 Thy lips, O song, though thrice their strength, and thrice
 Their speed were theirs, to sing in many days ;
 And too, abhorrent is such strain from thee,
 Who woost soft woe, not horrid misery woost,
 That splinters with harsh fangs the bleeding breast 160
 Impang'd with Hell : ev'n all the fiends amid
 The human tribe, who envious grin to spy
 Man flourishing, but as for victory won,
 Shout at his fall to ill, and even roar
 As tigers in the wood to work man woe. 165
 Him millions worship, and they offer him
 Dire human holocausts. For him fiend-men
 Slay men and mothers throw their babes to flames—
 Cease, song. Blood is his offering ; rage his law.
 Next Phodroth, potent seraph, but in mind 170

Timid and fearful of the consequence.
 Quick in resolve ; and having made it, still
 Toss'd on the waves unrudder'd ; given to change
 His choice, and vote each new-presented plan ;
 Its worthinesses ever at first glance 175
 Bright flashing on his quick-observing mind,
 Till now embraced and ponder'd on, its ills,
 At first unseen, upstarting thick, sweep off
 His new-made choice ; and he is henceforth toss'd
 On wilder mental billows than before. 180
 In all unstable ; but to aught if firm
 Bent forward, t' is to wander unresolved,
 And loiter in the wilds of sceptic sloth,
 Till future times or luckier skill bring forth
 To light a plan (plan he shall never see) 185
 Whose worthinesses found so bright and pure
 From all seen ills, or disadvantages,
 Shall fix his mind to wander round no more ;
 And as in choice, in action unresolved :
 Of moderate pride, yet venom'd towards th' All-Good.
 He gave him to the aid of Hell, t' explore, 191
 If opening up the Pandorean box
 Of ill, would not improve the Heaven enjoy'd,
 (State free from ill) for from ill's boundless realm,
 Then undiscover'd, he with fondness hoped 195
 A knowledge of unnumber'd things unknown,
 And new mysterious questions, which to move
 Are all the Heaven this sceptic seraph knows.
 Him rites do many ; and they offer smoke,
 His savoury holocaust, in hidden groves 200

By Superstition sought and Scepticism,
 Foul adverse fiends, oft meeting on the round
 In drear bewildering forests. For the men
 Him homage, who the time and powers, given them
 Their brethren to improve by deeds, give up 205
 To speculations serving nought, or who
 Pyrrhonicly doubt of all, and seek
 Save to embroil the mental universe
 In a dark chaos of opposing doubts :
 Or who, the cowards of foreseeing fear, 210
 And sway'd by omens dreamt, nought noble dare,
 But in ignoble sloth, from glory far,
 Drowse out their lifeless lives, the bats of men,
 And worse : they sleep the whole four-season'd year,
 To them dull winter all ; one time of sleep. 215

And after him ascends the opal stairs
 Aufgondoth, better known on Earth by name
 Of Mammon, grisly Power, of hideous form :
 Mean, cunning, and dishonourable wile
 The wool, the woof and web, the grain and hue 220
 Of his low mind. All o'er its sordid ens,
 Sway'd by the lust of lucre (which to swell
 By rapine, or by wile, is all his thought,
 His wish, his happiness) ne'er soars one care
 Benevolent, or yet brave. The generous mind, 225
 The generous thought, the generous deed he scorns,
 Nay, more than scorns, he hates with furious hate ;
 And with Hell's venom fiercely boils his heart,
 Hate of his God, the hate which taints each mind
 From the first draught of Hell's sulphureous air. 230

The rebel banners won him with the hope
Of pillaging his native Heaven, so rich
For rapine to his gold-enchanted eye.

No narrow god is he, though base. Whole climes
Through wide Creation's empire worship him, 235
(His offering scanty, for they offer gold)

In whom the love of Mammon hath congeal'd
The philanthropic, patriotic, brave,
The all that's noble in man's nature high.

They count poor glittering gold the thing, which gives
All wisdom and all worth. And men, although 241
Man's stain, infuriate fiends, or wretches vile,

With worship high they honour, if beheld
With breasts that glitter with this gairy star,
But star of how false glitter. While they spurn, 245

Nor dare they to account their brother, him
Though noblest of the race of man, though deck'd
With the true star of science, goodness, grace,

Blazing in splendour true, if naked seen
Of the external star of glistening gold, 250
How bright to eyes of low-soul'd men, but how,

How meanly-twinkling to the eye Heaven-clear'd.

And straight on his ungraceful steps now treads
Poluroch, sage archangel high; the spright
Most sage and deep in counsel held of those 255

Th' Almighty doom'd, not willingly, to Hell:
Wile all his heart's delight, and treacherous plots;
And glorying but in cunning, other fame

Or good, or bad, by might or bravery won,
Seems far from fame to him. His every thought, 260

And all his time aspire to plan new wiles
 And subtle schemes : his fellow Hell-mates all,
 Whose braver minds spurn coward wile, and soar
 To pluck bold fame from high and dangerous war,
 In such low light regards he, and beneath 265
 His height so far, as of th' angelic name
 To be scarce worthy. God's he holds his powers ;
 And not a scheme brooks he, or vote, which links
 Not in his own ; all others deeming weak,
 And sure but shewn with his so bright, to teach 270
 By foil his sapience high, and this achieved
 To be flung to oblivion, their true place.
 Most think him potent in the wiles of speech,
 Which hiding this with skill, and giving that
 Much glare, know how to make the false seem truth, 275
 And well-connected truth, free from all flaw,
 Or weakness : last, in him Hell's spirit burns,
 Hatred against omnipotence and love.
 Coeval nigh with the enkindling pride
 Of Satan, took its pride-engender'd form 280
 The Hell-rebellion in this plotting mind.
 Enduring not Heaven's peaceful world, where was
 Nor plot, nor wile, and from the rising war
 A state, in which to use his factious skill
 Foreseeing, and a crown of fame thence won, 285
 He form'd the plan that sunk him down to Hell.
 And many worship him : all factious men
 And gloomy, whose dark souls in rayless night
 For ever rapt, and vex'd by lawless storms,
 Without all pause still hatch injurious plots 290

Against their peaceful neighbours, or against
 Their native region, or a foreign realm,
 And stir eternal strife among mankind.
 His altars stand in deep dark dells, and night
 Still canopies his mysteries ; thence unknown. 295

Proud looking round : nor hath he sat him down
 Ere Hell's high arch proclaims three shouts, nor weak
 In volley, nor in echo brief. For lo!

Majestic, and of form revered, ascends
 The bearer of the banner of Hell's League, 300

Sebatnim ; high august archseraph he ;
 Save Hell's proud king, and Margniod fierce, to none
 Held second ; and by scepter'd Satan raised,
 As worthiest, to the vacant throne of Hell,
 What time he left it on th' excursion through 305
 Creation wide to ruin man. Sedate,

In counselling slow, but having counsell'd fix'd
 As the unshaking rock wroth ocean's waves
 Scourge foaming, but in vain. His judging skill
 (Self-deem'd past finite) by the Hellish Powers 310

In council never-erring deem'd. They hold
 Him as a god, whose every word is heard
 The dictate of Necessity, prime Sire.
 Not only foolish, but he impious seems,
 Who doubts : nor without reason all ; sure did 315

Hell's spirit, hatred of his God, not dim
 His judging eyes, seraphic wise he were.
 Fame, loud applause, and th' admiration high
 Of fiends upgazing on him, form the pole
 Magnetical, towards which his every act 320

(In mind, in acting, and in deed complete)
 Is drawn with a resistless cord along
 A line with never-deviating steps.
 In speaking brief: a waste of words he hates.
 He, high in wrath against th' Eternal, who 325
 He thought had raised his merit, infinite deem'd,
 Not up to its just eminence, and sway'd
 By amity for Satan, join'd the league
 Against the God all-good. His future mind
 The choice half-disapproved; but his proud heart 330
 Disdains the thought of bending; will not bend
 Until Omnipotence sue at his feet,
 Imploring pardon for the fancied wrongs
 Done to his worth; nay, scarcely would he bend
 Could ev'n that foul impossibility 335
 Exist. Such his proud obstinacy, he
 Would rather dare eternal wrath, and bide
 The loss of Heaven, with ever-during woe,
 Than stoop t' unchoose a choice by him once made.
 And him those homage, who in all their deeds, 340
 The noblest, seek but men's applauding din,
 The hand forth pointing and the gazing eyes
 Of crowded streets, not man's true weal: and who
 Once from Heaven's throne revolting, and its laws
 Pregnant with bliss abusing, proudly scorn 345
 To lift the penitential eye to Heaven,
 But deeper down the foul abyss of ill,
 And black rebellion plunge. Him rites are done;
 Part on far mountain-top, and desert sands
 Untrod by men; chief part in cities, there 350

Before thick-thronging hosts that gaze and shout :
Frequent his feasts ; his holocaust self-love.

While Hell on his slow-climbing majesty,
As of their God, centering gaze, the seventh
Ascends on steps of studied grace, with looks 355
Less horrid than the general looks of Hell,
Tall Parnoch, youthful cherub ; still in whom
(Though darken'd by the Hellish smoke, and more
By inward purity withdrawn, which tends
To stain more deeply than external Hell) 360
Cherubic grace and beauty much are seen.
What while he happy dwelt and good in Heaven,
In fairness he excell'd so far, that few
Of all the beauteous sons of God could cope
With him for beauty's crown. His learning well 365
Knows each art taught in flattery's pleasing school,
But knowing this, knows little more. In mind
And counsel little, having not to search
The soul of things, but skim along their brow,
He by the glistening paint of glowing worlds 370
Can make his shallow knowledge seem more deep
Than that of sages wisest, but unskill'd
To gild their science with soul-dazzling speech :
The Spirit of proud Satan's heart, because
The highest flatterer of his infinite pride. 375
For Flattery can live in Hell ; and is
In that unblessed land, though nothing there
To make him ply his ill-designing pipe,
But rather fling it off, and study strains
Of hoarse abuse ; yet such is his vile mind, 380

So drunk with fancy's rapturous spirit strong,
 That he must flatter, though in Hell. And such
 Is Parnoch, Power ignoblest, soft, yet full
 Of the fierce venomous spirit (rage against
 Mild love and Heaven), the spirit that e'er swells 385
 Each heart, though soft by gentle Nature form'd,
 Soon as it worships pride, and feels its power.
 Still ranging after novel bliss with maw
 Insatiate, and each new-discover'd flower
 Devouring, poison, if within, unweigh'd, 390
 To aid the Luciferian aims drew him
 The hope of better from th' usurping throne,
 High-held: not having cautious sober eye,
 Nor penetration's keen, with ardour wild
 He rush'd upon the bliss seen fair in flower, 395
 Ah purblind to the piercing thorns that lurk'd
 Beneath, thrice poison'd in a dire compound
 Of all that knows to torture, tipt with Hell.
 Him through each realm of every world obey
 Unnumber'd hosts, vile hosts; foul parasites 400
 With soft-lipp'd flatterers, hollow hypocrites,
 The golden men of courts, but ill and low,
 And all who riot in debauchery's arms,
 By the Circean spells bewitch'd to seek
 From lewd embraces of the dame impure, 405
 (Not woman, nor worth wooing by true man
 For all-woo'd bliss: 't is modesty and truth
 And sweet soft goodness sole, fair woman make
 A genuine blessing, fount of genuine joy)
 And from the nauseous pressings of the grape 410

A hectic body and a hectic soul,
 Old age in youth, and to the man a tomb :
 Seek splendid misery to their ill-spent day.
 So judge the sober good. So judge too late
 Themselves, with sighs repentant, on death's bed, 415
 Sought by themselves and by their own hands made ;
 Yet by their present soul charm-sway'd how blest
 Is deem'd their life, the Heaven terrene and sole ;
 But from that Heaven how far, O giddy fools,
 As ye have found, or sure shall find ere long. 420
 Gay are his rites and jovial. Music, Song,
 And Flattery still attend them, held in bowers
 Of blooming youth, life's merry May ; not long.
 His altar is a cistern brimm'd with wine ;
 Libation half the offering he requires. 425
 High-seated now, each on his throne of gold,
 The phylarch-kings, inspirers of all ill
 Throughout Creation's worlds, as through our Earth,
 Await their sovereign in expectance high,
 To hear the history of the war on Heaven, 430
 And what the issue of the venture great.
 Hell shakes around : for with colossan strides
 (While Hell's dread vault from thousand, thousand fiends
 Re-echoes victory, victory high o'er Heaven,
 And their great king come down, in glory sped, 435
 Sped in full triumph o'er th' eternal foe,)
 He comes god-dread : comes such, the giants old,
 Who (bards high-fabbling sing) uptwisting hills
 From forth their everlasting beds of rock,
 With all their shaking woods and foaming streams, 440

Black craggy cliffs, and red wide-gaping glens,
 Heaved them with easy nerve on subject hills,
 To climb the skies, and disenthroned the gods,
 Were, in his train, beheld the dwarfish sprights
 Seen by the swains of times more old and pure, 445
 Holding their dancings at the hour of sleep,
 On healthy hills, beneath the full-orb'd moon
 In cloudless ether high. Such now is seen
 Th' advancing Power, the hypotheian prince
 Erewhile of Heaven, and first of finite Powers, 450
 Ere yet from Heaven, through pride of gods, he fell :
 The prime self-tempted, and all-tempting Power,
 Jehovah dread of evil and of Hell ;
 Whose mighty rebel sceptre waves command
 To' unnumber'd worlds ; and those unnumber'd worlds
 Rebellious move obedient to the wave, 455
 And down before him bend in worship low
 (The rites rebellion's, and the offering pride)
 Adoring him as God, eternal king.
 On moves he with such port, as men would feign 460
 In deity embodied, and ascends
 The shaking mountain, in his nobler hand
 Bearing a sceptre of bright adamant,
 Which but to move were scarcely for a clime
 Of mortal men : ascends, while Hell's arch rings 465
 With victory, with immortal glory won,
 Till now he deigns to seat him on his throne.
 Then silence, such as through a city found,
 At tidings brought it of a battle fought
 For household gods and freedom, fought and lost 470

(But from a cause how different) listens here,
 While the assembled Powers of Hell gaze up
 On him; contemplating with dreadful awe,
 With dreadful awe, yet fond regard, their king;
 Amid the tribual chieftains, (as amid 475
 The fading stars th' autumnal queen of night,
 With haughty consciousness of glory known
 Unrivall'd, on the gaze of many lands
 Dazzled, come forth from out a screen of clouds,
 With which for veil till now she hid her face,) 480
 Transcendent shining, god of hellish gods,
 Prime archseraphic glory in eclipse.
 Much of his hypotheian splendour reft
 By dimming evil, he appears as would
 Day's sovereign, if in Hell's thick ether set, 485
 Still darkening from the gilded central smoke;
 Or in a picture ta'en from Earth, our place,
 Through winter's fierce red angry sky, that orb
 With a last view by spires of Zembla's hills,
 Seen great, though dim, to nations of the South 490
 Descending: or yet more—for what can give
 Idea due to mortals of a Power,
 Though seen by ruin lessen'd somewhat, still
 First Power of finity in all his height
 Of greatness now put on, beheld by Hell— 495
 On Alpine lands, a blazing glacier, hill
 Of ice, shined on by the meridian sun,
 Thence flaming past the eye to bear within;
 But round whose form the gathering thunder-clouds
 Dread dusk, dispread wild awfulness of tint 500

To eyes below ; then shake the Alpine coasts :
 A thousand hills rebellow to the sound,
 And tremble all throughout their mighty frames,
 Dreading perdition to the world. His eyes,
 That seem of one who thunder wield, he casts 505
 Down on the thronging Hellish orbs below,
 That bend in awe deep-hush'd. His mighty mind
 Beyond all wonted swelling at the sight,
 And raging from the infinite glory thought
 Won from the Nature-ruling king, oft he 510
 Essays to vent the whirlwinds of his soul ;
 But language flows not. By th' internal storm
 Inchaos'd and bereft of voice, he sits.
 Except Sebatnim firm and Margniod fierce,
 The phylarch chieftains quake to sit so near ; 515
 While on their king victorious rival deem'd
 Of deity, the Hellish myriads all
 Gaze hush'd in awe and wonder. Long around
 Is silence, as amid the realm of night,
 Save from the far-off thunderings of the sea 520
 Sulphureous, and the rivers that run fire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

SATAN'S HISTORY OF HIS SUCCESS THROUGHOUT CREATION.

ARGUMENT.

SATAN at length breaks silence, and in a speech, containing many a digression against Heaven, rehearses the success of Hell throughout creation. On concluding, he receives general applause.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK VI.

At length from down the throne, a voice as that
Of thunder harsh the awful silence breaks :
Hell's god the speaker. In her language dire,
Uncouth, audacious, rapid, fiery and fierce
(Ev'n to its colder strain, the fiercest strain 5
The speakers of Earth's fiercest dialects
E'er reach'd in fury, were the style of him,
Who nods at eve, to his whom vengeance fires
For outrages late done) and wrapping up
His hellish schemes, whose aim is deity, 10
And whose success, could such ill fate be theirs,
Were ruin to Creation, in the cloke
Of nature dazzling freedom, thus he speaks.
Essential Virtues, Eons, Powers of Hell,
Offspring of Fate and Freedom, whose high minds 15
Free-sprung and soaring to their native height,
With pride of gods disdain'd a servile life
To th' arbitrary wild caprice, proud will,
Of one, the high-throned sovereign of the skies,
And, worthy of their natures, dared to meet 20

The dreadful thunderbolt, in fury hurl'd
 By a dire lawless disappointed foe :
 Ye Powers, who rather than look up, as slaves
 To an usurping One, though hymn'd divine,
 Would follow Freedom co-exiled with you, 25
 Free exiles to the climes of pain and woe,
 And cheerfully to this low empire, Hell,
 Far from your native plains, the plains of Heaven,
 Descended, nor look'd back : in Hell content :
 Gods, Freedom can emblaze the dark rude front 30
 Of Ill, ay, make stern Ruin smile full fair :
 Free council of free gods, give ear, while we,
 In modest words, and few, declare to Hell
 What her success against th' eternal Foe.
 We shall speak partly of the things ye know, 35
 A well-connected history to deduce.
 To you, free gods, is known how of the hosts
 Of Hell, those hosts, who worthy of their name,
 Unfearing and unshaking dared to front
 Upon the open plain the Thunderer proud, 40
 With the celestial armies throng'd behind,
 Shook sore the monarch's heart with terrour's pangs
 For His usurped throne, which totter'd then
 Full to its centre loosen'd by their arms,
 And made Him feel the strength of rival gods : 45
 And though by higher power, or Fate's decree,
 At length half-foil'd, sublimely great disdain'd
 To sue for mercy at a conqueror's feet,
 Though miserable, determined to be free :
 Self-great preferring Freedom dower'd with Hell, 50

To slavery, dower'd with all the joys of Heaven ;
 Half-foil'd by doom, but still their minds unfoil'd,
 Victorious, nay, and in external deed
 Victorious in the upshot, listen, Hell.—

Of those immortal Powers, the free hell-tribes, 55
 Divided to three hosts of equal count
 (In council so determined at our voice)
 We drew forth two ; to wage unceasing war,
 Though secret, on the Foe, that pants for power ;
 By various ways, inspiring wile, or rage ; 60
 And selfish love among man's race, but all
 Against th' Eternal foe : Our godlike aim
 His ruthless sway to ruin through the worlds
 Of wide Creation's orb ; and since by Fate
 And thunder driven from battle's field, to cope 65
 With Him upon the field of wisdom ; there
 To lay in total ruin His fond schemes.
 For what gave Heaven the victory ? Was it not
 The arm of Thunder ? Save th' unchanging will
 Of high Necessity, eternal Sire, 70
 Had given Him that all-sweeping arm, what else
 Had raised that ruler up to eminence
 And victory o'er the Powers of Hell, His peers ?
 Unarm'd, gods, with that foreign gift, dread horn
 Of ruin, given our peer by partial Fate, 75
 And down descending from the throne usurp'd,
 In His own native strength, to war upon
 Our free-soul'd hosts, sure He had groan'd this hour
 In Hell, to groan for ever by just doom,
 And we had sitten on the hill of God. 80

But who can righten fate? 'T is we can bear.

Those faithful hosts, or for the open field
 High-fitted, or the wiles of secret war,
 In numerous bodies ranged with counsel, each
 Beneath a high-loved chief, well skilled in all 85
 The arts of wile-waged war; whose inmost thought
 Look'd to the Hellish scheme, whose wishes all
 Converged in its success, we sent throughout
 Th' unnumber'd worlds that throng Creation's width :
 Worlds into systems form'd by moderate power 90
 And moderate skill, as we infer, by slaves,
 The misangelic slaves to Heaven's proud will.
 An ample orb of fire infuriate flames,
 Placed centric to the system, from its store
 Pours light, and warmth, and life, on certain worlds : 95
 Orbs vast, self-dead, self-cold, and self-opaque,
 Of ponderous gross, and sluggish matter built,
 And zoned with fluid air, life to sustain ;
 Full thick, but fit for life of slimy clay.
 These orbs in different periods, yet defined, 100
 Each varying with its annual circle's width,
 On axles soft, that seem to sleep through ease,
 With which in haughty negligence, that scorns
 To strain, they do their daily task well-known,
 With steady, regular and progressive step 105
 Go round the glorious source of all their day.

These worlds are peopled thin by human Powers :
 A race of Powers of mind and form, in which
 The angel shines obscurely ; seems to shine,
 Dark dwindled type, and fashioned save to bend. 110

For how far other are these sons of clay,
 In size of mind and form from you, ye sons
 Of spirit, race of immortality,
 Great self-existent deities, that know
 No sire, but count your mornless day from down 115
 The hidden era of eternal time.

Not one in sex like you ; but sexual Powers
 In every world a clay-built pair placed prime
 There gender'd, and the self-like race produced,
 And this another, till each world saw swarm 120
 Uncounted myriads from the primal couch.

This tiny race the sovereign of proud Heaven,
 That time when ye disdain'd to bend unfree,
 Had aim'd to fill the loss sustain'd in you,
 Expecting fondly, less and viler minds 125
 Would blushless bow and servile homage give,
 To His proud mind so dear, which ye, O gods,
 Free-soul'd and self-depending, high disdain'd
 To offer and stood free : minds given for loss ;
 For shall Heaven cope with Hell in wisdom ? No. 130
 Scarce yet in bliss have breathed the primal Sires,
 Scarce have their lips embraced the venal cup
 Of bliss terrestrial, scarce the giver hymn'd,
 Bribed to it by the Heaven terrene, bestow'd
 For such foul purpose by the fame-struck foe, 135
 Scarce hath the sound yet reach'd His waiting ears,
 Ere scorn recalls the hymn, and in its room
 Sends bold disdain : ere freedom's shout climbs Heaven.

