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MILTON



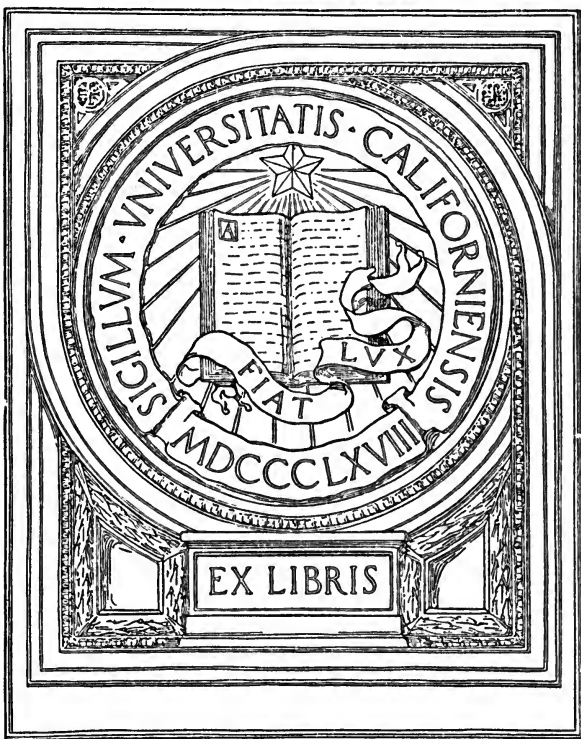
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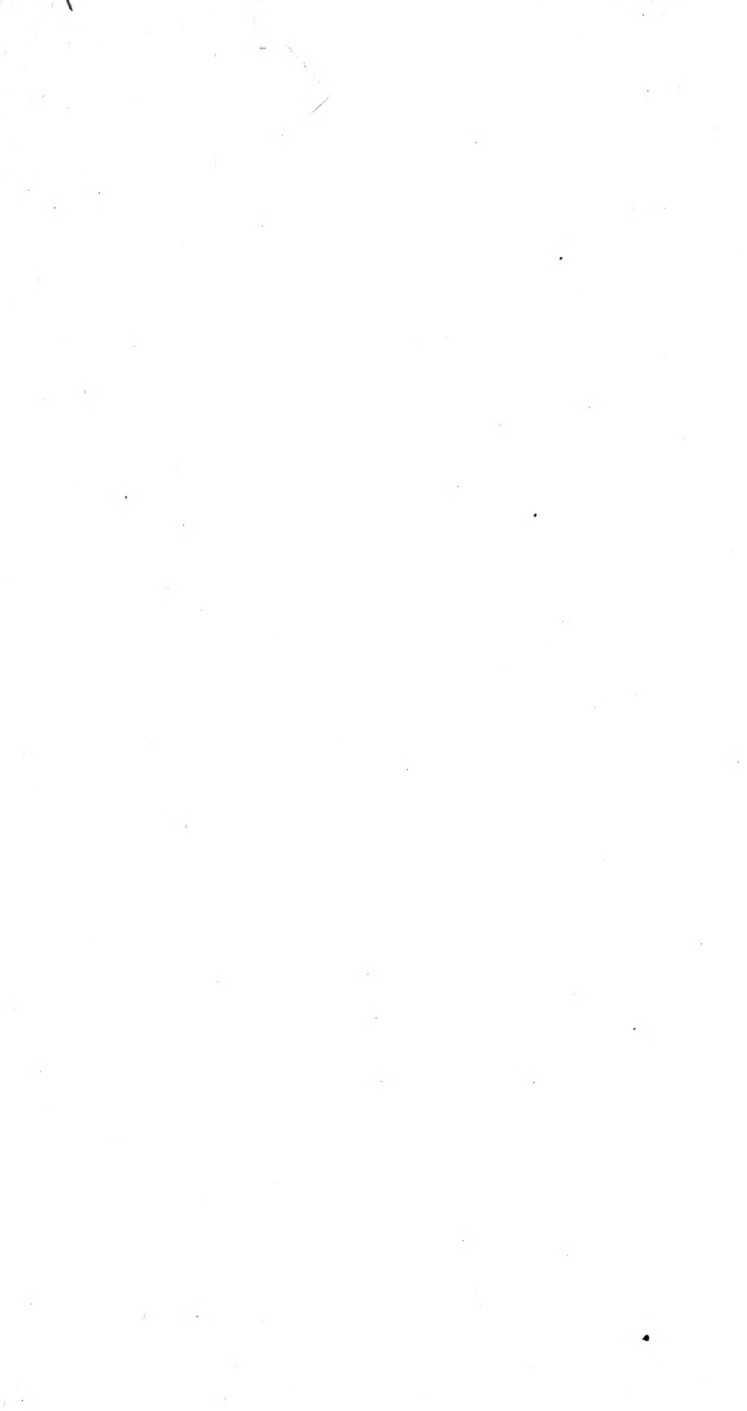
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GIFT OF
A. F. Morrison



Young (?) Ladies' Club.

Jan. 3. cont.
1854.



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JOHN MILTON



John Milton

NEW YORK, D. APPLETON & CO. 90 92 & 94 GRAND ST

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

J O H N M I L T O N .

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR,

BY HIS NEPHEW, EDWARD PHILIPS.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY
549 & 551 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY
549 & 551 BROADWAY.
1872.

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1872p

GIFT OF
A. F. MORRISON

NOV 11 1872

INTRODUCTION.

THE Life of Milton, by his nephew and pupil, Edward Philips, has been reprinted and prefixed to this edition of the poetical works. It is the most full and faithful memoir of the external circumstances of the poet, and it cannot be read without perceiving that the author had no political or partial object in the biography. It has been justly remarked that Philips knew much more of Milton than he has told and that if he could have foreseen the future national enthusiasm and interest in his uncle's biography and works, he would not have confined himself within such narrow limits. But insufficient as the narrative may be for the worshippers of Milton, it is certainly the most copious and exact detail of the private and public life of any early English poet.

The genuineness and authenticity of the memoir cannot be doubted. It originally appeared in a small duodecimo volume, entitled, "Letters of State, written by Mr. John Milton, to most of the sovereign princes and republics of Europe, from the year 1649 till the year 1659. To which is added an account of his Life. Together with several of his Poems; and a catalogue of his works, never before printed. London. Printed in the year 1694." The name of Edward Philips does not appear to the book. It is, however, ascribed to him by Toland, in his Life of Milton, 1698, published while the younger Philips was still living; and Dr. Birch mentions that he had seen a copy, which, from a note in the handwriting of Philips, had been presented by Edward Philips to a friend as the production of his own pen.

The zealous and industrious research of the numerous biographers and editors of Milton, as far as relates to the poetical works, has left nothing to be added to the valuable stores of their large collections; and the limits of this edition will not admit any detailed account of their several labors and criticisms. Annual reprints of the poems, with volumes of biography and commentary, have, from year to year, displayed the increasing public interest in the character and works of Milton. The reader, however, must here content himself with a brief and general reference to the

original and subsequent editions of the poems, and a chronological notice of the most popular annotations and biographies:—we can point out to him the right road, though we cannot accompany him in his travels.

The first publication of Milton appeared in small octavo, pp. 214, entitled, “Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, compos’d at several times. Printed by his true copies.” The songs were set in musick by Mr. Henry Lawes Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of his Majestie’s private musick. Printed and published according to order. London. Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms in Pauls Church Yard, 1645.”—From the preface of “The Stationer to the Reader,” prefixed to this volume, it is evident that the poetical character of Milton was thus early known and admired. It has been a vulgar error, of general belief even in the present day, that the works of Milton were unknown and neglected till the last century.

“*The Stationer to the Reader.*”

“It is not any private respect of gain, gentle reader, for the slightest pamphlet is nowadayes more vendible than the words of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such peeces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it’s the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedst academics, both domestic and forrein: and amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller’s late choice peeces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The authors more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated.

as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

“Thine to command,

“HUMPH. MOSELEY.

Prefixed to the Comus, in this original edition, are the following letters:

“*To the Right Honourable, John Lord Viscount Bracly, son and heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.*

“My Lord,—

“This poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live sweet lord to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression,

“Your faithful and most humble servant,

“H. LAWES.”

“*The copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wootton, to the Author, upon the following Poem.*

“From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

“Sir,—

“It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time: among which I observed you to have been familiar.

“Since your going you have charg'd me with new obligations,

both for a very kinde letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, wherunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: "ipsa mollities." But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself, I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader "con la bocca dolce."

"Now sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may chalenge a little more priviledge of discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young lord S. as his governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

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

"At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having bin steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the tempest: with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. "Signor Arrigo mio" (says he) "I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto" will go safely over the whole world: of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend as much at command as any of longer date.

HENRY WOOTTON.

POSTSCRIPT.

“Sir, I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties; even for som fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.”

In 1667, Milton published in small quarto, pp. 842, without Preface or Introduction, “Paradise Lost. A Poem written in *ten* books by John Milton. Licensed and entered according to order. London, printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church near Aldgate; and by Robert Boulter at the Turks head in Bishopsgate street; and Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street, 1667.”—This early title-page is extremely rare, and it is conjectured that a very partial sale only of the impression, with that original title, could have been effected. The copyright contract of Milton with the bookseller Simmons, who purchased the manuscript poem, is now in the possession of Mr. Pickering, publisher of the present edition. The following is a correct copy of this classical and invaluable relict.

“*Mr. Milton's Agreement with Mr. Symons, for Paradise Lost. dated 27th April, 1667.*”

“These Presents made the 27th day of Aprill 1667, between John Milton, gent. of the one part, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other part, wittness That the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symons, and other the consideracons herein mentioned, hath given, granted and assigned, and by these puts doth give, grant and assign unto the said Sam^l Symons, his executors, and assignes, All that Booke, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise Lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed, together with the full benefitt, profit, and advantage thereof, or w^{ch} shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him, his ex^{rs} and adm^{rs}, doth covenant wth the said Sam^l Symons, his ex^{rs} and ass^s that he and they shall at all times hereafter have, hold and enjoy the same and all Impressions thereof accordingly, without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or ass^s, or any person or persons by his or their consent or privity And that he the

said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or adm^{rs} or any other by his or their meanes or consent, shall not print or cause to be printed, or sell, dispose or publish the said book or manuscript, or any other book or manuscript of the same tenor or subject, without the consent of the said Sam^l Symōns, his ex^{rs} or ass^s: In consideracon whereof the said Sam^{ell} Symōns for him, his ex^{rs}, and adm^{rs} doth covenant with the said John Milton, his ex^{rs}, and ass^s well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton, his ex^{rs}, and adm^{rs} the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at the end of the first Impression, which the said Sam^l Symōns, his ex^{rs}, or ass^s shall make and publish of the said copy or manuscript, which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted, shall be sold and retailed off to particular reading customers. And shall also pay other five pounds, unto the said John Milton, or his ass^s at the end of the second impression, to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first impressions shall not exceed fifteen hundred books or volumes of the said whole copy, or manuscript, a peice. And further, that he the said Samuel Symons, and his ex^{rs}, adm^{rs}, and ass^s shall be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and belief of or concerning the truth of the disposing and selling the said books by retail, as aforesaid, whereby the said Mr. Milton is too be entitled to his said money from time to time, upon every reasonable request in that behalf, or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon every impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, and for and in lieu thereof. In witness whereof, the said parties have to this writing indented, interchangeably sett their hands and seales the day and yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal).

Sealed and delivered in } JOHN FISHER.
the presence of us, } BENJAMIN GREENE, servt to Mr. Milton.

A copy of the first edition, with Milton's autograph, is in the possession of the publisher: in the fly leaf is the following Latin verse, which may have been intended by the poet as a motto to a new edition—

Quantos tunc gemitus ipsi sibi, quantaq. nobis
Volnera, quas lacrymas peperere minoribu' nostris !

Fifteen hundred copies were probably printed of this first edition of *Paradise Lost*, but we have no correct account of the periods of sale. Several new *title-pages* have been noticed by different collect-

ors and critics, as appended to the original sheets during the first three years of publication. The title generally known to the bibliomaniacs, as the *third* title-page—viz. "Paradise Lost. A Poem in ten books. The Author John Milton. London. Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder at the Angel in Little Brittain 1669," has prefixed to the original sheets several new pages containing the argument, remarks on the metre, and a list of errata, preceded by the following short address.—"The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem rimes not. *S. Simmons.*"—This "reason," evidently from the above passage, was the composition of Milton, which indeed the bold and terse spirit of it would alone sufficiently prove: as it is seldom prefixed to the editions of the Poems, we now insert it, literally extracted from the edition of 1669.

"THE VERSE."

"The Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

In this brief and modest Introduction, was the great English Epio first made known to the public, as the vessel of discovery slowly weighs anchor and proudly sails from her native port to

circumnavigate the earth. Posterity was the pole-star in which Milton's ambition and expectations implicitly and solely trusted.

A critical and careful collation of the copies of *Paradise Lost*, under these title-pages of different dates, will discover several variations in punctuation, orthography, and paging, and sometimes a change of words of one syllable. These alterations were probably made in the course of the press work, which may have been stopped for new revised proofs, and to insert amendments occurring to the poet in the progress of the work through the press. His blindness preventing his visual correction of the proof-sheets might occasion repeated readings to him, and some sheets may have been cancelled.

In 1671, Milton again appeared before the public as a Poet in "*Paradise Regain'd, a Poem in iv Books, to which is added Samson Agonistes*. The author John Milton. London, Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, MDCCLXXI." *Paradise Regained* was published in the simple and unpretending form of *Paradise Lost*, without preface or argument. On the fly-leaf of this original octavo edition is printed "Licensed, July 2. 1670."—*Samson Agonistes* is preceded by the *Argument*, the *Dramatis Personæ*, and an *Introduction* of three pages on *Tragedy*.

Although in this *Introduction* to the present edition, a notice only of the original editions in the lifetime of Milton is intended. yet a passage in the singular autobiography of Thomas Ellwood the Quaker, under the date of 1665, is so interesting and little known, that its extract cannot fail to be acceptable. Ellwood had been an old pupil of Milton's, and occasionally reader to him. The following is the passage referred to :

"Some little time before I went to Alesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam Master Milton, to take an house for him, in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles-Chalfont, a mile from me ; of which I gave him notice : and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it ; but was prevented by that imprisonment.

"But now being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

"After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his ; which being brought he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

“When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him: and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*? He made me no answer, but sate some time in a muse: then brake off that discourse and fell upon another subject.

“After the sickness was over, and the city was cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London) he shewed me his second Poem, called *Paradise Regained*; and in a pleasant tone said to me, This is owing to you: for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of. But from this digression I return to the family I then lived in.”

In 1673, a second edition, in small octavo, of the *Minor Poems* was published—“*Poems, &c. upon several occasions by Mr. John Milton. Both English and Latin, &c. composed at several times. With a small Tractate of Education to Mr. Hartlib. London. Printed for Tho. Dring at the White Lion next Chancery Lane End, in Fleet Street. 1673.*” To the English poems in this edition were first added,—I. Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant. II. At a Vacation Exercise in the College. III. On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament. IV. Horace to Pyrrha. V. Nine Sonnets. VI. All the English Psalms.—To the Latin Poems: I. *Apologus de Rustico et Hero.* II. *Ad Joannem Rousium.*—The epistle from Sir Henry Wootton is omitted.

In 1674, *Paradise Lost* was republished in *twelve* books—“The second edition, Revised & Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons, &c. 1674,” small octavo. A portrait by Dolle was prefixed to this edition, in which also first appeared the commendatory verses of Barrow and Marvel.

In the new subdivision and increase of the books in this second edition of *Paradise Lost*, Milton divided the seventh and tenth books into two each, the length of the original seventh and tenth books probably suggesting a pause in the narration. On this new distribution of the Poem, he added the following verses to the beginning of those books which are now the eighth and twelfth.

Book viii. V. 1.

“The angel ended, and in Adam’s ear,
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking; still stood fix’d to Lea: :
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied.”

The latter part of the verse was taken from the line in the first edition—

“To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.”

Book xii. V. 1.

“As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed: so here th’ archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroy’d, and world restored;
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.”

Some few additions were also made to the poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

Book v. V. 637.

“They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill’d, before the all-bounteous king,” &c.

were thus enlarged in the second edition—

“They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess,) before the all-bounteous king,” &c

Book xi. V. 484, after,

“Intestine stone, and ulcer, colic-pangs,”

these three verses were added—

“Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.”

And ver. 551, of the same book (which was originally thus :

“Of rendering up. Michael to him replied”)

received this addition :

“Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied.”

On the 8th of November, in this year, 1674, Milton died. Toland, one of his early biographers, says that “all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the Church of St. Giles, near Cripplegate, where he lies buried in the chancel.”

In contradiction to the vulgar opinion, that the poetical character

of Milton was scarcely known and little appreciated during his lifetime, the striking fact appears of these numerous publications of his poems, at a period when the sale and advertisement of books was very limited, the range of readers so circumscribed, and the political and religious factions and commotions entirely occupied men's minds. The anecdote of Sir John Denham's entering the House of Commons, with a proof-sheet of *Paradise Lost*, wet from the press, and on being questioned concerning the paper, declaring it was "part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age," has been doubted, though without reason; and, if true, proves thus early a just and public appreciation of the genius of Milton. In 1678, a third edition of *Paradise Lost* was published. *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were reprinted in 1680, from which time innumerable successive editions have issued from the press.

Lawes' edition of *Comus* was printed in 1637, and *Lycidas* had appeared in 1638, in the Cambridge verses. Milton's correspondence with so many of the most eminent European Literati, and their universal resort to his house when visiting England, attest his early and public reputation. The Earl of Dorset, Fleetwood, Shepard, and Dryden, bear early and ample testimony to his merit. Dryden, the poet laureat, in 1674, had adapted from Milton a published opera, entitled, "The State of Innocence." In his preface, Dryden observes, "What I have here borrowed, will be so easily discerned from my mean productions, that I shall not need to point the reader to the places—the original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble and sublime poems, which either this age or nation has produced." In Dennis's *Letters, Moral and Critical*, 1721, p. 75, Dennis writes, "Dryden, however, at this time knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence, as more than twenty years afterwards he confessed to me." In Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, published in 1682, a passage of nearly thirty lines cites an abstract of Milton's battle of the fallen angels as a specimen of the "noblest kind of verse."

The first express and published prose eulogy of *Paradise Lost* that has yet been noticed, is by Edward Philips, in his edition of Buchlerus, published exactly two years after *Paradise Lost*. He thus speaks of his illustrious relative:—"Johannes Miltonius, præter alia quæ scripsit elegantissima, tum Anglicè, tum Latinè, nuper publici juris PARADISUM AMISSUM, Poema, quod, sive sublimitatem argumenti, sive leporem simul et majestatem styli, sive sublimitatem inventionis, sive similitudines et descriptiones quam maximè naturales, respiciamus, verè Heroicum, ni fallor, audiet

plurimum enim suffragiis qui non nesciunt judicare, censetur perfectionem hujus generis poematis assecutum esse."

"John Milton, besides other things in the most elegant style of composition which he has written, both in Latin and English, has lately presented at the bar of the public *PARADISE LOST: a Poem*, which, whether we consider the majesty of the subject, or the united poignancy and loftiness of the style, or the sublimity of the invention, or the propriety and felicity of the similitudes and descriptions, will receive, if I do not mistake, the name of truly heroic, *and is adjudged by the suffrages of many, not unqualified to decide such a question*, to have reached the perfection of this species of poetry."

The following commendatory verses by Barrow and Marvel, before noticed as prefixed to the second edition of *Paradise Lost* are additional proofs of the early and public estimation of Milton's muse.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
 Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
 Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
 Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
 Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
 Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;
 Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum
 Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;
 Quæque colunt terras, portumque et Tartara cæca,
 Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;
 Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
 Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
 Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
 In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
 Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
 Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
 O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
 Quæ canit, et quanta, prælia dira tuba.
 Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cælum!
 Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
 Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelæ minor!
 Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
 Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugna non supresse suæ,
 At simul in cœlis Messia insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus.

Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
 Admistris flammis insonuere Polo,
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold,
 Messiah crown'd, God's reconciled decree,
 Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
 Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to Fable and old song,
 (So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite,)
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
 Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I liked his project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide field how he his way should find
 O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
 And what was easy he should render vain.
 Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excel)
 Might hence presume the whole creation's day
 To change scenes, and show it in a play.
 Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious surmise.
 But I am now convinced, and none will dare
 Within thy labors to pretend a share.
 Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit:
 So that no room is here for writers left,
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.
 That majesty which through thy work doth reign
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horror on us seize,
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
 And above human flight dost soar aloft
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
 The bird named from that paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find ?
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?
 Just heaven thee like Tiresias to requite,
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight,
 Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure ;
 While the town-bayes writes all the while and spells,
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells :
 Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
 I too transported by the mode offend,
 And while I meant to praise thee must commend.
 Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

The numerous English poetical eulogia on Milton would alone form a volume. But we must content ourselves with inserting the following elegant translations by Cowper of the complimentary verses addressed to him, in Latin and Italian, by distinguished literary contemporaries.

THE NEAPOLITAN JOHN BAPTIST MANSO, MARQUIS OF VILLA, TO THE
 ENGLISHMAN JOHN MILTON.

WHAT features, form, mien, manners, with a mind
 Oh how intelligent ! and how refined !
 Were but thy piety from fault as free,
 Thou wouldst no *Angle* but an Angel be.

AN EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO THE ENGLISHMAN JOHN MILTON, A POET
 WORTHY OF THREE LAURELS, THE GRECIAN, LATIN, AND ETRUSCAN,
 BY JOHN SALSILLO OF ROME.

MELES and Mincio, both your urns depress,
 Sebetus boast henceforth thy Tasso less,
 But let the Thames o'erpeer all floods, since he
 For Milton famed shall, single, match the three.

TO JOHN MILTON.

GREECE, sound thy Homer's, Rome, thy Virgil's name,
 But England's Milton equals both in fame. SELVAGGI.

AN ODE ADDRESSED TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMAN MR. JOHN MILTON
 BY SIGNIOR ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTLEMAN, OF FLORENCE.

EXALT me, Clio, to the skies,
 That I may form a starry crown
 Beyond what Helicon supplies
 In laureate garlands of renown ;
 To nobler worth be brighter glory given,
 And to a heavenly mind a recompense from heaven.

Time's wasteful hunger cannot prey
 On everlasting high desert,
 Nor can Oblivion steal away
 Its record graven on the heart ;
 Lodge but an arrow, Virtue, on the bow
 That bends my lyre, and Death shall be a vanquish'd foe

In ocean's blazing flood enshrined
 Whose vassal tide around her swells,
 Albion from other realms disjoin'd
 The prowess of the world excels ;
 She teems with heroes, that to glory rise
 With more than human force in our astonish'd eyes.

To Virtue, driven from other lands,
 Their bosoms yield a safe retreat ;
 Her law alone their deed commands ;
 Her smiles they feel divinely sweet.
 Confirm this record, Milton, generous youth!
 And by true virtue prove thy virtue's praise a truth.