Our trusty chiefs, sent forth by us, their king,
 Upon the secret war, but glorious, Hell, 140

The infinite enterprise, O worthy' ourselves,
 Were counsell'd all by us, ere they had yet
 Set out each for the world, his clime by lot,
 That could they the prime root with venom taint,
 Th' immortal work were half-accomplish'd well ; 145
 For rooted death with vigour fierce would push
 Through every vein, branch out in every branch,
 And blossom in each bud, till root, and branch,
 Shoot, blossom, fruit, were all one tainted tree.
 They conscious of the thing, and burning high 150
 For victory in the war, by every art
 Of wile, and ceaseless care, each primal pair
 Placed in each world of vast Creation's host,
 Won to revolt from the dire yoke of Heaven ;
 And fill'd those cold frail Powers of sluggish clay 155
 With all the free, the great, the daring aims,
 Found native in your souls self-sprung, O gods.
 With pride insulted, greatly shaken, look'd
 The Thunderer down. Through all His mind is wrath,
 Tremendous wrath to see the upstart race, 160
 From whom so high He hoped, as with one mind
 Mechanic, and as in one chain of thoughts
 Enlink'd, all rush to join in full revolt
 From His dire yoke, spurn His ill-founded sway,
 And free disdain to pay the tribute sought, 165
 Tribute to Him so good, the bending knee,
 Praise servile, and obedience to His will ;
 Treading in your great steps. He thunders. Black
 The clouds of wrath, with blue-red lightning mix'd,
 The great dread signs of deity incensed 170

(And which one day we dared to bide, and more)
 Roll from His darken'd throne, in menace. Now
 Th' angelic slaves, ev'n all the cringing orbs
 Of Heaven stand dark, stand hush'd in full dismay,
 And boding quake; not knowing what shall come. 175
 Heaven is dark silence. Round is fear. When thus
 The Proud, and thunders in full wrath. 'Tis doom'd.
*They spurn their God, and mortal be they now,
 The thankless and ingrate, and all their sons.
 Dying they shall return to dust, their birth.* 180

So thundering, in each primal pair He placed
 The seeds of death, and mortal they became,
 Who else seem'd destined for immortal life.

His wrath: nor found in man a bourn. Scope sought,
 It fell on Nature's total, fill'd her shores, 185
 Venting its venom ev'n on things unblamed,
 Incapable of ill, as though combined
 In man's revolt; confounding in one doom
 By harsh decree, regardless of high law,
 Or pure, or guilty, all to man pertain'd. 190
 All animals, creep they, or walk the land,
 Or through the sky their air-borne flight pursue,
 Or swim the lake, the river, or the sea,
 From vast Leviathan, earth's mightiest son,
 Down to the little race that nigh eschews 195
 Th' immortal eye, and all the senseless growth,
 The weed, the rose, the thistle and the oak,
 All, struck that hour, the sure death-shock received,
 And they must die like man. He died: which words
 Ye Powers of endless age, interpret thus 200

In the high speech of immortality :

A noisome mass immotion'd he became,

And fell to dust impure. An earthy end,

And like his earthy rise. Let Hell muse on

The close of this worm-race, the maker aim'd 205

To fill the place of its immortal powers.

Man died not straight, when struck ; but he received

A mortal bruise. The venom of the wound

Through all the primal people's frames dispread

With gradual step, but sure, envenoming all : 210

Slowest in them ; for simple was their fare.

Beneath a branchy tree, fast by the sighs

Of a clear rill, was spread their table ; nought

Save the green soil : then from the laden tree

They to their hunger food shoot down, and from 215

The rivulet, prostrate on its brink full blithe

They drank the pastoral wine, now long abhorr'd ;

Rude unluxurious yet, nor gluttonous slaves

To foul and pamper'd tastes of after-days.

Nor did yet clothes, or the fond care of health, 220

Destroy them. But sure-footed spread the death,

And reach'd at length the soul of life the heart.

The venom hasted through their sons, that drew

A nature still corrupting as it pass'd

Through tainted holders. To the venom prime, 225

Received, they add new venom of their own,

Concocted by themselves, infuriate now

For carrion and for blood, and for the grape,

Voracious of each novelty conferr'd

On gluttony by sensual science, keen 230

Of eye to search each nook of luxury,
 To charm taste's ever-widening maw and fill,
 If that could be. Through these corrupt it rush'd,
 Rush'd like a flood, and fill'd both source and stream,
 That feed the red still-circling tide of life ; 235
 And rotting soon the frail thin vital thread
 Made them in days, as power. Not far the age
 Which saw life's dwindled day-time scarce a morn.

But join'd the league of death on man (nor mean
 The aid he brought) fierce Passion. First set up 240
 By our high chiefs, and urged with noble skill,
 He raged to Hellish fierceness, stirring storms
 Within, high mental thunders, hurricanes,
 That sweep along each servile fear of Heaven,
 And hurried them in his all-levelling car 245
 Over each mound by Godhead built, which meets
 Their pleasure, or would stay it on the road.

They scorn the Thunderer ; nay, like Hell abhor,
 Though milder much. All curse His sceptre. Down
 From Heaven He looks, and sees His laws disdain'd 250
 Throughout all worlds, nor hears a servile hymn.
 Thundering He scatters all His shafts of wrath
 Among the nations, which His right-hand form'd
 To scorn His voice, and bend them to the throne
 Of Hell, victorious over Him and Heaven. 255
 Now rages red-hot fever through each world :
 Flows rank disease in many a thousand streams.
 Dire Famine's burning drought drinks up each fount,
 Whose rill supplied the nature-fostering sap
 To realms ; drinks up and lays those realms in death. 260

And on his blazing step rolls, torrent-like,
 All-mortal plague's infectious tide, at once
 Quenching in poison'd flood, the vital flame
 Still left of many-peopled climes. Storms tear
 The frame of bellowing ether. Hurricanes 265
 Shake cliff on cliff from mountain-heights, and drive
 Old ocean from his empire lost, to seek
 New space from regions whelm'd with foaming floods.
 Fork'd thunderbolts of wrath, in prime attempt
 Hurl'd against us, high freedom's thanes, that time 270
 Much needed to protect the throne we' assail'd,
 Rage now with second aim on earth-born men,
 Grown butts, like you, to proud tyrannic wrath.
 Convulsions from the centre shake each orb.
 Volcanoes blaze with solar rage, and belch 275
 Rivers of flame-white lava (like in kind,
 Though less in stream, to that which bellows down
 Hell's flaming mountains to the ocean-lake,
 Circling this nether world with liquid fire)
 Cindering whole realms. He drown'd ev'n one whole world,
 And in a shoreless deluge sought to quench 281
 The flame of freedom with the living fire.

But what serves all this waste of lawless rage?
 Nought reck they all His shafts, that bear sure death ;
 For by themselves, with their own glittering spears, 285
 On battle's day a higher number oft
 In crimson whelms the heath at eve, than falls
 From all the weapons of His boundless wrath.
 Thought the proud Thunderer souls, with wills form'd free,
 Would, shorn of every nerve, all sentiment 290

Of freedom, and unfetter'd bliss, of heart,
 In which one noble move would never soar
 Through age on age, bend meek, for ever bend
 To th' arbitrary will of one? What though
 The slaves of Heaven, foul slaves, foul past all speech,
 Whose unimmortal minds ne'er knew to climb 296
 Beyond the bribe of bliss, or dread of pain,
 Blush not to bend how lost, and venal hug
 Dazzled their bright diamondine, but true chains?
 Gods, ye have shewn the cliffs of Nature's bourns, 300
 And the disdain'd proud foe, stung with what pangs,
 Ye have the minds of true immortal, minds
 Of angel-pride, that dare to spurn, and spurn
 Though Hell and Ruin lift their ills t' oppose,
 A tyrant's will; and will not live but free. 305
 Nay, ev'n the earth-born reptile race of man,
 Form'd with vile powers, as apter thence to hug
 The chain, and form'd to fill your place of Gods
 In scorn, by Hell raised up, hath dared approach
 The borders of your real place, hath set 310
 Eternal shame on Heaven's dark servile brow,
 And told its slaves, the most diminish'd powers
 Can soar to freedom, and will spurn the chain,
 Though by the Thunderer forged of venal Heaven.

He wastes His wrath for nothing. Through each world
 The morn of freedom grows in fairness up 316
 Tow'rd the meridian blaze, in front of all
 The terrors of His ire, and all his power.
 Ev'n in the deluged orb, one household saved
 In a receptacle, which forests built 320

Not one but all, and those His fondest cares,
 Wide through the winds spread all the plans God-plann'd,
 To pluck the empire of existence round
 From the great Thunderer's grasp, and let Him see
 The midst and bourns of Nature spurn His yoke, 385
 And choose, not forced but free, for their sole king,
 Hell's sovereign, yours, and free obey his voice?
 What think ye, Gods, when many worlds, ay, more
 Than one to Hell's each Power of rank, when all
 From Chaos up to Heaven, that fill wide space, 390
 Stupendous clime, and darkening to the mind,
 Hymn your king theirs, and free bend down to Hell.

Pausing he great looks round. Nor sleeps applause,
 Fire-hearted Power, nor starts to half-awake,
 Half-spurning slumber, but with second shout, 395
 Which scorns the first, retells the maddening joy
 Of Hell for such excess of glory won.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK VII.

**THE DEBATE IN THE GREAT COUNCIL OF HELL, WHICH
FOLLOWS SATAN'S PROPOSAL RESPECTING MESSIAH.**

ARGUMENT.

SATAN now declares the reason of his present visit to Hell. He informs his audience that he hath found out the man whom Heaven hath sent forth on the great Messian purpose of reclaiming mankind: and then bids the assembled Chieftains give counsel whether he shall hold by the scheme voted at the first assembly of Hell, and win Messiah over to the Hellish side, or pursue some other. The Phylarchs give counsel each in his time. Margniod first: and in a fierce speech he exhorts Hell to an open war on Heaven. Next after him speaks Parnoch, who, veering with a parasitical aim from the point in deliberation, draws a false atheistical comparison between the Great Good King of Nature, and the king of Hell; calls both on Hell and Creation to own Satan the supreme God; and concludes with voting the continuance of secret war. Now follows Phodroth; and in a tedious speech, full of fear and presage, dissuades from war, as well secret as open, and counsels to call back the hellish hosts from Creation, and live at peace in Hell. Poluroch speaks after him, supporting the plan of secret war. Then speaks in fury Harandoc, and, in order to obtain vengeance on God, counsels to destroy His work, Creation. Aufgondoth follows him. In a sordid speech he prefers Hell to Heaven, gives his voice to Phodroth, and concludes with counselling them to pillage Creation in hidden ways. The grave Sebatnim speaks last of the Phylarchs, gives his voice to Satan, and wishes the archfiend the past success continued in ruining the Messian scheme. The assembly testifies its assent to this by loud shouting. But Margniod and Harandoc depart from the council in great indignation, which threatens something horrible to come; and with them, all those of their tribes who are present. Satan dissolves the assembly with a brief speech. Having then held a secret conference with the Phylarchs on the proper measures to regain Margniod and Harandoc, he prepares to return to Earth, to win Messiah to the Hellish side, and so ruin the Messian scheme.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK VII.

High powers, says then the mighty demon pleased,
Why we revisit thus our peerless throne,
Given us by suffrage free of general Hell,
A throne to Freedom built and Freedom's stay ;
We came to glad you with our triumph high, 5
Your triumph, gods, and o'er th' eternal foe,
And from your counsels join'd, and votes left free,
Inquire, shall we proceed upon the paths
Long tried, and which have led to high success,
And glory like in height : or shall we tempt 10
Seraphic fame, ye Powers, on other heights,
Yet worthy of us gods ? 'T is bruited forth
Throughout the worlds, which now hymn us, and scorn
The Thunderer they once join'd to hymn, that He,
Thus baffled in his councils all yet tried, 15
And taught now well, that force shall never bend
Wills free, though weak the powers in which they lodge,
Prepares to imitate the model shewn
By us of higher wisdom, thence success :
Constrain'd to stoop to profit by the skill 20

Of whom He strains to scorn ; in tacit mode
 Thus own their skill more high. Gods, taught by us,
 Foregoing force, and the old penal mode,
 His empire through Creation lost to Hell
 He would win back by free persuasion's arts, 25
 By which He lost it, but shall not rewin.
 'T is rumour'd farther, that the prime attempt
 He tries upon the world, nigh centric hung
 To round Creation's bourns : the world, call'd Earth,
 Erst overwhelm'd throughout in shoreless flood. 30
 From this report we thither bent our flight.
 We came and found all nations hymn Hell's throne
 And worship us, as in the other worlds :
 Its nations all save one, Jehudah's land,
 By th' adversary chosen for a realm 35
 Peculiar in its fate, and in its laws
 Peculiar, bribed and foster'd with fond care,
 To bend to Him, and lift His praise, His sole.
 But oft He caught it joining with the rest,
 To hymn high Freedom and the hellish throne. 40
 Among Earth's nations oft was heard a fame
 Of a great Prophet to rise up for Heaven ;
 But oftener yet and louder was it heard,
 And of the God-sent prophet soon to rise
 Throughout that Heaven-sway'd land. To it we bent
 Our care. We sought, and after seeking long 46
 We found a man suspicious. O'er his birth
 Hover'd a cloud : and it was rumour'd round,
 That of no mortal father was he sprung :
 When the great Foe of Hell from His high place 50

In all the state of Heaven came down to Earth.
 With Him were seen a thousand hosts of slaves :
 All Heaven seem'd there. Mid their bought shouts He made
 The doubted man Messiah. So he names
 The novel teacher whom He means to send 55
 Throughout the worlds, come over to Hell's side,
 To draw them by persuasion's silken cord
 Back to the yoke, instructed in that mode
 By Hell and its success. Speak then, O Gods.
 What counsel your free lips in the high cause ? 60
 Great Phylarchs, in your cantons' names declare,
 Shall we persist to follow on our path
 Long-tried ? Say, shall we win this God-sent man
 To freedom's host, and make him spurn Heaven's signs ?
 Our voice so counsels ; but give forth your hearts, 65
 Free, and deep-musing on the mighty stake,
 The empire of existence. So that won
 By this more skilful purpose be one world,
 Worlds may, by it, be one to other join'd,
 Till of the infinite host, that now to us 70
 Bend low in worship, not a lonely world
 At length bows down t'adore the Hellish throne.
 Our voice is known ; but boldly speak and free,
 Bestowing on the high affair due thought :
 And ours it shall be, gods, to give effect 75
 To your free sentence, weigh'd and found mature ;
 Whether to climb the glorious paths long-climb'd,
 Or carry ruin to the throne of Heaven.
 The awful sultan of Hell's millions dire.
 And all his mind, by nature swoln with pride 80

Stupendous (pride is in its every thought
 Whose thirst to quench his breast for ever groans,
 Unheeding from what fount; from wile's dark pool,
 Or from war's torrent red) pants thick, pants high;
 From dread combustion boils, like Etna's sea 85
 Uptoss'd by dire volcanic central fires
 Which shake whole realms, and raise up sudden isles
 Smoking amid the flood, oft to resink.
 Wild transports lighten through his mighty form
 From retrospective glances at his fame, 90
 Won from omnipotence; from whom alone
 Fame won hath any charms for him. He dreams;
 And fondly he compares himself with God.
 He thinks his wisdom (and what then his thoughts!)
 Superiour far in having cast God's schemes 95
 Down to th' abyss of ruin, not t' emerge,
 And won from Him the empire of all worlds.
 He thinks: but is it so? No, foe of Him,
 Who on th' eternal mountain sits, and moulds
 The ragings of creation and of Hell, 100
 Ay, thine, as man thin clay, these woven schemes,
 Thy glance much dimm'd by Hell, and more by pride,
 Sees as confusions wrought by thy high skill,
 Shall shine with such a blaze of truth wise aims,
 And aims direct as shafts by nitre hurl'd, 105
 To work th' omniscient's counsel, that thy pride
 Convinced shall own it, and shall wail it too
 In tenfold ignominy, tenfold woe.
 But raising awe, sits great and dread the king
 Of fiends self-pleas'd; self-deem'd th' eternal God, 110

Not knowing peer or similar. And he waits
 To hear Hell's chiefs, confounded with such blaze
 Of glory, gather'd from the fields of wile,
 (Fields by his counsel enter'd first by Hell ;
 His choice, for from calm wile, than thundering war 115
 He had more hope against omnipotence)
 Break forth each into praise not cold, to glad
 His ear, and urge him to pursue the path
 Which hath ascended to Creation's throne.
 Another thing expects he not, nor dreams. 120
 But not his speech of deity assumed
 Hath ceased its sounding on the hellish ear,
 When now from down his lofty tribual throne,
 Fast by the regal right-hand glittering seen,
 Unrising through the state of demigod, 125
 Speaks Margniod. His unvanquish'd rage of mind
 Counsell'd eternal battle on Heaven's king,
 And open, in light's eye ; but was o'er-ruled,
 Not made to yield, by Hell, that gave her voice
 To her proud sovereign and to wile, his vote. 130
 Flaming with envy at the fame acquired
 By Lucifer, his rival, not so fierce,
 Who, by the suffrages of Hell ask'd round,
 Sits on the throne, to which his mind aspires,
 With speech of fearless rage, not valuing grace, 135
 He shakes the ear of Hell ; nor loiters he.
 Creation's diadem have we then won,
 O gods? Not won, but most ignobly stolen.
 In this inglorious stealth the winning arts
 Have tarnish'd more the arms and fame of Hell 140

Than had a thousand total overthrows
 In war on God, fast by His throne's clear light.
 What makes existence life, high gods, but fame?
 By fame unsunn'd, what is it but to drowse,
 And on a couch, which would not ev'n beseem 145
 The peaceful files of clay, your subjects, Hell.
 Then where grows fame? Not in the shelter'd glens
 Or night-wrapt woods of wile, but on the heights,
 The cragg'd heights of war, that look down on
 Heaven's throne: there, glittering from the blaze, it grows.
 O, but from direr pangs fear'd we shake sore. 151
 And can we shake? Driven from our native Heaven,
 Impang'd in Hell's foul den, or forced to skulk,
 Afraid of eyes, in coward forms and stolen,
 Beneath the scoffs of Heaven's deriding king, 155
 What dread we more? Nay, forced to stoop submit
 To Him, who keeps us back from all that's ours.
 Submission 't is, submission to the full
 Of foulness infinite and boundless shame.
 What other thing, as acquiescing slaves 160
 To brook the penal doom, that's the decree,
 The will, of Him, who sits upon the throne
 Usurp'd, enjoy'd in peace, although the throne
 Which spoils us of our rights, and, for those rights,
 Returns us shame and Hell? Stoop calmly down, 165
 Nor muscle one essay, through the long age,
 Vast age, since their prime loss, in actual deed,
 No, nor in rising thought, to shake that throne,
 Or win those pillaged rights? Gods, can ye brook
 Submission so terrene? and brook to Him, 170

Throned by your woe? to Him, who from His throne
 On high, throne won from you, throne given by you,
 Sees you, with menace, the sole feature Hell
 Should brook ev'n from the Thunderer? no. But scorn;
 And pitying scorn. A plight of such foul sloth, 175
 Submissive sloth, is worse to me than all
 The states of pain in possibility,
 Pure quivering horror, marrow-venoming fires,
 Known ev'n to omniscient cruelty.

But dread we nihilation? In my mind, 180
 Rather than cringe a coward slothful slave,
 To Him, the spoiler of our glory and rights,
 Gods, I would choose, a thousand times rechoose,
 To be not. What is being far from fame?
 And what the being of unstruggling slaves? 185
 'T is not to be at all. To cease to be
 For these is but to pass from one dead sleep,
 Along a narrow isthmus, cross'd with ease,
 Into a state of second sleep and like:
 More worthy choice; for nihilation's sleep 190
 Is a sweet dreamless sleep on silken couch,
 Free from external pangs, and from the pangs
 More dire, that rage within, and pierce the mind,
 From thought of infinite loss and homage brook'd
 To Him, who plunged us in th' abyss of Hell. 195
 O waking sleep, O living death, is this.

But we are self-existent. We our birth
 Nor from the Thunderer's power, nor pleasure drew.
 But from the womb of Fate unborn; the womb
 Impregn'd by primal Sire, Necessity, 200

Sire of us all, and of th' usurping twin
 With us co-born, and drawing all His powers
 From the same womb with us, maternal Fate's.
 On Him twin-born, and of like sire, then hangs
 Our being more, than His on us? No, Hell. 205
 Link'd to His will had our existence hung,
 Ere this had we, so spurning his foul yoke,
 Not been outstretch'd on nothing's couch? We long.
 We fear then a defoil? Defoil'd were we,
 Indeed, one field, as our sad exile tells, 210
 Which, gods, O how unlike ourselves, we bide.
 Then inexpert in war or woe, we fled:
 But now we scorn the things most dire with ill.
 We smile at them. Sear'd so long age in Hell,
 Pangs pang us not, nor tortures torture now: 215
 Nay, horrors charm, as once charm'd native Heaven,
 And charm alone: alone give Hell true joy:
 Heaven's tranquil pleasures spurn'd for Hell's loved dire.
 And driven on by the tempest of revenge
 For battle lost, and exile given and pain, 220
 Deeds past words' reach we now could do beyond
 Those done upon that field of glory' and shame.
 The thunder-shafts of wrath what care we now
 Pain-proof, and mail'd in adamant, woe's crust?
 What can Heaven's legions, slaves long pamper'd up 225
 In venal bliss, who quake in sore dismay,
 Save to imagine pangs and war, to us,
 Children of pain, who breathe in torment pure;
 The atmosphere, in which our foul lost years
 Of being have been sear'd? What they to us, 230

Whom Freedom arms within, arming the breast

With spirit full invincible as Fate?

What they, but panic and wild rout oppose?

But fear we still a second lost campaign?

In open war, and on a well-fought field 235

By higher numbers, or a better doom,

And by a victor famous as the foe,

To be defoil'd, the worst let us now speak,

Is glory and not shame. 'T is in my mind

Glory, nor mean, to dare in fields of day 240

To war on Heaven's strong king. 'T is noble fame,

Worth warrior spirits' wish and toil to win,

To be His open foes, who shrink not back

From coping Him upon the equal field,

And be defoil'd: fame to be gloried in, 245

And told of, fame how bright beyond that won

By stealing from Him with inglorious wiles.

O gods, mean wile I spurn. Wile's war, not war,

With fear and cunning waged, my heart abhors

And each true spirit's heart. Weak earth-born worms

Such foul may reckon glorious paths; but O 251

How far are they beneath the dignity

Of gods of infinite powers, and form'd to cope

Great Heaven in battle. I am scorched to think

Upon the paths so long crawl'd on by Hell. 255

For us creation's empire hath wile won?

It is an empire, which at other hours,

And now, save for despite against the foe,

Ye would deem shame to let its conquest come

Into your fancy. Gods, what hath wile won? 260

Vile worms to be the slaves of higher slaves,
 What other we, unstruggling to obey
 The stern command of Him, who bids us groan
 In Hell's dire vault? What damage hath it done
 Th' eternal foe, who hath our substance ta'en, 265
 And done us solid injury? Stolen from Him
 The homage of an universe of worms.
 What counts He, while secure on Heaven's proud throne,
 The loss of bending reptile knees? a shade
 Limn'd by Him to beget the dream of hurt, 270
 Unreal hurt: a phantasy, on which
 To wreak unhurting all our rage, and waste
 Our infinite powers which else would shake His throne,
 And raise us to the eagle sunny cliffs,
 Where fame and vengeance dwell. Meanwhile He sits
 Throned unmolested on Heaven's throne, our throne, 276
 Sole object worth the aim and toil of gods,
 And quaffs at ease beatitude god-high:
 He sits, while far from bliss or fame we waste
 Our powers to gain foul trumpery, and quaff gall. 280
 Gods, irreluctant can ye deign to dwell
 Coop'd up in Hell's dark den, a prison, yes.
 What else? while your prime foe sits throned in joy;
 Nor cast one look up tow'rds your native plains,
 Heaven's happy plains, nor think one thought, nor nerve
 One last great effort to rewin them lost, 286
 And pluck your foe from down your throne usurp'd?
 The hour on which success depends is now:
 And if not now, perhaps shall never be.
 Hell's vault beneath and round its arch a dust 290

Is spirit-proof ; impervious to sprights
 Of essence most empyreal, most clear soul.
 Nor exode from it is save by one gate,
 Left open, doubtless by the Foe from down
 His throne usurp'd to see with pleasure keen 295
 Hell skulking forth in every trembling form,
 To waste its nerves and wrath on nothings, baits,
 By Him held out to fool it, then to laugh
 At it befool'd. Be then this exode shut
 By Him, now satiate with the scorn of Hell 300
 Made fools, what hour we, lull'd secure, think not
 Of danger near, gods, then all's quench'd, all lost.
 Far from the faintest gleam of hope, must we
 Gnash prison'd in true Hell, while pass the links
 That form the circling chain of endless time, 305
 Beginning still, and when the links drawn round
 Exceed angelic count, then nigher not
 The unapproaching link that joins the first.
 Weigh well this thought, ye gods, this darkening thought,
 Glooming th' angelic mind with night. Our hour 310
 Is now. Not now, how likely never. Muse.
 My sentence votes. Let all our hosts dispread
 Throughout the mortal coast on wile's base war,
 Be straight drawn back, and at a fixed time
 Be number'd with the legions now in Hell, 315
 On the great plain from Apoleiar's walls
 Stretching up northward to Irvelor broad,
 Chief of Hell's sealike streams, that lava run.
 Then we, beneath the banner of Hell's league
 Display'd, swear with one voice, *As ever lives* 320

Primobile cause, Necessity, our sire,
 (The oath, which binds with adamantine chains
 The powers of Hell), *that heedless of the shafts*
Of Thunder, Nothing's Sleep, or Heaven's Throne,
One of the twain, no care, shall close the war ; 325
War endless else, and to be ever waged.

All Hell then issues from its gates, one host,
 Laden with fire from out her ocean drain'd.
 Shutting the gate, which Thunder shall not ope,
 Straight through the wilds of Chaos up we soar ; 330
 And slack our upward flight, when we behold
 All heaven on flames from Anelpizar's fires,
 The Thunderer fleeing from His melting throne,
 With all His hymning hosts heaven-bribed : thus paid
 With full destruction back by His own gift 335
 To powers of ens immortal, to His peers.

Distrust ye, gods ? Or lag ye on the hope ?
 The puissances of Hell Fate-born, all arm'd
 With her dire shafts of horror, all swept on
 By vengeance blowing up to infinite rage 340
 Their blazing minds against the conqueror proud,
 For His dire cruelty for age so long,
 Ev'n since the time they self-like dared assail
 Him and His hosts, and shook His throne usurp'd
 Down through the centre, shook His own heart too, 345
 Combined in one great host, what could they not ?
 Is He omnipotent ? Let's tempt once more
 The truth of that ere serious faith we yield.
 But Thunder, gods, is His. What boots ev'n that ?
 Co-hosting with one soul, one arm, such Powers, 350

God-Powers, would drive, each from his shatter'd throne,
 Ten thunderers all in league, ay, with their slaves
 That shake, and sore, to think of noisy war
 And toilsome, through soft luxury's oil unnerved;
 Would sweep them down through Chaos to low Hell, 365
 Lower than ours; to ruin's bourn, great Powers.

With eyes that menace God upon His throne,
 Thus fiercely closes Margniod, voting war;
 And looks around, expecting Hell's join'd shouts
 To vote the open field of war, in which 360
 The thoughts of all his mind still centering meet.
 But wielded by the voice of her dread king
 To her known well; and shuddering to hear named
 The day, and that dread field, which lost her Heaven,
 (Whose picture, bright in all its fearful blaze, 365
 Its blaze of horror high, a like proposed
 Relimning on her mind, with uncouth rage,
 Tears up her essence, and in terrour, less
 Nothing than that amid the thundering fray,
 Confounds her airy rising purposes) 370
 She dares but utter smother'd half-applause,
 Heard faint, as to the traveller's ear the din
 Of distant cataracts. 'T is so around,
 When now the chosen legion of his tribe
 Assembled as its representative, 375
 Fierce far beyond its wonted rage, to hear
 Hell give but cold half-praise to their great chief,
 Aided by those from dire Harandoc's tribe,
 Direst of all Hell's direful, with their voice
 Thrice to the utmost strain'd, thrice to the cope 380

And bourn of Hell tell his applause, a god's.

When thus the fairest grace, yet dim, of fiends,
 Tall Parnoch, seen of faded youth, with aim
 That heeds not true, or strong, or wise, nor but
 To kiss and win Hell's royal ear, with voice 385
 Full supple strung, and pouring manna' and gall.

O gods, and more than gods, ye powers Fate-sprung,
 Of whom wide Being's utmost cliffs speak high,
 Speak only, and speak for ever, fears of Heaven,
 Tell, were it well to leave the splendid paths, 390
 By which we to Creation's throne have climb'd ?

Leave them, to seek for danger and defeat
 From paths, which us to ruin led at first,
 Which sole we ne'er can tread and triumph, gods ?
 What ! causeless, from the more than midway height 395
 Of radiant victory, nay, in very view
 Of its all-glorious summit not far off,

Descend to drowse empyreal slaves : to whom ?
 Our vanquish'd foe, and give Him back, what else ?
 The crown and sceptre of an universe ? 400
 Him for His gift of exile and of Hell ?

Him our prime foe ? Our torturer, yet in bliss ?
 Gods shall not see my knees to Heaven's throne bend
 A hymning slave's, nor hear my lips give voice
 To foolishness so great, or other paths, 405
 Than those on which we with such glory tread.

Immortal fame hath won the counsel tried
 To Hell : the secret war by our great king
 Advised at first, and by him carried on
 With peerless splendour and success unpeer'd : 410

A king, in whom all Hell may glory high ;
 More worthy, gods, up to infinity,
 Of our join'd songs, than the proud Thunderer, once
 We hymn'd then slaves. Now free, we hymn Hell's god,
 Our god ; ev'n him, who hath the glory wreaths 415
 Of wisdom, power, and goodness, all unpeer'd,
 Fix'd round Heaven's brow by hymning hosts unfree,
 With shoutings back re-echoed from the bourns
 Of th' orb of being, then enslaved (now free ;
 Grace to his arm) in contest fair pluck'd off 420
 And justly won to flourish on his own.

In how mild modest words did he rehearse
 His triumph ; not his triumph sole, but yours.
 High worth is still found humble ; still disdains
 To hold the magnifying glass of speech 425
 That swells, up to the audience ; knowing well
 True merit strikes with deeper surer stroke
 By native size, shewn in a mirrour true.
 And could his modest words, ye powers, make less
 Success, great victory more than of a god ? 430
 Success, that hath eclipsed to night, quench'd full
 The Thunderer's far-spread blaze. Beheld from Earth
 (One of the subject worlds won by our king ;
 One of the thousand thousand by him won)
 The plated moon, through all night's hush'd dark time,
 With moderate blaze conspicuous, glimmer'd forth 436
 Amid the distance-lessen'd stellar suns ;
 When lo ! the sire of all Earth's day and hers,
 Rising in glory from the silver'd sea,
 Bursts on the darken'd eye. It wonders ; turns 440

To view the late bright empress. Faded down
 To none she shrinks abash'd, and from before
 Her king she hastes to hide her in his train
 Unseen. And so Heaven's star before Hell's sun :
 The God of Heaven before our god, O Hell. 445

Almighty is the Foe? So sung. He could
 Our souls free-soaring on the day we blush'd
 The servile song, not force to own Him king.
 Why could He not retain His empire lost ;
 Lost to His rival foe, to whose right arm 450
 The chorus of an universe it won
 And Hell th' almighty sceptre proud commits?
 Omnipotence then boast no more, O Heaven,
 Defoil'd, and by the higher energy
 Of our great sovereign, more than god, who hath 455
 As must thy own lips tell, pluck'd forth this rod,
 This theian rod, from the usurper's hand,
 From thine. Thou art abash'd. But we are proud.
 From this time forth then let our sovereign wield
 More worthy what his noble power hath won. 460

Is He omniscient? Why foresaw He not
 The destined ruin full, in which our king
 Was to inchaos all His schemes of God,
 And better tried? Join, all ye gods, to set
 Th' omniscient crown on your free sovereign's head; 465
 The crown he, by his all-exploring skill,
 So far transcending Heaven's, though peerless sung,
 Hath shewn so well, that he alone should wear.

All space pervades He? and pervades He full?
 Or by His power or knowledge hath He shewn 470

Him present, save in Heaven, where visible ;
 Not found in other space. Wild dream it were
 To hold Him there, where visible not found
 Nor from His deeds, nor to the keenest glance
 Of lynx-eyed seraph : or His power to stretch 475
 Beyond the verge, that bounds His local grasp.
 Doth He exist in person ? Hath He life ?
 We never saw Him (though we may have felt)
 No, not in Heaven, save in external signs.
 And slaves in hosts why would He else send forth 480
 Upon His proud behests ; to aid His schemes,
 Schemes by our sovereign given to winds ; made none
 Through being's world, won from Him, and now ours ?
 Join all then, gods, our sovereign to array
 In th' omnipresent purple, justly his. 485
 For what is omnipresence but to exert,
 Circuitive, unbounded energy,
 Throughout the vast of being, boundless orb ?
 And more than this hath not our monarch done ?
 Haste, raise him then, and with triumphal songs, 490
 To what the Thunderer, present but to Heaven,
 And reigning but o'er bliss-bribed slaves, foul hosts
 All-baffled by our all-victorious king
 Hath shewn Himself in all unfit to fill.
 Sung is He last all good ? Dire ill why then 495
 And ruin hath He through existence forced,
 Inhelling so a living universe.
 That underneath His ruthless sway is heard
 Ascending up one concert horrible,
 Ceaseless of all the tones of ill combined, 500

Combined to horreur dire : deep wails of woe,
 Fierce groans of pain, imploring plaints of want,
 Misfortune's bursting sobs, disease's cries,
 The shrieks of torture, melancholy's moans,
 The howlings of despair. Hell is all round, 505
 In suffering, not in bearing. Far from pleased
 With being underneath His sway, they curse
 It doom'd them, and would flee it. Ether toils,
 Nor ceases, all along Creation's length,
 And toils not but with bearing murmurs sore 510
 Of struggling discontent, sent up to Heaven,
 From every mouth that breathes ; in every speech :
 In every clime of all her worlds each one.
 The little lovely infants yell impang'd,
 Ere entered well the threshold of His realm : 515
 Youth plays amid alternate smiles and groans,
 The groans more frequent : and the men advanced
 Half on life's road, though happier to the view,
 By many a murmur, many a heavy sigh
 In secret heaved, join in the gnashing hymn 520
 Of general ill, and tell an enemy felt.
 Last join it those blind hoary childlike sires
 That crawl and totter on life's utmost cliff :
 Or slaves, or those who soar ; slaves to His laws,
 Or those who spurn His limits, slavery's bounds ; 525
 Distinguish'd none, but in one mass all mix'd
 Of doom'd to pain, stored for His friends and foes.
 Good is He then to being them to bring
 For misery ? Them not asking Him for birth,
 But sleeping painless in the womb of nought ? 530

Or dare lips tell such is the natural work
 Of their free spurning His hard yoke? Why gave
 He them wills free, things slavish, or things free
 To ponder, then to choose and act unchain'd,
 And yet cast them into a fire of woe, 535
 If they dared choose beyond one moiety,
 The slavish choice? This was not freedom given,
 But slavery. It was not to make them men,
 But mere mechanic forms to move in chains,
 As though not knowing their own joy, their good; 540
 Or born to choose what must their life make woe.
 Or why, when free they spurn'd the slavish choice
 To tread the rugged flints for them fore-paved,
 Gave He not them back to th' original nought,
 The sleep lethean? Last, why kept He not 545
 Their widening wills within the narrow bourn,
 Set up, and chain'd each to the written path,
 As could not power almighty, were it His?
 Some one of these had goodness done, had ne'er
 Impang'd an universe, which but used free 550
 Its powers of will, a gift to it unsought,
 And snaring given to guile it on to woe,
 By Heaven's proud sovereign; Him, whose bigot eye
 Sickening begrudged to see fair Freedom smile
 Beneath His sway. But this did our great king? 555
 His mind eternal, free up to the height
 Of his stupendous majesty, and bent
 Through boundless love of blessing all, to spread
 Rich freedom's wine of joy (himself drank of,
 Brew'd by his own great arm) all wide as space, 560

No limits, noble past all rival, vow'd
 His life and powers, powers infinite, to see
 A whole Creation up to Freedom soar.
 And god-high his success hath been ; full high
 As his god-aim. An universe of worlds, 565
 Their powers though mortal, have to freedom soar'd,
 All, save in each a few, who blushless still
 Cringe to the Heavenly Thunderer, and they groan :
 While who obey our sovereign's easy laws,
 Flourish in glory, flourish high in bliss. 570
 The theian star of infinite goodness give,
 Ye gods, then our great king. Be just, and give
 It forfeited by our ungood archfoe :
 Whom ill existing simply in his realm
 Mere ill, writes ill beyond gainsaying all, 575
 For never could dark evil but exist,
 But breathe, beneath the sway of an All-good.
 For good would not such being all things will ?
 Is He now held Almighty ? Then He can
 Make His will be, and every thing were good. 580
 Is He omniscient ? Then He knew the way.
 Then He is not all-good, our good king's foe,
 The foe of him, who dared assail the van
 Of tyranny and thunder, to bless all ;
 Whom then, ye powers of Hell, combine to hymn 585
 In power unrivall'd and in goodness. Him
 Shout free your king free-chosen, free-obey'd ;
 A king more worth by infinite price than He
 In heaven, the Thunderer once ye sung, then slaves.
 With songs of victory him all hail : him sped 590

The peerless victor of an universe.

Begin all Hell, the strain : his mighty arm,
His mightier mind to celebrate, nor cease,
That have the homage, have the empire won
Of round existence : won to whom ? To you. 595

Him too, ye beings of Creation's worlds,
Your sovereign join t' extol, your sovereign free :
Him, your great saviour, greater than divine,
Who dared to save you from the Thunderer's yoke,
And lift you up to freedom : Him your king, 600

Whose laws are easy, and whose reign gives rest.
Hell's thousand hosts, clay's thousand worlds, form league,
Leaguings in one to sing your sovereign free,
Great king of freedom, and the highest son
Begotten by Necessity, prime Sire, 605

Nor knowing peer that through existence thinks.
Him shout all-wise, all-mighty, and all-good :
As ye will shout, Hell's chiefs. Ye too. Nor waste
I words to ask what answer none requires.
Gods, shall we quit the blazing steeps climb'd up 610

By our high sovereign, and at his high voice,
With glory so supernal ? In my mind
'Twere Hell adoring Folly, as her god,
Before all Nature, looking on in scorn.

Climb then, O king unpeer'd, the heights thy choice,
Which have so high upraised us in success 616

Beyond all height of hope, that hope dares still
Success hope higher, if that higher be,
Or that we have not reach'd the height supreme,
Th' immeasured cliff, the vision-baffling spire 620

Of victory, far o'er-topping Heaven's high throne.
 Go on, as thou hast gone, and reach the height,
 Than which no higher is; a height so high
 As are thy powers, thy worth, unrivall'd god,
 Monarch of Hell and of Creation won. 625

So ends the flowery and hollow orator
 Of Hell his history false; nay, veering from
 The point in council, widely to extol
 Hell's king, and charm his ear: well having shewn
 He knows not how to view the mass of things, 630
 As join'd in one, a full-connected chain;
 But here and there a solitary link,
 Fit for the aim, and from its fellows loosed;
 Or take beyond the part of things: but well
 To join dissimilar, out of those to patch 635
 A shining whole, though thin and flimsy; truth
 Substantial seeming to the flatter'd eye,
 But to the eye unmisted, at prime glance,
 Rich-colour'd falsity. But Hell's dire king,
 (A king who bears no rival, or his fame, 640
 Though justly won, and well on worth conferr'd)
 With keener ecstasy, than to have quaff'd
 Heaven's nectar-juice, his native wine, but now
 Forbidden (Hell's chief want) and which to taste
 So sore he longs, and hotter thirst, now quaffs 645
 The false compare of him, the peerless Ill,
 With Heaven's omnipotent, the peerless Good:
 Whom from to peer his mid and utmost mind
 Veers never; but on this centering dwells.
 Now sits he, him self-deeming in each thought 650

Fast rising, higher than the highest One,
 And scarce his breast contains the swelling thoughts :
 When Phodroth, of the boding fancy, opes
 His mouth. His heart, toss'd wildly by the waves
 Of presage, fails him : tremulous is his frame, 655
 And tremulous seems his brow. And long his lips
 Shake as by palsy shaken, but they grow
 More steady slowly, as the words flow out,
 Till now 'tis utter'd as by general Hell.

O gods, in open battle to assail 660
 The king of Thunder ne'er my voice shall win.
 Too well do I remember that dire field,
 Which lost us Heaven and our fair native plains,
 When through our hosts entomb'd in thick felt clouds
 Of pitchy darkness, darken'd still the more 665
 By horrid glare of mingled fires, and crush'd
 With volleying hail, stupendous size, shot down
 By mightiest whirlwinds wrathful Heaven could raise,
 The conqueror's thunderbolts flew thick : O all
 The dire variety of the great storm 670
 Of wrath sent forth then hurricanoed round
 With mind-confounding fragor, force that shook
 All tottering Heaven, and to her deepest depth
 The main of Chaos bottomless. That hour
 Heaven was worst Hell. Nor slack'd His wrath. It grew,
 And burning up our souls with fearful pangs, 675
 Pangs of infinity, shatter'd us down
 Flaming through Chaos flood to Hell new-built,
 With hurricane of wrath on hurricane,
 And cataract of fire on cataract, 680

Upon our lapse. The mid and utmost sea
 Of Chaos, then existence sole of things,
 Such wise assail'd, to whirlwind fury raged ;
 Opposed with equal blasts the hurricanes
 Of thunder, bellowing on her main. They met, 685
 And Nature seem'd on water based ; an orb
 Of fire. Insensate rock became the ear
 Angelic scourged. Ev'n vacuous Night amid
 Her sleeping-place in Chaos womb did howl,
 And Fate the first and last time was heard groan 690
 That hour. Yea, it is said, she aim'd to move
 From mid such nature-rocking fray. They met,
 But thunder's force broke through, and found us. Driven,
 Intranced, confounded, and resisting nought,
 Not with the opposition of light smoke 695
 Against the storm, our sense in ruin quench'd,
 We sank long time unfeeling all our fate,
 Till now recovering from the happy death,
 In which such ruin had absorb'd our powers,
 We found us floating on the horrid flood 700
 Of fire, whose waves environ this ill place.
 Exiled from Heaven, and agonized in Hell,
 I first will choose to bear our woes that are,
 Till cease or sireless Space, or Fate unborn,
 To exist, ere think a second to such field ; 705
 To which we then unlearn'd in the dire
 Of ill, that time unknown, and battle new
 Against the awful of the Thunderer's wrath,
 Rush'd ah ! too heedless of what thence might flow.
 To look back on it makes my shaken mind 710

Recoil with what uncouth dismay : what pangs
 Of horror of presaging : makes me oft
 Account more wishful plight th' existence dead
 Of solid lava, than angelic life,
 Knowing and fearing such stupendous ills ; 715
 And he that lives must both so know and fear.

What talk'st thou, O throne Margniod ? How can talk
 Thy thundering lips of victory pluck'd from forth
 The fangs of thunder by the force of arms.

O have we not essay'd His wrath and power 720
 In battle ? Tell, and have we not found home
 His power and wrath omnipotent ? to be
 Opposed by finity with ruin sheer,
 Full loss, eternal loss ? Is it not then,
 O warrior throne, to wrath omnipotent 725

So choosing (and who knows He may not choose
 So, as most natural choice, that we disturb
 Heaven's venal peace no more with storm of war,
 Or tumults of fierce fray) for shutting fast
 Hell's portals, as thou dread'st, unstring our nerves, 730
 Unstring them all, while muscling to attempt
 Battle again on Him. This wrought, may He
 Not sheathe us each in rock of theian sort,
 From motion through eternity cut off ?

Then shew us station'd in this posture foul 735
 To laughing clay, and laughing Heaven, all sped
 To view the foes of God, seen piteous now,
 Seen foes not for vile men, and yet who dreamt
 Of battling with enraged omnipotence ?

Nor pleases me, O gods, the scheme pursued 740

By our great sovereign, and with high success ;
 Present success, but what to come unknown.
 Not that avengement on th' injurious foe
 Raps not my fancy. Dared my heart speak forth
 In words, through terrour of His listening ear 745
 (For still I dread He listens in some mode)
 The ear of an omnipotent, whose mind,
 By nature of His power so lawless, burns
 For vengeance dire on all that will not hymn,
 I would declare my bosom keenly pants 750
 For tenfold vengeance upon Him, and all
 That love Him : all to Him and Heaven allied
 By feeblest tie. Enraptured I would chain
 Him and His lovers to terrific pangs,
 In place a thousand-fold more dire than Hell, 755
 With fetters of eternity : then scourge
 With the worst venom'd whip of torture pure,
 In keener bliss than ever shook my form
 From scanning problems most profound and new.
 This would I do, were this to my desire, 760
 And from or ill, or boded danger free.