Zeuxis, all energy and flame,
 Set ardent forth in his career ;
 Urged to his task by Helen's fame
 Resounding ever in his ear ;
 To make his image to her beauty true,
 From the collected fair each sovereign charm he drew.

The bee with subtlest skill endued
 Thus toils to earn her precious juico,
 From all the flowery myriads strew'd
 O'er meadow and parterre, profuse ;
 Confederate voices one sweet air compound,
 And various chords consent in one harmonious sound.

An artist of celestial aim,
 Thy genius, caught by moral grace,
 With ardent emulation's flame
 The steps of Virtue toil'd to trace,
 Observed in every land who brightest shone,
 And blending all their best, made perfect good thy own.

From all, in Florence born, or taught
 Our country's sweetest accent there,
 Whose works, with learned labor wrought,
 Immortal honors justly share,
 Thou hast such treasure drawn of purest ore,
 That not e'en Tuscan bards can boast a richer store.

Babel confused, and with her towers
 Unfinish'd spreading wide the plain,
 Has served but to evince thy powers
 With all her tongues confused in vain,
 Since not alone thy England's purest phrase
 But every polish'd realm thy various speech displays.

The secret things of heaven and earth,
 By Nature, too reserved, conceal'd

From other minds of highest worth,
 To thee are copiously reveal'd,
 Thou know'st them clearly, and thy views attain
 The utmost bounds prescribed to moral Truth's domain.

Let Time no more his wing display,
 And boast his ruinous career,
 For Virtue rescued from his sway
 His injuries may cease to fear ;
 Since all events, that claim remembrance, find
 A chronicle exact in thy capacious mind.

Give me, that I may praise thy song,
 Thy lyre, by which alone I can,
 Which, placing thee the stars among,
 Already proves thee more than man ;
 And Thames shall seem Permessus, while his stream,
 Graced with a swan like thee, shall be my favorite then e.

I, who beside the Arno, strain
 To match thy merit with my lays,
 Learn, after many an effort vain,
 To admire thee rather than to praise,
 And that by mute astonishment alone,
 Not by the faltering tongue, thy worth may best be shown.

It is well known that the pecuniary advantages derived by Milton from his poetical works bore no comparison to their value, and no relation to their celebrity. The following curious documents are literally copied from the originals now in the possession of a gentleman of distinguished literary character : they are Milton's second receipt for *Paradise Lost*, the third receipt of his wife, and her final discharge to Simmons, the purchaser of the copyright :

APRIL 26, 1669.

Rec^d then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant. I say rec^d by me,

JOHN MILTON.

Witness—EDMUND
 UPTON.

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds Cittizen and Statoner of London, the Sum of Eight pounds : which is in full payment for all my right, title, or interest, which I have or ever had in the Coppy of a Poem Intitled *Paradise Lost* in Twelve Bookes in 8vo—By John Milton, Gent. my late husband. Wittness my hand this 21st day of December 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Witness,
 WILLIAM YOPP,
 ANN YOPP.

Know all men by these pssents that I Elizabeth Milton of London Widdow, late wife of John Milton of London Gent: deceased—have remitted released and for ever quitt claimed And by these pssents doe remise release & for ever quitt clayme unto Samuel Symonds of London, Printer—his. heirs Execut^{rs} and Administrators All and all manner of Accon and Accons Cause and Causes of Accon Suites Bills Bonds writings obligatorie Debts dues duties Accompts Summe and Sumes of money Judgments Executions Extents Quarrells either in Law or Equity Controversies and demands—And all & every other matter cause and thing whatsoever which against the said Samuel Symonds—I ever had and which I my heires Executors or Administrators shall or may have clayme & challenge or demand for or by reason or means of any matters cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the World unto the day of these pssents. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale the twenty ninth—day of April in the thirty third Year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King defender of the ffaith & Anno Dni. 1681.

Sealed and delivered
in the pssence of
Jos. LEIGH
W^m. WILKINS.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

The PROSE WORKS of Milton will, of course, be estimated according to the political principles and prejudices of the English reader. Milton was a bold and decided actor in the most eventful period of British history. But however the English public may be divided in sentiment on the principles and projects of the politics espoused by Milton, no one will now dare to deny him the just character of great ability, intellectual intrepidity, and Roman integrity; and, although intelligent readers may differ from the political tenets of the Prose Works, they must admire the peculiar felicity of the language, and the terse and eloquent passages which enrich every page. The purity of his prose style was publicly eulogized so early as the year 1650, in Hotham's Introduction to the Teutonick Philosophie—"In truth it is very hard to write good English: and few have attained its height, in this last frie of books, but Mr. Milton." The Areopagitica or Speech for the Liberty of the Press, in the nobility of its argument, and the majesty and strength of expression, is the most eloquent composition in the English language.

The following is an accurate list of his prose pieces :

1. Familiar Epistles.
 2. Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England.
 3. Of Prelatical Episcopacy.
 4. The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.
 5. Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnus.
 6. An Apology for Smectymnus.
 7. Of Education; to Master Samuel Hartlib.
 8. Areopagitica; a Speech for the Liberty of unlicenced Printing, to the Parliament of England.
 9. The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.
 10. The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce.
 11. Tetrachordon; an Exposition of the Scriptural Doctrine of Marriage.
 12. Colasterion; a Defence of the former Tracts
 13. The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.
 14. Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and Charles I. with the Irish Catholics.
 15. Eikonoclastes: in Answer to Eikon Basilike.
 16. A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes.
 17. Considerations touching the likeliest means of removing Hirelings out of the Church.
 18. A Letter to a Friend concerning the ruptures of the Commonwealth.
 19. The present means and brief delineation of a Free Commonwealth. In a Letter to General Monk.
 20. The ready and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth.
 21. Brief Notes on a loyal Sermon by Dr. Griffith.
 22. Accedence commenced Grammar, or Rules to attain the Latin Tongue.
 23. The History of Britain to the Norman Conquest.
 24. Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, &c.
 25. A brief History of Muscovia.
 26. Numerous State Papers, when Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, and Protector, in Latin and English.
- A Character of the Long Parliament, a tract on the Question of Militia, and "Tyrannical Government Anatomized, 1642," have been ascribed to Milton; the two latter on doubtful authority. He is also supposed to have assisted in various other publications, political and literary.

OPERA LATINA.

27. Defensio pro Populo Anglicano, contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.
28. Defensio Secunda contra Alexandrum Morum Ecclesiasten.
29. Defensio pro se, &c.
30. Artis Logicæ Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata. Adjecta est Prais Analytica et Petri Rami vita, &c.
31. De Doctrina Christiana.

For detailed biographies of Milton, the reader is referred to the numerous early lives and memorials by Wood, in the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*,—by Aubrey, Ellwood, Toland, Richardson, and Fenton; and the modern memoirs of the Poet in the *Biographical Dictionaries* by Birch and Chalmers, and the late very elegant and impartial biographies by Hayley and Dr. Symmons. The well-known criticisms of Hume, Addison, Bentley, Meadowcourt, the Richard-

sons, Peck, Newton, Dr. Johnson, Pearce, Capel Loft, Neve, Aikin, Cowper, Hayley, Gilbert Wakefield, and their collected labors in the invaluable edition of Milton's Poetical Works by Mr. Todd, have exhausted materials of commentary and criticism.

The text of the present edition has been selected with great care from the most correct of the previous editions: the sheets have been diligently revised and collated in all points of uncertain or different readings, and compared with a most excellent edition of the poems, printed in Dublin in 1757, edited by John Hawkey. The volume now given to the world forms the most complete edition of the poetical works yet published, containing not only an entire collection of all the minor poems, but *translations* of the Latin and Italian, chiefly selected from Cowper; and also a reprint of all the notices originally prefixed to the several editions in the lifetime of the immortal author.

No notes encumber the text to divide the attention of the reader, or to "point out the beauties" of MILTON, which indeed best display themselves in their own chaste attire, without the meretricious introduction of the critic. To apply the language of an early poet—

Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ·
No pyramids set off his memory
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave Lim.

L. P.

May, 1826.



THE
LIFE OF MILTON,

BY HIS NEPHEW

EDWARD PHILIPS.

OF all the several parts of history, that which sets forth the lives, and commemorates the most remarkable actions, sayings, or writings of famous and illustrious persons, whether in war or peace—whether many together, or any one in particular, as it is not the least useful in itself, so it is in highest vogue and esteem among the studious and reading part of mankind. The most eminent in this way of history were among the ancients, Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius of the Greeks. The first wrote the Lives, for the most part, of the most renowned heroes and warriors of the Greeks and Romans; the other the Lives of the ancient Greek philosophers; and Cornelius Nepos (or, as some will have it, Aemilius Probus) of the Latins, who wrote the Lives of the most illustrious Greek and Roman generals. Among the moderns, Machiavel, a noble Florentine, who elegantly wrote the Life of Castrucio Castracano, Lord of Luca; and of our nation, Sir Fulk Grevil, who wrote the Life of his most intimate friend, Sir Philip Sidney: Mr. Thomas Stanly, of Cumberlo-Green, who made a most elaborate improvement to the foresaid Laertius, by adding to what he found in him, what by diligent search and inquiry he collected from other authors of best authority: Isaac Walton, who wrote the Lives of Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Donne: and for his divine poems, the admired Mr. George Herbert. Lastly, not to mention several other biographers of considerable note, the great Gassendus of France, the worthy celebrator of two no less worthy subjects of his impartial pen; viz., the noble philosopher, Epicurus, and the most politely learned virtuoso of his age, his countryman, Monsieur Periesk. And pity it is the person whose memory we have here undertaken to perpetuate, by re-

counting the most memorable transactions of his life (though his works sufficiently recommend him to the world), finds not a well-informed pen able to set him forth, equal with the best of those here mentioned; for doubtless had his fame been as much spread through Europe in Thuanus's time as now it is, and hath been for several years, he had justly merited from that great historian an eulogy not inferior to the highest, by him given to all the learned and ingenious that lived within the compass of his history. For we may safely and justly affirm, that take him in all respects—for acumen of wit, quickness of apprehension, sagacity of judgment, depth of argument, and elegancy of style, as well in Latin as English, as well in verse as prose—he is scarce to be paralleled by any of the best of writers our nation hath in any age brought forth. He was born in London, in a house in Bread-street, the lease whereof, as I take it—but for certain it was a house in Bread-street—became in time part of his estate, in the year of our Lord 1606. His father, John Milton, an honest, worthy, and substantial citizen of London, by profession a scrivener, to which profession he voluntarily betook himself, by the advice and assistance of an intimate friend of his, eminent in that calling, upon his being cast out by his father, a bigoted Roman Catholic, for embracing, when young, the Protestant faith and abjuring the Popish tenets; for he is said to have been descended of an ancient family of the Miltons, of Milton, near Abington in Oxfordshire, where they had been a long time seated, as appears by the monuments still to be seen in Milton church, till one of the family, having taken the wrong side in the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, was sequestered of all his estate but what he held by his wife. However, certain it is, that this vocation he followed for many years, at his said house in Bread-street, with success suitable to his industry and prudent conduct of his affairs; yet did he not so far quit his own generous and ingenious inclinations as to make himself wholly a slave to the world: for he sometimes found vacant hours to the study (which he made his recreation) of the noble science of music, in which he advanced to that perfection that, as I have been told, and as I take it, by our author himself, he composed an *Il Nomine* of forty parts, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain by a Polish prince, to whom he presented it. However, this is a truth not to be denied, that for several songs of his composition, after the way of these times, three or four of which are still to be seen in Old Wilby's set of airs, besides some compositions of his in Ravenscroft's Psalms—he gained the reputation of a considerable master in this most charming of all the liberal sciences; yet all this while he managed

his grand affair of this world with such prudence and diligence that, by the assistance of Divine Providence favoring his honest endeavors, he gained a competent estate, whereby he was enabled to make a handsome provision both for the education and maintenance of his children; for three he had, and no more, all by one wife—Sarah, of the family of the Castons, derived originally from Wales—a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness: John, the eldest, the subject of our present work, Christopher, and an only daughter, Ann. Christopher, being principally designed for the study of the common law of England, was entered young a student of the Inner-Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bencher; and keeping close to that study and profession all his lifetime, except in the time of the civil wars of England, when, being a great favorer and assertor of the king's cause, and obnoxious to the parliament's side by acting to his utmost power against them so long as he kept his station at Reading, and, after that town was taken by the parliament forces, being forced to quit his house there, he steered his course according to the motion of the king's army.

But when the war was ended with victory and success to the Parliament party, by the valor of General Fairfax, and the craft and conduct of Cromwell; and his composition made, by the help of his brother's interest, with the then prevailing power, he betook himself again to his former study and profession, following chamber-practice every term, yet came to no advancement in the world in a long time, except some small employ in the town of Ipswich, where (and near it) he lived all the latter time of his life. For he was a person of a modest quiet temper, preferring justice and virtue before all worldly pleasure or grandeur: but in the beginning of the reign of King James the II., for his known integrity and ability in the law, he was by some persons of quality recommended to the king, and at a call of Serjeants received the coif, and the same day was sworn one of the barons of the exchequer, and soon after made one of the judges of the Common Pleas; but his years and indisposition not well brooking the fatigue of public employment, he continued not long in either of these stations, but having his *quietus est*, retired to a country life—his study and devotion. Ann, the only daughter of the said John Milton the elder, had a considerable dowry given her by her father, in marriage with Edward Philips (the son of Edward Philips of Shrewsbury), who, coming up young to town, was bred up in the Crown-office in Chancery, and at length came to be secondary of the office under old Mr. Bembo; by him she had, besides other children that died infants, two sons yet surviving, of whom more hereafter and by a second

husband, Mr. Thomas Agar, who (upon the death of his intimate friend Mr. Philips) worthily succeeded in the place, which, except some time of exclusion before and during the interregnum, he held for many years, and left it to Mr. Thomas Milton (the son of the afore-mentioned Sir Christopher) who at this day executes it with great reputation and ability. Two daughters, Mary, who died very young, and Ann, yet surviving.

But to hasten back to our matter in hand: John, our author, who was destined to be the ornament and glory of his country, was sent, together with his brother, to Paul's school, whereof Dr. Gill, the elder, was then chief master; where he was entered into the first rudiments of learning, and advanced therein with that admirable success, not more by the discipline of the school and good instructions of his masters (for that he had another master possibly at his father's house, appears by the fourth elegy of his Latin poems written in his eighteenth year, to Thomas Young, pastor of the English company of merchants at Hamborough, wherein he owns and styles him his master) than by his own happy genius, prompt wit and apprehension, and insuperable industry; for he generally sat up half the night, as well in voluntary improvements of his own choice, as the exact perfecting of his school exercises; so that, at the age of fifteen, he was full ripe for academic learning, and accordingly was sent to the University of Cambridge; where, in Christ's College, under the tuition of a very eminent learned man, whose name I cannot call to mind, he studied seven years, and took his degree of master of arts; and, for the extraordinary wit and reading he had shown in his performances to attain his degree (some whereof spoken at a vacation exercise in his nineteenth year of age, are to be yet seen in his miscellaneous poems) he was loved and admired by the whole university, particularly by the fellows and most ingenious persons of his house. Among the rest there was a young gentleman, one Mr. King, with whom, for his great learning and parts, he had contracted a particular friendship and intimacy; whose death (for he was drowned on the Irish Seas in his passage from Chester to Ireland) he bewails in that most excellent monody in his fore-mentioned poems, entitled *Lycidas*. Never was the loss of friend so elegantly lamented; and among the rest of his juvenile poems, some he wrote at the age of fifteen, which contain a poetical genius scarce to be paralleled by any English writer. Soon after he had taken his master's degree, he thought fit to leave the university: not upon any disgust or discontent for want of preferment, as some ill-willers have reported; nor upon any cause whatsoever forced to fly, as his detractors

maliciously feign; but from which aspersion he sufficiently clears himself in his second answer to Alexander Morus, the author of a book called *Clamor Regii Sanguinis ad Cælum*, the chief of his calumniators, in which he plainly makes it out, that after his leaving the university, to the no small trouble of his fellow-collegiates, who, in general, regretted his absence, he for the space of five years lived for the most part with his father and mother at their house at Horton, near Colebrook, in Berkshire, whither his father, having got an estate to his content, and left off all business, was retired from the cares and fatigues of the world. After the said term of five years, his mother then dying, he was willing to add to his acquired learning the observation of foreign customs, manners, and institutions; and thereupon took a resolution to travel, more especially designing for Italy; and, accordingly, with his father's consent and assistance, he put himself into an equipage suitable to such a design; and so intending to go by the way of France, he set out for Paris, accompanied only with one man, who attended him through all his travels; for his prudence was his guide, and his learning his introduction and presentation to persons of most eminent quality. However, he had also a most civil and obliging letter of direction and advice from Sir Henry Wotton, then provost of Eton, and formerly resident ambassador from King James the First to the State of Venice, which letter is to be seen in the first edition of his miscellaneous poems. At Paris, being recommended by the said Sir Henry and other persons of quality, he went first to wait upon my Lord Scudamore, then ambassador in France from King Charles the First. My lord received him with wonderful civility; and, understanding he had a desire to make a visit to the great Hugo Grotius, he sent several of his attendants to wait upon him, and to present him in his name to that renowned doctor and statesman, who was at that time ambassador from Christina, Queen of Sweden, to the French king. Grotius took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth, and the high commendations he had heard of him. After a few days, not intending to make the usual tour of France, he took his leave of my lord, who, at his departure from Paris, gave him letters to the English merchants residing in any part through which he was to travel, in which they were requested to show him all the kindness, and do him all the good offices that lay in their power.

From Paris he hastened on his journey to Nicæa, where he took shipping, and in a short space arrived at Genoa; from whence he went to Leghorn, thence to Pisa, and so to Florence. In this city he met with many charming objects, which invited him to stay a longer time than he intended; the pleasant situation of the place,

the nobleness of the structures, the exact humanity and civility of the inhabitants, the more polite and refined sort of language there than elsewhere. During the time of his stay here, which was about two months, he visited all the private academies of the city, which are places established for the improvement of wit and learning, and maintained a correspondence and perpetual friendship among gentlemen fitly qualified for such an institution, and such sort of academies there are in all or most of the most noted cities in Italy. Visiting these places, he was soon taken notice of by the most learned and ingenious of the nobility and the grand wits of Florence, who caressed him with all the honors and civilities imaginable, particularly Jacobo Gaddi, Carolo Dati, Antonio Francini, Frescobaldo, Cultellino, Banmatthei, and Clementillo; whereof Gaddi hath a large elegant Italian canzonet in his praise; Dati, a Latin epistle—both printed before his Latin poems, together with a Latin distich of the Marquis of Villa, and another of Selvaggi, and a Latin tetrastich of Giovanni Salsilli, a Roman.

From Florence he took his journey to Siena, from thence to Rome, where he was detained much about the same time he had been at Florence, as well by his desire of seeing all the rarities and antiquities of that most glorious and renowned city, as by the conversation of Lucas Holstenius, and other learned and ingenious men, who highly valued his acquaintance, and treated him with all possible respect.

From Rome he travelled to Naples, where he was introduced by a certain hermit, who accompanied him in his journey from Rome thither, into the knowledge of Giovanni Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan by birth, a person of high nobility, virtue, and honor, to whom the famous Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, wrote his treatise de Amicitia; and, moreover, mentions him with great honor in that illustrious poem of his, entitled, Gierusalemme Liberata. This noble marquis received him with extraordinary respect and civility, and went with him himself to give him a sight of all that was of note and remark in the city, particularly the vice-roy's palace, and was often in person to visit him at his lodgings. Moreover, this noble marquis honored him so far, as to make a Latin distich in his praise, as hath been already mentioned; which being no less pithy than short, though already in print, it will not be unworth the while here to repeat.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, si* pietas, sic,
Non Anglus verum Hercle Angelus. ipse foret.

In return of this honor, and in gratitude for the many favors and

* This word relates to his being a Protestant, not a Roman Catholic.

civilities received of him, he presented him, at his departure, with a large Latin eclogue, entitled *Mansus*, afterwards published among his Latin poems. The marquis, at his taking leave of him, gave him this compliment, that he would have done him many more offices of kindness and civility, but was therefore rendered incapable, in regard he had been over-liberal in his speech against the religion of the country.

He had entertained some thoughts of passing over into Sicily and Greece, but was diverted by the news he received from England, that affairs there were tending towards a civil war—thinking it a thing unworthy in him to be taking his pleasure in foreign parts, while his countrymen at home were fighting for their liberty: but first resolved to see Rome once more; and, though the merchants gave him a caution that the Jesuits were hatching designs against him, in case he should return thither, by reason of the freedom he took in all his discourses of religion, nevertheless he ventured to prosecute his resolution, and to Rome the second time he went, determining with himself not industriously to begin to fall into any discourse about religion, but, being asked, not to deny or endeavor to conceal his own sentiments. Two months he staid at Rome, and in all that time never flinched, but was ready to defend the orthodox faith against all opposers; and, so well he succeeded therein, that good Providence guarded him, he went safe from Rome back to Florence, where his return to his friends of that city was welcomed with as much joy and affection, as had it been to his friends and relations in his own country, he could not have come a more joyful and welcome guest. Here, having stayed as long as at his first coming, except an excursion of a few days to Luca, crossing the Apennine, and passing through Bononia and Ferrara, he arrived at Venice, where, when he had spent a month's time in viewing of that stately city, and shipped up a parcel of curious and rare books which he had picked up in his travels, particularly a chest or two of choice music-books, of the best masters flourishing about that time in Italy—namely, Luca Marenzo, Monte Verde, Horatio Vecchi, Cafa, the prince of Venosa, and several others—he took his course through Verona, Milan, and the Pœnine Alps, and so by the Lake Lemman to Geneva, where he staid for some time, and had daily converse with the most learned Giovanni Deodati, theology-professor in that city, and so returning through France, by the same way he had passed it going to Italy, he, after a peregrination of one complete year and about three months, arrived safe in England, about the time of the king's making his second expedition against the Scots. Soor after his return, and visits paid to his father and other friends, he took him a lodging in St. Bride's church-yard, at

the house of Russel a tailor, where he first undertook the education and instruction of his sister's two sons, the younger whereof had been wholly committed to his charge and care. And here, by the way, I judge it not impertinent to mention the many authors, both of the Latin and Greek, which, through his excellent judgment and way of teaching, far above the pedantry of common public schools, (where such authors are scarce ever heard of,) were run over within no greater compass of time, even than from ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age. Of the Latin, the four grand authors De Re Rustica, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius; Cornelius Celsus, an ancient physician of the Romans; a great part of Pliny's Natural History, Vitruvius's Architecture, Frontinus's Stratagems, with the two egregious poets, Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek, Hesiod, a poet equal with Homer; Aratus's Phænomena and Diosemeia, Dionysius, Afer de situ Orbis, Oppian's Cynegeticks and Halieuticks. Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan War, continued from Homer; Apollonius Rhodius's Argonauticks, and in prose, Plutarch's Placita Philosophorum *Περί Παίδων Ἀγδύτας*, Geminus's Astronomy; Xenophon's Cyri Institutio et Anabasis, Ælian's Tactics, and Polyænus's Warlike Stratagems; thus by teaching, he in some measure increased his own knowledge, having the reading of all these authors, as it were, by proxy; and all this might possibly have conduced to the preserving of his eyesight, had he not moreover, been perpetually busied in his own laborious undertakings of the book or pen. Nor did the time thus studiously employed in conquering the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief Oriental languages—viz., the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, so far as to go through the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses in Hebrew, to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee Paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Testament, besides an introduction into several arts and sciences, by reading Urstisius's Arithmetic, Riff's Geometry, Petiscus's Trigonometry, Joannes de Sacro Bosco de Sphæra; and into the Italian and French tongues, by reading, in Italian, Giovan Villani's History of the Transactions between several petty States of Italy; and, in French, a great part of Pierre Davity, the famous geographer of France in his time. The Sunday's work was, for the most part, the reading, each day, a chapter of the Greek Testament, and hearing his learned exposition upon the same (and how this savored of atheism in him, I leave to the courteous backbiter to judge). The next work after this was the writing, from his own dictation, some part, from time to time, of a Tractate, which he thought fit to collect from the ablest of divines

who had written of that subject, Amesius, Wellebius, &c.—viz., A perfect System of Divinity, of which more hereafter. Now persons so far manducted into the highest paths of literature, both divine and human, had they received his documents with the same acuteness of wit and apprehension, the same industry, alacrity, and thirst after knowledge, as the instructor was endued with, what prodigies of wit and learning might they have proved!—the scholars might, in some degree, have come near to the equalling of the master, or at least have, in some sort, made good what he seems to predict, in the close of an elegy he made in the seventeenth year of his age, upon the death of one of his sister's children (a daughter), who died in her infancy.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That, to the world's last end, shall make thy name to live.