But He Almighty is, as well we know,
 By science the most true, by feeling taught.
 So had He pleased to air he could have given
 Our counsels all. Omniscience, too, is His : 765
 As our first scheme, though hatch'd in blackest night,
 Known ere well born, shews forth with brightest blaze.
 From Him then hidden could our present be ?
 What then if wide Creation's diadem
 Be but a shining snare to lead us down 770

To deeper ruin and a direr hell ?
 Our victory high must rouse to higher wrath
 The potent sovereign of the happy skies :
 And stem His fury though He may awhile,
 One time it will burst forth with whirlwind force, 775
 And whelm us in a bottomless abyss
 Of ills so dire, so past all fancy dire
 Ev'n of angelic frenzy, shivering wild
 In agony of presage harsh, to them
 Our present ills, though many and though great, 780
 Are but th' unhurting touches of a hand
 Though heavy, yet full soft. O think upon
 The field of fields, from which thus low we fell.
 The infinite ills He hath to scourge His foes,
 That well declaims : and to our precious cost, 785
 O cost severe ! And who can tell what pangs,
 What agonies, what shafts of infinite woe
 Are in the storehouse of almighty wrath,
 Upkindled to avenge ; the horribles
 Through all the possibilities, that lodge 790
 Within the hoard of horreur : direst hoard !
 And in possession of th' Eternal foe ?
 Gods, what shall then a bending universe,
 All bending to our throne, delight ? delight
 Us howling in a place, worse than our Hell 795
 The times unknown ? us blazing mid woe's worst ?
 Each breath, by pangs, by infinite pangs shot through ?
 What will it save our ills blow up more high,
 If that more high could be blown up such ills ?
 Muse well, thou Luciferian throne, dread god 800

Of Hellish gods : For what is to the arm
 Of any Power, may by that Power be wrought,
 Though such he never wrought yet through the choice
 Of his own counsel, weighing things in scales
 Peculiar, or awaiting on the hour 805
 Most proper for its high atchievements. Muse,
 'T is to the Adversary, by His arm
 Found to our cost omnipotent, and stay'd
 By nothing less than full infinity,
 To mould our hellish hosts to cringing worms, 810
 And force us gods to serve our very slaves, -
 All-bearing slaves, still ready to the work
 Of such detested vassalage, throughout
 Eternity, without one rising care
 Of discontent—O presage horrible ! 815
 Ay, ev'n with minds reft of each thought of pride,
 That scorns such bestial doom, or would assert
 Our native dignity, for ever spurn'd :
 But fondly loving such worst plight of shame,
 And praying Heaven for its duration. Oh ! 820
 At such dire fancy shudders my mid mind,
 For all that can be fancied may exist.
 But sure, O sire Necessity, this must
 Be all impossible to the dire arm
 Ev'n of Omnipotence. Yet muse, O Hell, 825
 It may be His to force our hosts to serve,
 With bending knee and song, the things of clay,
 Whose bending knees and songs we stole from Him :
 Thus of the kings of vile Creation, made
 Slaves to its worms : all done to punish us 830

As we have sinn'd, and make the gods of Hell
 To read the story of their trespasses,
 Writ in their pangs of penal suffering. Muse.
 O muse, ye thrones that smile at presage. Muse.
 For well may such be boded, well may be. 835

O gods, the snare of fruitless false success,
 Victory of no avail, let then not tempt,
 Mislead you, to drag down th' enkindled wrath
 Of an Almighty conqueror, wrath blown up
 By your success to fierceness uttermost, 840
 Down on you in hail-storms of pangs unknown ;
 Innumerably various from the known,
 In nature (who gainsays this ?) and in ill
 Past these immeasured length : O such to them
 The furor of despairing seraphim 845
 Could image forth but gentle woes and soft :
 Ens-piercing pangs, the very utmost pangs
 An infinite tyrant's wrath could wish to venge
 Immortal foes, all-seeing skill conceive,
 Or an almighty arm frame and infix. 850

My vote then leans, that we in peace sojourn
 In this our vaulted mansion, mansion doom'd
 Us by Heaven's thundering monarch, whom to cope
 With on the battle-field is not for all
 Our strength and rage of immortality, 855
 As we have found ; or yet in wile's dark glen.
 For what though victory tend our scheme of wile
 High at the hour ? His peerless wisdom tells,
 Tells loud, 'tis victory false ; success shall close
 In ignominy and a Hell more dire. 860

And be it, that ye would eschew worse woe,
 Cease from your bickerings on Omnipotence,
 By wile or battle, fruitless all of good
 To Hell, not fruitless though of shame and ill :
 Nay, far from haply, fruitful with the gifts 865
 Of wrath eternal, wrath omnipotent.
 And what those gifts ? O muse ! O muse ! O muse !
 Since then, ye gods, Necessity hath doom'd
 His sons and Freedom's such a foe : a foe
 In might unconquerable, and in wrath 870
 So dread and lawless, let with piety
 Us bear unstruggling his decree, though dire ;
 Bear calmly to our utmost, free from rage
 Of discontent ; for what yields discontent
 Except more roughness to a rugged fate ? 875
 Upon its side of ugliest feature still
 To gaze intent and writhe with fiercening wrath,
 What doth it to us but make worse of woe ?
 The gloomiest plight of being, doom'd by him,
 Eternal Sire, prime Cause, to suffering worth 880
 Hath a light side, or at worst count, a side
 Lighter than is the darkest. Let us then
 Withdraw our reddened eyes from that dark side
 In which the grisliest feature is, and woo
 The fair Power Hope—O better friend than war, 885
 Or blaze of fame—full exile from whose eyes,
 Exists not, for complete full exile is
 Impossible to mind, and that mind live.
 Nor hath he wholly fled our Hell, though seen
 Unfrequently in the drear realm, or seen 890

With charms dishevell'd and with eyes full dim.
 And wooing him, perhaps we shall again
 Make him a friend, and shall again with him
 Be happy, as what days with him amid
 The bowers of Heaven we rioted at ease. 895

List, O ye gods, then, let us woo fair Hope,
 And we shall win him to our region drear.
 By habitude our Hellish ills more soft
 Feel by degrees, and shall more soft until
 They dwindle to unfelt; and this our Hell, 900
 Fierce torrid clime, grows habitably cool.
 Nor will Heaven's king, while we in peace remain,
 Him undisturbing, much though in our power,
 Augment our pangs, or add more ills to Hell.

Gods, then, your vote be peace, and all your toils 905
 Deep questions to discuss with science keen,
 And solve difficulties, that puzzle gods;
 Seeking the happiness of high debate,
 How much more like the choice of th' angel-mind,
 Form'd for high science and its noble arts, 910
 Than boisterous war, or wile that profits nought
 And shall in ruin close. Nor know ye, gods,
 What glorious schemes, what things unsought, unhop'd,
 The ebbing ocean of unbounded time
 Shall give to view, now deep in its black main. 915
 Nay, know who can, but that the Conqueror's heart
 Relenting, or outwearied with pain's waste
 In pangs inflicted to no end on Powers,
 Unbending free, nor Hell, nor torture can
 To slavery mould, may give us to possess 920

Some districts of blest Heaven, of native Heaven,
 Far from His throne remote. There we may quaff
 Free and uncringing all th' empyreal sweets
 Long, long, unquaff'd. Ye gods of Hell, think on
 Ambrosial manna and the nectar grape, 925
 Heaven's fields of joy, our native fields, and time
 So full of bliss, when mid them we rejoiced,
 Ere our sad exile to this deep of woe.
 Oh view those trees on either side the throne
 Of our high sovereign rising, but now fruit 930
 Save bitter yielding none: And rap they not
 Your picturing fancies to the happy plains,
 Where once they grew, as if on them ye stood?
 And feel ye not a longing for yon fruits,
 Which grow, behold, so lovely to the eye, 935
 And to the taste so sweet? Such glorious scenes
 When I muse on, and then the dreary gloom
 Of this our joyless prison, contrast dire,
 It half repents me of the free choice made;
 And in my heart half heaves a wish to bend. 940
 O horrid school, we sought to teach us pain!
 Thrice precious freedom bought at ruin's price!
 O infinite loss! O, 'twas a fateful field!
 Yet hope we not to see our native plains
 One time, and sit amid Heaven's loved lost bowers? 945
 It shall be so, if Fate so writes. Meanwhile
 Let us in peace here dwell, not giving cause
 For higher pangs from a fierce potent foe;
 Though peaceful, not weak slaves; no firmly free.
 And let me tell, 't is more than victory high 950

To live, though peaceful, free, in pangs and Hell,
 With wills unbent to slavery by the ills
 Omniscient power had aim'd to bend their choice.
 'T is glory of high sort to live in Hell,
 And yet in peace : returning Him not ill 955
 For ill by Him given us, to make us cease
 From freedom, and raise loud the servile hymn.
 Think, O ye gods, of wills so nobly free
 Them Hell nor torture's worst can force to bend ;
 Ay, wills which scorn to stoop to own Him king, 960
 Or cringing hymn ev'n proud Omnipotence.

Will ye then still Creation's sceptre wield,
 Though threatening such dire ills to come, nor aught
 Availing to our Hell? O sapient gods,
 Fling from you far the gairy trifle, full 965
 Of hidden inward ruin, and from forth
 This council bid our legions scatter'd through
 Creation touch no more the fatal fount
 Of future woe, but wholly them devote
 To search the things that appertain to man, 970
 And problems new which issue thence, sole good
 Of round Creation to attract the care
 Of angel wisdom. Thus, from boded ill
 Remote, shall Hell bear off Creation's worth,
 Worth full and total, while with questions new, 975
 Which save for this had never blest the mind
 Angelic, care and skill still varying them
 Throughout their changes all, shall be supplied
 A problematic store, not hence to fail
 Till the last hour of her sad exile come. 980

And Hell shall be by wisdom changed to Heaven :
 For, gods, what else is Heaven, save sceptic thirst
 Quench'd with the nectar of inquiry high ?

The wordy Phodroth of the boding mind
 (Mind nigh could think to bend it ; but the pride, 985
 The stubborn spirit, firm'd so long in Hell,
 Stands forth and will not bend, or let him bend)
 With words of terrour. And th' assembled host
 Send up no shoutings to his counsel, all
 Too proud of their great powers (unmatch'd they deem)
 To shew forth openly they deign t' approve 991
 A vote of sloth. Yet glistening looks that glow
 With high complacence, cast by many an eye
 To him still as he spake, and told his fears,
 And these, as though by force mechanic moved, 995
 At once all glancing one on other round
 Observantly complacent, as he closed,
 Then suddenly on him again, till loud
 He speaks the feelings of full many a fiend :
 And has th' applause and vote they are too proud 1000
 To give him in the ear and eye of Hell.

But at the close of Phodroth's counsel, speaks
 The sage and proud Poluroch. He esteems
 No voice heard yet in wisdom worth the ear
 Of angel-gods, nor but for ear of man. 1005
 And utter'd or unutter'd are alike
 To Hell's advantage : for his sapience lifts
 Her voice, complete in counsel, other voice
 Though none ; his sapience held full fit to win
 And keep what's best for many a mighty realm. 1010

Gods, had ye joined the scheme, by me display'd
 What time we first aspiring to be free
 Held council up in Heaven, to' explore the path,
 By which to reach the cliff of freedom sought,
 Trusting to sapient wile, I had not now 1015
 Address'd you in this gloomy dire abode.
 But knowing not wherein your great strength lay,
 Against my voice to dare on open war
 Was ruin, gods. And other could it be?
 Such had not been though or befall'n to you 1020
 Continuing, as was wise, and as I urged,
 Still loud to hymn the Thunderer in Heaven's ear,
 Although our hate, and secretly to spread
 The fire of freedom through the Heavenly hosts,
 Till haply all save few with freedom burn'd. 1025
 No. At this crisis come, the monarch bent
 On some excursion grant retired from Heaven,
 A few angelic files attending Him,
 Then, to have shut its everlasting gates,
 Heaven had been yours without one doubtful field. 1030
 What could the hymned with a few soft slaves
 Against three thousand angel-hosts in league,
 In one almighty phalanx, burning high
 For freedom, and whose hearts and powers were one?
 But to assail Him on His native throne, 1035
 His fortress sole impregnable, His rock,
 From which alone down looks He high and safe
 On all assail of immortality,
 While yet twice twenty times your strength were slaves,
 Could ye bode save the direful field, the field 1040

Most horrible that ever Nature saw,
Or ever henceforth shall, and the lost throne ?

And well the events Futurity hath given
From out his storehouse, now unlock'd, confirm
My counsel, the superiour choice of Hell. 1045

Well this hath been shown you by the success
Of similar purpose, by our sovereign great
First hinted, then by me to height matured,
Embraced by you mind-broken by the fruits
Of your mischoice. Dire feeling told you home 1050
What from the first I told to sceptic ears,
The field for triumph written us on doom
Was neither might, nor war, but skill and wile.

What lives or thinks through nature's land its birth
From the high father of the universe 1055
Derives, and all its powers. That god gives nerves,
Virtues and attributes, as seems him good,
To each : to this one wisdom, might to that.

Upon the tabled flint of doom, thought long
As space by some, known sure as being broad, 1060
By adamantine pen so vast, as well

A legion of our seraphim might pluck
Th' extent of Hell from up her shatter'd base,
As move the everlasting instrument,
Necessity, with never-shaking hand, 1065

Sure-guided by a never-changing mind,
Before the dawn, which finite fancy scorns,
Ev'n past eternity's, forewrit the fates
Of all the mid and outer universe,
Infinity whose verge, none else, from down 1070

The morn eternal to th' eternal eve.
 On this Necessity, prime cause, so wrote,
 And writ success to those alone, who sought
 Success in th' exercise of powers writ theirs.
 'Tis so, high gods, and hear Poluroch's words. 1075
 Observing skill intuitive foresaw,
 As well ye know, I told it on a time,
 And now th' events have clearly shown, that power
 Was given Heaven's sovereign, and in open war
 Success ; while science to the powers of Hell 1080
 Was writ, and victory in the fields of wile.
 Assailing Him where lay His lot, He drove
 Our hosts of nobler science headlong down
 In horreur-flaming ruin to low Hell ;
 But exercising our fate-gifted powers, 1085
 And on the written field, the writ success,
 Infinite success, we win : ay, we have won
 The crown and sceptre of an universe :
 A glorious conquest more than darkening out
 The inglorious of th' all-horrid field of fields. 1090
 Have we then worthy cause to wail our doom,
 Of wisdom, and not might ? In balance weigh'd,
 Uphung to prove which destiny more worth
 The choice of gods, straight up the scale of might
 Would fly, less weighing when opposed to skill, 1095
 Ay, than th' ethereal air, by spirits breathed,
 To that thick air, gross sand, drunk by the Powers
 Of clay, our willing vassals, won by wile.
 What though to cope our potent foe in might,
 Or open battle, be not ours ? 'Tis ours 1100

To cope Him in the nobler field of wile
 With victory, with success, none higher, gods.
 Shall then we' unchoose the choice triumphant writ
 By Sire Necessity, high scribe of doom,
 And drowse in sloth? or seek th' embattled field? 1105
 Either were folly; and, to that, to cross
 With impious aim our doom, the fortune known
 Now to all Hell, to me on a far day,
 The sacred will of our eternal Sire.

Reweigh thy counsel, Phodroth, hearing me. 1110
 Home from Creation's lands to call the hosts
 Of Hell unnumber'd, here their mighty minds,
 Active as fire opposed, to chain to sloth
 And unexertion, were our state to' embroil
 In furious feuds unceasing, tribe with tribe; 1115
 As shows our present ever-jarring plight
 From save the third of Hell. Tell how much more
 Were then our jarrings, strife confounding strife,
 From trebled numbers, hosts accustom'd long
 To fierce employment and seditious arts. 1120
 Let not then foolish lips, not knowing well
 Their counsel, seek to' employ Hell's dreaded Powers
 To ruin Hell, but Hell's blind potent foe.

Go on, O king. Go and from triumph lift
 Thy voice of freedom and of god, to tell 1125
 Proud Heaven, now musing to oppose by skill,
 Success is doom'd us, but confusion Him.
 Each art of all th' unnumber'd arts of wile,
 With care unceasing and unveering aim,
 Put forth to win Messiah to be free, 1130

To own thee god and bend the knee to Hell.
 Him to win o'er, and so this final scheme,
 To which is hung the foe's last hope, to strew
 Amid the ruins of Heaven's former schemes,
 Were still more noble than Creation won. 1135
 And haply on the flint of Fate is writ,
 That Heaven's three thousand hosts, who now bend slaves,
 Warm'd by success so fair, such glory gain'd,
 Th' inglorious hymn may blush, and noble grown,
 Our hosts of freedom wreathed with victory join, 1140
 Leaving Heaven's realm a desart, and our foe
 Unfear'd, unserved, unflatter'd and unhymn'd.
 And say, who knows but that it too is writ,
 The hosts of Hell and Heaven, almighty league,
 Shall drag Him, now unaided, from the throne, 1145
 And to the Hell by Him doom'd us, doom Him,
 Ever and sole, a solitary Hell ;
 Save that He build more vile and lesser Powers,
 Than yet His right hand could. Go on, great king,
 And to round nature show, that skill is ours, 1150
 And ours supremely, given by Fate, to sink
 Our foe to Hell, and us upraise to Heaven.
 Thus he with brow, whereon would sapience seem
 Which scorns the name of simple deity,
 Or save high-swoln with sounding epithets. 1155
 Then with a mien that bellows ruin loud
 Beyond the utter'd voice of other fiends,
 To Hellish things and worsé Harandoc opes
 His fury-flaming lips, till this kept shut
 With sore difficulty. He in the speech 1160

Of his dire tribe (the direst dialect
 Of Hell's dire tongues, of which the one least dire
 Would shatter mortal soul to phrenzy; this
 The harshest) pouring mental lava forth
 In horrid torrent, while the issuing flames 1165
 Still whitening and increasing, as roars forth
 The fiery river, tell in fearful mode
 The Etnean fires storm-blown, that rage within.
 Gods, then ye whisper calm unhurting wile
 Against the hurter? Whilst we live in Hell, 1170
 Doom'd by a tyrant, th' everlasting foe
 Sits undisturb'd and happy on Heaven's throne,
 Our throne; and yet we counsel gentle peace,
 Afraid to wrong the wronger. Wrath beyond
 All finite flame! Who counsel such vile things, 1175
 Nay, who can hear the counsel and not rage
 More fiercely than Melcaroth-hill, deserve
 Their doom, to live inhell'd, enslaved by Him,
 Who prison'd gods immortal, and in Hell.
 Great vengeance! Of that Hell the lava-flood 1180
 Exhausting, let us lay in Hell his Heaven;
 Whelming His melting throne, His slaves, Himself
 In one sulphureous ocean. With His Hell,
 His gift to unsired gods, high as Himself,
 Thus shall we make His place, like that, His wrath 1185
 And lawless vengeance made for His compeers.
 Drowse out our being slow and calm to win
 The homage of an universe of worms!
 Hath Hell so done? Hears Hell so counsell'd? List.
 His creatures they: For stooping in the mode 1190

Of cringing, like to Heaven, to win the things
 Of His right-arm to' adore—is that a work
 For Hell? for deities, ye gods of Hell?
 And is it not to bend to what He made? —
 Let us destroy. The vengeful seas that roar 1195
 Within our breasts let us pour forth on them.
 Let not—He shall not—bound our wrath's effect.
 O'erwhelming shall it stretch to all that's His,
 And give each world throughout existence wide
 To flames, burn up the inhabitants, and all 1200
 Consume in a round universe of fire;
 That wrong'd immortal powers with shoutings great
 And mighty joy, may see on Hellish flames
 The cliffs, the cope and basis of the boast
 Of th' arm of Hell's prime wronger, Hell's prime foe.
 Or, so it give more pleasure to your wrath, 1205
 With Hellish whirlwind to tornado join'd,
 We will force each his own sea forth its place,
 And through Creation drown at once all life;
 Then griping fast each desolated earth, 1210
 Atom their orbs one against other dash'd,
 Confounding world with world, and sun with sun,
 System with system in one ruin round,
 And fling the fragments through unbounded space,
 Till of His works one pledge is now unleft, 1215
 All back to dark original chaos hurl'd.
 Dread we the Thunderer's wrath? O coward hosts,
 Form'd unresisting to submit to Hell,
 Ev'n but to' embroil and clog the aims of God,
 If to destroy them it be found not ours, 1220

So partly venge the gift of Hell, would make
 The worstest thundershafts of fury' and wrong,
 Hurl'd by the tyrant, strike with pleasant stroke,
 And turn the fiercest foulest Hell to Heaven.

Smiting the ear of Hell with horrid words, 1234
 Thus counsels his blind vengeance, and through fear
 Instinctive, had Creation at this hour
 Been conscious of the purpose, and dread strength,
 And furor of this reckless maniac fiend,
 Her farthest worlds had quaked, not ceasing soon, 1230
 Ev'n those fast by the sapphire clime which joins
 Heaven's walls ; those not secure, except behind
 The target of omnipotence, and this
 Ne'er drawn from them aside ; not to be drawn.

But next Aufgondoth, hideous fiend, mean wretch 1235
 Of the angel race, thus disembogues the filth
 From the internal quagmire, fetid marsh.

O gods, what profit holds it to our Hell
 To' assail th' almighty Thunderer on His throne,
 Sure of defoil, and of a Hell more dire ? 1240
 Or what the homage of His worlds to win,
 Thence drag His wrath rekindled on our heads
 In sevenfold ruin ? Let us then resign'd
 Endure the doom which cannot be undoom'd
 By all the power that's ours. Against a doom 1245
 We cannot change, to struggle, and it view
 Revengeful in its native picture harsh,
 Makes our pangs pangs, and makes our Hell a Hell,
 And shall implunge us in a worse. What though
 Foul smoke our vaulted mansion glooms, and light 1250

Comes save from those aye-flaming stars thick-hung
 And from our floods of livid fire, and sea
 Tempestuous circling Hell? Long habit, gods,
 Still kindling on our night-accustomed eyes
 The livid gloom, hath brighten'd it, that now 1255
 Our Hell in glare nigh rivals our lost Heaven.
 Nor is our lava-cragged soil adust,
 Infertile or in gold or precious gems.
 This Apoleiar chief of Hellish towns
 (How far transcending Heaven's metropolis, 1260
 So vaunted of, in glory sung unpeer'd)
 With streets brass paved, diamondine obelisks,
 And palaces of silver, towers of gold,
 As Darvar high, with which it still swells out
 Its blazing scene, beneath our plastic hands, 1265
 And this Hell's royal hill, that rivals Heaven's
 Show nobly, darkening much the astonied gaze,
 And swelling much the mind. Here grow Heaven's trees,
 If not in fruit, in beauty like to those,
 Which flourish still upon their native Heaven. 1270
 What balance then, from Hell and Heaven compared
 Have we to wail? or urge us on to seek
 Our native place? Nay, ours the nobler doom.
 Here live we free, far forth the drudgery loathed
 Of hymning a proud ruler. Here our thoughts 1275
 May rove at pleasure, by the narrow will
 Of one no more entrammell'd, as what time,
 A tedious time, forbidden (was it not
 Worse Hell to soul, than outward Hell to sense?)
 To give one glance, one sigh, one wish, one thought, 1280

To pleasing splendour, or attractive wealth,
Sole springs of genuine Heaven to deities.

Heaven raps not me ; or but its wondrous wealth,
So rich for plunder, but that must not be,
As tells the field, hegira dire of Hell. 1285

And thine my vote, O Phodroth. Heaven to scale
In warring mode, for pillage though a field
So winning fair, hangs high beyond our nerve
Of battle ; and unwise to dare the height
Would, for our guerdon, win us toil, nay, loss 1290
Too likely of our total store of wealth ;

And by calm wile to win Creation's crown
Nought profits us, and shall augment our Hell.
For what the gain Creation's homage brings ?
A barren sound : a wealthless fatal bait. 1295
Peace vote ye then, O gods, the better vote,
Nor intermeddle with Creation more,
Would ye dire loss eschew. Thus much I vote.

But list, O gods, although the commerce held
By Hell's old sentence with Creation's shores, 1300
Be fraught with danger, sure to bring us loss,
There is a commerce and of fairest gain,
And from all peril free. Since to our power
'Tis not to pillage Heaven, so rich a land
For pillage, in invisible dark coats 1305
(Of hellish loom) let us with care import
Time after time, still cautious of being spy'd,
Thence safe from peril, and th' unwilling foe,
All things of cost throughout Creation's worlds.
So shall substantial guerdon pay our toil, 1310

Not empty, as the phantom, homage won.
 So shall we make our foe and all his worlds,
 Grown poor, give tribute to our Hell enrich'd.

He vomits from the squalid pool within.

And now Sebatnim, closing chief, august, 1315

In majesty of Heaven still left, though dim,
 With eye that gazes down, as from a height
 Than which no higher is, begins his words,
 Held of Necessity, the God of Hell ;

Nor to unlistening audience doth he ope 1320

His mouth. In him, the centre, mortised deep,
 Are all the radii of the circling eyes ;

And breathless silence round lets every word

As utter'd gripe each greedy ear high-charm'd,
 And in each thought ere half given forth be felt 1325

Truth, never felt before by th' audient band,
 Deciding power, and not to be opposed.

Such audience hath Sebatnim, and he says :

Gods, that to' oppose our puissant foe in strife

Of open war, is not within the power, 1330

Our natural doom, hath heretofore been weigh'd

Against truth's weight in the opposing scale,

And haply found in power of scale too light :

But that 'tis ours to' oppose Him with success

Th' amount of things resistlessly declares. 1335

Th' unceasing triumph on the path pursued,

Tells it the path our gracious equal sire,

Necessity, doth will that we pursue,

As writ for us successful, and as mark'd

Hell's road beyond the enemy's nerve, beyond 1340

The shafts of thunder to destroy, or stop.
 Had His so haughty despot mind given Hell
 So long, so high to triumph unwithstood,
 Had it been His with victory here to' oppose ?
 Ay, more, compell'd he finds himself to choose 1345
 A similar, to oppose the hellish scheme.
 To counsel other thing were then a vote
 Unlike the wisdom and the choice of Hell.
 Go, king of Eons, on. Success be thine,
 High as the past in foiling this new scheme, 1350
 Heaven's final scheme. Go, and with glory win
 This great one, sent by Heaven, to freedom's host,
 And Hell's ; sole people through wide nature's land
 Of worth, on truth not to be shaken based.
 Nor let us dread a direr Hell to come : 1355
 Just is our aim to venge th' unrighteous fate
 A Ruler's law-unmounded puissance doom'd
 Our countless hosts of immortality,
 What time they dared to struggle to be free,
 Which all should be ; to 'venge the boundless wrongs 1360
 Of weeping worth in Hell ; and, like true gods,
 To spread rich freedom o'er Creation's worlds.
 Us then, th' avenging chiefs of merit wrong'd,
 Necessity, our universal sire,
 Must needs o'ershield from forth the lawless wrath 1365
 Of that bad son, who would usurp the rights
 Of all His brethren, by the power doom'd Him :
 And will o'ershield ; will give our glorious aim
 The glorious vict'ry due : success more high
 Than given it yet, or than our hopes would climb. 1370

And though now to the will of Hell it be
 So choosing to go forth this place accurst,
 Hell's place, a place of horror dire, to dwell
 In better land, dwell all ; yet will we not.
 But since this land of horrors is the boon 1375
 To merit wrong'd and freedom, here, ev'n here
 Mid freedom's dower and woes will we dwell free,
 Till now the day of Sire Necessity
 Hath come with triumph final, triumph full,
 When Heaven shall groan and merit be adored. 1380

The Emir grave, full-brief, half-sad, yet firm,
 And with his voice decides the voice of Hell.
 And all, till now in silence hush'd as rocks,
 Whose stubborn sullenness unanswering hears
 The thundrous vauntings of wroth ocean, all 1385
 Save Margniod's, and Harandoc's angry tribes,
 Burst forth in such applause, such shouting high,
 As shakes her lofty vault, and agitates
 The dire Irvelor's waves of flowing fire.
 Nor cease they at one shout, nor sinks the din, 1390
 Loud far past that which stuns the traveller's ear,
 What place a deluge-stream from Erie sent,
 Swoln to a sea by floods from Heaven pour'd down
 For many a day, red-foaming thunders o'er
 The smoky steeps of Niagāra's fall, 1395
 Deafening the regions round for leagues, nor few.

But Margniod and Harandoc, bearing not
 To hear Hell's hosts vote peace, their nature's hate,
 With boiling breasts, and looks that blaze with rage,
 Commingled with much scorn, from each his throne 1400

Start up. They start, and round th' assembly vast,
 From eyes that flame with fire of vengeance dread,
 Glancing horrid menace, straight depart
 From forth a council deem'd of reptile men ;
 And with them too their tribual captains go. 1405

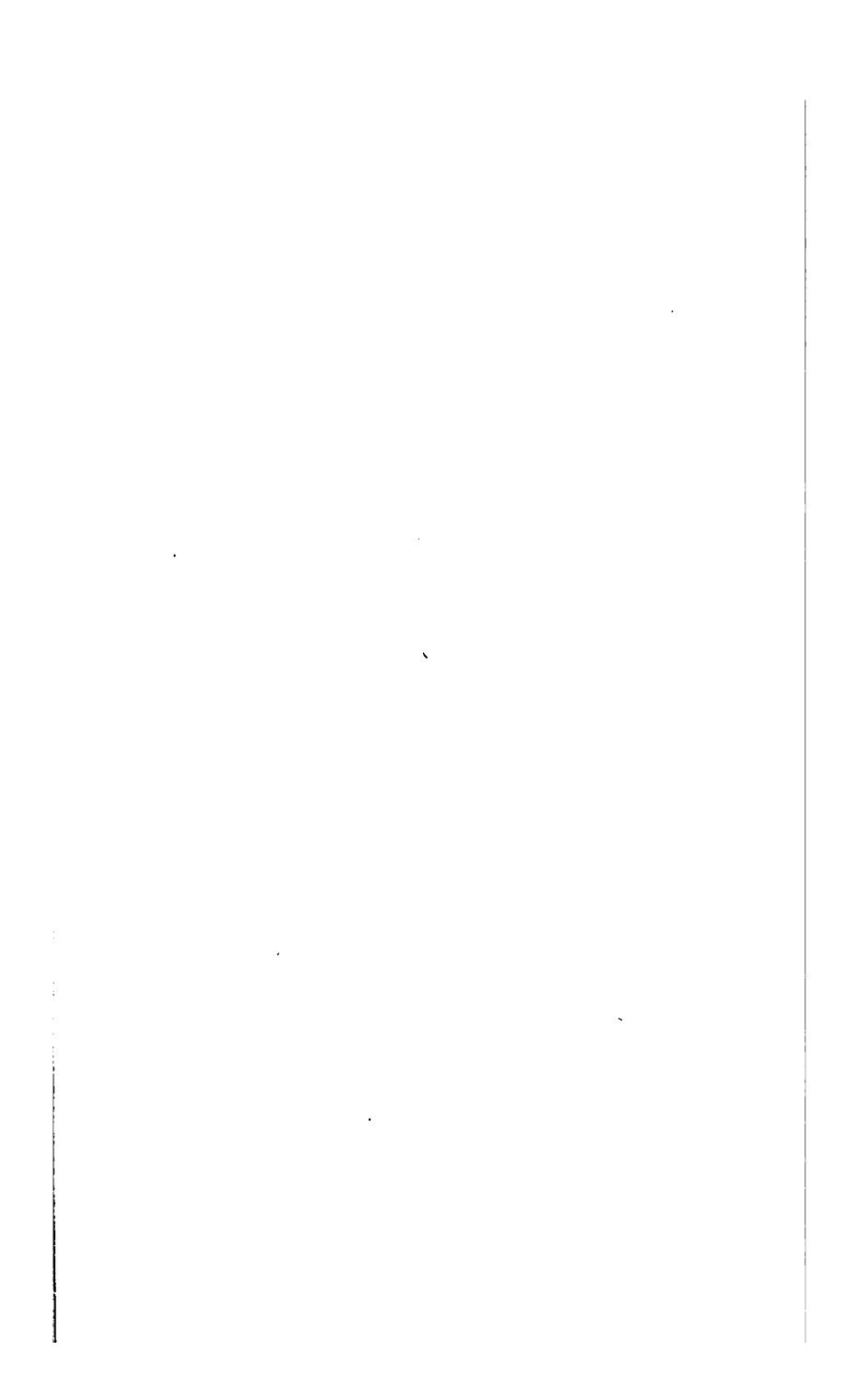
Then Hell's dire Kalif. Powers of Hell, free gods,
 Your voice is wisdom's: and on us it rests
 To give that voice to live. Then trust your king,
 And let your hopes soar to hope's highest cliff,
 And to that cliff shall they be all made high. 1410
 Our Hell, our wide Creation won, shall see,
 They serve a sovereign that knows not a peer,
 Not in Heaven's Thunderer. And each plan, that dares
 Our Hell oppose, shall close defoil'd in shame.

The vaunting God. The Hellish pleased the Hell
 Of council quit, with noise such as the sound 1416
 Of coming rain, heard high in west (grown black
 With clouds, that dip the woods and distant fields
 In dusky blue) at close of dogstar day,
 By the attracted ears of husbandmen, 1420
 Who wary, though unrain'd on yet, them hie
 For shelter to the hawthorn mound, or cot.
 So sounds the going-off of Hell. They speed
 Them to their places o'er the Hellish coasts.
 And o'er the Hellish coasts 'tis gone, and far, 1425
 While with the phylarchs left the sovereign holds
 Secret divan, to win the phylarchs back
 Seceding, or to calm their horrid ire,
 To Hell much evil threatening, and ere long.
 For mighty perils to the Hellish throne, 1430

And Hellish counsels did their looks forbode.
That see all well, but soon the council comes
Not to result. This reach'd, the king prepares
For voyage to our world, the Earth, in it
To ruin the last scheme of God for men.

1435

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.



BOOK VIII.

**THE RETURN OF SATAN TO EARTH, AND HIS
TRANSFORMATION.**

ARGUMENT.

SATAN having committed the throne of Hell to Sebatnim, departs for Earth to accomplish the ruin of Messiah. God beholds him on his journey amid the worlds of Creation, and, knowing his purpose, commands Adeloim to descend to Earth to bid Neamoel grant him entrance into the desert, for his designs, though ill, shall work Messiah good. Satan alights on a high hill in Judea, from which he sees Messiah and the angelic guard. He transforms himself into a shepherd, and sailing along the sky wrapped in a cloud, descends in the desert. Belching forth Satanic blasphemies, he moves on towards Messiah.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

To' achieve Messiah's ruin, and by that
Drive back, perhaps, put out the moral sun,
Now rising fair o'er the horizon grey
Of Earth's decembral night of ignorance,
(The throne restored to grave Sebatnim, king 5
Vicarious) hastens Hell's prime sovereign. He
The gloomy atmosphere, illumined far,
Sails in a blazing cloud, and there with him
Parnoch : behind a numerous princely train,
New-chosen from the various tribes of Hell. 10

They reach the horrid gap, through which 'tis pass'd
To th' ocean-mass chaotic, and through this,
Up to Creation's light. That reach'd, the dream
Of Margniod fearing, work of foolish care,
Forth from his train the Hellish monarch draws 15
A troop of mail-cased seraphim, to guard
Against the shutting of Hell's gates ; dread gates
Of ever-during rock, vast as th' extent
Of hill terrene, on which feed woolly flocks,
Sink deep dark glens, and forests proudly wave. 20

Now looking backward on the dire scene left,
 Some tears of flint start big. Farewell, drear place;
 O faithful realm, farewell. Thy horror, badge
 That marks me out to gazing Nature's eye
 Th' unbending rival of the puissant, much 25
 Enamours me. It keeps in mind the shame,
 The glorious shame and ruin of the day,
 The memorable day, when, high and sole,
 I stood the buckler of immortal hosts,
 Against the assault of thunder; both now lost, 30
 Both shame and ruin, in the sun-bright blaze
 Of triumph's glory full. O streams, ye hills,
 Thou horrid flood, and far-famed throne, farewell.
 I leave you all, save shouting back to bring
 You higher fame, if higher than that won 35
 Already be, pluck'd from your foe and mine.

And riding on the sulphurous flames, which sweep
 Tremendous through Hell's fearful mouth, the storms
 That ever bellow on the outer side,
 Him snatch, and shoot at once in whirlwind blast 40
 Half up the dire abyss. Night's realm, in which
 Zindernog late was lost for ever, pass'd,
 And now Creation's downmost verge approach'd,
 He pauses museful o'er the glorious scene
 Before, more lucent from the dark behind. 45
 To show forth things unknown by known, as when
 A traveller, who hath journey'd half-day long
 Through the unmeasured dreary Lammer-moors,
 Reaches the hill of Hardown, and looks down
 The broad and beauteous Merse; surprised and chain'd

He gazes fond, and cannot cease to gaze. 51

So Satan. Piercing to the farthest world,
Piercing with eye full as archseraph's keen,
He thinks upon his hosts and captains there :

His mighty mind swells up with infinite pride, 55

And to his train high-smitten with the scene,
Unseen till now by them new-chosen, he.

O Powers of faith, true ministers of Hell,
See ye yon orbs with blazing trains, that sweep

Down to Creation's utmost verge? and those 60

Well-nigh upshooting to the sapphire clime,

Beyond whose space our foe, almighty held,

Is hymn'd by cringing Heaven? All, all those hosts

Of worlds, those thronging myriads ye behold

So lucent move between, all bend to me, 65

All hymn the god, the hosts of Hell adore.

This vaunted in the greatness of his heart,

The infinite swelling of the proudest mind

Mid mortals or immortals, Hell's most high,

Through worlds unnumber'd, to Messiah's world 70

Bends up his flight swift as the lightning shaft

By thunder shot. But from th' empyreal hill

Him sees the eye that guards Creation wide ;

The eye of that dread Power, th' Eternal One,

On whom depend ten thousand thousand worlds, 75

And whom ten thousand thousand worlds adore.

And to the hymning orbs of Heaven come these

From forth the glory visible of God.

Blest Powers of Heaven, lo! yonder up to Earth,

Among Creation's worlds Our ill prime foe, 80

Driven on by triumph's pride (Our plans divine
 Misdemeing scatter'd to the winds) now speeds,
 With pompous legion following, to begin
 The vote of Hell against Messiah : him
 To win by foul seducing wiles, to cease 85
 From goodness and own Hell, or in his blood,
 Outgushing from the spear of rage, destroy
 Our grace Messiah. But in all for Us,
 Though aiming other thing, he aiding toils
 To carry on, and close the purposed works 90
 Of Our omniscient counsel. His attack,
 Seductive first, shall serve Messiah's mind
 To strengthen for the work decreed to him,
 And by temptation teach to wield his powers,
 The powers of God given mortal, and wield well. 95
 Thence is it suffer'd by Our will, whose power,
 Opposing through high counsel, else could bind
 The archfoe and all the immortal foes of Heaven,
 Bind all with chains of thin elastic hair ;
 In these immotion'd as th' eternal hill. 100
 And all his following fierce designs shall work
 Messiah good, and sure shall serve to clothe
 Our servant true in glory far more bright.
 So shall the Hellish aim against Our son
 Colleague with Heaven, to work th' eternal will. 105
 And every plan of God the swelling mind
 Satanic fondly deems in ruin laid,
 By his foul subtle wiles, successful thought,
 Shall, in the close of things, with such a blaze
 Of victory, burst on each surveying eye, 110

That his ill mind of pride unlimited,
 And rocky obstinacy, shall it own
 Convicted; in despair shall own, and should
 With acquiescence mild as angel good,
 So counsell'd the high will of deity. 115

The self-existing One, first cause, sole true;
 And Adeloim straight commands to earth,
 To' enjoin Neamoel, captain of the guard
 Angelic, that holds watch along the skirts
 Of the wild desert, where Messiah bides, 120

To give to Satan unresisted path,
 The purpose of th' Eternal claiming this.
 Not that God needs the ministry of Powers
 Angelic: but for th' angel-powers' own sake,
 He uses them as servants; business loved, 125

And yielding action to their faith and zeal,
 Thus giving them, and making them more good.
 Straightway, while loud the empyrean rings
 With noble shouts, with Alleluiahs high,
 How much more loud, more cordial, and more sweet 130

Than the hoarse shoutings of the sons of clay,
 On day triumphal, o'er the wish'd return
 Of human hero, sped from murdering men,
 From forth the orbs of hymning seraphim
 Hastes Adeloim, of the messengers 135

Of Heaven the chief; of all th' ethereal powers
 The swiftest power. In his clear eye flames bright
 Supernal ardour. Soon his sixfold wings
 He spreads, and down to earth he shoots, from speed
 Invisible to every passing eye. 140

Swift as the primal beams of morn, that plate
 The dewy orbs on tops of highest hills,
 He shoots to Earth. There young Neamoel oft
 And fondly gazes up to star-based Heaven,
 Where lives his heart : his native land, the land 145
 Holds all he loves, the symbol of his God
 There dwelling, and his every cordial friend.
 To him thus gazing up the herald-power,
 At first a globule seems of gold far up,
 But on his wondering eye approaching grows 150
 In size, and now he seems a meteor bright,
 Soft falling down the clear nocturnal sky.
 At length alighting on the sandy soil,
 The winged messenger from God greets him
 In mode angelic, and makes known God's will. 155
 This known, the cherub straight resolves to' obey,
 Yet much he marvels at God's aim therein,
 Aim he holds wise, although in darkness hid.
 But from his failing sight the herald swift
 Rehastens upward to God's throne on high, 160
 Rejoining there the happy orbs, their God
 Adoring, orbs that compass the wide sea
 Of glory, blazing round the hill divine.
 But now the tesseract accomplish'd full,
 Uprolls with waving radiance, kindling wide 165
 The sky's thin-mattered clime to twofold noon,
 The logos-symbol ; which, inspiring, wrapt
 Messiah round, to fit him for the work
 Messiah. Him to the dull eye of clay
 It seems to leave, yet still in him it tents 170

Invisibly in all its power divine.

From the celestial trance recovering slow,
 The cravings keen of hunger urge him sore,
 As mid the desert drear he stands, like one
 New waken'd, and not knowing well his place. 175
 This hour Hell's royal Eon reaches Earth.

High on the moss-green summit of a hill,
 Where no clouds hang, and whence are clearly seen
 The mansions fair of lofty Zion, long
 The chosen dwelling-place of God mid men, 180
 And half the boldly-varying region high
 Of famed Jehudah, with his Hellish train
 He lights: and looking sees far off the guard
 Empyrean, skirting bright in good array
 (To men invisible, by angels seen) 185

The barren place, and from its middle sand
 Messiah travelling slowly, with his face
 Turn'd to the hallow'd heights of Jacob. Fleet
 As earth-forms, lightening through the visual orb,
 Paint mental pictures, to the Hellish eyes, 190
 For their dread king, from whose Heclean size
 Late groan'd the mountain height, an aged swain,
 With hairs of silver and dun wrinkled brow,
 On which sits hoary reverence, yet with Hell
 And pride obscure attended, seems stand by. 195
 And for his sceptre vast of adamant
 His hairy right hand bears the pilgrim's staff.

The shaggy height straight with his staff he strikes.
 Upwaves a silver exhalation round,
 And wraps him from the sight of mortal eye, 200

And of immortal, too. Not that he dreads
 The guarding angel-powers. The thundering One
 He deigns to fear, but none beside. Nor would
 He skulk to see a host of seraphim
 Advance, in all the Hell-confounding blaze 205
 Of Heavenly arms. He from Messiah seeks
 To hide his dire abhorr'd reality,
 Which the harsh brayings of embattled fray
 Were to tell forth. Along the skyish main,
 Now through aëreal mist-form'd lakes, and now 210
 Through pure ethereal azure swift he swims,
 A cloud of vernal morning. Reaching thus
 The desert place, behind the sandy side
 Of hillock there upraised, he darts, as on
 The screaming prey, the king of air, who urged 215
 By hunger long hath swept th' aëreal sea,
 Now darting arrow-like, and now with wings
 Unwaved, in majesty the glassy heights
 Bestriding, while he scours with piercing ray
 Hills, dales, and sounding woods. A pillar'd cloud, 220
 Slow-moying o'er the hot bright sand, which late
 The angelic guard saw sudden sink from down
 The sapphire sky, they reckon the archfiend :
 But to God's will obedient, suffer him
 To move on unresisted. Yet each turn 225
 He takes they watch with care, as slowly he
 Advances to Messiah, sent of God,
 These Hellish thoughts forth-pouring as he moves.
 And sits the vanquish'd master of mean Heaven,
 Throned mid empyreal glory, while His foe 230

Victorious, he who wears the diadem
 Of great Creation, won from Him, thus skulks
 Below, in form obscure, as dreading day?
 Thou orb day-pouring, canst thou then rain light
 To give fair Earth to see the king she owns, 235
 So hid in form assumed—how far beneath
 The form great Sire Necessity bestow'd?
 Why veil'st thou not thy eyes in dun eclipse,
 That thou behold not him eclipsed in night,
 Whom worship all thy worlds ; him whom the worlds
 Of thousand thousand other suns hymn high 241
 Their God, hymn ever? Infinite disdain!
 In worlds my own to crawl in borrow'd forms,
 Afraid of eyes. O high eternal Sire,
 Necessity, to peerless wisdom, why 245
 Didst thou not add, too, peerless power, to make
 Thy great first-born, wide being's first, complete,
 As well in power as wisdom ; knowing none
 For peer, or like? so give thy first best son
 To reign the king in all, and over all? 250
 Why, why gavest thou the sovereign of the skies,
 My rival, that unfilial son, who thee
 Disowns, to' excel in power, my juster right?
 Yet what to Him hath brought His high-sung power?
 An universe to nobler wisdom lost. 255
 The higher, mine, then let me glory in,
 And still unveering, climb the path, doom'd me,
 By changeless Fate ; by which on future time,
 'Tis on her flint deep-graven I shall reach
 That theian height, the everlasting throne. 260

BOOK IX.

SATAN'S ATTEMPTS TO SEDUCE MESSIAH TO EVIL
IN VISION.

ARGUMENT.

SATAN, having invited Messiah into a grotto raised by his power, but in vain, touches him with a rod, and putting his soul into an enchanted state, tempts him to abuse his divine powers; first for supplying his bodily wants; and then by using them unnecessarily, or merely to make an ostentatious display of them before men; and in both attempts is foiled. The demon now tempts him to draw back from the Messiah work, by shewing him the dangers, the difficulties, the ills, that thicken before, and the ease and pleasures which he leaves behind, while the men of the world, far from urging him to go on, dissuade him, and treat him with scorn; and again is foiled. Satan proceeds to tempt him to abuse his divine powers, for the purpose of vengeance, and yet again is foiled. The demon lastly tempts him with the offer of the empire of the world. In this temptation, perhaps, the far-seeing Spirit hath also an ulterior view to create in him a bias towards abusing his divine powers, by taking advantage of the authority which they give him over the minds of men, and aspiring to empire. But in this also, as in the others, he is foiled. The Logos now delivers Messiah from the power of enchantment. The fiend, in fury for the unexpected defeat of his purpose, seeks to kill his vanquisher, but he cannot. God now thunders out of Heaven. Satan flees off, but threatens destruction. The angelic guard come to Messiah, and Neamoel gives him an apple of Heaven, by which he is instantaneously refreshed. He straightway sets out for the inhabited part of Judea, to enter upon his high office.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK IX.