But to return to the thread of our discourse. He made no long stay in his lodgings in St. Bride's church-yard; necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate-street, at the end of an entry; and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that.

Here first it was that his academic erudition was put in practice and vigorously proceeded, he himself giving an example to those under him (for it was not long after his taking this house ere his elder nephew was put to board with him also) of hard study and spare diet; only this advantage he had, that once in three weeks or a month he would drop into the society of some young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief whereof were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, two gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, the beaus of those times, but nothing near so bad as those now-a-days; with these gentlemen he would so far make bold with his body as now and then to keep a gaudy day.

In this house he continued several years, in the one or two first whereof he set out several treatises, viz., that of Reformation; that against Prelatical Episcopacy; the Reason of Church Government; the Defence of Smectimnuus; at least the greatest part of them, but as I take it, all; and some time after, one sheet of Education, which he dedicated to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, he that wrote so much of husbandry (this sheet is printed at the end of the second edition of his poems); and, lastly, Areopagitica. During the time also of his continuance in this house, there fell out several occasions of the in

creasing of his family. His father, who, till the taking of Reading by the Earl of Essex's forces, had lived with his other son at his house there, was, upon that son's dissettlement, necessitated to betake himself to this his eldest son, with whom he lived for some years, even to his dying day. In the next place he had an addition of some scholars, to which may be added his entering into matrimony; but he had his wife's company so small a time that he may well be said to have become a single man again soon after. About Whitsuntide it was, or a little after, that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay, home he returns a married man, that went out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a justice of the peace of Forrest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, some few of her nearest relations accompanying the bride to her new habitation, which by reason the father nor anybody else were yet come, was able to receive them, where the feasting held for some days, in celebration of the nuptials and for entertainment of the bride's friends. At length they took their leave, and, returning to Forrest-hill, left the sister behind, probably not much to her satisfaction, as appeared by the sequel; by that time she had, for a month or thereabout, led a philosophical life (after having been used to a great house and much company and joviality). Her friends, possibly incited by her own desire, made earnest suit, by letter, to have her company the remaining part of summer, which was granted on condition of her return at the time appointed, Michaelmas, or thereabouts: in the mean time came his father and some of the forementioned disciples. And now the studies went on with so much the more vigor, as there were more hands and heads employed—the old gentleman living wholly retired to his rest and devotion, without the least trouble imaginable. Our author, now as it were a single man again, made it his chief diversion, now and then in an evening, to visit the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter to the — Lee, Earl of Marlborough, lord high treasurer of England, and president of the privy council to King James the First. This lady being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honor for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise her husband, Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman; and what esteem he at the same time had for her, appears by a sonnet he made in praise of her, to be seen among his other sonnets in his extant poems. Michaelmas being come, and no news of his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several other letters, which were also unanswered; so that at last he dispatched down a foot-messenger with a letter, de-

siring her return; but the messenger came back not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but, to the best of my remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. This proceeding, in all probability, was grounded upon no other cause but this, namely: that the family being generally addicted to the cavalier party, as they called it, and some of them possibly engaged in the king's service, who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success, they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again. However, it so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonorable ever to receive her again after such a repulse, so that he forthwith prepared to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly wrote two treatises, by which he undertook to maintain that it was against reason (and the enjoyment of it not provable by scripture) for any married couple, disagreeable in humor and temper, or having an aversion to each other, to be forced to live yoked together all their days. The first was, his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, of which there was printed a second edition, with some additions. The other, in prosecution of the first, was styled *Tetrachordon*. Then the better to confirm his own opinion by the attestation of others, he set out a piece called the *Judgment of Martin Bucer*, a Protestant Minister, being a translation out of that reverend divine of some part of his works exactly agreeing with him in sentiment. Lastly, he wrote, in answer to a pragmatical clerk, who would needs give himself the honor of writing against so great a man, his *Colasterion*, or *Rod of Correction for a Saucy Impertinent*. Not very long after the setting forth of these treatises, having application made to him by several gentlemen of his acquaintance, for the education of their sons, as understanding haply the progress he had infixed by his first undertakings of that nature, he laid out for a larger house, and soon found it out; but in the interim before he removed, there fell out a passage, which, though it altered not the whole course he was going to steer, yet it put a stop, or rather an end, to a grand affair, which was more than probably thought to be then in agitation. It was, indeed, a design of marrying one of Dr. Davis's daughters—a very handsome and witty gentlewoman, but averse, as it is said, to this motion. However, the intelligence hereof, and the then declining state of the king's cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powell's family, caused them to set all engines at work to restore the late married woman to the station wherein they a lit-

tle before had planted her. At last this device was pitched upon :— There dwelt in the Lane of St. Martin's le Grand, which was hard by, a relation of our author's, one Blackborough, whom it was known he often visited ; and upon this occasion the visits were the more narrowly observed, and possibly there might be a combination between both parties ; the friends on both sides concentrating in the same action, though on different behalves. One time above the rest, he making his usual visit, the wife was ready in another room, and on a sudden he was surprised to see one whom he thought to have never seen more, making submission and begging pardon on her knees before him. He might probably at first make some show of aversion and rejection ; but partly his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger and revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm league of peace for the future ; and it was at length concluded that she should remain at a friend's house till such time as he was settled in his new house at Barbican, and all things for her reception in order. The place agreed on for her present abode was the Widow Webber's house in St. Clement's Churchyard, whose second daughter had been married to the other brother many years before. The first fruits of her return to her husband was a brave girl, born within a year after, though, whether by ill-constitution or want of care, she grew more and more decrepit. But it was not only by children that she increased the number of the family ; for in no very long time after her coming, she had a great resort of her kindred with her in the house, viz., her father and mother, and several of her brothers and sisters, which were in all pretty numerous ; who, upon his father's sickening and dying soon after, went away. And now the house looked again like a house of the Muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great. Possibly his proceeding thus far in the education of youth may have been the occasion of some of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and schoolmaster. Whereas it is well known he never set up for a public school to teach all the young fry of a parish, but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to relations, and the sons of some gentlemen that were his intimate friends ; besides, that neither his converse, nor his writings, nor his manner of teaching, ever savored in the least any thing of pedantry : and, probably, he might have some prospect of putting in practice his academical institution, according to the model laid down in his sheet of Education. The progress of which design was afterwards diverted by a series of alteration in the affairs of state, for I am much mistaken if there

were not, about this time, a design in agitation of making him adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army; but the new modelling of the army soon following, proved an obstruction to that design, and, Sir William's commission being laid down, as the common saying is, to turn cat in pan. It was not long after the march of Fairfax and Cromwell through the city of London with the whole army, to quell the insurrections, Brown and Massey, next malcontents also, were endeavoring to raise in the city against the army's proceedings, ere he left his great house in Barbican, and betook himself to a smaller in High Holborn, among those that open backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Here he lived a private and quiet life, still prosecuting his study and curious search into knowledge—the grand affair perpetually of his life—till such time as the war being now at an end, with complete victory to the parliament's side, as the parliament then stood purged of all its dissenting members, and the king, after some treaties with the army, *re infecta*, brought to his trial; the form of government being now changed into a free state, he was hereupon obliged to write a treatise, called the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. After which, his thoughts were bent upon retiring again to his own private studies, and falling upon such subjects as his proper genius prompted him to write of, among which was the history of our own nation from the beginning till the Norman conquest, wherein he had made some progress. When for this his last treatise, reviving the fame of other things he had formerly published, being more and more taken notice of for his excellency of style and depth of judgment, he was courted into the service of this new commonwealth, and at last prevailed with (for he never hunted after preferment, nor affected the tintamar and hurry of public business) to take upon him the office of Latin secretary to the council of state, for all their letters to foreign princes and states; for they stuck to this noble and generous resolution, not to write to any, or receive answers from them, but in a language most proper to maintain a correspondence among the learned of all nations in this part of the world, scorning to carry on their affairs in the wheedling, lispng jargon of the cringing French, especially having a minister of state able to cope with the ablest any prince or state could employ for the Latin tongue: and so well he acquitted himself in this station, that he gained, from abroad, both reputation to himself and credit to the state that employed him. And it was well the business of his office came not very fast upon him, for he was scarce well warm in his secretaryship before other work flowed in upon him, which took him up for some considerable time. In the first place, there

came out a book, said to have been written by the king, and finished little before his death, entitled, *Εικων Βασιλικη*, that is, The Royal Image—a book highly cried up for its smooth style and pathological composure: wherefore, to obviate the impression it was like to make among the many, he was obliged to write an answer, which he entitled *Εικονοκλαστης*, or Image-breaker. And, upon the heels of that, out comes, in public, the great Kill-cow of Christendom, with his *Defensio Regis contra Populum Anglicanum*—a man so famous and cried up for his Plinian Exercitations, and other pieces of reputed learning, that there could nowhere have been found a champion that durst lift up the pen against so formidable an adversary, had not our little English David had the courage to undertake this great French Goliah, to whom he gave such a hit in the forehead, that he presently staggered, and soon after fell; for, immediately upon the coming out of the answer, entitled, *Defensio Populi Anglicani, contra claudium Anonymum, &c.*, he that till then had been chief minister and superintendent in the court of the learned Christina, Queen of Sweden, dwindled in esteem to that degree, that he at last vouchsafed to speak to the meanest servant. In short, he was dismissed with so cold and slighting an adieu, that, after a faint dying reply, he was glad to have recourse to death, the remedy of evils and ender of controversies. And now I presume our author had some breathing space: but it was not long; for, though Salmasius was departed, he left some stings behind—new enemies started up, barkers, though no great biters. Who the first assertor of Salmasius's cause was, is not certainly known, but variously conjectured at, some supposing it to be one Janus, a lawyer of Gray's-Inn, some Dr. Bramhal, made by King Charles the Second, after his restoration, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland. But, whoever the author was, the book was thought fit to be taken into correction, and our author, not thinking it worth his own undertaking, to the disturbing the progress of whatever more chosen work he had then in hands, committed this task to the youngest of his nephews, but with such exact emendations before it went to the press, that it might very well have passed for his, but that he was willing the person that took the pains to prepare it for his examination and polishment, should have the name and credit of being the author; so that it came forth under this title, *Joannis Philippi Angli Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra, &c.* During the writing and publishing of this book, he lodged at one Thompson's, next door to the Bull-Head tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden, which seems to have been only a lodging taken till his designed

apartment in Scotland Yard was prepared for him, for hither he soon removed from the foresaid place; and here his third child, a son, was born, which, through the ill-usage, or bad constitution of an ill-chosen nurse, died an infant. From this apartment, whether he thought it not healthy, or otherwise convenient for his use, or whatever else was the reason, he soon after took a pretty garden-house in Petty France, in Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained no less than eight years, namely, from the year 1652, till within a few weeks of King Charles the Second's restoration. In this house, his first wife dying in childbed, he married a second, who, after a year's time, died in childbed also. This second marriage was about two or three years after his being wholly deprived of sight, which was just going about the time of his answering Salmasius; whereupon his adversaries gladly take occasion of imputing his blindness as a judgment upon him for his answering the king's book, &c., whereas it is most certainly known that his sight, what with his continual study, his being subject to a headache, and his perpetual tampering with physic to preserve it, had been decaying for above a dozen years before, and the sight of one, for a long time, clearly lost. Here he wrote, by his amanuensis, his two answers to Alexander More, who, upon the last answer, quitted the field. So that, being now quiet from state-adversaries and public contests, he had leisure again for his own studies and private designs—which were his foresaid History of England, and a new Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ, according to the manner of Stephanus, a work he had been long since collecting from his own reading, and still went on with it at times, even very near to his dying day; but the papers, after his death, were so discomposed and deficient, that it could not be made fit for the press: however, what there was of it, was made use of for another dictionary. But the height of his noble fancy and invention began now to be seriously and mainly employed in a subject worthy of such a muse, viz.: An heroic poem, entitled, Paradise Lost; the noblest, in the general esteem of learned and judicious persons, of any yet written by any either ancient or modern. This subject was first designed a tragedy, and in the fourth book of the poem there are six verses, which, several years before the poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy. The verses are these:

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd!
 Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice ; and add thy name,
 O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's glorious King.

There is another very remarkable passage in the composure of this poem, which I have a particular occasion to remember, for whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning—for some years as I went from time to time to visit him—in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, which being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing: having, as the summer came on, not been showed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinoctial to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much; so that in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein. It was but a little before the king's restoration that he wrote and published his book in defence of a commonwealth—so undaunted he was in declaring his true sentiments to the world; and not long before, his power of the civil magistrate in ecclesiastical affairs; and his treatise against Hirelings, just upon the king's coming over. Having a little before been sequestered from his office of Latin Secretary, and the salary thereunto belonging, he was forced to leave his house also, in Petty France, where all the time of his abode there, which was eight years, as above-mentioned, he was frequently visited by persons of quality, particularly my Lady Ranala, whose son for some time he instructed; all learned foreigners of note, who could not part out of this city without giving a visit to a person so eminent; and, lastly, by particular friends that had a high esteem for him, viz., Mr. Andrew Marvel, young Laurence (the son of him that was president of Oliver's counsel), to whom there is a sonnet among the rest in his printed poems; Mr. Marchamont Needham, the writer of *Politics*; but, above all, Mr. Syriak Skinner, whom he honored with two sonnets—one long since public among his poems, the other but newly printed. His next removal was by the advice of those that wished him well and had a concern for his preservation, into a place of retirement and abscondence, till such time as the current of affairs for the future should instruct him what farther course to take. It was a friend's house, in Bartholomew Close, where he lived till the act of oblivion came forth, which it pleased God proved as fa-

avorable to him as could be hoped or expected, through the intercession of some that stood his friends both in council and parliament: particularly in the House of Commons, Mr. Andrew Marvel, a member for Hull, acted vigorously in his behalf, and made a considerable party for him; so that, together with John Goodwin, of Coleman-street, he was only so far excepted as not to bear any office in the commonwealth. Soon after appearing again in public, he took a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, where he stayed not long before his pardon having passed the seal, he removed to Jewin-street; there he lived when he married his third wife, recommended to him by his old friend Dr. Paget, in Coleman-street. But he staid not long after his new marriage ere he removed to a house in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. And this was his last stage in this world, but it was of many years' continuance, more perhaps than he had had in any other place besides. Here he finished his noble poem, and published it in the year 1666. The first edition was printed in quarto, by one Simons, a printer, in Aldersgate-street; the other in a large octavo, by Starky, near Temple Bar, amended, enlarged, and differently disposed as to the number of books, by his own hand—that is, by his own appointment; the last set forth many years since his death in a large folio, with cuts, added by Jacob Tonson. Here it was also that he finished and published his history of our nation till the conquest—all complete so far as he went; some passages only excepted, which, being thought too sharp against the clergy, could not pass the hand of the licencer, were in the hands of the late Earl of Anglesey while he lived, where at present is uncertain. It cannot certainly be concluded when he wrote his excellent tragedy entitled *Samson Agonistes*, but sure enough it is that it came forth after his publication of *Paradise Lost*, together with his other poem called *Paradise Regained*, which doubtless was begun and finished and printed after the other was published, and that in a wonderful short space, considering the sublimeness of it. However, it is generally censured to be much inferior to the other, though he could not hear with patience any such thing when related to him: possibly, the subject may not afford such variety of invention; but it is thought by the most judicious to be little or nothing inferior to the other for style and decorum. The said Earl of Anglesey, whom he presented with a copy of the unlicensed papers of his history, came often here to visit him, as very much coveting his society and converse, as likewise others of the nobility, and many persons of eminent quality: nor were the visits of foreigners ever more frequent than in this place, almost to his dying day. His treatise of true Religion, Her-

esy, Schism, and Toleration, &c., was doubtless the last thing of his writing that was published before his death. He had, as I remember, prepared for the press an answer to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a scurrilous libel against him, but whether by the dissuasion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for whatever cause I know not, this answer was never published. He died in the year 1673, towards the latter end of the summer, and had a very decent interment according to his quality, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being attended from his house to the church by several gentlemen then in town, his principal well-wishers and admirers. He had three daughters, who survived him many years (and a son), all by his first wife (of whom sufficient mention hath been made). Anne, his eldest, as above said, and Mary, his second, who were both born at his house in Barbican; and Debora, the youngest, who is yet living, born at his house in Petty France, between whom and his second daughter, the son, named John, was born, as above mentioned, at his apartment in Scotland Yard. By his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, he had only one daughter, of which the mother, the first year after her marriage, died in childbed, and the child also within a month after. By his third wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of one Mr. Minshal, of Cheshire (and kinswoman to Dr. Paget), who survived him, and is said to be yet living, he never had any child. And those he had by the first he made serviceable to him in that very particular in which he most wanted their service, and supplied his want of eyesight by their eyes and tongue: for though he had daily about him one or other to read to him, some person of man's estate, who of their own accord greedily caught at the opportunity of being his readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they read to him, as oblige him by the benefit of their reading; others, of younger years, sent by their parents to the same end; yet excusing only the eldest daughter by reason of her bodily infirmity and difficult utterance of speech (which, to say the truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her), the other two were condemned to the performance of reading, and exactly pronouncing of all the languages of whatever book he should at one time or other think fit to peruse; viz., the Hebrew (and I think the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French. All which sorts of books to be confined to read, without understanding one word, must needs be a trial of patience, almost beyond endurance; yet it was endured by both for a long time. Yet the irksomeness of this employment could not be always concealed, but broke out more and

more into expressions of uneasiness; so that at length they were all (even the eldest also) sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture, that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver. It had been happy indeed if the daughters of such a person had been made in some measure inheritrixes of their father's learning; but since fate otherwise decreed, the greatest honor that can be ascribed to this now living (and so would have been to the others had they lived), is to be daughter to a man of his extraordinary character.

He is said to have died worth £1,500 in money, a considerable estate, all things considered, besides household goods; for he sustained such losses as might well have broke any person less frugal and temperate than himself. No less than £2,000, which he had put for security and improvement into the excise office; but neglecting to recall it in time, could never after get it out, with all the power and interest he had in the great ones of those times; besides another great sum, by mismanagement and want for of good advice.

Thus I have reduced into form and order whatever I have been able to rally up, either from the recollection of my own memory, of things transacted while I was with him, or the information of others equally conversant afterwards, or from his own mouth, by frequent visits to the last.

I shall conclude with two material passages, which, though they relate not immediately to our author, or his own particular concerns; yet in regard they happened during his public employ, and, consequently, fell more especially under his cognizance, it will not be amiss here to subjoin them. The first was this:

Before the war broke forth between the states of England and the Dutch, the Hollanders sent over three ambassadors, in order to an accommodation, but they returning *re infecta*, the Dutch sent away a plenipotentiary to offer peace upon much milder terms, or at least to gain more time.

But this plenipotentiary could not make such haste, but that the parliament had procured a copy of their instructions in Holland, which were delivered by our author to his kinsmen that was then with him, to translate for the council to view, before the said plenipotentiary had taken shipping for England: an answer to all he had in charge lay ready for him, before he made his public entry into London.

In the next place, there came a person with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Conde, then in arms against Cardinal Mazarine: the parliament mistrusting

him, set their instrument so busily at work, that in four or five days they had procured intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy from King Charles ; whereupon, the very next morning, our author's kinsman was sent to him, with an order of council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy.

By these two remarkable passages, we may clearly discover the industry and good intelligence of those times.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou knowest: Thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark, 22
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? 33
 The infernal Serpent: he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
 If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power 44
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55

Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate :
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild :
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
 No light ; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
 And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole. *not far?*
 Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd 76
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
 "If thou beest he ; but oh, how fall'n ! how changed
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league, 87
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest,
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit, 98

That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield, 108
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced, 119
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage, by force or guile, eternal war;
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

"O Prince, O Chief of many thronéd Powers!
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy;
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state 141

Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as curs)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire, 151
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
 To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied.

"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,

As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence 162
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oftentimes may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid 173
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves; 184

There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
 And, reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy; our own loss how repair;
 How overcome this dire calamity;
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope:
 If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides 194
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
 Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
 Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
 With fixéd anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wishéd morn delays:
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
 Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
 Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
 - And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs;
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others; and, enraged, might see 216
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
 On man, by him seduced; but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land 227

He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire:
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuell'd entralls thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singéd bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole 237
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate;
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”
 Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven; this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so! since he
 Who now is Sov'reign can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best.
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme 243
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! And thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built 259
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more,
 With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?” 270

So Satan spake ; and him Beëlzebub
 Thus answer'd. "Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lie
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280.
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed :
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe. 291

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great amiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks 302
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
 High overarch'd imbower; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Ubject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Her amazement of their hideous change. 313

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded. "Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds 328
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping; or with link'd thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake. 334
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell, 345
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
 Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
 A multitude, like which the populous north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band 350

The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great commander; godlike shapes, and forms
 Excelling human; princely Dignities;
 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
 By their rebellion from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
 Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man, 366
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
 Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch, 377
 At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Their altars by his altar; gods adored
 Among the nations round; and durst abide
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines, 388
 Abominations; and with curséd things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon: nor content with such 399

Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God,
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
 Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond 409
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines;
 And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool.
 Peor his other name, when he enticed
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
 E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
 These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure;
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh: but, in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil. 431
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood 442

Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale 452
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers;
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high 468
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
 He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn 474
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
 Their wandering gods, disguised in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
 The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485

Likening Lis Maker to the grazéd ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,
 Nor altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
 With lust and violence the house of God?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage: and, when night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might; 506
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd;
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
 His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff, 517
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chieft
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore 528

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
 Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard: that proud honor claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd, 538
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colors waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move . 549
 In perfect phalanx to thè Dorian mood,
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm, and unmoved
 With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixéd thought 560
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now,
 Advanced in view, they stand; a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose. He through the arméd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views; their order due,
 Their visages and statures as of gods;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart 571

Distends with pride, and hardening, in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man
 Met such embodied force as, named with these,
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights; 581
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd 592
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
 Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride, 603
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 Forever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singéd top their stately growth, though bare, 614

Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his peers. Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last,
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

“O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire, 624
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven, 635
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns
 Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke or dread
 New war, provoked; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile, 646
 What force effected not; that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold 657

Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
 For who can think submission? War, then, war
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms 667
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
 A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on; 678

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific. By him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound, 689

And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and, wondering, tell
 Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour

What in an age they, with incessant toil,
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared, 700

That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wonderous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross :
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
 By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook ;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graver :
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove 721
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately height ; and straight the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
 Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
 And level pavement. From the arch'd roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude,
 Admiring, enter'd ; and the work some praise,
 And some the architect : his hand was known 732
 In Heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements : from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, 743

A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle : thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before ; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heaven high towers ; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingéd heralds, by command
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony 758
 And trumpets' sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers : their summons call'd
 From every band and squaréd regiment,
 By place or choice, the worthiest ; they anon,
 With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came
 Attended : all access was throng'd ; the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair 764
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothéd plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs ; so thick the airy crowd 775
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till, the signal given,
 Behold a wonder ! they, but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng'd numberless ; like that pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount ; or fairy elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course, they, on their mirth and dance 786

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number, still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

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

“ Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues, rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,

S

With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate: who can advise may speak."

29

40

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
 Stood up; the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
 Cared not to be at all. With that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

51

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,

62

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels, and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe. 72
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
 Insulting, and pursued as through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
 The event is fear'd: should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find 83
 To our destruction, if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorréd deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense 94
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, (happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being.)
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge." 105

He ended, frowning; and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than gods. On the other side, up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
 For dignity composed and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

115

“I should be much for open war, O Peers!
 As not behind in hate, if what was urged
 Main reason to persuade immediate war
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

126

First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
 With arméd watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate

137

The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us—that must be our cure,
 To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being;
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity;

148



Caught in a fiery tempest, shall he hurl'd
Each on his rock, transfix'd the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boundless ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,

To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
 Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves 158
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
 Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this, then, worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse. 169
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right-hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd, 180
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse.
 War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's height
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191

Not more almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
 Chains, and these torments? better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
 That so ordains: this was at first resolved, 201
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh when those, who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their Conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which, if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
 Not mind us, not offending, satisfied 212
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears 223
 For happy, though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,

Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake

"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain
 Our own right, lost: him to unthroned we ther
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope, argues as vain 234

The latter ; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs ; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight : how wearisome
Eternity, so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
(Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell !
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heaven show more ?
Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements ; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper ; which must needs remove

244

255

266

277

The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull 287
 Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
 Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended; and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël

Wrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven. 298

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven,
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone
 Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention, still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake. 309

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude : for he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt ; but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given
 To us, enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment,
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need, £41
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise ? There is a place,
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not,) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favor'd more
 Of him who rules above ; so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath, 352
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
 And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie exposed.
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it : here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achieved 363

By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

373

384

"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out

396

406

His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle? what strength, what art, can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies." 416

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake,
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others countenance read his own dismay,
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last,
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised 427
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake.

"O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal Thrones!
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way,
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound 436
 Of unessential Night receives him next,
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter 449

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honor'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
 Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell 459
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain,
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
 Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
 None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd; 470
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend,
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god
 Extol him equal to the highest in Heaven.
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd 481
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet 492

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd

Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy!

502

As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclosed

With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.

513

Then, of their session ended, they bid cry,
With trumpets' regal sound, the great result.
Towards the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By heralds' voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangéd powers

Disband, and, wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

524

Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find

Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain

The irksome hours till his great Chief return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,

Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,

As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields:

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.

As when to warn proud cities, war appears

Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush

To battle in the clouds, before each van

535

Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides, from Cœchalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Cœta threw 545
 Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate
 Free virtue should intrall to force or chance
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing!)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,) 556
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate; and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite 567
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorréd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow black and deep;

Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms 588
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
 Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce, 599
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time: thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethean sound,
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus, roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 - Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens. and shades of death,

A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell 631
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave, towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole. So seem'd 642
 Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting; about her middle round 653
 A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd,
 With wide Cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret, riding through the air, she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance 664

in and death!

With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd;
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand; and from his seat

674

The monster, moving onward, came as fast
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired;
 Admired, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valued he, nor shann'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began:

“Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
 Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven.”

685

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

696

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood

707

Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow 717
 To join their dark encounter in mid-air:

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood:
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son, 728
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

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

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds 739
 What it intends, till first I know of thee
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the portress of Hell-gate replied:
 "Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eyes so foul? once deem'd so fair
 In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined 750

In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till, on the left side opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd, afraid
 At first, and call'd me *SIX*, and for a sign 760
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft,
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
 Becam'st enamor'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
 Through all the empyréan: down they fell, 771
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful key
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
 These gates forever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way, 782
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out, *DEATH!*
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death.*
 I fled; but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
 Inflamed with lust than rage,) and, swifter far,
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul, 793

Engendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits 802
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounced.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist." 814

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:
 "Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host 825
 Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
 Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude, 836

Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and, this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
 With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably—all things shall be your prey."

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 845
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down 857
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confined,
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gavest me; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign 868
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
 The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly, 879

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame. 889
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns; next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave, 911
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds;
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms, 922

With all her battering engines bent to raze
 Some capital city; or less than if his frame
 Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending, rides
 Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares,

932

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd, on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behooves him now both oar and sail.

943

As when a gryphon through the wilderness
 With wingéd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspián, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
 At length a universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss

954

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light: when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned,
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,

965

And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: "Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
(Which is my present journey,) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night; 986
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates 997
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence: if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed; 1008

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way ; harder beset,
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks ; 1018
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Moved on, with difficulty and labor he :
 But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
 (Strange alteration !) Sin and Death amain,
 Following his track, (such was the will of Heaven,)
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb 1029
 Of this frail world ; by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from our outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less and with less hostile din ; 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain 1051

This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a curséd hour, he hies.

1055

PARADISE LOST

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT

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

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns -
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

22

33

44

55

Now had the almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyréan where he sits
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view.
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son: on earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop, with wearied wings and willing feet,
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land embosom'd, without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:

65

76

“Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss,
 Wide interrupt, can hold? so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,
 Directly toward the new-created world,
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience; so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have; I made him just and right,

87

98

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all the ethereal powers
 And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd ;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice) 108
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had served necessity,
 Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination overruled
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown. 119
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they intrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls, deceived 130
 By the other first; man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none. In mercy and justice both,
 Through Heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel,
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd, 141

Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus, he to his Father spake :

“O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace ;
For which both Heaven and earth shall high extol

Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest :

For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son, 151
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.

Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught ;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself 162
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,

For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.”

To whom the great Creator thus replied :

“O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed :
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will, 173
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
His lapséd powers, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;

Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe—

By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.

[Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut ;
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well used they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.

194

But yet all is not done ; man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins

205

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction, sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die.

Die he or justice must ; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, heavenly powers ! where shall we find such love
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem

Man's mortal crime, the just the unjust to save ?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?"

216

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven : on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd ;

Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind

Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God,

In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,

His dearest mediation thus renew'd .

" Father, thy word is past ; man shall find grace : 227

And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy wingéd messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
 Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
 Behold me then; me for him life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall; 237
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleased: on me let Death wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself forever; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul 248
 Forever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave: 259
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice,
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270

Of his great Father. Admiration seized
 All Heaven what this might mean, and whither tend,
 Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:

“O thou, in Heaven and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou,
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join,
 And be thyself man among men on earth,
 Made flesh; when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou, in Adam's room,
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored
 As many as are restored, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons: thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 291
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
 And dying rise, and, rising with him, raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys,
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace. 302
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds.
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt 313

With thee thy manhood also to this throne.
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king; all power
 I give thee; reign forever, and assume
 Thy merits: under thee, as head supreme,
 Thrones, principdoms, powers, dominions, I reduce;
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or earth, or under earth in Hell.
 When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven, 323
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep:
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be forever shut. Meanwhile
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring 334
 New Heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And, after all their tribulations long,
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre there no more shall need,
 God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me!"

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all 345
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows, 356

And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that, glittering by their side, 366
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
 "Thee, Father," first they sung, "Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible.
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest 377
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud,
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."
 "Thee," next they sang, "of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
 Made visible, the almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides, 388
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein,
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 The aspiring dominations : thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd.
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes. 399

Not so on man; him, through their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampled love,
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin!"

409

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs inclosed
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.

420

As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany wagons light:
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey
 Alone, for other creature in this place,

431

442

Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;
 None yet ; but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapors flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men ;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life ;
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal, 452
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
 All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighboring moon, as some have dream'd ;
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold,
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
 Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born, 463
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :
 Others came single ; he who, to be deem'd
 A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
 Empedocles ; and he who, to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars, 474
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven ;
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised ;
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved :
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485

Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
 And flutter'd into rags; then relics, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
 His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high,
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold 506
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven."
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes 517
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide, 528

Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
 To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore ;
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave. 539
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
 That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last, by break of cheerful dawn,
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis 549
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams .
 Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole 560
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease,
 Through the pure marble air, his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds ;
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
 He stay'd not to inquire : above them all 571

The golden sun, in splendor likest Heaven
 Allured his eye; thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary,
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move
 Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering ramp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd 582
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part,
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
 Through his glazed optic tube, yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone; 592
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that, which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,—
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound 608
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of color glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands; 614

For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid; 624
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay: 625
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
 Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd, 646
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:
 "Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring, 657

Where all his sons thy embassy attend,
 And here are likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
 To visit oft this new creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
 His chief delight and favor, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
 Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man
 His fixéd seat, or fixéd seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration, him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
 Created this new happy race of men
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways."

667

678

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

689

"Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,

700

Contented with report, hear only in Heaven;
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mould, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course;
 The rest in circuit walls this universe. 721
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
 Night would invade; but there the neighboring moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night. 732
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
 Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,
 As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights. 742

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
“ Woe to the inhabitants on earth ! ” that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare : for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell :
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold

Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which, nigh the birth,
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly
 By change of place: now conscience wakes despair 23
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue,
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
 Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower;
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:
 "O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god 34
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
 Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good 45
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once 56

Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand? 66
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide, 77
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan, 88
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep; 99

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

110

Thus while he spake each passion dimm'd his face,
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practised falsehood under saintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanor, then alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

120

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

131

142

The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighboring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mix'd ;
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
 That landscape : and of pure, now purer air 152
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair ; now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
 Sabean odors from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay 163
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league,
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles :
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
 Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;
 But further way found none, so thick intertwined, 174
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way :
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On the other side ; which when the arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve, 185

In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only used
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
 To all delight of human sense exposed, 206
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted. Eden stretch'd her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar; in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd.
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste; 217
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up-drawn, 228

Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account:
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisp'd brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold, 238
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art,
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various views;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind, 249
 Hung amiable, (Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only,) and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
 Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance
 Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain 271

To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive: nor that Nyseian isle,
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
 Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 281
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad,
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone, 292
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valor form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad: 303
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd:
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable: 314

Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So passed they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve. 324
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
 They sat them down; and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labor than sufficed
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase,
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them: the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed 340
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
 Couch'd, and, now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
 When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad: 357

"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights 367
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
 Ill-fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
 And mutual amity so straight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please, 378
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just, 389
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400

By word or action mark'd: about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Gripp'd in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow: 410

“Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That raised us from the dust and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge, ‘of all the trees 421
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;’
 So near grows death to life, whate’er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know’st
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr’d upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard 432
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:

But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.”

To whom thus Eve replied: “O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form’d flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right. 443

For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound 453
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks 464
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race.' What could I do, 475
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear; 486

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction, unproved,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:

490

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
 Imparadised in one another's arms,
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Amongst our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?

507

Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die; what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;

518

529

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering spirit of Heaven by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began,
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven 539

With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise

Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock

Of alabaſter, piled up to the clouds,

Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent

Accessible from earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung

Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,

Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night; 550

About him exercised heroic games

The unarm'd youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand

Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,

Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even

On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fired

Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware

Impetuous winds: he thus begun in haste:

"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given 561

Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere

A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know

More of the Almighty's work, and chiefly man,

God's latest image: I described his way

Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait;

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,

Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks

Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:

Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade 572

Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the wingéd warrior thus return'd:

"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort, 582
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd 595
Diurnal, or this less volúble earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament 604
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumberous weight inclines 615

Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
 Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd:

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
 Unargued I obey; so God ordains; 636
 God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night, 647
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?" 656

To whom our general ancestor replied :
 " Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat 668
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold 679
 Both day and night. How often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower ; it was a place 690
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; underfoot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay 701

Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower,
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espous'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung, 711
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts; and oh, too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky adored 721
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol 733
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,
 Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refused:
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk 744

Of purity, and place, and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
 Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else!
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee, 754
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used!
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings, 764
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and oh, yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone 776
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade,
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
 "Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
 Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge: 787

"Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent, (who could have thought?) escaped
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files, 797
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires, 808
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
 Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
 Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
 With sudden blaze diffused inflames the air:
 So started up in his own shape the fiend. 819
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:

"Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to Hell
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and, transform'd,
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"

"Know ye not then," said Satan fill'd with scorn,
 "Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830"

The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:

"Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he, 851
"Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
"Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards 862
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriël, from the front thus called aloud:

"O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who, by his gait
And fierce demeanor, seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowers." 873

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those 383
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow:
"Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought; 894
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried; and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied:
"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise,
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicensed, from his bounds in Hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked. 916

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:

"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting angel: well thou know'st I stood 926
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves,
 From hard assays and ill successes past,
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried:
 I, therefore, I alone first undertook

To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new-created world, whereof in Hell 937
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted powers
 To settle here on earth, or in mid-air;
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior angel soon replied:

"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy, 948
 Argues no leader but a liar traced,

Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to the acknowledged power supreme?

And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored 959

Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I arreed the now—Avaunt;
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.”

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied:

“Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
 Proud liminary cherub! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved.”

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in moonéd horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends

Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan alarm'd,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved:

His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise

In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements,
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,

The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own, but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, 1111
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak.
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more 8
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight, 19

Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

"O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see 29
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice—I thought it thine; it said,
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields 40
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 51
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;
 And 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despised?
 Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold 62

Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted : me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold :
 But he thus, overjoy'd : ' O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt ;
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit

For gods, yet able to make gods of men :
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,

72

The Author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,
 But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes
 Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savory smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld

83

The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various : wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly

My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep ; but oh, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream ! " Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad :

94

" Best image of myself and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear ;
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbor none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul

Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief ; among these fancy next
 Her office holds ; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,

105

Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill-matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream, 115
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope,
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers, 126
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
 But first, from under shady arborous roof, 137
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung 148

Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tunable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare 153
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven:

On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere, 169
 While day arises, that sweet hour of priene.

Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180

Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise. 191

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep, 201
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
 On to their morning's rural work they haste 212
 Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
 To wed her elms; she, spoused, about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secured
 His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid. 223

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on earth
 Satan from Hell, 'scaped through the darksome gulf,
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair; how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go, therefore, half this day, as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state, 234

Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free will—his will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
 Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss:
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
 But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd." 244

So spake the eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice: nor delay'd the wingéd saint
 After his charge received; but from among
 Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
 Flew through the midst of Heaven; the angelic quires,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all the empyreal road; till at the gate
 Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,
 On golden hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sovereign Architect had framed. 255

From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interposed, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon;
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
 A cloudy spot. ' Down thither prone in flight 266
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
 A Phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
 When, to inshrine his relics in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade 277

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands 287
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honor rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him, through the spiey forest onward come, 298
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape; to whom thus Adam call'd:
"Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape 309
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heavenly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare." 320

To whom thus Eve: "Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
 Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk.
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our angel guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven." 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order, so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
 In India East or West, or middle shore
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat 341
 Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 From many a berry; and from sweet kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
 With rose and odors from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompanied than with his own complete 352
 Perfections: in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,
 Thus said: "Native of Heaven, for other place
 None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain;
 Since, by descending from the thrones above, 362

Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us
 Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline."

Whom thus the angelic virtue answer'd mild:
 "Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell, 373
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor smiled
 With flowerets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve,
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven: no veil
 She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm 384
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel "Hail"
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation used
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

"Hail, mother of mankind! whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God
 Have heap'd this table." Raised of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square from side to side
 All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
 Danced hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold; 395
 No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
 Our author: "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caused
 The earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
 To spiritual natures; only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the angel: "Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found 406

No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligent substances require,
 As doth your rational; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea, 410
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
 Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
 Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompense
 In humid exhalations, and at even
 Sups with the ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines 427
 Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with Heaven: and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires 438
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder if, by fire
 Of sooty coal, the empiric alchemist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 Enamor'd at that sight: but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy 449

Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
 Given him by this great conference, to know
 Of things above his world, and of their being
 Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech 459
 Thus to the empyreal minister he framed :

“ Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favor, in this honor done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heaven's high feasts to have fed : yet what compare ?”

To whom the wingéd hierarch replied :
 “ O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom 470
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not depraved from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Endued with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and, in things that live, of life ;
 But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,
 As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower 481
 Spirits odorous breathes : flowers and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual ; give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive ; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you. 492

To proper substance: time may come, when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
 Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."

502

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

513

To whom the angel: "Son of Heaven and earth,
 Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution given thee; be advised.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not overruled by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity:
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated; such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself and all the angelic host, that stand

524

In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none: freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighboring hills
 Aerial music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker, and obey him, whose command
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
 Hath past in Heaven, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange, 556
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of Heaven."

Thus Adam made request; and Raphaël,
 After short pause assenting, thus began:
 "High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits
 Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many glorious once, 567
 And perfect while they stood? how, last, unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
 This is dispensed: and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best; though what if earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein,
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild [rests
 Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where earth now

Upon her centre poised; when, on a day,
 (For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future,) on such day
 As Heaven's great year brings forth the empyreal host
 Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright;
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced, 588
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear,
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblazed
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake: 599

— “Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide

United as one individual soul, 610
 Forever happy. Him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd, without redemption, without end.'

“So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels 621

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need ;)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood, 631
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now, when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled 642
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil,) and roseate dews disposed
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God,) the angelic throng,
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd 653
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds ; save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
Alternate all night long : but not so waked
Satan, (so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven ;) he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear, 664

Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impair'd
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake :

“ ‘Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can close
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree 674
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me their banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“So spake the false archangel, and infused
 Bad influence into the unwary breast 696
 Of his associate: he together calls,
 Or several one by one, the regent powers,
 Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
 That, the Most High commanding, now ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heaven,
 The great hierarchial standard was to move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity. But all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of their great potentate; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven: 707

His countenance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.
 Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps that burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising; saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:

717

“‘Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire; such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

728

“To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer: ‘Mighty Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event
 Know whether I be dexterous to subdue
 The rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven:’

739

“So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
 Far was advanced on wingéd speed, an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
 In their triple degrees; regions to which

750

All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea, from one entire globose
 Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
 At length into the limits of the north
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
 The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted,) which not long after he,
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that mount whereon
 Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending so commanded, to consult
 About the great reception of their king
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:

760

771

“ ‘Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 If these magnific titles yet remain
 Not merely titular, since by decree
 Another now hath to himself engross'd
 All power, and us eclipsed, under the name
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here;
 This only to consult; how we may best,
 With what may be devised of honors new,
 Receive him coming, to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile
 Too much to one, but double how endured,
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 Native and sons of Heaven, possess'd before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

782

793

Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'

“ Thus far his bold discourse without control 803
 Had audience; when among the seraphim
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
 Stood up, and, in a flame of zeal severe,
 The current of his fury thus opposed:

“ O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn 814
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to his only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of Heaven
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being? 825
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident, he is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one head more near
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom,
 As by his Word, the mighty Father made 836

All things, even thee; and all the spirits of Heaven
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
 Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,
 Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
 But more illustrious made; since he, the head,
 One of our number thus reduced becomes;
 His laws our laws; all honor to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
 The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.'

"So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judged,
 Or singular and rash; whereat rejoiced
 The apostate, and more haughty thus replied:

"That we were form'd, then, say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd. Who saw
 When this creation was? rememberest thou 857

Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.

Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend

Address, and to begirt the Almighty throne 868
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings, carry to the anointed King;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

"He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
 Through the infinite host; nor less for that
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone,
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold:

"O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,
 Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved 879



Mustering of the Warrior Angels



W O R L D

A S O N I A

In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'

889

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd."

900

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described. Satan and his powers retire under night. He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Thro' Heaven's wide champaign held his way; till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest Heaven, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found,
Already known, what he for news had thought
To have reported; gladly then he mix'd 21

Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fallen, yet one
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard :

“ ‘Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause 31
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence; for this was all thy car
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,
 Right reason for their law, and for their king 42
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next,
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
 Invincible, lead forth my arméd saints,
 By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious; then with fire and hostile arms
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf 58
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.’

“So spake the Sovereign voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
 At which command the powers militant,
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible, moved on,
 In silence, their bright legions to the sound 64

Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds,
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing, 74
 Came, summon'd over Eden, to receive
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
 In battailous aspéct, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd, 85
 The banded powers of Satan, hasting on,
 With furious expedition; for they ween'd
 That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
 In the midway: though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning the eternal Father. But the shout 96
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a god,
 The apostate, in his sun-bright chariot sat,
 Idol of majesty divine, inclosed
 With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van, 107

On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

“O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove 117
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried,
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contést and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome.’

“So pondering, and from his arméd peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met 128
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:

“Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The height of thy aspiring unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand, 139
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness. But thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem'd in thy world erroneus to dissent
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.’

“Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
 Thus answer'd: ‘Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150

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

160

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

171

182

“So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge

193

He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
 The archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven 202
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosannah to the Highest; nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And, flying, vaulted either host with fire. 214
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
 Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions? How much more of power,
 Army against army numberless, to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
 Had not the eternal King omnipotent
 From his stronghold of Heaven high overruled
 And limited their might; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd
 A numerous host, in strength each arm'd hand
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior, single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight, 236

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day 240
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway,
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great archangel from his warlike toil 257
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heaven, the arch foe subdued,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
 " ' Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heaven's blesséd peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime 268
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war:
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God 279

Precipitate thee with augmented pain!

“So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary: ‘Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn’d the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish’d, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call’st evil, but we style 286
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.’

“They ended parle, and both address’d for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift 300
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem’d,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature’s concord broke, 311
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound,
Together both with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim’d
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once: nor odds appear’d
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael, from the armory of God,
Was given him temper’d so, that neither keen 322

Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him; but the ethereal substance closed,
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd 332
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armor stain'd, erewhile so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
 From off the files of war; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath 342
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
 "Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved 354
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai, 365

Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength, from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

“And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
 With many an inroad gored; deform'd rout
 Entered, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
 Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain. 397
 Far otherwise, the inviolable saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in sight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved.
 “Now night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war: 408

Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field
 Michaël and his angels prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on the other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodged; and, void of rest,
 His potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began:

“ ‘O now in danger tried, now known in arms 418
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence, but, what we more affect,
 Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now 429
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
 Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.’

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

“ ‘Deliverer from new lords, leader to free 451

Enjoyment of our right as gods ; yet hard
 For gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive ; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails
 Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content, which is the calmest life : 461
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

" Whereto with look composed Satan replied :
 ' Not uninvented that, which thou aright
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface 472
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold ;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame ; 483
 Which into hollow engines long and round
 Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labor ; yet ere dawn
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;
 Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd 494

Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'

“He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.
 The invention all admired, and each how he
 To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet haply of thy race,
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
 The originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
 Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

504

515

“Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

526

“‘Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand, 537

Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,
 Borne even on high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.'

“So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon 547
 In order, quit of all impediment;

Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward moved embattled; when behold
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube
 Training his devilish enginery, impaled
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

“‘Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold; 558

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

“So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended, when to right and left the front 569
 Divided, and to either flank retired;

Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid
 On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd,)
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce; at each behind
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense 580

Collected stood within our thoughts amused,
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appear'd,
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
 Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;
 The sooner for their arms: unarm'd they might
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout;
 Nor served it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
 "O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we
 To entertain them fair with open front 611
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.'
 "To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood:
 'Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
 Such as we might perceive amused them all, 623

And stumbled many; who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand.
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; eternal might

To match with their inventions they presumed
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood

633

A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from Heaven
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
 From their foundations loosening to and fro
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,

644

Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,

When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till on those curséd engines triple-row

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air

654

Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd:
 Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain

Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms

Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,

That under ground they fought in dismal shade;

666

Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
 Had not the almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised;
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honor his anointed Son avenged 676
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began:
 "Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld,
 Visibly, what by deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame 687
 These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found.
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main. 698
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know
 In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare;
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserv'd right. 709

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed king.'

"He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
 Ineffably into his face received; 719

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake:

"O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just; this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume, 730

And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 Forever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness and the undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire. 741

Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
 Unfeign'd hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning thro' Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd 752

By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eye the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the showery arch.

He in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended: at his right hand victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
 He onward came; far off his coming shone;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:

762

He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their Head embodied all in one.

773

Before him power divine his way prepared:
 At his command the uprooted hills retired
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

784

In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell,
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move, the obdurate to relent?
 They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
 Good re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail

795

Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last; and now
 To final battle drew, disdain'g flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake:

“Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand

Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have received, so have ye done

805

Invincibly; but of this curséd crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:

Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By me; not you, but me, they have despised,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
 Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
 Hath honor'd me according to his will.

816

Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

“So spake the Son, and into terror changed
 His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.

327

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
 The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd

Plagues; they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,

338

All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields and helms and helméd heads he rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye 848
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
 The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued,
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds 859
 And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
 "Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Encumber'd him with ruin; Hell at last
 Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd: 881

To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given.
Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned 891
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus measuring things in Heaven by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid ;
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan ; he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce 902
Thee also from obedience, that with him,
Bereaved of happiness, thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell : remember, and fear to transgress.”

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar, 3
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air, 14
Thy tempering; with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days, 25

On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage elamor drown'd
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

35

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,
 The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
 Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasy, by what befellin Heaven
 To those apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obey'd, amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandering. He with his consorted Eve
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss
 With such confusion: but the evil, soon
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him; how this world
 Of Heaven and earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within Eden or without was done
 Before his memory; as one whose drought,
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

46

57

68

Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest :

“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor sent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :

For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovereign will, the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently for our instruction to impart

Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,

Deign to descend now lower, and relate

What may no less perhaps avail us known ;

How first began this Heaven which we behold

Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd

Innumerable, and this which yields or fills

All space, the ambient air wide interfused

Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause

Moved the Creator, in his holy rest

Through all eternity, so late to build

In Chaos, and, the work begun, how soon

Absolved, if unforbid thou mayst unfold

What we, not to explore the secrets, ask

Of his eternal empire, but the more

To magnify his works, the more we know.

And the great light of day yet wants to run

Much of his race though steep ; suspense in Heaven,

Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,

And longer will delay to hear thee tell

His generation, and the rising birth

Of nature from the unapparent deep :

Or if the star of evening and the moon

Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring

Silence, and sleep, listening to thee, will watch,

Or we can bid his absence, till thy song

End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.”

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought,

And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild :

“This also thy request, with caution ask'd,

78

89

100

111

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

121

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

132

“At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station; Heaven yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites:
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create

143

154

Another world, out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit raised
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tried,
 And earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform; speak thou, and be it done: 163
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along; ride forth and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heaven and earth;
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscribed myself retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not, necessity and chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

“So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
 And the habitations of the just; to him 186
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, instead
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
 Of majesty divine; sapience and love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd 197

Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
 And virtues, wingéd spirits, and chariots wing'd
 From the armory of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
 Celestial equipage, and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
 Attendant on their Lord : Heaven open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

207

“ ‘Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,’
 Said then the omnific Word, ‘your discord end :’

Nor stay'd, but on the wings of cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

218

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand

- He took the golden compasses, prepared

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things :

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,

229

And said : ‘Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world.’

Thus God the Heaven created, thus the earth,
 Matter unform'd and void : darkness profound
 Cover'd the abyss ; but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life ; then founded, then conglobed
 Like things to like, the rest to several place

240

Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.

“‘Let there be light,’ said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn’d the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere . 250
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor pass’d uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birthday of Heaven and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill’d,
And touch’d their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

“Again, God said, ‘Let there be firmament 261
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters:’ and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing; for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes 272
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame.
And Heaven he named the firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.

“The earth was form’d, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear’d not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow’d, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiated with genial moisture, when God said, 282
‘Be gather’d now, ye waters under Heaven,

Into one place, and let dry land appear.
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky;
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct, 292
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods. As armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry, 304
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters he call'd seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, 'Let the earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad 315
 Her universal face with pleasant green;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
 Opening their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd 325
 Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were crown'd,

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers; that earth now
 Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the earth
 God made, and every herb, before it grew 336
 On the green stem. God saw that it was good:
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

“Again the Almighty spake: ‘Let there be lights
 High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven,
 To give light on the earth;’ and it was so.
 And God made two great lights, great for their use 347
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
 Though of ethereal mould; then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the Heaven thick as a field. 358
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen. 363

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
 But opposite in levell'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps 379
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolved on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere. Then, first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

“And God said, ‘Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven. 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 ‘Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.’
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales 401
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid-sea: part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting, with quick glance,
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold;
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armor watch: on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins, play; part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean. There leviathan, 412

Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rapture, forth disclosed
 Their callow young, but, feather'd soon and fledge,
 They summ'd their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud, 422
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way.
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their airy caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song 433
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
 Their downy breast; the swan, with arch'd neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train 444
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.
 "The sixth, and of creation last, arose
 With evening harps and matin, when God said,
 'Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
 Each in their kind.' The earth obey'd, and straight,
 Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455

Limb'd and full grown : out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd :
The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds, 465
And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks ; the swift stag from under ground
Bare up his branching head ; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness ; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants ; ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm : those waved their limber fans 476
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact,
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green ;
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps 487
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty ; swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call. 498

"Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the master work, the end
 Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect 508
 His stature, and upright, with front serene,
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works; therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
 " 'Let us make now man in our image, man 519
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.'
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life; in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consórt 530
 Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
 'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
 And every living thing that moves on the earth.'
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the earth yields,

Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest:
 Death is the penalty imposed: beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

“Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
 Yet not till the Creator from his work 551
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 The addition of his empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st,)
 The Heavens and all the constellations rung, 562
 The planets in their station listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 ‘Open, ye everlasting gates,’ they sung,
 ‘Open, ye Heavens, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his wingéd messengers
 On errands of supernal grace.’ So sung 573
 The glorious train ascending: he through Heaven,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount

Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd forever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
 With his great Father, for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid, (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence,) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.

594

Creation and the six days' acts they sung:

'Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite

Thy power; what thought can measure thee, or tongue

Relate thee? greater now in thy return

Than from the giant angels; thee that day

605

[Thy thunders magnified; but to create

Is greater than created to destroy.

Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound

Thy empire? easily the proud attempt

Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain

Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought

Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw

The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks

To lessen thee, against his purpose serves

To manifest the more thy might: his evil

Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

616

Witness this new-made world, another Heaven

From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view

On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;

Of amplitude almost immense, with stars

Numerous, and every star perhaps a world

Of destined habitation; but thou know'st

Their seasons: among these the seat of men,

Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,

Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,

And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,

Created in his image, there to dwell

627

And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.'

"So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear; 3
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied:

“What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve. 14

When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of Heaven and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, (for such
Their distance argues and their swift return
Diurnal,) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, thus punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire, 25

How nature, wise and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
 Such restless revolution, day by day
 Repeated; while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung, 40
 And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her. O when meet now 57
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
 With goddess-like demeanor forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,
 Benevolent and facile thus replied:

"To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven
 Is as the book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn 68

His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years;
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or earth,
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
 From man or angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinion wide 78
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposet
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys rur., 89
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider first, that great
 Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
 Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
 But in the fruitful earth; there, first received,
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
 That man may know he dwells not in his own,
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribúte,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven 111

Where God resides, and ere midday arrived
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed Heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities, 132
Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlightening her by day, as she by night 143
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate, 154

Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the sun predominant in Heaven
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
 He from the east his flaming road begin,
 Or she from west her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps 164
 On her soft axle, while she paces even,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 — Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever placed, let him dispose: joy thou
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high.
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
 Not of earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied:
 "How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
 Intelligence of Heaven, angel serene,
 And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves 186
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
 But apt the mind of fancy is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end:
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
 — That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek. 197

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 — Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard
 And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise, 207
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee I seem in Heaven,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
 Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek:
 "Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men, 218
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
 Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with man;
 For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set
 On man his equal love: say therefore on;
 For I that day was absent, as befell, 229
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;
 Squared in full legion (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,
 Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as sovereign King, and to inure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240

The dismal gates, and barricaded strong :
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
 Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now; for I attend,
 Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire:

"For man to tell how human life began 250
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 - Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
 And gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw 261
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name 272
 Whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
 Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.'
 Whi'e thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither, 283

From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seized
 My drowséd sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently moved 293
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
 So saying, by the hand he took me raised,
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, inclosed, with goodliest trees 304
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree -
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat: whereat I waked, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wandering, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315
 Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st I am,'
 Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
 Of every tree that in the garden grows
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
 Amid the garden by the tree of life, 326

Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect 336
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
 'Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same
 Of fish within their watery residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change 347
 Their element to draw the thinner air.'

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I named them as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still;
 And to the heavenly vision thus presumed:

“ ‘O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher, 35E
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:

“ ‘What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth 369

With various living creatures, and the air,
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.'
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implored,
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:

“ ‘Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power, 379
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Given and received; but in disparity,
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd:
 ‘A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste 401
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

“He ceased, I lowly answer'd: ‘To attain 412

The height and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things ;
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found ; not so is man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire,
 By conversation with his like, to help
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
 And through all numbers absolute, though one ;
 But man by number is to manifest 422
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiplied,
 In unity defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet, so pleased,
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
 Of union or communion, deified ;
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.' 433
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine :
 " Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st, 444
 Knew it not good for man to be alone,
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured—
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'
 " He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
 In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455

As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
 Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
 Who, stooping, open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired 476
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I waked
 To find her, or forever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable. On she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites : 487
 Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud :
 " " This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me ; Woman is her name, of man
 Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ; 490

And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'

"She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
 The more desirable; or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd:
 I follow'd her; she what was honor knew, 508
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star 519
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire: these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 580
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind 541

And inward faculties, which most excel,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed."

551

To whom the angel with contracted brow:
 "Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
 Then value. Ofttimes nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows:
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honor thou mayst love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be
 To them made common and divulged, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

562

573

584

The soul of man, or passion in him move.
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still ;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not: love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend ;
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found." 594

To whom thus, half-abash'd, Adam replied:
 "Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing ; yet still free,
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love, thou say'st,
 Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide :
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask ;
 Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix 616
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?"

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd : "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars ;
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure 627

Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free-will
Would not admit: thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."

637

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction: "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return."

648

So parted they; the angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

No more of talk, where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed: I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow death, and misery,
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath

3

14

Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued,
 Thrice fugitive, about Troy wall; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
 If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse: 24
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleased me, long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mastery to dissect,
 With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights
 In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds; 35
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
 Served up in hall with sewers, and seneschals;
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem. Me of these
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
 Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine, 46
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night; and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd. 57

By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
 That kept their watch; thence, full of anguish driven,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled, four times cross'd the car of night
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast, averse 67
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan, involved in rising mist, then sought
 Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd, and land,
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob; 78
 Downward as far antarctic; and in length
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search, and, with inspection deep,
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him, after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom 89
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observed,
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolved; but first, from inward grief,
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
 "O earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd
 More justly seat worthier of gods, as built 100

With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears 110
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege 121
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe: 132
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well-nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be avenged, 143

And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
 He effected; man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat, 158
 Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel wings,
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor, glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd 164
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of deity aspired!
 But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils:
 Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favorite 175
 Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
 From dust. Spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles.
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb 186

Fearless, unfear'd, he slept: in at his mouth
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
 With act intelligential; but his sleep
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
 Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
 The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide.
 And Eve first to her husband thus began:

196

“Adam, well may we labor still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but, till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labor grows,
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;
 Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?”

207

218

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:

“Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear!

• Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd 229

How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labor, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow, 239
 To brute denied, and are of love the food—
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt with greedy hope, to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be to withdraw 261
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
 The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."
 To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied: 272

“Offspring of Heaven and earth, and all earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fear'st not, being such 282
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?”

To whom with healing words Adam replied:

“Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade 293
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonor foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found; misdeem not, then,
If such affront I labor to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once 304
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contain;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.

I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were,
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or overreach'd,
Would utmost vigor raise, and raised unite.

Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315

When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met, 325
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity; his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
Favor from Heaven, our witness from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd? 336
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:
"O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure, 347
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me. 359

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

368

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
 Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:

"With thy permission, then, and thus forewarn'd,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willinger I go, nor much expect
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

379

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
 In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
 But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

390

401

And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
 Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
 Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss. 411
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
 The only two of mankind, but in them
 The whole included race, his purposed prey.
 In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance or plantation for delight;
 By fountain or by shady rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
 Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope 422
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay,
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd: them she upstays
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh. 433
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
 Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
 Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Much he the place admired, the person more, 444

As one who, long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all delight: 454
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought;
 That space the evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:
 "Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope
 Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste 476
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles: behold alone
 The woman, opportune to all attempts;
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,—
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain 487

Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods;
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear, 497

Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd,
 Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely; never sense of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd 508

Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen;
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way,
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound 519

Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more duteous at her call
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530

His fraudulent temptation thus began :

“ Wonder not, sovereign Mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admired ; but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who shouldst be seen
 A goddess among gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.”

540

So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tuned ;
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling : at length
 Not unamazed she thus in answer spake :

551

“ What may this mean ? language of man pronounced
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd ?
 The first, at least, of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound ;
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued ;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight :
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”

562

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied :
 “ Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd :
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food ; nor aught but food discern'd

573

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;
 Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer grew to gaze;
 When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play. 583

To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach. 594

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed or fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,

Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good: 605
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
 United I beheld; no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declared
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame."

So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve,
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:
 "Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved: 616

But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden nature of her birth."

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
 "Empress, the way is ready, and not long; 626
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest: as when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame, 637
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far;
 So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:
 "Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess, 648
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law."

To whom the tempter guilefully replied:
 "Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: "Of the fruit 659

Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
 But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
 The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.' "

She scarce had said, though brief, when, now more bold,
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on; and, as to passion moved,
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin. 669

As when of old some orator renown'd,
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
 So standing, moving, or to height upgrown,
 The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:

"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
 Mother of science, now I feel thy power 680
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this universe, do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die:
 How should ye? By the fruit? It gives you life
 To knowledge. By the threatener? Look on me,
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast 691
 Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear. 702

Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
 Knowing both good and evil as they know.
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
 Internal man, is but proportion meet;
 I of brute human, ye of human gods. 712

So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating god-like food?

The gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
 I question it, for this fair earth I see,
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: if they all things, who inclosed
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree, 723
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowlege hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his?

Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
 In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach them, and freely taste."

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won. 734

Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell
 So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
 Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
 Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused:

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, 745

Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
 Thy praise He also, who forbids thy use,
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want: 755
 For good unknown, sure is not had; or, had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain, then, what forbids He but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone 760
 Was death invented? or to us denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
 For beasts, it seems: yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste, 777
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate:
 Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent; and well might, for Eve,
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true 788

Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought.
 Greedily she engorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began :

“ O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the gods who all things know;
 Though others envy what they cannot give;
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
 And I perhaps am secret; Heaven is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power.
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free?
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve.
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown, 841
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd ;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Mishap'd him ; he the faltering measure felt ;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted ; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused. 852
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd :
"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence ; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree 868
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;
And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration ; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found 874

The effects to correspond: operer mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.”

884

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke:

895

“O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden! Some curséd fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die.

906

How can I live without thee, how forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.”

So having said, as one from sad dismay

917

Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:

“Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.

But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact

927

Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;

Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain

Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.

Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy

938

Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,

Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,

Not well conceived of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth

Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph and say, ‘Fickle their state whom God

Most favors; who can please him long? Me first

949

He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.

However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;

So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;

Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.”

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied

960

"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Engaging me to emulate; but, short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung?
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known.

Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured 981
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd: but I feel
 Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur 992
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense, (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits,) from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;
 Sky lower'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin 1003

Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society, that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve 1018
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:
 "Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savor we apply,
 And palate call judicious; I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be 1024
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree."
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood 1035
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd,
 He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046

That with exhilarating vapor bland
 About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
 As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness, 1056
 And honor from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
 Of Philistéan Dalilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute,
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd:
 "O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear 1067
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got:
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
 And in our faces evident the signs
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store; 1078
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
 And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines,
 Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs 1089

Hide me, where I may never see them more.
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
 And girded on our loins, may cover round
 Those middle parts, that this new-comer, shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counsell'd he, and both together went 1099
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111
 And with what skill they had, together sew'd,
 To gird their waist: vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late
 Columbus found the American, so girt
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
 Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep; nor only tears 1121
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For understanding ruled not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovereign reason, claim'd
 Superior sway. From thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style, 1132

Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd :

“ Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee ; we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.” 1142

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve :
 “ What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe !
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
 Or to thyself perhaps ? Hadst thou been there,
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake ;
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side ?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib. 1154
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst ?
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.”

To whom then, first incensed, Adam replied :
 “ Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd 1164
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ?
 And am I now upbraided as the cause
 Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait ; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175

Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

1185

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contést appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.

For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd,
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
 For man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news 21
 From earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arrived, in multitudes
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell: they towards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved; when the most high
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud, 32
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice:
 "Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine 43
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd. 54

But whom send I to judge them? Whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd
 All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
 And destined man himself to judge man fall'n."

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son 64
 Blazed forth unclouded deity; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild: .

"Father eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heaven and earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son beloved
 Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me derived: yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory: him thrones and powers, 86
 Princedoms and dominations, ministrant,
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
 To sentence man: the voice of God they heard 97

Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:

“Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
 Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought;
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change 107
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.”

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
 To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed;
 Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:

“I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied: 118

“My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoiced; how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:
 “O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains, 129
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame

By my complaint; but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140

And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied:

"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd

150

Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd

She was indeed, and lovely to attract

Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part

And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge

Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied:

161

"The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To judgment he proceeded on the accused

Serpent though brute, unable to transfer

The guilt on him who made him instrument

Of mischief, and polluted from the end

Of his creation; justly then accursed,

As vitiated in nature: more to know

Concern'd not man (since he no further knew)

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last

To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,

172

Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best;

And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed

Above all cattle, each beast of the field;

Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,

And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the woman I will put

Enmity, and between thine and her seed:

Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake this oracle, then verified

When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,

182

Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the air; then rising from his grave,
 Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
 In open show, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise;
 And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd :

“Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply 198
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
 “Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which
 I charged thee, saying, ‘Thou shalt not eat thereof,’
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; 204
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.”

So judg'd he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And the instant stroke of death denounced, that day
 Removed far off; then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now, 215
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
 Nor he their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
 In glory as of old; to him appeas'd 226

All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

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

“ O son, why sit we here each other viewing
 Idly, while Satan our great author thrives 236
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
 But that success attends him ; if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
 By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large
 Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite 247
 With secret amity things of like kind
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
 Inseparable, must with me along :

For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this main from Hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument 258
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon.
 “ Go whither fate and inclination strong
 Lead thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading ; such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
 The savor of death from all things there that live : 269

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

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

279

Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met,
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea

Tost up and down together, crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way

290

Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on

301

Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.

So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous art 312

Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
 Of Satan to the self-same place where he
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space
 The confines met of empyréan Heaven
 And of this world, and on the left hand Hell 322
 With long reach interposed; three several ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to earth they had descried,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
 Satan in likeness of an angel bright
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
 Disguised he came, but those his children dear
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk 333
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood 344
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
 "O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own; 355

Thou art their author and prime architect
 For I no sooner in my heart divined,
 My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three :
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 362
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
 Within Hell-gates till now, thou us impower'd
 To fortify thus far, and overlay
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
 Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
 Our foil in Heaven ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
 There didst not ; there let him still victor sway, 376
 As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things parted by the empyreal bounds,
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad :
 " Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have given to be the race
 Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
 Antagonist of Heaven's almighty King;) 387
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
 All yours, right down to Paradise-descend ; 398

There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared ;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell 408
No detriment need fear ; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate ; on either side
Disparted Chaos, over built, exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate, 419
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,

And all about found desolate ; for those
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent ; so he,
Departing, gave command, and they observed. 430

As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains
Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst, unmark'd, 441

In show piebeian angel militant
 Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
 Ascended his high throne, which, under state
 Of richest texture spread; at the upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 451
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspéct, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim;
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
 Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention, won:
 "Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
 For in possession such, not only of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now; return'd, 462
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
 And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
 As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard
 With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
 Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which,
 By Sin and Death, a broad way now is paved 473
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
 The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
 The new-created world, which fame in Heaven
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
 Of absolute perfection, therein man
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile 484

Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator, and, the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an apple; He thereat
 Offended, (worth your laughter,) hath given up
 Both his belovéd man and all his world,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
 Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His seed (when is not set) shall bruise my head.
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
 Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?"