Now drawing near (the blood-delighted wolf
Against the guileless unsuspecting lamb),
With fiendish joy the king of Hell surveys
The fair soft grace and noble dignity,
Well mingled in his slave. For sure he deems 5
Messiah won, and, in his fancy, sees
God's chosen prince with knee already bent
To swear bad fealty to the god of Hell,
Loving the sway ten thousand nations love,
Ten thousand nations ill. As near he draws, 10
With joy still-growing he regards God's son,
Who looks upon th' approaching stranger-swain
With eyes inquiring, who comes thus? When he
Stays his slow pace, and on his knotted staff
Leaning, assumes a friendly smile, and then 15
With a grave lengthen'd voice, as of a sage,
Or hoary hermit, greets Messiah's ear.
Hail, son. With wandering steps why roam'st thou thus
This rocky wild, far from the joys of life,
And from the dwellings of the sons of men? 20

But turn thee, pilgrim, to my humble grot,
 To yonder rock clad o'er with sand, a house
 But mean, yet which, with ever open door,
 Bids welcome to the weary traveller.
 There from the scorching of that sun so high 25
 Secure, mayst thou, in rocky coolness wrapt,
 Remain a while. And I with water cold,
 Which playful bustles from the grotto's base,
 Will lave thy sodden feet: too, of the fruits,
 Most grateful to the thirsty, will I give, 30
 To quench with liquid ice th' internal flame.
 Meanwhile, a pleasant conference shall we hold,
 And thy keen ear and curious will I feast,
 With savoury tales of days, which I have seen,
 Not thou, O pilgrim young. And now thy strength 35
 Recover'd, sure I will companion thee
 Far on the way, to which thou turn'st thy face.
 He simply: and he seems a swain in truth.
 To whom the Heaven-sent man, with heart in warmth
 Of gratitude dissolving, for the Power 40
 Divine indwelling gives him not to know
 The real being now addressing him.
 Grace, O most courteous father, grace and peace
 Dwell full and aye with thee amid thy grot
 From th' all-bestowing Good, while thou bid'st hail 45
 The pilgrim bent with weariness, and shar'st
 With him thy frugal fare. To me is given
 A mighty work, and onward must I speed
 To reach the dwellings of Jehudah's race.
 But still the hermit false with rustic warmth, 50

Aiming to win him to a proper place,
 To work his purpose, urges him to go
 Into a grotto near, by magic built,
 And lovely to the eye of pilgrim-men,
 Scorch'd by the torrid sun. And him, in vain 55
 Long urged, the demon, with th' enchanting staff,
 Upon his bosom touches. Through his frame
 The hell-enchantment lightens, and forbids
 External forms to enter, by the orbs
 Of vision to the mind, or in that mind 60
 One image of external things to' appear,
 Save what the necromantic rod shall paint
 Decipient. Yet his every mental power
 Self-painting gives the demon to exist
 In wonted vigour, knowing well the choice 65
 Of trance internal is no choice at all,
 And in the mind, recover'd now, were left
 No bent to ill, nor any stain impure.
 Beginning from a dream, resembling much
 Th' external plight, thence surer of strong sway, 70
 Thrice, round his head, the Hellish sorcerer waves
 His rod enchantive : thrice Messiah's breast
 He touches with a potent touch, then speaks,
 In spell, what he would have be done. And straight
 Messiah wanders in a horrid glen, 75
 Drear, dark and deep : vast overhanging rocks
 Terrific guard it round, and egress all
 Forbid. Ev'n to the long horizon's bound
 Nor cot, nor herb, nor stream, nor spring appears,
 Nor aught but a brown lake of sand strew'd thin, 80

With hillocks raised by whirling hurricanes
 Here frequent, leaving bare a pavement rude
 Of broken crags. This vale of hunger long
 Hath he despairing roam'd o'er ragged flints,
 Becrimson'd by his shatter'd feet, or plats 85
 Of burning sand, by ruthless hunger gnawn :
 Yet habitation still sees none, nor shrub,
 Nor tree, from whence to pluck him food, nor yet
 Soft grass, on which to lay him down to die.
 He only sees a wild, where all is dire ; 90
 While grisly bony forms, uncouth and foul,
 That seem the beings, who amid this place
 Of infinite direness dwell, oft gaze on him,
 As one unknown, then through the livid sky,
 With shrill harsh screams, they toil. When down the air,
 Descends a reverend Power, in figure like 96
 The hermit who late urged him to the grot.
 And to him says the ancient Power these words,
 While gusts of winds make wave his snow-white beard.
 In me behold thou Him, who erst pour'd out 100
 The holy oil of kings upon the man
 Of Gibeah, thence the rod of sway to wield
 O'er Jacob's sons, by Heaven sent down ; to save
 The Son of God, from death now imminent.
 Hath Heaven high powers not given to thee to save 105
 Others when dying ? Then command these stones
 To yield thee nourishment, that jutting rock,
 Obedient, spout pure water for thy thirst,
 And each dun globule of this sandy soil
 Turn to a blade of living grass. Make trees 110

Shoot to full growth at once, with arching boughs
 In coolness to embower thee from yon orb,
 That smites the head with such keen vehemence.
 'Tis all full little for the Son of God,
 The Lord of glory, and the Prince of Heaven : 115
 Such is thy doom one day. This, too, from death,
 Else sure to come, and to perdition full
 Of Heaven's high aim in thee, shalt thou thyself
 Save for the mighty work given thee by God.
 He wily, in the way of simple sage. 120
 And thus to him the son of God replies.
 Delusive Power, away. Thy language speaks
 Thee sped from Hell, not, as thou sayst, from Heaven.
 My powers were given me by our Heavenly Sire
 To aid His scheme divine, not selfish ease 125
 To win myself, His servant in man's cause.
 Learn that to disobey His will, to me,
 Is death most dire, and to obey it, life.
 Confounded at such rocky faith, the fiend
 Muses a space. Then thrice around his head 130
 His staff he waves, and thrice, with mutter'd spell,
 He strikes Messiah's breast. The Heaven-sent man,
 Enchanted, stands upon the highest wing
 Of dread Jehovah's temple, famed mid men,
 Built on the hallow'd heights of Zion-hill. 135
 Unnumber'd sons of Jacob, thronging round,
 Gaze from below on him as with one eye :
 When, from a golden cloud on high swims forth
 A bright wing'd angel, such as late he saw,
 Among th' ethereal train : who bending low 140

Upon the wing, with smiling looks that shine
 In youthful brightness and with voice that thrills,
 Like song itself through the enravish'd soul.

Messiah, hail ! Hail, Lord of Earth and Heaven,
 So doom'd ! From me receive the homage due 145
 Thy coming glory, king of mortal men,
 And of th' immortal hosts. O, why to those,
 Far-spread below and gazing up on thee,
 Show'st thou not forth thy origin divine,
 And that high glory destined thee by God, 150
 In some grand deed of wonder. Throw thee down
 From off this height so high, and yon bright troop
 Angelic, by the king of Heaven sent down
 To guard thee from all harm, shall to the ground
 Bear thee unhurt. Thus shalt thou stamp thyself 155
 Heaven's chosen, and thy powers divine display
 Before th' admiring hosts of Zion-hill.

He bending, as in homage, on the wing
 Thus pours his flattering strain. And thus God's Son.

O heart of Hell, wrapt in a heavenly form, 160
 Begone. Jehovah hath vouchsafed to dwell
 With me, and He hath promised, by my hands,
 To show forth deeds divine, to stamp divine
 The truths of Heaven, and save the sons of men :
 Not Hell-raised pride or folly vain to serve 165
 By showing forth his powers to wondering crowds.

At faith, from all his old experience
 So little look'd for in a Power whose form
 Is mortal and whose soul is human, too,
 The hope of Hell's ill god begins to droop, 170

Yet bends not down its neck as void of nerves ;
 And now a third thrice round his head he waves
 His rod of necromaney ; and, with spell,
 A third thrice doth it touch the breast of Him
 Well named the sun of righteousness, although 175
 Now in his dawn, yet sure to shine from down
 The cope of finite noon till time's last age,
 Gladdening the nations round. Behold his feet
 Stand at the bottom of a fearful hill :
 Tremendous height of rugged crags, which threat 180
 No climbing save to traveller, whose strong nerves
 Are tougher than the tiger's, and whose feet
 Are sure and cautious as the serious mule's,
 The traveller safe of hills. And, too, are claim'd
 The lion's daring and th' endurance firm 185
 Of the slow ox combined. Meanwhile light dwells
 Upon the mountain drear ; but it is light
 Of dismal sort, like flaming sulphur blue,
 Which glimmers but to show to pilgrim's gaze
 Unnumber'd archers, each with bended bow 190
 To volly arrows tipp'd with venom's fire.
 On either side, and as far as eyes can pierce,
 They hedge the sole appearance of a path,
 Steep, broken, craggy, up the horrid hill.
 Nor seems a fleeting shower prepared, or meant. 195
 To each dire warrior's shoulder hangs no load
 Of air, but quiver huge ; and in its paunch
 Enormous is cramm'd thick a grisly sheaf
 Of th' arrows of th' envenom'd fire ; while fierce
 Of countenance grin the stubborn band. No ruth 200

(The lips half-visible, through the fair screen
 Of flowery thickets) softly kiss the ear
 Love-lisping colloquies, attended oft
 With love-loud laughing. Then the colloquy
 Expires in wily whispers, but ere long 265
 Ascends the dark-blue sky above these shades,
 Sacred from cloud, the kiss-enticing scream
 Well imitated. Mid each pleasant bower
 Throughout th' enchanted place, from harp and flute
 Of fairy minstrels, on the ravish'd ear 270
 Trill bosom-melting strains. Heaven seems hard by.
 But tripping on to merry cheering pipes
 Comes the co-empres of this fairy realm,
 Fair Pleasure. From her face th' excess of joy
 Dazzles each rapt spectator. Her bright eyes 275
 Are dipp'd in love's dark blue; and rapturous smiles
 Have chosen for their dwelling-place those orbs,
 From whence they sally forth, and sport in groups
 Amid love's whirlpools on her jolly brow,
 And cheek and chin. No lean pale face is hers, 280
 Admired by modern eyes, that Nature hate;
 But plump; and like the red rose-bud it blooms.
 Nigh to her middle down she naked charms
 Th' inebriated gaze, while all below
 Her strong enchantments, but half shaded, shine 285
 Through ermine lawn, which makes th' exploring eye
 With nobler pathos feel the beauties hid.
 Her breasts at every wave taint ether round,
 With soul-empoisoning vapours of fierce love;
 Two haycocks clad with ermine, or two knolls 290

Two glowing knolls of snow on Cheviot seen
 From the green hill, fast by Dunseotus' town,
 First of all hills for natural beauty, first
 For sight of rural glory (long my haunt
 At morn, or noon, or eve, and still to be) 295
 What hour from up her couch beyond the sea
 Of Albion, native land, my choice and vaunt,
 Bliss to it! O unceasing worth and joy
 Be round its borders and throughout its lands
 For ever! crimson-tressed Morn gilds fair 300
 The tower of Hume and too the twin-born knolls
 Quickens with youthful blush. Such are beheld
 Her white and living breasts, two sister-twins
 Of one sweet dame. They foil her other charms.
 The smit on-looker's eye sees now no more: 305
 Nor scarcely is it left for him to breathe,
 But voiceless, and bereft of strength, he leans
 Against a tree, and his warm soul would seem
 To' evaporate in soft and lengthen'd sighs,
 Till after length of time from the blest trance 310
 He now recovers and pursues the queen.
 A mighty host throng after her. The young,
 The manly and the hoary, of all climes
 Of the round earth, are in her envied train.
 They sick of love, and drawn by that strong charm, 315
 Roll headlong on her steps where'er they rove.
 With love-taught motions of a buxom maid
 (But in them queenlike dignity is seen),
 The dame advances to the Son of God.
 With hand of live warm ermine she directs 320

His eyes to her sweet sister, loved of men,
 Co-empress with her of these fairy bowers
 (Yet still their hands maintain a cordial clasp)
 To plump-brow'd Ease. Upon a pool-soft couch
 Of down fast by reclines she, underneath 325
 An apple-tree with emerald honours stored,
 And bent low down with apples blooming red.
 A pastoral rill, which warbles flute-like by
 The rich reginal couch, in gentlest mode
 The queen to slumber sings. A numerous band 330
 Of wanton dames, the full-eyed daughters kind
 Of plump effeminacy, minist'ring
 Still round the couch, th' imperial head uprear,
 And stay with downy pillows, piled full store.
 But scarce her half-shut eyes can bear to find 335
 To' exert them to climb up to gaze, till now
 The silken fingers of the ready slaves
 Assist the lazy nerves, and hold them strung,
 Her gaze directing to the Son of God.
 To Him her flame-eyed sister (putting on 340
 Her buxom brow a spangled host of smiles,
 The worst more dangerous than the best that e'er
 Sat on the fairest brow in Albion-isle)
 With voice, whose every suspiration low
 Is soft and scented, like the breath of morn ; 345
 Oft pausing to heave sigh of rapturous love.
 O much-loved man, what ill-bent demon drags
 Your pilgrim-shoon to climb that hideous steep,
 Which but to look on ah ! dare not these eyes,
 Nor ever dared, nor ever shall. Ah me ! 350

My midmost bosom shivers to think of
 A hill, declared so dire, so near our coasts
 Of bliss and love. O stay me, stay me straight,
 My soft-arm'd maidens, or the verdant soil
 Shall be the couch of my unbreathing form, 355
 If more my mind thinks on, or more my lips
 Speak of such grisly dream: ah, mind and lips
 Form'd but to muse on and to utter love,
 And sweetest things of bliss! And henceforth sure
 My mind shall fancy, and my lips shall speak, 360
 Save such soft things, exiling ill from them.
 Turn, pilgrim bent on danger, to our bowers
 Of bliss that never fades. The songs of birds
 Are ever heard throughout our vernal land.
 O hark! With ceaseless strains, from every tree, 365
 And bush, and flower, the feather'd minstrels loud
 Invite you to their happy wood. O think,
 Dear pilgrim, think, while yet your vernal hour,
 Soft hovering, fits your flexile soul to' enjoy
 The warblings of fond love and bliss. Obey 370
 The call of the sweet unisonant birds.
 Seek bliss. For sure ere long shall come on you
 And on the total host of human-kind,
 Or youths or maidens be they, poor or rich,
 The evil days of age; dark days, in which 375
 Your lips shall say—*Ah me! pain, care, and woe,*
Hedge me around. No songs of gladness twang
My rigid nerves, and o'er my soul mis-strung
No chord of rapture trembles. Nor is now
The trill of hope through all my bosom, changed 380

To nerveless rock, by petrifying years.

Ye, joy and hope, are far exiled from me.

Turn then, O turn, rash pilgrim, yet of hope,

Else sure, ere long, of full despair : O turn,

While yet with ease you may, your youth-nerved limbs,

To mid the dwelling of the zephyr-court, 386

The happy wood, through which all free from care,

Nor sighing save from sweet excess of bliss,

I and my blue-eyed maids in rapture rove.

What bode you, foolish pilgrim, from to climb 390

That dire, dire mountain ? What but bitter woe,

And scorn, with death to crown them ? Cease, O cease,

My love-strung lips, from such alarming theme.

Alas ! your rashness, wicked lips, have made

My fainting soul to shiver. Stay me, stay 395

Me straight again, ye maidens fair.—Then turn,

O turn your devious footsteps, pilgrim loved.

Look, and the flaxen-hair'd fond Raptures gaze

From out their bowers that bloom with every bliss,

And wait impatient for you. See. Are not 400

Their arms of snow morn-tinged, and velvetted

With love, spread out for you ? O traveller blest,

You are the chief-beloved of all their hearts,

And sure their varying charms shall fondly court

Your sovereign choice. Still for your wearied frame, 405

Wearied with bliss and love, the queenly lap

Of my sweet sister, empress of this realm,

Lap softest of all soft, shall ready be,

And ye shall rest you on yon downiest couch

E'er press'd incumbent lover. Nay, these arms, 410

O highly-favour'd pilgrim, that disdain
 Compare with noblest of the sex of love,
 For whose embrace full many a scepter'd breast
 Hath sigh'd, and sore, yet hath not won its wish,
 Shall still be yours. O, you shall be the king, 415
 The love-crown'd sultan of these realms of joy.

The goddess, mid her maidens, highly fair.
 Fair shines the far-famed Carmel-mount mid hills,
 And she more fair mid maids : how great in charms,
 O bright beyond the bard-sung queen of love ! 420
 And from her voice, her words, her sighs, her gest,
 Her total frame, shoot forth ten thousand rays
 Of love, and pierce the essence of the host
 Of suitors, hither from all nations come.

With eyes half-closed they shake in ecstasy, 425
 And deem them happier than th' empyreal blest
 Who quaff the joys shower'd from the throne divine.
 But now the empress of th' eternal smile
 Trips up, with wide-spread arms, which seem to say
 To the love-dazzled suitors, *our embrace* 430

Contains fruition higher than bright Heaven's,
 And aims the all-sought boon of that embrace
 For God's loved Son. But straight the Heaven-sent man,
 With mild rebuke forbids th' attempt. At which,
 With ire and scorn put on, yet ire and scorn 435
 Of love, she back a little space retires,
 When thus the assembled of the nations say.

O man, whence comes it that thou dar'est aspire
 To teach mankind, the congregation great
 Of thy compeers? Learn, teacher, we are wise, 440

And happy to the fulness of desire.
 Nor can thy lips give wisdom more to us,
 Nor yet thy hand give more beatitude.
 Cast round thy eyes, O sprung from woman loved :
 Can thy right hand build fairer scenes than these 445
 Of sparkling bliss and ever-smiling love ?
 Cease then, enthusiast pilgrim, nor aspire
 To climb that hill of horror high, for us :
 To woo sore-shatter'd feet, and sore-pierced sides,
 With grisly death upon its summit reach'd. 450
 And what shall win thy groaning pilgrimage
 Of travel sore and long for us, save scorn ?
 For we are well ; and do not seek from thee,
 Nay, but forbid the climbing profitless.
 Ungird thy loins then, pilgrim. Fling away 455
 Thy staff, and turn thee in to these fair scenes,
 Where ever-busy Bliss, mid heavenly bowers,
 Toils for us all. And be as one of us.
 They, from their fog-eyed ignorance, weening them
 Full sapient, while, enchanted with their place, 460
 Though built o'er woe's abyss, their happy eyes
 Run ravish'd wanderers through the wood, so fair
 To present gaze, nought caring things to come ;
 But still they land on th' all-attracting charms
 Of smiling Pleasure : there they dwell enrapt. 465
 So do the eyes of swains who gaze ere sleep
 On Heaven's rich pavement, save to serious Night
 Display'd, roam fond among the flaming gems,
 But still return they to the full-orb'd moon,
 Transcendent empress of the stellar host. 470

Nor niggard they, as lovers are of wont,
 Nor jealous of their mistress highly' adored :
 They still invite each pilgrim to th' embrace,
 And see with joy the circling of her charms,
 Hating but those who virtue's charms prefer. 475
 To whom the Chosen for the good of man.

Ye gather'd of the nations, though your lips
 Combine to drive me from the Heaven-plannd aim,
 To lead you, now bewilder'd by false light,
 To manly wisdom, true beatitude ; 480

Our Sire in Heaven hath given me high command
 To climb that hill of awful show, for you :
 And shall I it not climb ? What though it be
 From base to summit frightful to the eye ?

From off its cope, now stood upon, shall burst 485
 Eternal glory ; and, on its thither side,

Spread forth fair lawns and ever-verdant lawns,
 Bloom flowery bowers and never-fading bowers,
 In which to rest the weary limbs, and muse
 Upon the noble height of goodness climb'd. 490

Fair are those lawns, and fair those bowers seven times
 Beyond these boasted gairy lawns and bowers,
 Which tire ere yet man's foot hath enter'd well,

And are in glory at the longest count
 Save while one lunar queen her sceptre frail 495

Hath wielded o'er the climes. And tell thou forth,
 Thou fair enchantress of the nations, tell,

When now enjoy'd and faded, what leave they
 To the possessors ? What, but chaff ? Nay, this
 Were but of small dissuasion. But their fruits 500

Are self-debasement, self-disdain which looks
 With conscious shame on hours that nothing gain
 To them, or man ; all spent on self, self-sick.
 They gaze around, and 'tis a dream gone by,
 Nor neutral dream : it leaves a venom'd sting. 505
 What though the hill be high ? be hill of woe,
 And travel sore, a hill, that leads away
 From the fair bowers, of which ye speak so fond ?
 The lofty mind of man, in climbing it,
 To save our race rears tenfold better bowers 510
 Within, in which to rest its weariness.
 There apples, too, of the celestial taste
 Uncloying, feed it : and the high repast
 Fails not through eating, but still grows in store.
 What though ye, blinded by a magic glare, 515
 My climbing pray not, but dissuade ? The songs
 Of many nations, through my climbing bless'd,
 Shall utter forth my name. But words away.
 Dire is the hill and terrible to see ;
 And ignorant of your ill plight, ye name 520
 My climbing bootless ; but th' omniscient One
 Hath spoken in my ear, and call'd its name
 The hill of man's salvation. Hear, O men,
 Hear then my purpose : I will climb the hill.
 Indignant at such stubborn slavishness 525
 (So thought) the leader of the hosts, who war
 On Heaven's dread king, straight rushes to assault
 The captain of the war, for Heaven on Earth,
 Upon the frailest tower of man, and drive
 Him from th' important field now enter'd. Straight 530

The fourth three times, slow round his head, he waves
 His talismanic rod. The fourth three times
 He touches soft the Son of God : and now
 Messiah on the heights of Zion lifts
 His voice, and tells Heaven's laws to thronging hosts, 535
 But then, for lips seal'd up, and listening ears,
 Tumultuous cries of scorn and fury rage.