494

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs; his legs intertwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forkéd tongue
 To forkéd tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through thè hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion, and asp, and amphibæna dire,
 Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,
 And dipsas, (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle

505

516

527

Ophiusa;) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain. They all
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heaven-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief: 537
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly serpents: horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw
 They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change, 548
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks 559
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceived; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570

Into the same illusion, not as man [plagued
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed ;
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arrived ; Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant ; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began :

“Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death, 591
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved ?”

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon :
 “To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven ;
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet :
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.”

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied : 602
 “Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
 No homely morsels ; and whatever thing
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared ;
 Till I, in man residing, through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.”

This said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later ; which the Almighty seeing,

From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:

“See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess 628
A place so heavenly; and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till, cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son, 634
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
Forever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and earth, renew'd, shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes.”

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: “Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee?” Next, to the Son, 645
“Destined restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend.” Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon 656

Her office they prescribed : to the other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects,
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
 Of noxious efficacy ; and when to join
 In synod unbenign : and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to shower,
 Which of them, rising with the sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound
 Sea, air, and shore ; the thunder when to roll 666
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's axle ; they with labor push'd
 Oblique the centric globe : some say the sun
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
 Up to the Tropic Crab ; thence down amain
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change 677
 Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring
 Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those
 Beyond the polar circles ; to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd 688
 His course intended ; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land ; sidental blast,
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
 And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
 Boreas and Cæcias, and Argestes loud, 699

And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn,
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer, black with thunderous clouds
 From Serralliona; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy: 709
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd; but worst felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:
 "O miserable of happy! is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accursed of blesséd? Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
 The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings: but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply,'
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase 781
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam;' but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound,
 On me, as on their natural centre, light
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes! 742

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man? did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I received, unable to perform
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that, 752
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems: yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest; then should have been refused
 Those terms whatever, when they were proposed:
 Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:'
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee 763
 That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,
 But natural necessity begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him: thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out 774
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish 785

With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? Be it; man is not so, 795
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor
 Satisfied never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still 806
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity; ay me, that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both:
 Nor I on my part single, in me all 817
 Posterity stands cursed: fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons. O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes. 828

Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain;
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope 838
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
 Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented 849
 All things with double terror: on the ground
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"
 Said he, "with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers, 860
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
 But her, with stern regard, he thus repell'd:
 "Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and color serpentine, may show
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee 871

Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself, him overweening
 To overreach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise, 881
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a show
 Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib,
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O, why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once 892
 With men as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or if she love, withheld 903
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound."
 He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing.
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
 "Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven 914

What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining, 924
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 On me already lost, me than myself
 More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries impórtune Heaven, that all
 The sentence from thy head removed may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me, me only, just object of his ire."

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconcilment seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid:
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon: 946

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas,
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed and by me expos'd. 957

But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive,
 In offices of love, how we may lighten
 Each other's burden in our share of woe;
 Since this day's death denounced, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied :

"Adam, by sad experiment I know

967

How little weight my words with thee can find,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event

Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,

Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place

Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain

Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,

Living or dying, from thee I will not hide

What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,

Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.

978

If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd

By Death at last; and miserable it is

To be to others cause of misery,

Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring

Into this curséd world a woeful race,

That after wretched life must be at last

Food for so foul a monster; in thy power

It lies, yet ere conception to prevent

The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.

Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death

989

Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two

Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,

Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain

From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,

And with desire to languish without hope,

Before the present object languishing

With like desire, which would be misery

And torment less than none of what we dread;

Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free

From what we fear for both, let us make short.

1000

Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves.
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Laboring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.

Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of misery, so thinking to evade 1021

The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live. Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks

I have in view, calling to mind with heed
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The serpent's head; piteous amends, unless 1032

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
 Satan, who, in the serpent, hath contrived
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
 Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savors only 1043

Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged
 Without wrath or reviling; we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope 1053
 Glanced on the ground; with labor I must earn
 My bread. What harm? Idleness had been worse;
 My labor will sustain me; and lest cold
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
 Which now the sky with various face begins 1064
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees: which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we, his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment;
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock, 1074
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven down,
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, than, to the piace 1086

Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?"

1096

So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for, from the mercy-seat above,
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore 12
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:
"See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs 23



The Expulsion from Paradise

And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand, manuring all the trees
 Of Paradise, could have produced, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me his advocate 33
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days
 Number'd though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one." 44

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
 "All thy request for man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids.
 Those pure immortal elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness
 And immortality: that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe,
 Till I provided death; so death becomes
 His final remedy, and after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up with Heaven and earth renew'd. 66

But let us call to synod all the blest
 Thro' Heaven's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd."

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

"O sons, like one of us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
 Happier had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him; longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable and vain,
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
 And live forever, dream at least to live
 Forever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

"Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
 Take to thee from among the cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
 Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair,
 From hallow'd ground the unholy, and denounce
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged,

(For I behold them soften'd and with tears
 Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs, 119
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the tree of life;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."

He ceased, and the archangelic power prepared
 For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful cherubim: four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape 130
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
 Of Argus; and more wakeful then to drowse,
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
 To re-salute the world with sacred light,
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above; new hope to spring
 Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:

"Eve, easily may faith admit that all 141
 The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends;
 But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven,
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
 Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew 152

That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
 Home to my breast, and to my memory
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve, rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee
 Man is to live, and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanor meek: 162
 "Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me, transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
 The source of life: next favorable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
 Far other name deserving. But the field
 To labor calls us, now with sweat imposed,
 Though after sleepless night; for see, the morn, 173
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
 Laborious till day droop: while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wish'd, much-humbled Eve; but fate
 Subscribed not: nature first gave signs, impress'd
 On bird, beast, air,—air suddenly eclipsed
 After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight 184
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
 Adam observed, and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:

"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heaven by these mute signs in nature shows,
 Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn 195

Us, haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty, because from death released
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return, and be no more?
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self-same hour? why in the east
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught?"

He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd 216
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
 War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
 Possession of the garden; he alone,
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
 Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:

"Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps 227
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New laws to be observed; for I descry,
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
 One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
 None of the meanest, some great potentate
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty
 Invests him coming: yet not terrible,
 That I should fear; nor sociably mild,
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide;
 But solemn and sublime, whom, not to offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh, 238

Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof:
 His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
 As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear. 248
 Adam bow'd low; he, kingly from his state,
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:

“Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seizure many days,
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell 259
 Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.”

He added not, for Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire:

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee 281

How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

291

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd;

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us; what besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair

302

Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:

But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

313

This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blesséd countenance: here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

324

Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign : 334
 "Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the earth,
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd :
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come,
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate 345
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd,
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent 356
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inured
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes) 367

Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
"Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening; to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend

In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the tempter set

377

Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,

388

And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahore of great mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian czar
In Moscow, or the sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port,
Erecco, and the less maritime kings

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd

399

Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons

410

Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
 E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam now, enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced; 42C
 - But him the gentle angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:

"Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
 New-reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds; 431
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sward; thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
 His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
 Consumed with nimble glance and grateful steam; 442
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life: he fell, and, deadly pale,
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried:

"O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed!
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?"

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied: 452

“These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,
 For envy that his brother’s offering found
 From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
 Will be avenged, and the other’s faith, approved,
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our sire:

“Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight 463
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

To whom thus Michael: “Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance than within.
 Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew 474
 Before thee shall appear, that thou mayst know

What misery the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear’d, sad, noisome, dark.
 A lazar-house it seem’d, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony; all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy, 485
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delay’d to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell’d 496

His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess:
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd:

“O miserable mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 The image of God, in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?”

506

“Their Maker's image,” answer'd Michael, “then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

517

Therefore so abject is their punishment,
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.”

“I yield it just,” said Adam, “and submit.

But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?”

528

“There is,” said Michael, “if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return:

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

This is old age; but then thou must outlive

538

Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change

To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The balm of life." To whom our ancestor:

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit,
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge, 549
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution." Michaël replied:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
 And now prepare thee for another sight."

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
 Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
 Of instruments that made melodious chime
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved 560
 Their stops and chords were seen; his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

In other parts stood one who at the forge,
 Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
 From under-ground;) the liquid ore he drain'd 571
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd
 First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
 Fusile or graven in metal. After these,

But on the hither side, a different sort
 From the high neighboring hills, which was their seat,
 Down to the plain descended: by their guise
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold 581
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:
 With feast and music all the tents resound. 592
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
 The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:
 "True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest,
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past:
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."
 To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is best 603
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
 Created as thou art to nobler end,
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother; studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd 614
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
 Bred only and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;
 To these that sober race of men, whose lives
 Religious titled them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
 Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy, 625

Ere long to swim at large ; and laugh, for which
The world, ere long, a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft :

"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place 635
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him ; towns, and rural works between ;
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise :
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot ; nor idly mustering stood :
One way a band select from forage drives 646

A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground ; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,
Deserted. Others to a city strong

Lay siege, encamp'd ; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting : others from the wall defend 657
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates : anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon
In factious opposition ; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above : him old and young 668

Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
 Had not a cloud, descending, snatch'd him thence,
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide,
 Lamenting, turn'd full sad: "O what are these?
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother; for of whom such massacre
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
 But who was that just man, whom, had not Heaven
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"

678

To whom thus Michael: "These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
 Such were these giants, men of high renown;
 For in those days might only shall be admired,
 And valor and heroic virtue call'd;
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory, and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
 The only righteous in a world perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes, for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his saints: him the Most High,
 Rapt in a balmy cloud, with wingéd steeds
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death, to show thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

689

700

711

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed ;
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar ;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them ; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways : he oft 721
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent ;
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off ;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch ; and in the side a door
Contrived, and of provisions laid in large 732
For man and beast : when, lo, a wonder strange !
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order : last the sire, and his three sons,
With their four wives : and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heaven ; the hills, to their supply,
Vapor and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain. And now the thicken'd sky,
Like a dark ceiling, stood ; down rush'd the rain 743
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen ; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and, secure with beak'd prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their pomp,
Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled : of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold 754

The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
 And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:

“O visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Lived ignorant of future; so had borne 764
 My part of evil only, each day's lot
 Enough to bear: those now, that were dispensed
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
 And he the future evil shall, no less
 In apprehension than in substance, feel 775
 Grievous to bear. But that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped,
 Famine and anguish will at last consume
 Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
 All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
 With length of happy days the race of man:
 But I was far deceived; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
 And whether here the race of men will end.” 786

To whom thus Michael: “Those whom last thou saw'st
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
 Surfeit and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war, 797

Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd,
 In sharp contést of battle, found no aid
 Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried;
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot; 807
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a world
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 On their impenitence; and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observed
 The one just man alive: by his command 818
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 To save himself and household from amidst
 A world devote to universal wreck.
 No sooner he with them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodged,
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Of Heaven, set open on the earth, shall pour
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount 829
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
 Out of his place, push'd by the hornéd flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift.
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold."
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840

Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
 Driven by a keen north wind, that blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground, 850
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove sent forth, once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark 861
 The ancient sire descends with all his train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth:
 "O thou who future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assured that man shall live 872
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
 For one man found so perfect and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in Heaven
 Distended, as the brow of God appeas'd?
 Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve and shower the earth?" 883

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

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall. His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes :
“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end ;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense.
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend. 12
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd or flock
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes, 28

Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled 33
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
 Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty;
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell:
 Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven; 44
 And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
 Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd, they storm: great laughter was in Heaven,
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd:

"O execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given: 66

He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but man over men
 He made not lord: such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

76

To whom thus Michael: "Justly thou abhorr'st
 That son, who on the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being.
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate desires

87

And upstart passions catch the government
 From reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God in judgment just
 Subjects him from without to violent lords;
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom: tyranny must be,
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,
 Their inward lost. Witness the irreverent son

98

Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
 Done to his father heard this heavy curse,
 "Servant of servants," on his vicious race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth

109

To leave them to their own polluted ways;
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
 A nation from one faithful man to spring
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship. O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the patriarch lived who 'scaped the flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone 119
 For gods! Yet him God the most high vouchsafes
 To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred and false gods, into a land
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower
 His benediction so, that in his seed
 All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
 Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford 130
 To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains: I see his tents
 Pitch'd about Sichem, and the neighboring plain
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert south,
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed,) 141
 From Hermon east to the great western sea—
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
 Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
 Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be bless'd: by that seed
 Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
 The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call, 152

A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile:
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
 He comes, invited by a younger son
 In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm 162
 Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
 Till, by two brethren (these two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
 His people from enthrallment, they return,
 With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.
 But, first, the lawless tyrant, who denies 173
 To know their God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
 With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
 Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
 And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls.
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain, 184
 A darksome cloud of locusts, swarming down,
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
 Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus, with ten wounds,
 The river-dragon, tamed, at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage,
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195

Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided, till his rescued gain their shore.
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
 Though present in his angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire,
 (By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,)
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues. 205
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning watch ;
 Then, through the fiery pillar and the cloud,
 God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by command,
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war. The race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
 Through the wild desert ; not the readiest way, 216
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude ; for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet.
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness ; there they shall found
 Their government, and their great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
 God from the mount of Sinai (whose gray top 227
 Shall tremble, he descending) will himself,
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
 Ordain them laws ; part, such as appertain
 To civil justice—part, religious rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech
 That Moses might report to them his will,
 And terror cease: he grants what they besought, 238

Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator, whose high office now
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men,
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell. 248

By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
 The records of his covenant; over these
 A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
 Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
 Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing
 The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey: and at length they come,
 Conducted by his angel, to the land 259
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heaven stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,
 And thou, moon, in the vale of Aijalon,
 Till Israel overcome!' so call'd the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed: "O sent from Heaven, 270
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
 Favor unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth, 281

So many and so various laws are given :

So many laws argue so many sins

Among them ; how can God with such reside ?”

To whom thus Michael : “Doubt not but that sin

Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;

And therefore was law given them to evince

Their natural pravity, by stirring up

Sin against law to fight : that when they see

Law can discover sin, but not remove,

Save by those shadowy expiations weak,

The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude

Some blood more precious must be paid for man.

Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,

To them by faith imputed, they may find

Justification towards God, and peace

Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor man the moral part

Perform ; and, not performing, cannot live.

So law appears imperfect, and but given

With purpose to resign them in full time

Up to a better covenant ; disciplined

From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,

From imposition of strict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear

To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And therefore shall not Moses, though of God

Highly beloved, being but the minister

Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;

But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,

His name and office bearing, who shall quell

The adversary serpent, and bring back,

Through the world's wilderness, long wander'd man

Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.

Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,

Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins

National interrupt their public peace,

Provoking God to raise them enemies ;

From whom as oft he saves them penitent,

By judges first, then under kings ; of whom

The second, both for piety renown'd,

And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

Irrevocable, that his regal throne

Forever shall endure ; the like shall sing

291

302

824

All prophecy, that of the royal stock
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
 A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple inshrine.

335

Such follow him as shall be register'd,
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell

345

The space of seventy years; then brings them back,
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
 To David, 'stablish'd as the days of Heaven.
 Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
 They first re-edify, and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the priests disension springs,
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavor peace: their strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself: at last they seize

356

The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King, Messiah, might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,
 Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.

367

A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathed:

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
 Why our great expectation should be call'd 378
 The seed of woman. Virgin Mother, hail,
 High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God most high; so God with man unites.
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel!"

To whom thus Michael: "Dream not of their fight
 As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son 388
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due, 399
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow;
 So only can high justice rest appaid.
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life and curséd death,
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption, and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
 To save them, not their own, though legal, works. 410

For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
 Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life :
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
 The law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucified,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction : so he dies,
 But soon revives ; death over him no power 420
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems.
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
 By faith not void of works. This godlike act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
 In sin forever lost from life ; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating sin and death, his two main arms, 431
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life
 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign 443
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
 All nations they shall teach ; for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the air
 Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise 453

The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heaven ; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heaven or earth ; for then the earth 462
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the archangel Michael ; then paused,
 As at the world's great period ; and our sire,
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied :

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense !
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good ; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness. Full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin 474
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring ;
 To God more glory, more good-will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
 Must reascend, what will betide the few
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth ? Who then shall guide
 His people, who defend ? Will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel ; "but from Heaven
 He to his own a Comforter will send, 486
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith,
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm
 With spiritual armor, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts ;
 What man can do against them, not afraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompensed,
 And oft supported so as shall amaze 496

Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length,
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
 Their doctrine and their story written left, 506
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join
 Secular power, though feigning still to act 517
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promised alike and given
 To all believers; and from that pretence,
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth 528
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? Yet many will presume:
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
 Bestruck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day 539

Appear of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
 The woman's seed obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the clouds from Heaven to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

549

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:
 "How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.

560

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory,

And to the faithful death the gate of life:
 Taught this by his example, whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

571

To whom thus also the angel last replied:
 "This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
 Of wisdom: hope no higher, though all the stars
 Thou know'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
 Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
 And all the rule, one empire; only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,

582

Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see, the guards,
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword, 592
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:
 We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad, 603
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
 And thus with words not sad she him received:

"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
 For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied, I fell asleep: but now lead on; 614
 In me is no delay; with thee to go
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation, yet secure,
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore." —

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh 625

The archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding météorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust, 635
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat,
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose 640
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.



PARADISE REGAINED.



PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

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

Thou Spirit, who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field, 9
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence,
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute;
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age;
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried 20
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand,
To all baptized: to his great baptism flock'd,
With awe, the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan,—came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptized
Heaven open'd, and, in likeness of a dove,
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice 31

From Heaven pronounced him his belovéd Son.
 That heard the adversary, who, roving still
 About the world, at that assembly famed
 Would not be last; and with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted Man, to whom
 Such high attest was given, a while survey'd
 With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers,
 Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved, 41
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake :
 "O ancient powers of air and this wide world;
 For much more willingly I mention air,
 This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
 Our hated habitation; well ye know
 How many ages, as the years of men,
 This universe we have possess'd, and ruled
 In manner at our will the affairs of earth,
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
 Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since 52
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve
 Upon my head: long the decrees of Heaven
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound,
 At least if so we can, and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air; 63
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's Seed,
 Destined to this, is late of woman born :
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
 His coming, is sent harbinger; who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
 Purified, to receive him pure, or, rather, 74

To do him honor as their king: all come,
 And he himself among them was baptized;
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
 The prophet do him reverence; on him, rising
 Out of the water, Heaven, above the clouds,
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;
 And out of Heaven the Sovereign voice I heard, 84
 'This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased.'
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be opposed,
 (Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,)
 Ere in the head of nations he appear
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left 106
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thrived
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods, 117

Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
 Where he might likeliest find this new declared,
 This Mán of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try ;
 So to subvert whom he suspected raised
 To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd :
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purposed counsel preordain'd and fix'd 127
 Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :
 " Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God ;
 Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come 138
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
 O'ershadow her : this man born and now upgrown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy : he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent. 149
 He now shall know I can produce a man
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell ;
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wilderness ;
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance : 160

His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the eternal Father, and all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space; then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice; and this the argument:

170

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
 And devilish machinations come to naught."

181

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned:
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodged in Bethabara where John baptized,
 Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his godlike office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
 With solitude, till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on, 192
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursued:

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compared!
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do

203

What might be public good ; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measured twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own, 213
 And was admired by all. Yet this not all
 To which my spirit aspired : victorious deeds
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts ; one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored :
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul 224
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
 Misled ; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
 And said to me apart : ' High are thy thoughts,
 O Son ; but nourish them, and let them soar
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high ;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy father is the eternal King, who rules
 All Heaven and earth, angels and sons of men ;
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin ; he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born,
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came, 246

Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room:
 A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,
 Guided the wise men thither from the east,
 To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new graven in Heaven,
 By which they knew the King of Israel born.
 Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake, 256
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.'

"This having heard, straight I again revolved
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head. 267
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his baptism came,
 Which I believed was from above; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him, (for it was shown him so from Heaven,)
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer, 278
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove,
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,
 Me his belovéd Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I derived from Heaven. 289

And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades:
 The way he came, not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts 299
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbor'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
 Nor sleeping him, nor waking, harm'd; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm;
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

But now an aged man, in rural weeds,
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake: 320

"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drouth.
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes,
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh (highest is far) 332

Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God: "Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;

"What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured

More than the camel, and to drink go far,

Men to much misery and hardship born:

But if thou be the Son of God, command 342

That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,

So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve

With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:

"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)

Man lives not by bread only, but each word

Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed

Our fathers here with manna? In the mount

Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;

And forty days Elijah without food 353

Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:

Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,

Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd the arch-fiend, now undisguised:

"'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,

Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,

Kept not my happy station, but was driven

With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;

Yet to that hideous place not so confined

By rigor unconniving, but that oft 363

Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy

Large liberty to round this globe of earth,

Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came among the sons of God, when he

Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;

And when to all his angels he proposed

To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud

That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,

I undertook that office, and the tongues

Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375

To his destruction, as I had in charge,
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds? 385
 Men generally think me such a foe
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence; by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
 Whereby they may direct their future life. 396
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe.
 At first it may be; but long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
 Man fallen shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:
 "Deservedly thou grieve'st, composed of lies 407
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendor, now deposed,
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
 To all the host of Heaven: the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing 418

Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
 So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
 But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths; 428
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
 By thee are given, and what confess'd more true
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct 439
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly given the nations up
 To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth
 But from him or his angels president
 In every province? who, themselves disdaining
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 550
 To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
 The Gentiles: henceforth oracles are ceased,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere;
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will, 461

And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour: but the subtle fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd:

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where
 Easily canst thou find one miserable, 471
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;
 For thee I can and must submiss endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
 And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;

What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire 482
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing; and vouchsafed his voice
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspired: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow: 498
 "Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st
 Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd,
 Into thin air diffused: for now began
 Night, with her sullen wings, to double-shade
 The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodged, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not named,
Now missing him, their joy, so lately found,—
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,—
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long;
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho,
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed:
“Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fallen! our eyes beheld

9

20

31

Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored:
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze:
 For whither is he gone? what accident
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire,
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of Israel, 41
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come:
 Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee: arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have conversed: 52
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return."

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:
 But to his mother, Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none, 62
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:

"O what avails me now that honor high
 To have conceived of God? or that salute,
 'Hail, highly-favor'd, among women blest?'
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as imminent, above the lot
 Of other women, by the birth I bore;
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth, 74

A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead who sought his life, and, missing, fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life,
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king: but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
 I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favor'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high.

84

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself; but went about
 His Father's business; what he meant I mused,
 Since understand; much more his absence now.
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inured;
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

95

Thus Mary pondering oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:
 The while her son tracing the desert wild,
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high:
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,

105

117

Where all his potentates in council sat;
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank he thus began:

“Princes, Heaven’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
 Demonian spirits now, from the element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d
 Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble; such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less 127
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was empower’d,
 Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labor to be undergone,
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
 Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far,
 If he be man by mother’s side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn’d,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine, 138
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
 Therefore I am return’d, lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match’d.”

So spake the old serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamor was assured their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose 149
 Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,
 The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised:

“Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay’d, yet terrible to approach, 160

Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives." 170

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:
 "Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old
 Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood, thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
 And coupled with them, and begot a race. 181

Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to waylay
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Anymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy 'scapes on names adored,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men, 192
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he surnamed of Africa dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
 Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state; 203

Thence to the bait of women lay exposed:
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things: what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamor, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
 How would one look from his majestic brow
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands
 In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond:
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

213

224

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim; 235
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part;
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:
 "Where will this end? Four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandering this woody maze. and human food

246

Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here: if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast,
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me, 256
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks 267
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
 Tho' ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
 He saw the prophet also how he fled
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how, awaked,
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse. 278

Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest; high towering to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song:
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove, 289

With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud ;
 Thither he bent his way, determined there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd, (nature taught art,)
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs : he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad, 299
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd :

“ With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel ; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heaven manna ; and that prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus : “ What conclud'st thou hence ?
 They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“ How hast thou hunger then ?” Satan replied.
 “ Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
 Wouldst thou not eat ?” “ Thereafter as I like 321
 The giver,” answer'd Jesus. “ Why should that
 Cause thy refusal ?” said the subtle fiend.
 “ Hast thou not right to all created things ?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power ? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold,
 Nature ashamed, or better to express, 332

Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
 With honor; only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
 And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game, 342
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
 Alas, how simple, to these cates compared,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Ève!
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
 Tall stripping youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more, 358
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd 364
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
 Such was the splendor, and the tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd:

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure;
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375

Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord :
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied :

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholdeth my power that right to use?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent :

"That I have also power to give thou seest;
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
 And rather opportunely in this place 396
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil." With that
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard;
 Only the imp'rtune tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursued :

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved; 407
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurement yields to appetite,
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st? 418

What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms:
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,
 (Thy throne,) but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap;
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me: 428
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
 While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:

"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.

Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolved:
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;

Gideon, and Jephthah, and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
 So many ages, and shall yet regain

That seat, and reign in Israel without end.

Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?

For I esteem those names of men so poor

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What if, with like aversion, I reject

Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,

Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights

To him who wears the regal diadem,

428

439

450

461

When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within, 471
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly: this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part:
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down 482
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd."

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:

“ I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? Wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory,—glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son

9

20

31

Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late." 41

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:
 "Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
 They praise, and they admire they know not what, 52
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
 This is true glory and renown, when God,
 Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his angels, who with true applause 63
 Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
 When to extend his fame through Heaven and earth,
 As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
 He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
 Famous he was in Heaven, on earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies, 74

But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice;

84

One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honor patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

95

Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

106

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied:
 'Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
 By all his angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption:
 Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives

117

Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:

"And reason; since his word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul

Freely; of whom what could he less expect

Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,

127

The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense

From them who could return him nothing else,

And, not returning that, would likeliest render

Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?

Hard recompense, unsuitable return

For so much good, so much beneficence.

But why should man seek glory, who of his own

Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs

But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?

Who for so many benefits received

Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,

138

And so of all true good himself despoil'd,

Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take

That which to God alone of right belongs:

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,

That who advance his glory, not their own,

Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again

Satan had not to answer, but stood struck

With guilt of his own sin, for he himself

Insatiable of glory had lost all,

Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

149

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem,

Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:

But to a kingdom thou art born, ordained

To sit upon thy father David's throne;

By mother's side thy father; though thy right

Be now in powerful hands, that will not part

Easily from possession won with arms:

Judea now, and all the promised land,

Reduced a province under Roman yoke,

Obeys Tiberius; nor is always ruled

With temperate sway; oft have they violated

160

The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not Maccabeus; he indeed
 Retired unto the desert, but with arms;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
 The happier reign the sooner it begins:
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd: 181
 "All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting, 192
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
 Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied: 203

"Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbor and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd, 214
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell,
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best, 224
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days' 234
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state, 246

Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries, that thou mayst know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd, 257
Then meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea:

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain-top the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began:

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale, 267
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st

Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drouth:

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old, 277
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,

And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house

Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;

There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame 289

Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou mayst behold.
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first
 That empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian king 299
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste: see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings."

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-arméd troops
 In coats of mail and military pride;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound;
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropasia and the neighboring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven. 321

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers, nor of laboring pioneers
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill, 332

Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And wagons fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights, 342
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd :
 "That thou mayst know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety ; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
 All this fair sight : thy kingdom, though foretold
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavor, as thy father David did, 353
 Thou never shalt obtain : prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means ;
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew ; how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
 Between two such inclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian ? Therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own : the Parthian first,
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late 364
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
 Maugre the Roman : it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose ;
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375

In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed;
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear." 885

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved:
 "Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee 396
 Were better farthest off,) is not yet come;
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavoring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
 To just extent over all Israel's sons.
 But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then 407
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity; fell off
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt; Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all the idolatries of heathen round, 418

Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so died
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony, 428
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan? No, let them serve
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere,
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promised land their fathers pass'd; 439
 To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve.
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own: 9
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, overreach'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold septentrion blasts; thence in the midst 21

Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With towers and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interposed:
 By what strange parallax or optic skill
 Of vision multiplied through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke:

41

“The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of nations: there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
 Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,
 The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods, (so well I have disposed
 My airy microscope,) thou mayst behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

52

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,—
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,
 Or on the Æmilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle, and more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
 From India and the golden Chersonese,

63

74

And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth, and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer 84
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed:
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
 To Capreæ, an island small but strong,
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favorite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou mayst; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd 106
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."
 To whom the Son of God unmoved replied:
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind: though thou shouldst add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On Citron tables or Atlantic stone,
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne, 117

Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
 From nations far and nigh : what honor that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceed'st to talk
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously ; I shall, thou say'st, expel 127
 A brutish monster : what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such ?
 Let his tormentor, conscience, find him out ;
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown 138
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth ;
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash 149
 All monarchies besides throughout the world ;
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the tempter impudent replied :

"I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st :
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :
 On the other side, know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160

Nor what I part with mean to give for naught :
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give ;
 For, given to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down
 And worship me as thy superior lord ;
 Easily done, and hold them all of me ;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?”

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain : 170

“I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition ;
 But I endure the time, till which expired,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve :
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee, accursed, now more accursed
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue. 181

The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
 Permitted, rather, and by thee usurp'd ;
 Other donation none thou canst produce :
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me, the Son of God,
 To me my own, on such abhorréd pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God? 192
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan, forever damn'd.”

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied :
 “Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invoked and world beneath ; 203

Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath endamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honor left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more 213
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the temple; there wast found
 Among the gravest rabbis disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day. Be famous then
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend. 224
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote:
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st:
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinced. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
 Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil—
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long; 246

There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream: within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse, 256
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous orators repair, 267
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce demagogue,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those 278
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
 "Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light, 289

No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease; 299
 The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,
 By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
 Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all,
 Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion,
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud. However, many books, 321
 Wise men have said, are wearisome: who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon 332

As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story strew'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived ;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame. 342
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his saints ;
 Such are from God inspired, not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost. 353
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem ;
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government,
 In their majestic unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;
 These only with our law best form a king." 364
 So spake the Son of God ; but Satan now
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied :
 " Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative,
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world ? The wilderness
 For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee : yet remember
 What I foretell thee ; soon thou shalt have cause 375

To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fullness of time, thy season,
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
 Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows and labors, opposition, hate,
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not,
 Nor when—eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying he took, (for he still knew his power
 Not yet expired,) and to the wilderness
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there, 390
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day.
 Our Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head 407
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts, 415

Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
 Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there,
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar 428
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn 439
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said: 450
 "Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light *
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent, 461

Like turbulences in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :
 This tempest at this desert most was bent ;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when, 471
 For both the when and how is nowhere told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt,
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means : each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies 482
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
 And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus :

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none ;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh ; what they can do as signs
 Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting, 493
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will. Desist, thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest."

To whom the fiend, now swollen with rage, replied :
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born ;
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt :
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the prophets ; of thy birth at length
 Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew, 504

And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptized, by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view 514
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense ;
 The son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am ; relation stands ;
 All men are sons of God ; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declared.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is ; his wisdom, power, intent ;
 By parle or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more ; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory, 536
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again :
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain ;
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount 547

Of alabaster, topt with golden spires :
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :

“ There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father’s house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best ;
 Now show thy progeny : if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God ;
 For it is written, ‘ He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands 557
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.’ ”

To whom thus Jesus : “ Also it is written,
 Tempt not the Lord thy God : ” he said, and stood ;
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.

As when earth’s son, Antæus, (to compare
 Small things with greatest,) in Irassa strove
 With Jove’s Alcides, and oft foil’d still rose,
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join’d,
 Throttled at length in the air, expired and fell ; 568
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.

And as that Theban monster that proposed
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devour’d,
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep ;
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,

Ruin, and desperation, and dismay, 579
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.

So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy vans received him soft
 From his uneasy station, and up bore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
 Then in a flowery valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch’d from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590

That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud.

“ True image of the Father, whether throned
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrined
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
 Wandering the wilderness, whatever place,
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with godlike force endued
 Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst delude, and down from Heaven cast
 With all his army; now thou hast avenged
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:

600

He never more henceforth will dare set foot
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now

611

For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to reinstall
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.

But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st

Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound, 622

By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd

Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,

Lest he command them down into the deep,
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds, 633

Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd.



SAMSON AGONISTES.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας.—κ. τ. λ.

TRAGŒDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. PER MISERICORDIAM
ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIUŒ AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM.

Aristot. Poet., cap. 6.



OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems : therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion : for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt-humors. Hence philosophers, and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture (1 Cor. xv. 33) ; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore, men in highest dignity have labored not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax ; but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes ; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity ; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd ; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of

self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks monostrophic, or rather apolelymenon, without regard had to strophe, antistrophe, or epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

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

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSSENGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner, chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born: here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works: unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,—
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column, charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal

How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know :
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries ;
So many and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail : but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :
They creep, yet see ; I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within-doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own ;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day !
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
“ Let there be light ! ” and light was over all ;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part ; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried ; but O yet more miserable !

Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd,
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd [stand;
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
 And weaponless himself;
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail,
 Adamantean proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel;
 Or grovelling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAMSON.

I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHORUS.

He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
 We come thy friends and neighbors, not unknown,

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
 To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to 'suage
 The tumors of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliverance offer'd: I, on the other side,
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer,
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired,
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantaged best:
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent

The harass of their land, beset me round :
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth ; they only lived who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve.
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favor raised
 As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men ;

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

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
 Till by their own perplexities involved
 They ravel more, still less resolved,
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right to exempt
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From national obstruction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt ;
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.
 He would not else, who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
 Unchaste was subsequent—her stain, not his.

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

SAMSON.

Ay me, another inward grief awaked
 With mention of that name renews the assault.

MANOAH.

Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,

As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
 Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,
 Came lagging after; say if he be here.

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

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

SAMSON.

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

The base degree to which I now am fallen,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

MANOAH.

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

SAMSON.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
 Among the heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths

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

MANOAH.

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

SAMSON.

Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
 Of that solicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front! But I
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn
 To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

MANOAH.

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

SAMSON.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heaven foretold and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god
 I walk'd about admired of all, and dreaded

On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHORUS.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAMSON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
 With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHORUS.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAMSON.

But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,
 And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
 Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonor'd, quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,

But to sit idle on the household hearth,
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years,
 And sedentary numbness, craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure?
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food
 Consume me, and oft-invocated death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MANOAH.

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

SAMSON.

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

MANOAH.

Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humors black,
 That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,
 Must not omit a father's timely care

To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAMSON.

O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense!

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure;
These faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,

Left me all helpless with the irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition—speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHORUS.

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

God of our fathers ! what is man,
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temperest thy providence through his short course,
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st
 The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandering loose about
 Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
 Heads without name no more remember'd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work, thy glory,
 And people's safety, which in part they effect :
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard

Of highest favors past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission :
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captivèd ;
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age ;
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? How hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind :
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem ;
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife.

SAMSON.

My wife, my traitress! let her not come near me.

CHORUS.

Yet on she moves ; now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
 About to have spoke ; but now, with head declined
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil :
 But now again she makes address to speak.

DALILA.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMSON.

Out, out, hyæna ! these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray ;
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits ;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,

Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

DALILA.

Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on the other side, if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults:
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
 Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy; fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at Timna; sought by all means therefore
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold.
 That made for me; I knew that liberty

Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.
 These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some, perhaps ;
 And love hath oft, well-meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMSON.

How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine !
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, the example ;
 I led the way : bitter reproach, but true ;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me.
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea, therefore,
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to have love :
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DALILA.

Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion; press'd how just it was,
 How honorable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonorer of Dagon: what had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contést: at length that grounded maxim
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

SAMSON.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation, chose thee from among
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;

Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it: gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear!

DALILA.

In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMSON.

For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath;
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DALILA.

I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
 Afford me place to show what recompense
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights,
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which

Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMSON.

No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed,
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Loved, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom; how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile!
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DALILA.

Let me approach, at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works

It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DALILA.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?
 To mix with thy concerns I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcised
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced:
 But in my country where I most desire,
 (In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,)
 I shall be named among the famoussest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odors visited and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honor and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it ;) .
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?

Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?
 Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslaved
 With dotage, and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?

Favor'd of Heaven who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lower:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
 But had we best retire? I see a storm.

SAMSON.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHORUS.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMSON.

Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHORUS.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of honey'd words: a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMSON.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHORUS.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HARAPHA.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old
 That Kiriathaim held: thou know'st me now,
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
 Incredible to me; in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAMSON.

The way to know were not to see, but taste.

HARAPHA.

Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd

To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts; that honor
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMSON.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,

Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Heaven
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles, ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,

Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to readmit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HARAPHA.

Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMSON.

Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these.

HARAPHA.

Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with arméd powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAMSON.

Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
 And in your city held my nuptial feast:
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed.
 When I perceived all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords:

It was the force of conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
 But I, a private person, whom my country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
 I was no private, but a person raised
 With strength sufficient and command from Heaven
 To free my country: if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appelland
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMSON.

Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HARAPHA.

O Baal-zebub! can my ears unused
 Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

SAMSON.

No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HARAPHA.

This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMSON.

Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HARAPHA.

By Astaroth! ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHORUS.

His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAMSON.

I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHORUS.

He will directly to the lords, I fear,
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMSON.

He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
 And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labors,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,---
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHORUS.

Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving

To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honor truth!
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigor arm'd ;
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless ; while
 With wingéd expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Laboring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending ; in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

OFFICER.

Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

CHORUS.

His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFFICER.

Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say :
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games ;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honor this great feast, and great assembly ;
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad,
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

SAMSON.

Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
 Our law forbids at their religious rites
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

OFFICER.

This answer, be assured, will not content them.

SAMSON.

Have they not sword-players, and every sort
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
 Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
 But they must pick me out with shackles tired,
 And over-labor'd at their public mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity ?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more,
 Or make a game of my calamities ?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

OFFICER.

Regard thyself: this will offend them highly.

SAMSON.

Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
 Can they think me so broken, so debased
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,

And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To show them feasts, and play before their god,
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFFICER.

My message was imposed on me with speed,
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAMSON.

So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFFICER.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAMSON.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

CHORUS.

Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
 Expect another message more imperious,
 More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

SAMSON.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair
 After my great transgression, so requite
 Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols;
 A Nazarite in place abominable
 Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon?
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHORUS.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

SAMSON.

Not in their idol-worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

CHORUS.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON.

Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command.
Commands are no restraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHORUS.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAMSON.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHORUS.

In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFFICER.

Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;
 Or we shall find such engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMSON.

I could be well content to try their art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
 Masters' commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men :)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFFICER.

I praise thy resolution: doff these links.
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
 To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMSON.

Brethren, farewell; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
 Of me as of a common enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
 I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
 No less the people on their holydays
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHORUS.

Go, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide

To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the heathen round ;
 Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee
 In the camp of Dan
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from Heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
 But wherefore comes old Manoaah in such haste
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than erewhi'le
 He seems : supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

MANOAH.

Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast.
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock ; I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

CHORUS.

That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee ; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

MANOAH.

I have attempted one by one the lords,
 Either at home or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests :
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and state

They easily would set to sale: a third
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd
 They had enough revenged, having reduced
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.
 —What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHORUS.

Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MANOAH.

His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left.
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHORUS.

Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

MANOAH.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
 And I persuade me God had not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift

Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eyesight was not lost,
 God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

CHORUS.

Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

MANOAH.

I know your friendly minds, and—Oh, what noise!
 Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHORUS.

Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MANOAH.

Of ruin, indeed, methought I heard the noise:
 Oh! it continues; they have slain my son!

CHORUS.

Thy son is rather slaying them; that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MANOAH.

Some dismal accident it needs must be:
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

CHORUS.

Best keep together here, lest running thither
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen;
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eyesight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MANOAH.

That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHORUS.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MANOAH.

He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHORUS.

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MESSENGER.

O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MANOAH.

The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESSENGER.

It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MANOAH.

Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

MESSENGER.

Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

MANOAH.

Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.

MESSENGER.

Feed on that first; there may be grief in surfeit.

MANOAH.

Relate by whom.

MESSENGER.

By Samson.

MANOAH.

That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESSENGER.

Ah, Manoah! I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MANOAH.

Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

MESSENGER.

Take then the worst in brief—Samson is dead!

MANOAH.

The worst indeed. Oh, all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound

MESSENGER.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOAH.

Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MESSENGER.

By his own hands.

MANOAH.

Self-violence? What cause
 Brought him so soon at variance with himself
 Among his foes?

MESSENGER.

Inevitable cause
 At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
 The edifice, where all were met to see him,
 Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MANOAH.

O lastly over-strong against thyself!
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
 More than enough we know; but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city,
 And as the gates I enter'd with sunrise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
 When all abroad was rumor'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.
 The building was a spacious theatre,

Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went arm'd guards,
Both horse and foot; before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard,)
As over-tired to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arch'd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last with head erect thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each Philistian city round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

CHORUS.

O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now liest victorious
 Among thy slain, self-kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

SEMICHORUS.

While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary;
 Among them he a spirit of phrensy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer;
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fallen into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

SEMICHORUS.

But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perch'd roosts,
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue given for lost,
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imbost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most
 When most inactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

MANOAH.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
 Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favoring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair.
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies

Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream,
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs, wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor, and adventures high:
 The virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

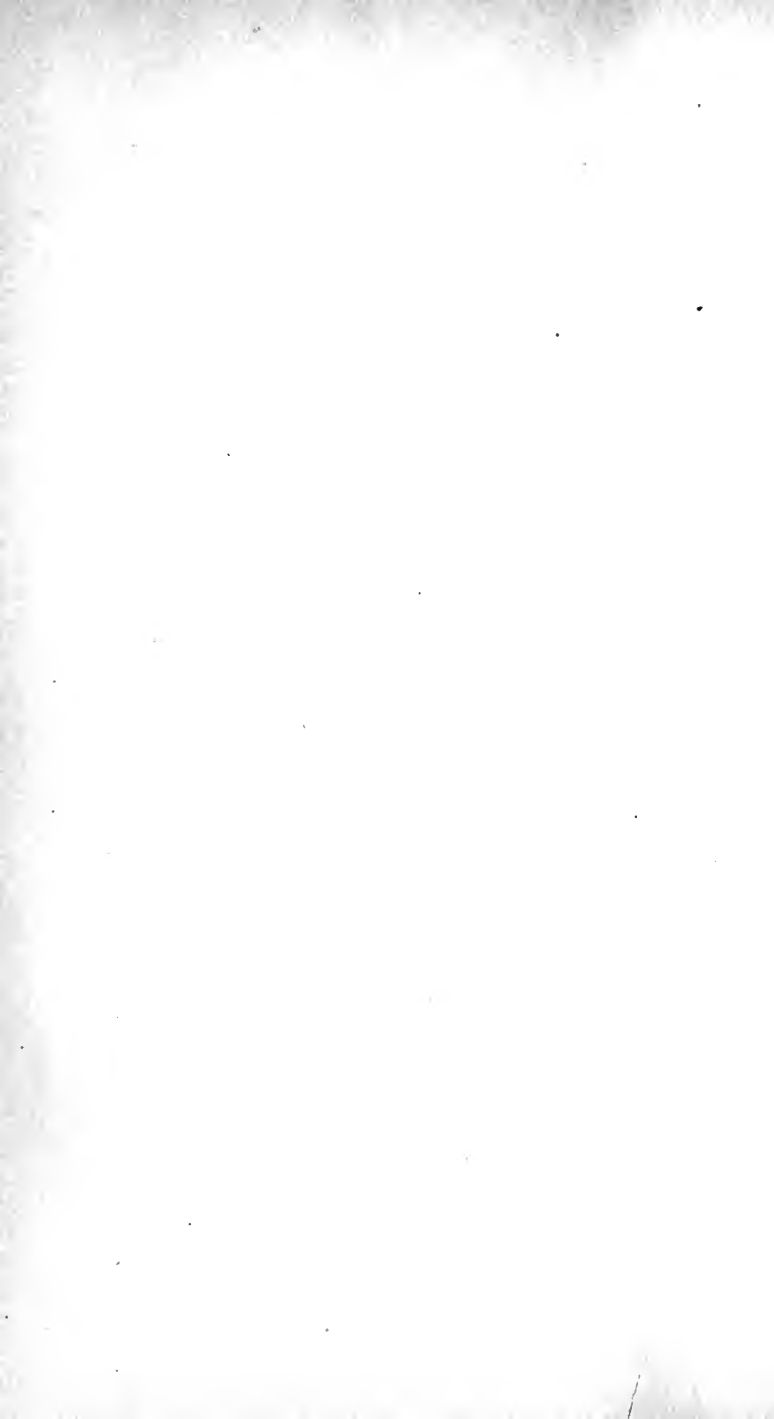
CHORUS.

All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent;
 His servants he, with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event,
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind, a'l passion spent.