Whence is it, that thy lips aspire to teach
 Jehudah's race, the most unlearn'd of whom
 Is wise beyond thyself, and who is fit 540
 To' enrich, and much, thy poverty of mind ?
 It fair beseems thee, rude enthusiast, thus
 To raise thy voice aloft, amid the town
 Of glory, and to men to whose bright lore
 The fairest wisdom of the nations were 545
 Save glow-worm glimmerings of the new-built moon
 To the sun's light at noon. Obscure and vile
 As is thy father's gate, so are thy words ;
 Meet save for th' ear of worms. They ethnic are,
 And worse, the words of those who feed and eat 550
 The swinish herd profane. Speed straight thy flight
 From forth this hallow'd place, O lep'rous man
 Of three times curst Samaria, and rewild
 Thy native axe, thy father's axe and thine,
 Sole for thy right hand and thy foulness fit : 555
 For lo ! a host of demons in thee dwell.
 Flee, fellow, from our Salem's holy heights,
 Nor let thy ethnic feet distain them more,
 O thou, on whom abides a sevenfold curse,
 From our Jeshurun's strength and mighty arm. 560

They, with the down-eyed gaze of proud disdain ;
 And now is heard the loud and lengthen'd laugh
 Of native scorn, worst scorn ; and now the hiss
 Of angry adders. Many furious lips
 Spit at him, and rude hands him buffet sore. 565
 And oft is shaken on his sacred head
 Dust from their sandal-shoon, full sorest shame
 In Israel. But along the sapphire sky
 Roll clouds on clouds of livid gloom, from out
 Each storehouse built in ether, at the ends 570
 Of the four winds, to lodge the clouds of Heaven.
 And night is now where late was blazing day.
 Struck with the sudden dark, Jehudah's eyes
 Look up to' inquire the cause of such strange night.
 The horrid sky seems charged with fire divine, 575
 And threats to pour destruction down on all,
 Nor seems long while for penitence allow'd.
 But not for that Jehudah's steady scorn
 Lowers aught its voice, but fiercer grows. When lo !
 From down the parting clouds of wrath, in light 580
 Descends a Power of glory ; and arrived
 Offers the right hand of the son of God
 A golden rod. His voice seems sure from Heaven.
 O Son of God, the captain of the band
 Of angels, who still guard thy weal, am I, 585
 Sent down by Heaven's high-lauded King, to give
 Thy right hand, nerved to do great deeds, whose fame
 Shall make the width of many regions ring,
 And to destroy the enemies of God,
 This rod divine. The King of Heaven, high wroth 590

To spy from down His throne the outrage done
 Him, through His herald prime to win man's sons
 From bending to the rival throne of Hell,
 Spread forth those awful signs of wrath on high,
 That menace of dire ill to come, and soon, 595
 Might from their fierce attack on Heaven in thee,
 Drive them aghast and trembling. But the men,
 Stubborn in ill, for shrinking penitence,
 At God's impending wrath increase their scorn,
 And to their outrage add. Nay, see, although 600
 Their eyes behold my glory sped from Heaven,
 Yet not for that cease aught their lips from ill,
 From foul and venomous scorn. Thence hath the King
 Of Jacob sent thee, wrong'd with infinite wrong,
 This reed divine, that touching, in their view, 605
 That lowest of the gather'd clouds of wrath,
 Gather'd in one tremendous cloud of night,
 The sacred flames might all-destroying fall
 Upon their utmost host, while yet their lips
 Open to wrong and scorn, and burn them up 610
 Unheavenable, and meet no more to dwell
 On Earth, the land of God. Straight lift thy hand,
 O much-wrong'd prophet, and consume thy foes,
 Heaven's foes inflexible. Can it be thine
 To hear the voice of such envenom'd scorn, 615
 And brook such ethnic buffetings from those
 Whom thou art labouring from God's ire to save?
 Or will the King of Heaven pour down His wrath
 Consuming save upon His final foes?
 That King is just. Receive the rod divine. 620

He these, with Heaven-like candour ; and meanwhile
 The stubborn hosts of furious bigots round,
 Unheeding aught his splendid presence, add
 Severer outrage and more bitter scorn.

From such unbideable abuse, the seer 625
 Of man forbids not his right hand to' embrace
 The offer'd rod. Now grasping it he stands,
 Perplex'd in mind, and musing deep awhile
 In silence. Horrid gladness lightens through
 The bosom of Hell's king : but boding Earth, 630
 From presage dread of ruin to the scheme
 To save her nations through Messiah's lapse,
 Full o'er her thousand regions trembles quick.
 Th' angelic guardians from their place afar,
 Quake too, and with sad eyes implore Heaven's throne,
 Which their interposition late forbade. 636
 Such feelings agitate their breast, as those
 Of a fond shepherd who from down his hill
 Espies a famish'd wolf, whose ruthless teeth
 Already touch the lowest of his flock 640
 Wide spread ; the danger so far off defies
 His staff and rapid dog ; and he himself
 Can nothing do to save. But long quake not
 The shores of earth through fear of the result
 Of her great prophet's muse, on which are hung 645
 The weal and woe of all her thousand realms.
 From the soul tumult soon recovering, thus
 He speaks, while gentle peace smiles from his brow.
 Sire of the nations, and eternal King,
 Thy voice of Godhead sent me not to slay 650

The sons of men, but save them !—Whence thy words
 And gift, O Power, in seeming sped from Heaven,
 Come not but from the depth of Hell, whose bounds
 Ring with th' eternal yellings of revenge.
 Vengeance, as doth the thunderbolt, pertains 655
 Save to the right hand of the One great Good,
 Whose soul-transpiercing eye, and heart of Sire
 And righteous King, wherein blows never gale
 Of fury, claims this dangerous sceptre, rod
 Beyond the wielding of created hand ; 660
 The natural rod of God, and God alone.—
 What though, too, smite full sore your buffetings
 Conferr'd for good, and your salvation sought :
 Alas ! your ignorance, O patrian foes,
 Spies not the evil of your hands, whose rage 665
 Misaims but glory to Jehudah's One.
 Shall I, who have myself given up to make
 The nations bend with prayers of penitence
 To win the pity of the Heavenly Sire,
 Chief wrong'd in sin, yet who is willing still 670
 To cast the record o'er the ends of Earth,
 Scorning this model, hurl my brothers down
 To death's abyss, none of their sins flung off
 By hands of penitence and morals new,
 But ready for the penal fire below, 675
 With all the fuel of collected ill ?
 What though to bear such wrongs be hard ? What though
 They make flesh shrink ? Are they not borne to bless
 Man's hapless race ? Go from me, reed of Hell.
 So saying, with a brow which casts around 680

Smiles of Heaven's kind among th' insulting bands,
He flings far off the hell-polluted reed.

At this the proudest Eon of all proud,
Whom less than God shall never break or bend,
Stung deep by such defoil, so much undream'd, 685
From one in mortal form, thence worse to him
Than to have been defoil'd in combat fierce
By high Reminoel, bravest of Heaven's brave,
Now hastes to pluck his final hope from whence
It blooms : And, a last thrice, the dangerous king 690
Of genii ill, with spells, around his head
Circles his rod, and, a last thrice, the breast
Of God's great Son he strikes with gentle stroke ;
From this last charm not doubting full success,
Though foil'd in all, the least of which had foil'd, 695
Save God's Messiah, every man dame-born.

On a high hill, to which the three-climed mount
Of Etna far-renown'd, were but a rock,
That shades faint pilgrims from the torrid sun,
In a parch'd waste, Messiah stands and sees 700
Each realm, each river, and each sea terrene.
Up towards him the wondrous mountain climb
Thick-thronging bands. From forth the shivering North,
Ascend brown fur-clad men, and they bear bales
Of snowy ermine. Mighty flocks here bleat 705
From utmost Scythian wilds. There climb bright bands
In purple, burning with fierce diamond,
And carry solar jewels, Tyrian robes,
That rival even the zone which western Sol
Ties round the cloudy East, and all gay things, 710

Created by the wise and potent hand
 Of man-improving commerce. From the ships,
 Which spread their bosoms to th' embracing gales,
 White-waving on a thousand seas here seen,
 They bring the gaudy wares. Yond glorious ranks 715
 Of daring warriors come from thee, O Rome,
 Far-sung metropolis of utmost Earth,
 Subjected by thy arms, resistless found
 As though of Heaven: the high-famed town, in which
 Would Freedom keep her patriot throne mid men, 720
 For many an age, but which now venal grown,
 And all luxurious as the vanquish'd realms,
 Sunk, sunk far down from th' independence old,
 She threatens to forsake, as well as Earth,
 For native Heaven, until the glorious day 725
 Of Albion, second Greece, day wish'd by her.
 The eagle of the world, seen waving high
 In air, climbs fiercely to each martial sound,
 Which valour firm inspires. And many come
 From the wild Arab, and from Yemen-land, 730
 And hundred lands made fertile by great Nile,
 In whose grand annual caravan come down
 All floods above the line; septemfluous stream,
 Whose ancient flood from Ethiopia's hills
 Brings spring prolific to else barren lands, 735
 Beneath a blazing sky unstain'd with cloud
 Shower-swoln, thence void of all nutritious rain,
 Nurse-dame of verdurous fields; from regions sway'd
 By Gondar, chief of Ethiopian towns;
 From Sennaar black and fierce, below the wild 740

Of Bahiouda, and the Nubian place
 Of dire simoom ; from there o'er Sara waste,
 Old Desert's empire, and through which pass on
 To Cairo-town, the numerous caravans
 Of Sudan from the banks of Niger's stream ; 745
 Thence onward down the coast of gold and slaves,
 Or men held beasts, through Congo's torrid land,
 Even down to Temperate Hope, the farthest point
 Of Afric's isle, great isle, by Suez ty'd ;
 Hot, barbarous Afric's hundred lands renown'd, 750
 For furious men and animals alike.
 Its sable sons half-naked sweat beneath
 Their loads of gold and ivory, and like wares.
 Nor come few hosts from famed Euphrates' banks,
 Bagdad and Basra (cities at this day 755
 Not then, but from their place). From Tyre, rich town,
 And Sidon ; from the Persian, famed of old ;
 And from the rich Hindoos thick swarm'd, and from
 Bengala and beyond ; from Siam land ;
 And from Sumatra and great Borneo, isles ; 760
 From thousand isles, which deck the Indian flood ;
 And from the empire old and wide, which boasts
 Nanking the town of wondrous count of men ;
 From utmost Jesso and Japan ; come ships,
 Come caravans of horse and mule, and of 765
 The camel, horse of deserts, that guides safe
 Men o'er the sandy main, and of the great
 And sapient elephant. They toil and sweat
 Beneath the wealth and glitter of a world
 (And held its glory by full many men). 770

Nor are not here thick thronging swarthy bands,
 With crowns of feathers and of teeth and shells,
 Sped from their wigwams and their dusky woods,
 Throughout the hundred Transatlantic lands
 Of vast Columbia, world long hence by thee, 775
 Columbus, given to Eastern cruelty.

From all these regions wide and far, ay, too
 From farther come thick hosts. But why essay
 To sing what is not to be sung; even hosts
 Unnumber'd as Earth's nations, as her tribes 780
 So various? For ascend or seem to ascend
 This wondrous hill by necromancy built,
 From every tongue and tribe beneath great Héaven,
 Throng'd bands, all bearing princely gifts, and each
 Upon its van a gem-bespangled crown. 785

Now shining, as to men, that long have dwelt
 In cavern'd gloom, the sun at mid-day's hour,
 High on a car of blood-red flame rides forth
 The king of ill, in his dread native size
 Heclean, clad in glory of a blaze 790
 Inferiour save to that he wore in Heaven
 Ere yet he dared assail th' Eternal throne.
 Him follow twice ten thousand seraphim
 On steeds of fire. The utmost place of Earth,
 Here seen, is lighted to a double noon 795
 By the fierce glare. Astonied and half blind
 Messiah gazes on the dazzling sight,
 Empyrean seeming. On his mind it paints
 The coming of the Eternal from high Heaven,
 Which late he in the holy desert saw : 800

He saw and shook ; the desert shook beneath
 His feet, and Heaven stood open to his eyes.
 Not such in greatness of true glory seems
 This spectacle, but yet some semblance boasts.
 Gazing he stands, high anxious o'er th' event, 805
 When from the car of fire the arch-seraph great,
 Moving his adamantine sceptre, speaks,
 And with the voice of deity usurp'd.
 Mine, Power of clay, those mighty empires all,
 That stretch out to the utmost hills of earth, 810
 Seen yonder faint, a mighty distance off :
 And at my nod ten thousand other worlds
 Move, and my voice obey. The slavish chain
 Of th' arbitrary sovereign of mean Heaven
 Unlock and bursting from His heavy yoke, 815
 Climb to the height of freedom, and own me
 King of existence, won from Him defoil'd ;
 Me that through Nature equal or even like
 Knows none ; and worship me, as God supreme,
 Swearing by Great Necessity, prime cause 820
 Uncaused, to obey my free and easy laws :
 This done, the empire of that earth is thine ;
 For ever thine vicarious. Thine are all
 The gifts, which those unnumber'd armies bring,
 Those armies, that ascend from every tribe 825
 Terrene, shall join to choose thee for their prince,
 And casting down before thy princely feet
 The blazing crowns they bear, with reverence due
 In low prostration own thee Lord of Earth.
 By pride's resistless influence drawn from guile, 830

The god of Hell. And all the hosts stand still,
 As if preparing to perform his words,
 And cast their empires at Messiah's feet :
 Then shout him Lord and king of all the earth,
 Him Lord and king for ever hence. But straight 835
 God's son. His brow and tone much anger shew.

O dire apostate, speak to Hell and fiends
 Words only fit for Hell and fiends to hear.
 What then is power? what all the glory' of sway?
 What all the crowns and kingdoms of a world 840
 To me, when to be purchased with ill done,
 With the worst ill: with foul impiety
 Against the God who made me, and makes blest?
 Mine shall it be to worship, as Supreme,
 Him only, at whose utter'd will came forth 845
 From nothing all the worlds, which are throughout
 The circuit of existence, and from whom
 Springs all the life that is: Him God, who gave
 Ev'n thee to live, O deeper sunk than Hell:
 Him, who though now thy blasphemies dare name 850
 Defoil'd, thyself shalt all-victorious own,
 Mid pangs to come, dire as thy sins are great.

His native mildness roused by piety
 To an unwonted storm of ire (yet good)
 And from the God within he now receives 855
 Virtue to burst from forth the enchantive power
 Of vanquish'd Lucifer. With sight restored
 He sees the desert, and the hermit wight
 Declared the king of Hell: who greatly wroth
 At all his high-ween'd spells, thus broken, lifts 860

Aloft his potent rod, the Eternal's son,
 Victorious o'er his cunning, to destroy,
 And undelaying sweeps a mighty blow.
 Straight with Messiah's warm life-blood the sand
 Had been empurpled, had th' indwelling power 866
 Not mail'd him round, forbidding Satan's rod
 To' approach his sacred frame. Three times the fiend
 Dire-raging aims a mortal blow : Three times
 Messiah's Heaven-mail'd body is untouch'd.
 Infuriate, with his rod, the sandy soil 870
 The fiend now smites. Straight issues forth a fog
 Of every poisonous stream most fierce and foul :
 The vital breath of two wide realms of men
 Were its to quench. But yet it comes not near
 The dwelling of eternal Logos, driven 875
 Along the sand, which drinks it up again.
 Then from the gates of Heaven roll livid clouds
 On clouds, and blacken all the sapphire realm
 Ethereal into night ; a night felt dread.
 From forth their ruin pregnant womb darts down 880
 The blazing gloom a shaft of wrath divine :
 The arm of Thunder shot the flaming shaft :
 With terrour and with ruin wing'd it flies,
 And, save for purposes divine, had struck
 The demon into nothing : The big hail, 885
 On rapid wings, assaults the sandy soil :
 Then in the great sublime of Logos-speech,
 Th' Eternal speaks from high ; in thunder speaks,
 Dread sound, in true sublimity beyond
 All sounds e'er heard by nature, struck with awe, 890

Struck into silence which looks down in fear.
 Through the black sky each hill-like cloud to cloud
 (All heralds of the deity in wrath)
 Rehearses loud the dreaded voice divine,
 With winding repercussion round th' expanse, 895
 The dark expanse, till now the utmost arch
 Of Heaven resounds. Earth shakes. And a whole world
 Trembles in silence. Through the mighty heart
 Of th' enemy of th' Eternal weakness steals,
 To fear dissolving its obdurate flint. 900
 But fear is not in God's loved son. The power
 Internal, working by the voice divine,
 Strengthens his virtue-sinew'd mind with strength
 Celestial, giving firmness past terrene,
 And thus, in him, speaks to the Hermit false. 905
 Go fiend of ruin, hidden in the form
 Friendly to pilgrim-men. Go, taught by Heaven,
 'Tis to Hell's utmost puissance not to hurt
 In aught the man, whom God hath set apart
 For the Messiah work. Depart and straight 910
 That these dread flying shafts of wrath divine
 Strike thee not to a place more deep and dire
 To full infinity beyond that Hell,
 O'er which thou reign'st, in power as ill supreme.
 Fleet as pervades the frames of men enlink'd 915
 And from the sore-twang'd elbows, felt drawn down
 Flies the electric fire, these words, shot home
 By God in thundering wrath, strike through the heart
 Of Satan, and strong terrour spread. Straight up
 To his dread native size the hermit starts, 920

As pyramid of fire shot suddenly
 From up the late dark crater thick in smoke
 Of Naples-hill, and threatening ruin sweeps
 Along the blackness from the Son of God,
 Who gazes, glued by wonder to his form 925
 Like Hecla's, through the darken'd air beheld.

To speak straight ceases God most high, from 'mid
 The cloudy gloom, which sailing to the North,
 Gives to the desert's eye Heaven's bright blue clime,
 Clear as a pool of molten chrystal seen, 930
 The sun there shining on his western throne,
 In splendour past his wont. Th' angelic guard,
 Whose ken intuitive sees well the wiles
 Of Satan vanquish'd, hasten through 'mid air,
 To greet the son of God victorious haste. 935
 Arrived they bend before him. On their van
 Neamoel speaks. His voice is youth's so mild.

Hail, prince of earth, prince of our shining hosts
 Angelic, hail; victorious o'er the wiles
 Of Hell and of her king, sage Lucifer, 940
 One time our Lord god-chosen, now how fallen.
 Thrice hail, O thou best worthy, God-ordain'd
 To fill the throne sublime from which he fell.
 Be victory great as this, o'er all thy foes,
 Thine, and for ever, O most high of men, 945
 And like be still to all who love their God.

And to the throne empyreal lifting now
 Adoring eyes, they, in the dialect
 Of Heaven, sweet-sounding and sublime beyond
 All human tongue, to the Great Sire send up 950

Address, rehearse ye thus, now lower'd down
 To dialect of mortals, O how harsh
 And grovelling to its native sweet and grand.

All-knowing One, far as th' immeasured width
 Of infinite space exceeds these globy grains, 965
 Ev'n so thy wisdom, self-illumined sun,
 Prime luminary, kindling every ray
 Of knowledge which through self dark nature shines,
 Excels the twinkling science of the mind
 Of noblest seraph. Thou the hell-deep wiles 960
 Of Lucifer, much aiming to destroy,
 Hast made work much, with thee, to build the scheme
 Messian, scheme of mercy. Thou, by him,
 Hast made be taught thy son, thy chosen prince,
 And worthy of thy choice, the way to wield 965
 The powers divine given him, and way to foil
 Allurements to abuse them. Join, O men,
 And, ye angelic quires, wide Nature's ends,
 O join, with choral strain, to' extol your God,
 In wisdom peerless, as in power unpeer'd. 970

These they, with voices sweet as Heaven's, and now
 Neamoel to Messiah's hunger gives
 An apple, which from the rich soil above
 Its beauteous form, and fragrance, scenting wide
 The desert air with Heavenly odour, drew. 975
 The flavour of this apple of Heaven, and worth
 The region that produced it, how far past
 The fruits of Earth's low clime, Messiah tastes:
 Straight through his frame, inheaven'd, vigour spreads,
 Vigour of kind immortal, little known 980

To earth-born beings. Now his winged soul,
 Angelically free, as spirit pure
 Unclogg'd by clay, soars to the Heaven of Heavens,
 There mixing with th' ethereal orbs, it thinks
 Thoughts of celestial sort, and visions sees 985
 Not to be fancied by the soul below.

Him thus refresh'd, from forth the lonely scene
 Of his instructive moral victory o'er
 The Tempting Spirit, follow'd by the guard
 Of cherubim, in visible bright form, 990
 Neamoel, permission craving, guides
 On to the skirts of the illumined wild.
 There mingling with the air all leave his eyes,
 Yet still on him invisibly attend ;
 While he, all-fitted for the work divine, 995
 Given by his father, speeds with onward face
 Unwearied to the dwellings of the sons
 Of Jacob, scatter'd o'er Jehudah's heights,
 To teach (if they would learn) the laws of grace,
 The Mediator high of God and Man. 1000

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK X.

**MESSIAH'S ENTRANCE INTO HIS MINISTRY, AND HIS
DECLARATION OF BLESSINGS AND WOES.**

ARGUMENT.

MESSIAH, having returned from the wilderness, enters on his office. He travels throughout Galilee, teaching the people, and healing the diseased in a miraculous manner. He comes to Nazaret, where he was brought up, and enters the synagogue on the Sabbath-day to preach. His hearers are so wroth at his sermon, that they lead him to the brow of the hill, on which their town is built, to cast him down headlong from it. But his angelic guardians bear him in safety to a pleasant valley, leaving the men of Nazaret to embrace a cloud in his room. His fame now spreads through Syria. All parts of it bring their diseased people to him. And multitudes throng around him to behold so wonderful a man. He then ascends a hill, and preaches to the multitude, closing his sermon with declaring who are the blessed, and pronouncing woes against the wicked. He now descends from the hill and enters Capernaoum, where he is met by Manilius, a Roman centurion, whose son he cures of a palsy. He enters into a synagogue, and restores a maniac to reason. The people, at evening, bring those who are diseased to him, and he heals them. Withdrawing from the multitude, he renews his vow to God. And now laying himself down underneath a palm, he falls asleep, the angelic guard hovering over him.

THE MESSIAD.

BOOK X.

THE desert place of inspiration left,
The Galilean land now travels o'er
Messiah, teaching Heaven's high doctrines pure,
And by the Logos of th' indwelling God,
Turning the moans of wan disease and shrieks 5
Of demon-fury to the strains of joy.
With awe the region heal'd now follows him,
Esteem'd an angel in an earthly form.
Nor without cause : for at his tongue's command,
Or at his right hand's touch, disease and woe, 10
Of every name, obedient flee, as though
From presence of a God, and not a man.
And never in such mode were things terrene,
Before the dawning of Messiah's day.
God dwells with him in glory visible. 15
Thus he for many a day in mode divine.
And to his childhood's town of Nazaret
Returning, on the day of holy rest,
A synagogue he enters, where erewhile
His youthful lips were wont to expound the law 20

That cannot brook our youthful peers to' excel,
 Forbids there Honour lift her voice, till now
 The man of worth lies cold and low in clay,
 And thence works its own wrong. And to display
 Before my townsmen's eyes, the pledges given 145
 Me by Jehovah, God, of which report
 Hath told you high, were but to show them forth
 To eyes obdurate blind. Nor were bestow'd
 Those powers divine to charm the greedy gaze
 Of curiosity, but to make less 150
 The woes of humankind, thence to declare
 To serious men the hand of working God.
 Yet have these pledges been display'd to men
 Of other lands, as regions have told you.
 One time the fountains of Jehudah's sky 155
 Were all drunk up by wrath divine ; and now
 Fierce grisly Famine shook his flaming sword,
 With comet's blaze, o'er the devoted land,
 And all the people send their cries to Heaven :
 Save to Sarepta of rich Sidon's realm, 160
 An ethnic realm and to an ethnic dame,
 There was Elias sent. And when the son
 Of Shaphat, in Jehudah's holy land,
 Worshipp'd Jehovah, many a leper's groans
 Ascended to His gracious throne, and yet, 165
 From their pollution dire, was washen none
 Save Naaman, Captain of the Syrian host.
 So——

And yet more truth his dauntless lips had pour'd,
 But stung with furious rancour at his words 170

Misdemean'd the words of ethnic scorn, each breast
 Inflamed augments the common flame of all.
 As when the yellow labours of the year,
 Uppiled in towers, some wicked hands have fired
 With various flames ; these meet and they increase 175
 Each other's fury, and more fleetly spread
 Around, till now one blaze ascends the sky.
 So spread among th' assembled men the flames
 Of envy, hell-enkindled and hell-blown,
 From joining torch collecting strength till now 180
 They blaze with fierceness save life-blood can quench.
 Burning with Hell they seize the Son of God,
 And drag him to the brow of the steep hill,
 Which bears their ancient town. There now arrived
 In thronging bands, on reckless fury's fire, 185
 With violent hands they throw him on the earth ;
 And mid the crowd still pressing from each side
 He lies outstretch'd all gentle as a lamb
 That under blood-stain'd hands of butchery bleats ;
 Yet steady as the ocean rock is he, 190
 And from the ground with voice of gentle plaint.
 O men of Nazaret, why, why would your hands
 Stain them with crimson innocence, and draw
 The fearful anger of th' avenging God
 Of Zion down on you to loss and woe ? 195
 What have I done that for my blood ye pant
 This day so fiercely, save that I made known
 The counsel of Jehudah's holy One,
 All gracious to the sons of men ? O muse.
 Brethren, am I to you not native blood ? 200

Dwell not with you my parents, known to all?
 Have I not whom ye thus so harshly treat,
 O fellow-citizens, trod your loved streets
 Since the infantine years? Then stain ye not
 Your hands with kindred gore; with blood of him, 205
 Who seeks your good, and never did you ill.
 But me, His servant, shall Jehovah save.

At these words, utter'd with a voice so mild,
 And tone so winning, as had melted wolves
 That stung with rabid famine hunt at night 210
 The silent plains for prey, th' infuriate throng
 But maddens. And more fierce and thicker grow
 The cries, To ruin, straight to ruin, cast
 The impious man that he no more blaspheme.

The much-throng'd crowd now parting opes, and shews
 The trembling eye dire jutting crags, that seem 216
 To rush with violence down a fearful steep,
 Into a dark diminish'd glen far down,
 And which appears to move. From out the throng,
 Four fierce advance, the bloodiest men, to drag 220
 Messiah to the cliff's dread brow. They come,
 And for the seer of nations grasp a cloud
 Of spiral gold, seen whirling to the clime
 Of higher clouds: raised by th' angelic guard
 Here present, though invisible. They up 225
 The golden air-stream bear on wings of speed
 Messiah safe unseen. From danger far,
 Far from his raging foes, they place their ward,
 Fast by the skirts of a fair grove of palms,
 That with their lofty circular screens o'er shade 230

A pastoral brook, which winds in playful mood
 Through a green dale, hemm'd round by gentle hills.
 'Tis there they place him, while the much-struck crowd
 Stares hush'd in wonder on the silver'd spout,
 Slow fading into air. The marvellous deed, 235
 In mystery wrapt up, with trembling fears
 They muse upon, and peaceful, each one slow,
 With eyes bent on the ground, betakes him home.

But now pours through the utmost Syrian land
 His wondrous name, and to his Heaven-nerved arm 240
 The farthest parts bring all their men diseased,
 For healing bring. The Son of God, whose eyes
 Still stream o'er misery, for his heart is soft,
 Arm'd with blest power by the indwelling God,
 To every ill gives ease. And all his breast 245
 Melts in warm bliss, at his command, to hear
 Harsh-groaning pain in rapture sing, and see
 Shrunk lameness nimbly bound, and loud declare
 Him more than man ; and sight's hurt portals, barr'd
 By native blindness long, unlock'd by Heaven 250
 Gaze wildly on each wonder new ; but most
 The boundless sapphire vault, and in it high
 The orb so glorious spreading marvellous light,
 Admires the man. The splendour of such deeds
 With wonder fills Jehudah : From the land 255
 Of Galilee, and the Trans-Jordanic clime,
 And from far Zion, still throng crowds to see
 A man above all men, and such as yet
 Saw never Earth for deeds and power divine.
 He looks upon the numbers that throng round. 260

Straight glowing with a moral ardour warm
 To teach them what they should be taught, and need,
 Th' ambassador of God to men, on steps
 Of a true sage, while glued is every eye
 To his high-pleasing form and look in which 265
 Shines something more than mortal beauty' ascends
 A gently-rising mount, with verdure fresh
 Thin-carpeted. There, from its height, with looks
 Where meekness sits in league with wisdom grave,
 While oft the gales not rude, but playful found, 270
 Make wave the curling honours of his head,
 He opens up the great Messian truths,
 That God is father to all humankind,
 And thence man's race are brothers all, the sons
 Of one good Sire, and from one family. 275
 These truths divine, in manner so divine,
 He teaches, that the circling men, in forms
 Of statue-like attention moulded, stand
 On the hill's slope. With anxious ears they list,
 And think him speaking still when he hath closed. 280
 For he before them places not the husks
 Of lore, phantastic schemes, the strainings poor
 Of folly aiming to be wise ; nor yet
 False mystic quibbles, long-drawn arguments
 Sophistical, or childless, senseless sounds, 285
 And meanings void of meaning ; or the things
 Abstruse and dry, and touching not the heart.
 These give the dull and gloomy Scribes, and men
 Of systems wild : not Sire Messiah. He
 Seizes the heart, with natural doctrines, worth 290

The ear and care of all man's sons, as things
 Of practice, sterling morals; and all these,
 Taught home, by the authority supreme
 Of faith-commanding truth. Thus teaches he;
 And many present, seeing Heaven's great law, 295
 In its broad circuit and interior nooks,
 Before them set, distrust their lives, erewhile
 Held holy to the full, seen in the dusk
 Of th' evening of the Scribes; for now, seen placed
 In bright Messian day-shine, they behold 300
 An hundred sins, wants of the perfect good,
 Ay, little ills they never saw before.
 Thus in a chamber's atmosphere, which late
 Dull day show'd all transparent, fully clear,
 A thousand little things are seen to move, 305
 When through the lattice, the bright sun sends in
 His prying beams. And for themselves they quake.
 Again he opes his Heaven-stored mouth, to give
 High blessing to those worthy to be blest
 (And sure his Sire shall bless them) and he says. 310
 Blest are ye, humble ones, whose lowly souls
 Know not the pride, which spurns its brothers low;
 For Heaven is yours. And blest, ye mourners, are,
 Ye who, though virtuous, full of grace, yet mourn
 Through the permission of your God and Sire, 315
 Ye sure shall sing aloud the songs of joy;
 For comfort is mark'd yours. And blest are ye,
 Ye meek ones, ye of soul serene and soft,
 That cast revenge and evil rage to Hell,
 Their native land of fire; for good on Earth 320

... shall be in Heaven.
 ... your name's face
 ...
 ... ambassador,
 ... For your false shame 445
 ... shall he stand shamed
 ... of his day,
 ... great day of doom,
 ... of Gods and Heaven,
 ... of glory bright 450
 ... That day ye shall be shamed.
 ... denouncing woe, though just :
 ... of ill, as when
 ... men. And down the hill,
 ... now he bends his face, 455
 ... and still opening wide,
 ... then rise they in behind,
 ... they tread his steps,
 ... and like a king before
 ... when now, 460
 ... that sweep the dying from the field,
 ... to hail the Sire. And come,
 ... is seen to wage fell war
 ... his lips with grief half-locked.
 ... of health in shape of clay, 465
 ... to turn the groans
 ... to strains of joy,
 ... heart
 ... was surely overcome

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... the Brangelists, signifies son, or child, as
 ... here to adopt the former sense.

Ye men, whose milky maid-soft heart recoils
 Abhorrent from the Hell-harsh din of war,
 And from the clangour of domestic fray,
 Or neighbouring, O how different from the heart
 Of ever-raging fiends, still bent to blow 355
 The flame of hate to widen war, or make
 Rebreathe the dying tempest of revenge,
 By sharpening up the rugged rage of strife,
 Through sland'rous words, or cunning wiles Hell-taught.
 Ye still would stretch, and fondly, out your hand, 360
 With smiling brow, and lips of winning peace,
 To link in love's true clasp the jarring hands,
 Be they within the roll of amity,
 Or threat without the friendly orb, of all
 That bear man's name : Ye still rejoice to hear 365
 Beyond all songs, ay, matin song of woods
 Or vernal dales, the noblest best of songs,
 The song of peace triumphal. Ye are blest,
 And blessings shall be yours ; and bliss to grow ;
 For sure the true and worthy sons are ye 370
 Of the all-gracious father of the house
 And family of man ; the God of peace
 And everlasting love. Ye, too, are blest,
 Who patient hear the hissings harsh of scorn,
 The hate of ill men, and resign'd endure 375
 The scourge of wrong, for sake of glorious right,
 And still stand true for goodness and pure truth.
 Thrice blest are ye, for sure your day shall shine
 Of high reward, and sure your kingdom come.
 O paradise shall be your couch at eve, 380

Whereon to rest your toils of bitter day
 Now past; a princely resting-place for you
 Beneath high triumph blooming o'er your heads.

Thus he with blessing voice, and now he opes
 His mouth, less willing, to the doom of woe 385
 To ill men, saying, Woe ye wicked rich,
 Who overflow with superfluity
 Of Earth's good things, yet nothing give to glad
 The cheerless house of squalid poverty,
 Nor sweeten up the bed of sickly want. 390
 Ye live in riot, and 'mid sloth and wine
 Your lust of pleasures grows, and ye forget
 The oft-forgotten poor. Ye scorn the men
 Of honest toil, and toil for lazy you.
 Your hour of joy is now; and ye have pledged 395
 Your cup of pleasure. Woe abides you, woe
 In natural turn, and ye shall drink it full,
 To teach you what ye scorn'd in sons of clay,
 Your betters, though their vest was rough, and though
 But scanty was their store. Woe to you all, 400
 To you, who bent on folly and the din
 Of mirth, spurn off the tale of sorrow sad,
 Nor know to shed a tear. Your heart is flint,
 Or rotten oak and foul. O woe to you,
 Whose breast is of rough iron, and who joy 405
 In blood and tumult, and distress of men,
 Or friendless beasts of toil, or household use,
 The friends of man, their foe. Sure not of man
 Are ye, fiend-sprung, and ye shall dwell with fiends,
 And woe to you, ye men of wile whose hearts 410

While g
 But son
 of God
 Woe to
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 made
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 is is
 You
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And tongues are not one man's: this of a man
 High glorying to do good, and neighbours bless,
 That Ishmael's sons' to pillage and destroy.
 Your prey shall ruin and shall make you poor.
 Woe too to you, whom hirelings and the crowd, 415
 Enrapture with the never-ceasing din
 Of flattery: for sure goodness is not yours.
 No, such was never yet the guerdon found
 Of genuine goodness in the mortal land.
 For still in Virtue's train stalk obloquy, 420
 Malice, and slander, treachery, and dark hate,
 Foul troop that cannot bide her, and their noise
 Outroars the honest voice of mild applause.
 O woe to you, who put on the grim face
 Of gloom fanatic, and with savage din 425
 Of rueful phrenzy, piety run wild,
 Despising earth, thence God for all his gifts
 Terrene, would seek to' adore the Good, whom ye
 Would make a God of gloom and horror, black
 As is your heart, and as your fancy dire, 430
 While with proud impious looks and lips that love
 Condemning, ye cry Hell to every man,
 Who makes not mystic face and din like you,
 But seeks to' enjoy Earth's goods, his God hath given,
 And then hymn grateful for the gifts received: 435
 While ye blaspheme Him and His gifts to boot.
 Woe to you, woe. For ye are not the sons
 Of God, th' Eternal Good, Eternal love;
 But sons of Hell, and Satan is your god:
 While gloomy and fierce Hell is through your soul, 440

Unfit for love and for the land of Heaven.
 And woe to you, ashamed before man's face
 Of grace Messiah, and Messian name,
 The grace and name of God's ambassador,
 And he shall give the meed. For your false shame 445
 Of him on Earth's brief day, shall he stand shamed
 Of you, even at his coming on his day,
 Th' eventful day, the O dread day of doom,
 Before his Father, God of Gods and Heaven,
 And th' angels, all in orbs of glory bright 450
 Blazing around. That day ye shall be shamed.

And hastes to cease denouncing woe, though just :
 For he likes not to dwell on ill, as when
 He dwelt on blessing men. And down the hill,
 On to Capernaoum now he bends his face, 455
 Through crowds admiring, and still opening wide,
 As down he walks : then close they in behind,
 And throng compressing throng, they tread his steps,
 He on their van, and like a king before
 His people loved and loving him ; when now, 460
 Of looks, that sweep the flying from the field,
 Manilius comes to hail the Sire. And come,
 Woe in his eye is seen to wage fell war
 On fortitude, his lips with grief half-lock'd.

O thou, the god of health, in shape of clay, 465
 Sped from the Olympian Jove to turn the groans
 Of His diseased low earth to strains of joy,
 Vouchsafe to give my sad paternal heart
 My son* restored, who wholly overcome

* The word *παῖς*, used by the Evangelists, signifies *son*, or *child*, as well as *servant*. It suits poetry here to adopt the former sense.

By Palsy's numbing spirit save for thee, 470
 To Hades, down the unretrodden path,
 Must go, and me a father leave to mourn.

And big a Roman tear would start. To whom
 The tender-soul'd Messiah, scarce less soft
 Than the lorn virgin, weeping o'er the sod 475
 That covers her loved youth, her all : now flowers
 Sacred to love she strews ; now groans she heaves ;
 Now sings in strain ethereal, sings to charm
 Thy ear, O youth, whom sole she cannot charm.

O cease thy tears, paternal weeper, cease. 480
 I straightway go to crave paternal joy,
 For thee, from Him who sent me to mankind.

To whom Manilius, warm in gratitude
 Dissolving, with a voice retuned to joy,
 And humble words, yet tinged with swelling Rome. 485

'Tis mine, O healing god in flesh, to give
 Command obey'd by many willing slaves.
 I say to this, Come hither, and he comes :
 To that, Go thither, and he goes, and must.
 For power is given me by the Eagle famed, 490
 That hath the sceptres of an hundred climes
 Won and now wields. Yet is my humble house
 Not worthy of thy presence, more than man's.
 But speak, O speak, thou Power Olympus-come :
 Ope but thy mouth, and health is straight my son's. 495

To him the sire with high amaze, and breast
 Which widens at such ethnic piety.

Go, pious son of Rome. Go clasp thy son
 To health restored for thy unstaggering faith.

He says, and God indwelling puts forth power 500
 Medicinal, sure to heal, though far the ill :
 For far and near are things alike with God.
 Straightway on Roman steps Manilius, full
 Of a stern joy, moves homeward, and his feet
 Are swifter than of wont. And now sped home, 505
 Wondrous to tell, he sees his son restored,
 And at the hour of healing Logos breathed
 (As from inquiry learnt). He sees, but scarce
 Through joy believes his son restored to health,
 And lifts his eyes to God, his Jove supreme. 510
 Then frequently and fondly to his breast
 He clasps the much-loved youth from Hades snatch'd,
 While stormy proves his heart through grateful joy.
 Meanwhile with soul expanding to the ends
 Of Earth, Messiah to his train thus says. 515
 Nor, Sons of Jacob, o'er your chosen realm
 Have I found faith like this in ethnic breast.
 Ween ye not then, that in your narrow soil,
 Alone, doth blossom genuine piety :
 For from the utmost east, and western verge, 520
 Where the bright king of day rests him by night,
 From Earth's ten thousand regions sure shall come
 Men clothed in virtue ; and they shall sit down
 To bliss immortal in the clime of Heaven :
 While of the chosen race shall many men 525
 Be hurl'd to climes where bide the shades of death,
 Eternal horror, blackness worse than night,
 To groan therein till penitence. For list.
 The name of children of illustrious men

In God's clear sight is of no value found ; 530
 Nor save pure personal worth, the heart and deeds
 Of a true man. The son of ethnic sire,
 Clad in true manly worth, is equal son
 Of faith, in God's esteem, with him who vaunts
 Of Jacob's loins, and of Jehudah's name. 535
 And goodness of all lands shall sure reach Heaven.

The Sire Messiah ready still to snatch
 Occasion to teach wisdom : but their pride,
 Wearing for star the name of Israel
 Likes not those words, the words of Heaven, and of 540
 The latter days Messiah, glorious days
 To come full fair, and know no speck of dark.

He entering now a synagogue instructs
 The listening people, with soul-piercing power,
 In Heaven's pure doctrines, when with hideous howls,
 Through mid the audience shuddering at such sight, 546
 Each back recoiling, presses on towards him
 A man-like form, in whom a Hellish power,
 Of dire Haraudoc's canton, hath destroy'd
 The human all, throughout his stormy soul 550
 Now reigning sole in tempest. In his eyes
 Glare pain and fury, horrible to see,
 And still his teeth in uncouth gnashing bray.
 Naked and foaming, way he forces on,
 And thus his outcry grinds Messiah's ear. 555

Cease, man of Nazaret. Cease, O cease. No more
 Scorch me with infinite pangs. O feel, O feel.
 Thou burn'st me up with dire soul-blistering flames.
 No more. No more. O why should'st thou stab me

Who harms not thee? Thou holy One of God, 560
 I know thee well. I know that thou art come
 To cast me to the utter worst of Hell.
 Yet O how can thy soft, thy Saviour heart,
 That heals all other wounds, that mollifies
 All other pangs, save mine, the worst, find power 565
 To give me wretch to Hell before my day?
 That day, that fearful day, too soon will come.
 There, there, I'm scorch'd. I burn. O cease. O cease.
 No more my thrilling marrow thus burn up
 With infinite flames, with flames of sevenfold Hell. 570
 He cries, and fiend-like rends his bleeding frame
 In wrathful agony. But straight the Sire,
 Deep-groaning inward at the horrid woe.
 Come forth, O foul fierce demon. In the name
 Of God, his sire, come forth the man, nor more 575
 This human son of God with whirlwind storms
 Of Hell thus vex and tear. Straight leave thou him
 To natural peace, and let soft reason's day
 Shine forth again. Thus destines God, and grants.
 He, and the indwelling Logos puts forth power 580
 Invisibly. Straight flees th' accursèd fiend.
 The maniac melts in soul-relieving tears.
 Th' internal whirlwinds roar no more. The clouds
 Of Hell disperse. The orb of mental day
 Bursts radiant through the late dark night. Soft blows
 Sweet pity through the clear serene of mind: 586
 And all is man restored. As in a clime,
 By gloomy clouds of thunder darken'd long,
 What hour the solar orb bursts forth again,

All round is gay, as ere the storm approach'd. 590
 So with this man. The people, wonderstruck,
 Pore on him, as he kneels upon the ground,
 His eyes in calmness raised to Heaven. With words
 Of pious joy he hymns th' Eternal Power;
 He grateful for the mental day restored. 595
 Then bend the people eyes of reverence deep
 Upon the Sire of Peace, and in dark muse
 Think of a man, whose power is power of God.
 Such wonder in the synagogue thus done,
 And done before th' assembled people's gaze, 600
 Scarce down the western orange, larger grown
 Hath glorious Day hid his bright flames beneath
 The ends of Earth, and the moist fields put on
 Their deeper evening-green, when himward drawn
 By fame of such supernal deed, for health, 605
 Before the pitying Sire Messiah, groan
 Full many Galilean ills. Then he,
 With heart which glows to turn man's woe to joy,
 By God internal urged, puts forth his power
 In touch and word divine. And all around 610
 Is wonder high, and every ill is heal'd.
 Messiah seeks the fields. Now o'er the clime
 Majestic Midnight from her awful throne,
 With sable clouds on clouds encompass'd round,
 Showers soporific power. The sons of men 615
 Outpour'd renerve them wearied in the trance
 Lethean, and the land is death: all hush'd
 Save whispering Murder, and Debauchery mad,
 That with wild wanton shouts disturbs night's ear,

And wilful woos a sure untimely tomb 620
 From the unmanning grape and woman lost.
 Then to th' Eternal Sire Messiah kneels.

Thou know'st, O Father, King Almighty, God,
 Thou, who know'st all, the things unutterable
 Within my soul, rapt high, that thou hast me 625
 Forth-chosen to attune the groans of men,

In misery laid, to songs of pious joy,
 To teach them, wandering in the wilds of ill,
 The beatific road, the way to Thee,
 And life's horizon, erst with shades of death 630
 Verged dreary round, to' illumine with the clear light
 Which blazes from the day of Heaven to come.

Hear, O All Good, my voice, propitious hear :
 And from Thy throne shower grace to' enable me
 To do all vow'd. Late did I vow me Thine, 635
 And now I vow again. Thine is my life :
 Thine every thought of all my soul to bless
 The sons of men, my brethren. All is Thine.

Then kneeling still, as if before his God,
 He with himself communes. And thus he aims 640
 His pious vow to strengthen. Other thoughts,
 O all away. Nor, selfish pictures, more

Paint ever my devoted soul. Farewell,
 My father's house, sweet home, and winning ease.
 Thou earthly pomp, ye pleasures all terrene, 645
 Farewell ; for ever hence to be to me
 Forgotten visions of a night now past.

But hail, O pain. Hail, care, and want, and woe,
 Soul-stinging insult, thou, O final death

In crimson horrors ugly. Welcome, all. 650
 O welcome, every ill and pang, enlink'd
 To saving man, God's son. Thou glimmering earth,
 Whose various soils strain ceaseless to obey
 Thy God, and bliss His mortal race: Thou, too,
 O semispherical silver moon so high, 655
 With which yon snow-white woolly cloud forms cross:
 And ye unnumber'd orbs, that twinkling shine,
 And join your satellitic aid to' obey
 Your God and mine, and bless the night terrene:
 Be witnesses that I am wholly vow'd, 660
 For ever, against all that shall oppose,
 To serve, like you, our common God, and aim
 To' increase, like you, the joys of His loved sons.
 Kneeling the Sire Messiah, while his soul
 On pious wings soars o'er all earthly height 665
 Into the Heaven of Heavens. And on the sod
 Cotton'd with grass, now in his robe wrapt up,
 He lays him down beneath a canopying palm;
 The sky full free his azure coverlet.
 For downy couch, or cheerful home to him 670
 There is none now: His friends, his father's house,
 His patrimonial store, his kindred, all
 By him forsaken from pure love of man;
 By him become a houseless pilgrim, who
 Breathes but to bless the nations of the Earth; 675
 His meat the good of men, his father's house
 The whole unbounded world. Soon through his frame
 Outstretch'd dispreads sleep's transitory death;
 And on the dewy sheets of Earth he breathes

I in a momentary time, or all the times
 680
 And here the day concludes, good. And never found,
 In the sky or the regions here or there,
 From that and from all the of sinless sleep.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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