POEMS
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

BACCARE FRONTEM
CINGITE, NE VATI NOCEAT MALA LINGUA FUTURO.

Virgil, Eclog. 7.



P O E M S
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I.

ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

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

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

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

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

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly-lovéd mate,

Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,—
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low, delv'd tomb;
 Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

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

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

Or wert thou that just maid who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, oh tell me sooth,
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?
 Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robéd Truth?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good

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

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

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

 II.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a vacation exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.]

HAIL, native language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Halt unpronounced, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst;
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made;
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight,

But cull those richest robes and gay'st attire
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire :
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
 And weary of their place, do only stay
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,
 That so they may, without suspect or fears,
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful deity
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldame Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way ;
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

[Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his ten sons, where-
of the eldest stood for Substance, with his canons, which Ens, thus speak-
ing, explains.]

Good luck befriend thee, son ; for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth ;

Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear.
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crookéd age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass:
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent,)
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling;
 And those that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them:
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbor those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learnéd hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

[The next, Quantity and Quañty, spake in prose, then Relation was called
 by his name.]

Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun;
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads;
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;
 Or rocky Avon; or of sedgy Lee;
 Or coaly Tine; or ancient hallow'd Dee;
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name:
 Or Medway smooth; or royal tower'd Thames.

[The rest was prose.]

III.

ON THE MCRNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Composed 1629.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

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

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

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

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
 While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him

Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

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

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

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
 The hookéd chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

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

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

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

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

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

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

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd;
 The helméd cherubim,
 And sworded seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peor and Baälím
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice batter'd god of Palestine;
 And moonéd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

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

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

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze

But see the virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heaven's youngest teeméd star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

 IV.

THE PASSION.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In winter solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

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

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,

Poor fleshly tabernacle enteréd,
 His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
 Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

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

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

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

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

Or should I, thence hurried on viewless wing,
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighborhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,

And I (for grief is easily beguiled)-
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

[This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.]

V.

ON TIME.

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

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and wingéd warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along

Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 Now mourn; and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!

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

 VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturb'd song of pure concert,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplited angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires

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

 VIII.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told ; alas ! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet :
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
 And in his garland as he stood,

Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,

The highly-favor'd Joseph bore
 To him that served for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

 IX.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

 X.

ON SHAKSPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones
 The labor of an age in piléd stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book

Those Delphic lines with deep impression tock,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

 XI.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING FORBID TO GO TO
 LONDON, BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

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

 XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath, (there be that say 't,)
 As he were press'd to death, he cried "More weight;"
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

 XIII.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings:
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violet blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade:

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's-lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout

Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

 XIV.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixé mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore ;





Come, pensive Nym, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train.

His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain.)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak ;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,

Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm :
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek !
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont
With the attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,

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

 XV.

ARCADES.

[Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving towards the Seat of State, with this Song.]

SONG I.

Look, nymphs, and shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook :
 This, this is she
 To whom our views and wishes bend ;
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,

We may justly now accuse
 Of detraction from her praise ;
 Less than half we find express'd,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like silver threads ;
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
 Or the tower'd Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods ?
 Juno dares not give her odds ;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd ?

[As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood appears, and turning
 towards them, speaks.]

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes ;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renown'd flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
 Was all in honor and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
 For know by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,

To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill :
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless ;
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurgéd ear ;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

SONG II.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,

Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG III.

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

XVI.

COMUS.

A MASK, PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634, BEFORE THE EARL
OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT,
AFTERWARDS IN THE
HABIT OF THYRSIS.
COMUS, WITH HIS CREW.

THE LADY.
FIRST BROTHER.
SECOND BROTHER.
SABRINA, THE NYMPH.

The chief persons who presented were—

THE LORD BRACKLY.
MR. THOMAS EGERTON, HIS BROTHER.
THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.

[The first scene discovers a wild wood. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends
and enters.]

ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadornéd bosom of the deep,
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide,
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nursed in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the pérplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misuséd wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charméd cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
This nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named,

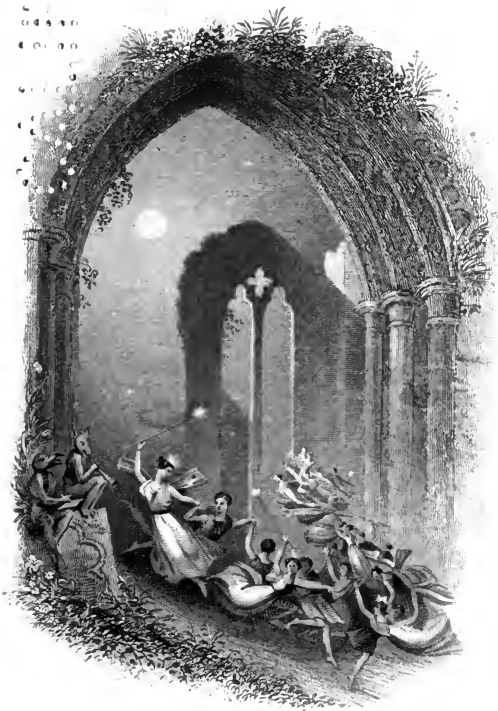
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which, as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: but first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps: I must be viewless now.

[COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.]

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heaven doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day





Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,

The nice morn on the Indian steep
 From her cabin loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

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

[The LADY enters.]

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up amongst the loose, unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth

To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers : yet oh, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Step'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind, hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts: 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller ?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, conscience.
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity ;
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err; there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

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

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

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

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
 And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
 To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;

And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended. In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

[The two BROTHERS.]

ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou fair moon,
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With blaek usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

SECOND BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.

But oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What, if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

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

SECOND BROTHER.

'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

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

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy :
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine : she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that, too ; but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own.
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen

May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity ?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen of the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal ; but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lew'd and lavish act of sin,

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

SECOND BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggl'ing wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

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

SPIRIT.

Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscuréd haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul

Under the ribs of death: but oh, ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And oh, poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbor villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

SECOND BROTHER.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
 Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous form
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

SPIRIT.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prithee, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition ;
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd :
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go,) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand ; though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

ELDER BROTHER.

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

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.]

COMUS.

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

LADY.

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

COMUS.

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

LADY.

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

And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems.
To store her children with: if all the world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility; [plumes,
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
The herds would over-multitude their lords, [monds
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought dia-
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship:
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Otruding false rules prankt in Reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear nor soul to apprehend
 The súblime notion, and high mystery,

That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity ;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced ;
 Yet should I try, the uncontroll'd worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

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

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.]

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 Oh, ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand
 And bound him fast ; without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless :
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used.

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragéd stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearléd wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals:
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness 'loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need: this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braid of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen, and save.

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

[SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.]

SABRINA.

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

SPIRIT.

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

SABRINA.

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

[Sabrina descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.]

SPIRIT.

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

Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this curséd place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and, beside,
 All the swains that near abide,
 With jigs and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer:
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

[The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle; then come in country dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.]

Song.

SPIRIT.

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

[This second song presents them to their Father and Mother.]

Noble lord, and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;

Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance

[The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguises.]

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

Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

[In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend, Mr. Edward King, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion fortells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse

THE
MOUNTAIN
PEOPLE
OF
FLORIDA



THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF FLORIDA

With lucky words favor my destined urn,
 And, as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

3 — Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
 Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

4 — But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

5 — Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there; for what could that have done?
 What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The muse herself for her enchanting son
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon whom we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds.
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap had doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, *Peter*
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain, *H.M.*
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped-
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel-pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward, angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And oh, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

— Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray.
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay;

At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

XVIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.

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

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changéd gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!

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

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

AD PYRRHAM.—ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri quibus

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

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

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s' infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L' entrata, chi di te si truova indegno:
Grazia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

III.

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

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi;
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e te 'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.

Ne trecchie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' inuia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Cho forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia, o s' ingiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

 VII.

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

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

 VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

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

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
 Of England's council, and her treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,

Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

 XI.

 ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

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

 XII.

ON THE SAME.

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

But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

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

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

Deceased 16th Dec. 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss forever.
Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes

Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

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

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

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

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

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

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

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

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

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

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

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

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wretch;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench

In mirth, that after no repenting draws ;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

 XXII.

TO THE SAME.

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

 XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espouséd saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save ;
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,

Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS

PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

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

PSALM II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653.

Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in Heaven doth dwell!

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

 PSALM III.

AUGUST 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

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

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

PSALM IV.

AUGUST 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disintrall
 And set at large; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.

Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborne
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart,
 (For whom to choose he knows;)
 Jehovah from on high

 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be awed, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favor of thy countenance bright.

Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie:
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

AUGUST 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low.

Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress ;
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltering mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty, let them fall,
 By their own counsels quell'd ;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy ; while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still ;
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favor and good-will.

 PSALM VI.

AUGUST 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
 Are troubled ; yea, my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn, Lord, restore
 My soul ; oh, save me for thy goodness' sake ;
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer.
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

 PSALM VII.

AUGUST 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

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

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

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

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

So the assemblies of each nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right,

Thence to thy glorious habitation
 Return on high, and in their sight.
 Jehovah judgeth most upright
 All people from the world's foundation.

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

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

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

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute.) Behold
 He travels big with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceived of old
 As in a womb, and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will, undelay'd,
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

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

PSALM VIII.

August 14, 1658.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
 With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL, 1648. J. M.

[Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.]

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,
 Give ear *in time of need*;
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy lovéd Joseph's seed.

- That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasseh's sight,
 Awake thy strength; come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
 Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbor foe,
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
 The hills were *overspread,*
 Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,

- And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tuskéd* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

 PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.

- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meribah *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honor bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;

- And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*
 Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wandering mind;
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
- 13 Oh that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me all their days!
 And oh that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways!
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend;
 But *they, his people, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.*

 PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
 Among the gods, on both his hands
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favoring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Dispatch the poor man's cause,
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws:
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on;
 The earth's foundations all are moved,
 And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
 This *wicked* earth redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.
-

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God, hold not thy peace;
 Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
 We cry, *and do not cease*.
- 2 For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
 And storm outrageously;
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive
 Their plots and counsels deep;
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
 Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name forever may
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
 That *in the desert dwell*;
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,
 And *hateful* Amalek,

- The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their arméd hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
 So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find ;
 Giddy and *restless* let them *reel*
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
 Till all the mountains blaze.
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 And till they yield thee honor due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
 Troubled and shamed forever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and 'scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

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

- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory *bright*;
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God* of Hosts *that reign'st on high*,
 That man is *truly* blest
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

 PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 Thy land to favor graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returnéd Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy fierce wrath, which we had proved
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more*.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 Forever angry thus?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice*,
 And us again revive,
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will *go straight* and hear;

- For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear*,
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *erelong appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met,
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good ;
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger :
 Then will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

 PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me, *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just ;
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call ; 4. O make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice.*

- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid* ;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide ;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest Hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to show,

- Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
 And me have mercy on ;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed ; because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.
-

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke ;
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn,*
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,*
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last,*
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep*,
Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favor bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharged my soul doth lie;
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal pit*;
I am a man, but weak, alas,
And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
 Shall the deceased arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold,*
 Or they who in perdition *dwell*
 Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
 Or wondrous acts be known?
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
 Of *dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie,*
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and shake
 With terror sent from thee?
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatenings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And sever'd from me far:
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

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

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil, their liberty had won,
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurléd head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skipp'd like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipp'd the mountains?
 Why turnéd Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

 PSALM CXXXVI.

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

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

Oh, let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heaven and earth to shake.
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heavens so full of state.
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain.
 For his, &c.

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

And caused the golden-tresséd sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The hornéd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI,

LONDINENSIS,

P O E M A T A .

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.



POEMATA.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatein non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amollitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS,
NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM,

TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,

Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tibus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE.

Ode.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
 Perche di stelle intreccierò corona,
 Non più del biondo Dio
 La fronde eterna in Pindo, o in Elicona,
 Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,
 Non puo l' oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore ;
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
 Virtù m' adatti, e ferirà la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia resiede
 Separata dal mondo,
 Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :
 Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
 Quella gli è sol gradita,
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia e diletto ;
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
 E per poterla effigiare al paro
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
 Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
 Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su 'l piano :
 Ch' ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il tempo l' ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
 Che di virtù immortale
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
 Che s' opre degne di poema o storia
 Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,

Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te, suo cigno, parreggiar Permesso.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del. sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI,

LONDINENSI :

Juveni patria, virtutibus, eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos, intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomiâ duce audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ auctorum lectione,

“ Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum ? ”

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles :
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via;
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit amor;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem:
 Cedite Achæmenia turratâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascès submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,

Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

 ELEGIA SECUNDA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiense.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeïa tristes,
 Personet et totis mænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces:
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alant mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eoö littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent,
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiior Hesperior flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favonî,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
 Et pellicentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
 Vetis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 13.

*Ad THOMAM JUNIUM præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos,
Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aönios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:

Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorun,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargata volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquerunt preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,

Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereâ belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatium,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;
 Intuiturque animus tæto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolos, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timere scelus.
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tennes ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
 Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto,
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amona rosis!
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves,
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quodd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt

Munera, (muneribus sæpe coëmptus Amor,)

 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,

 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

 Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo

 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,

 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno

 Hesperiiis recipit Cærule mater aquis?

 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lympha,

 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,

 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,

 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

 Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans

 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.

 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelleïa fata,

 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;

 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,

 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,

 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.

 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,

 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,

 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.

 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,

 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,

 Littus Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.

 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,

 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris

 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.

 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,

 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,

 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,

 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus.
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet,
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

 ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,

Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis calanavit collibus Euæ
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erant.
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
 Numine composito, tres perperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
 Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners,
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis.
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.

At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Illa quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, et innocuos præbat herba cibos:
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere, (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam.)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagiturque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

 ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor,
 Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior,) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinem sustinuere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem moto pharetra Deum;
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequid adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori quæ necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt?
 Et tua non leviter corda patenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ

Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor,
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potuit continuisse meos.
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem,
 Findor et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et lectu victus? amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!

Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua future est
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego, mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meâ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error.
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donâsse Iacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roman profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec insultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne :
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâ triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalî assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatam cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ:
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloïados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino;
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinùs aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
 Atque ait, "Heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dono tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens."

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE
CROMWELLI.¹

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoï lucida stella poli!
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

¹ These verses were sent to Christina, queen of Sweden, with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: the most probable opinion is that they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin secretary.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ,
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Iliion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Sic triste fatum verba Hecatæia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata, cum te viderit, artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

 IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis.
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace:
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam

Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinctus cœruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ,
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur:
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque "Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni," dixit, "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines: à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capill's.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos, (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes,)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor, O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperiaë disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,

Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces,
 Irritus ille labor: tu callidus utere fraude:
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos:
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi, factique mone: quisquâ mne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Perculsosque metu subito, casûque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas, pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.

Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phōncs, et Prōdotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retrō lumina vortunt;
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur:

“Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.”
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum multralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente
 Fama, siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insiidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

 IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nonem Anguillaë tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Conceptit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
 “ Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita ?
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :
 Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit ;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat ;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.”
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre,
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Heu quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Cœdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Illoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto

Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti

Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ,
 Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumvè terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silente nocte Pleïones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;

Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

 AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen ament superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ina ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coerces.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;

Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcæ scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibinus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sidereis interceinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
 Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:

Nec rapis ad ieges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures :
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora : tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotæque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna, præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionics currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus ;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sic memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato

Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑ΄ΗΛ ὅτε παιδῆς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μούνον ἔην ὄσιον γένος υἱῆς Ἰουδα.
'Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βυσίλευεν.
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρῶησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἔστυφελίχθη
'Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
'Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγδωντες ἐὔραφερωῖ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιοτέραί δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρησαν ἐρίπνας,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλην ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σβγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρῶησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἔστυφελίχθης
'Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν ;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε.
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγδωντης ἐὔτραφερωῖ ἐν ἀλωῇ ;
Βαιοτέραί τι δ' ἄρ' ὑμῆς ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλην ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες ;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Βαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σίβας Ἰσσακίδου,
'Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῦς χέει μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

*Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem
inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ
πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.*

'Ὡ ἄνα, εἰ δλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὕλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
'Ρηιδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ,
Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσης.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τὴνδὲ μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης γὰρ ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνές βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἔκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Deïope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum et hæc s' is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitens sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis

Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

 M A N S U S .

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. 20—

“Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
 Risplende il Manso”—

is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiam prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
 Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victricēs hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis;
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit, illa tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,

Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, et varia sub forte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
 Delo in herbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corineïda Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunq̄ue per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ, cælo fugitivus Apollo;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,

Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet.
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nōrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bellâ moventem ;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit!)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astartet ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ ;
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
 Curaret parvet componi molliter urna.
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego segura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 (Quantum fata sinunt :) et tota mente serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præruptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores: illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis;
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis,
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora oui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper in-tonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
“Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;”
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,

(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus,)
 “Thyrsi quid hoc?” dixit, “quæ te coquit improbabilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.”

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphæ, et “quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis?” aiunt, “non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.”

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rosero, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unura,
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora,
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Roman vidisse sepultam.
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse, "Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Illic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque, Damon.
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi:
 "Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Inus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborùmque, humilésque, crocos, foliùmque, hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm."
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos; dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvæ.
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennùmque Arvigarùmque duces, priscùmque Belimum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni;
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia; mi satis ampla,
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plural simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus.
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, ad circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spec lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;

Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices, est gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Lætáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Órgia thyrsos.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ
BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

JANUARY 23, 1646.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, ode.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
 Insons populi, barbitóque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?

Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium,)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenùm ;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetra,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amœ Pagaséo !

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsàn unde vili.
 Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
 Optat peculi, numeróque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,

Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Iön Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi, [que longè
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, at-
 Turba legentum parva facesset;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas,
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Roüσιο favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unâ deum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secumimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos, rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phalencia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.



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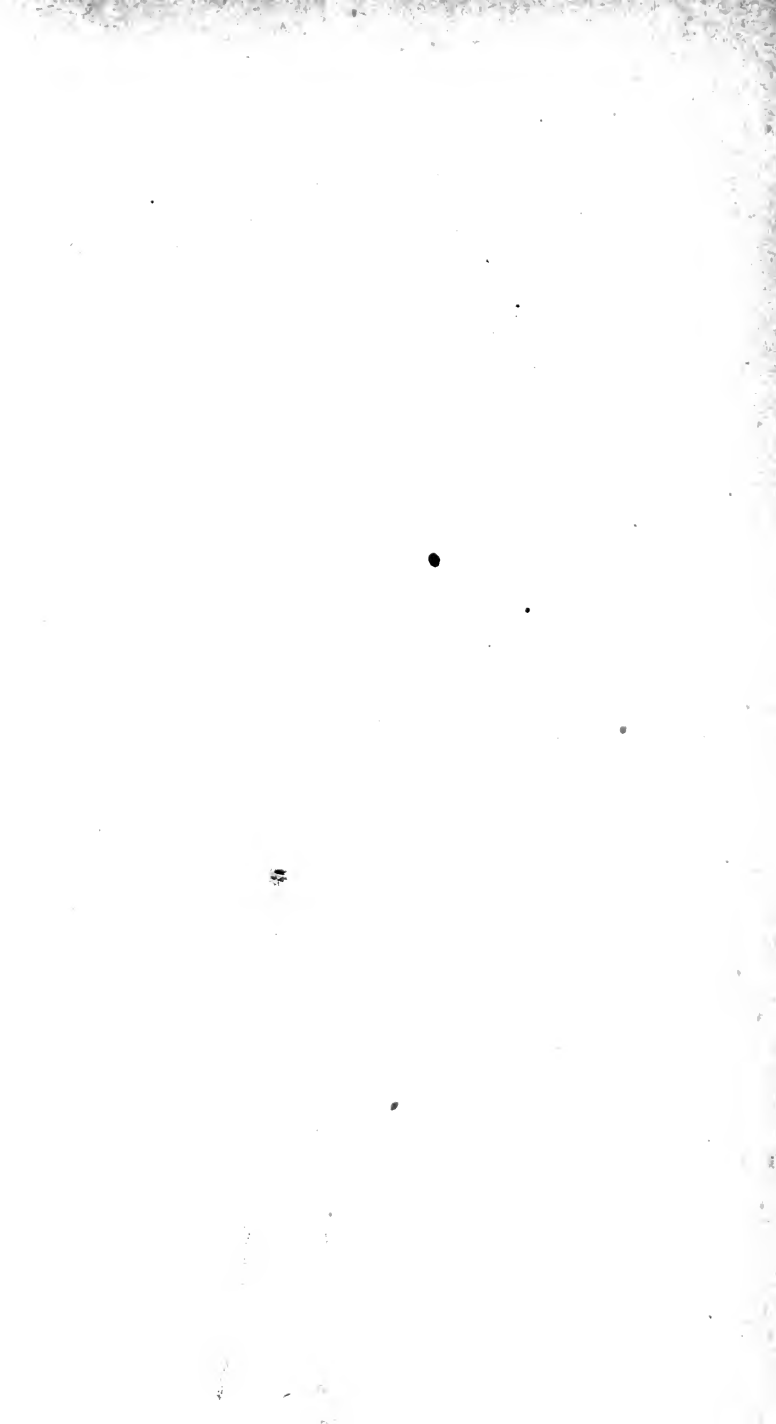
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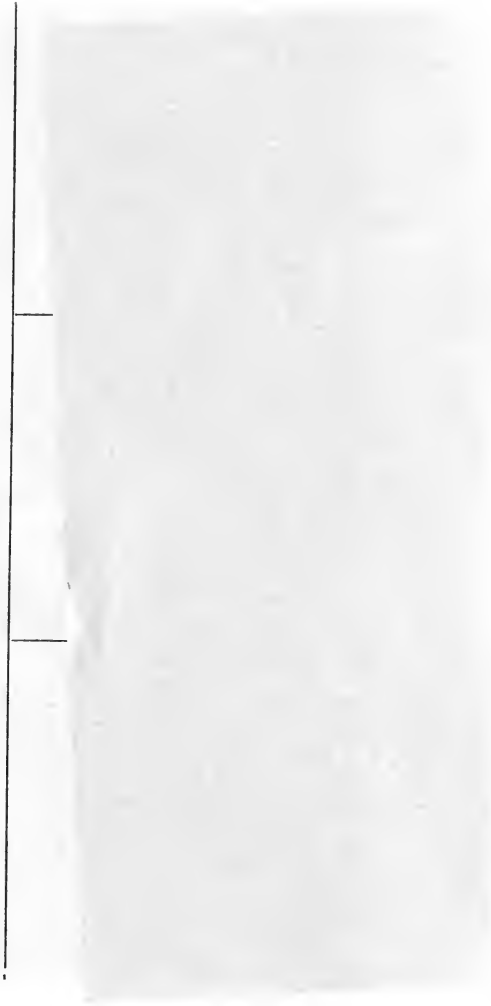
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