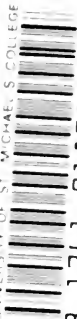
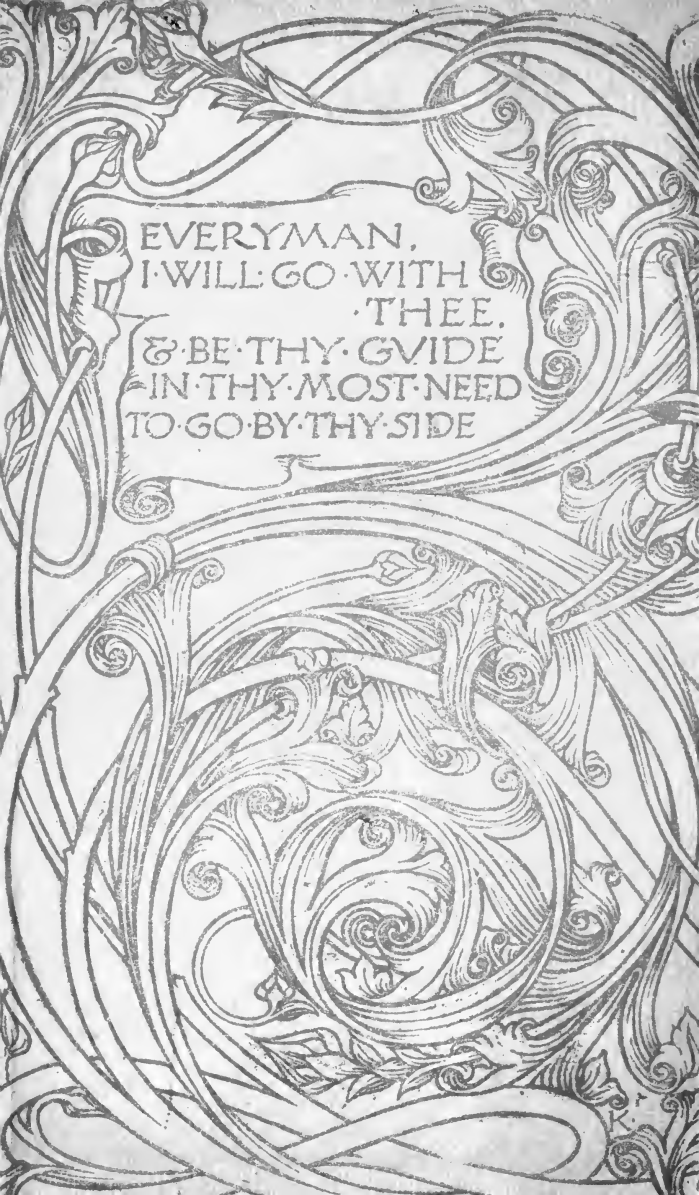


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1912





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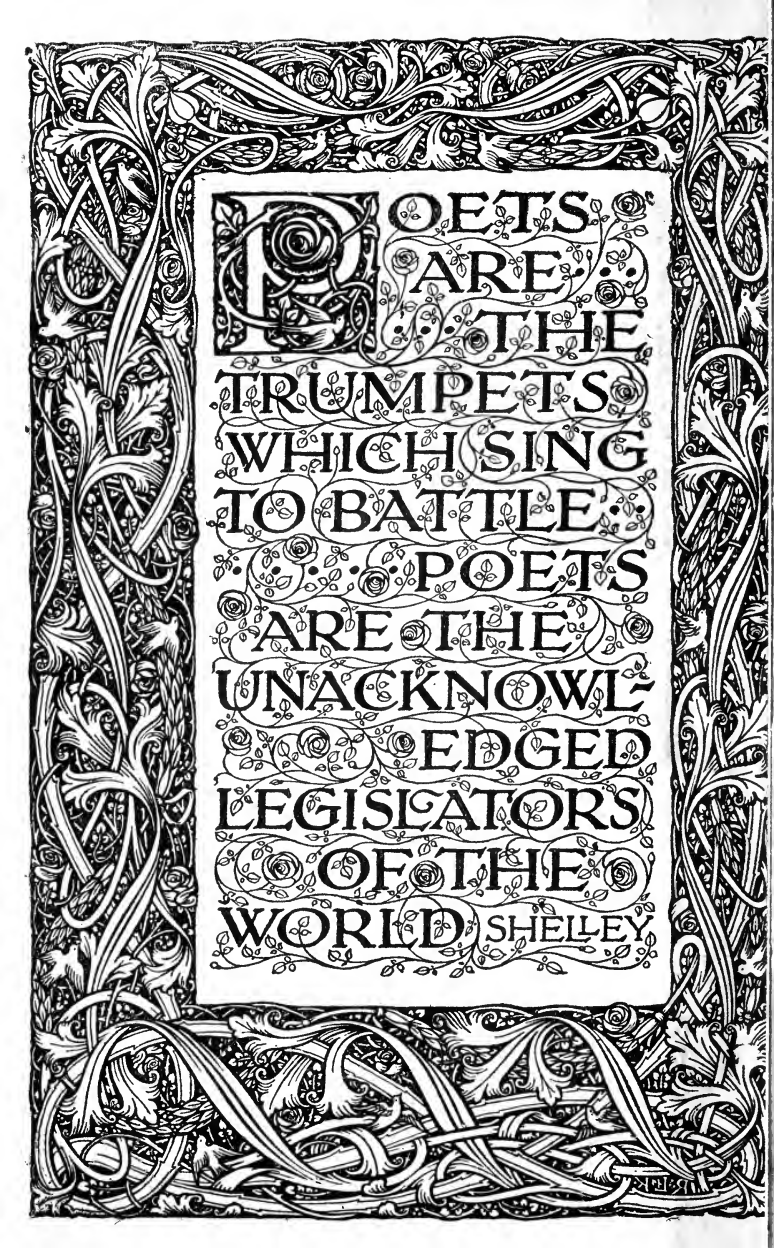
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POETS  
ARE  
THE  
TRUMPETS  
WHICH SING  
TO BATTLE.  
POETS  
ARE THE  
UNACKNOWLEDGED  
LEGISLATORS  
OF THE  
WORLD. SHELLEY

The POETICAL  
WORKS OF  
JOHN   ◌◌◌◌  
MILTON ◌◌◌◌

EVERY  
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BE THY  
GUIDE



WITH  
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## INTRODUCTION

NOTHING now remains to say about John Milton: his place among the immortals is secure. None of the great gifts were denied him, except humour; and the place of humour, in preventing over-emphasis and lack of proportion, was taken in him by something of the Greek instinct for form. It has been noticed that the chief artistic defect of the Teutonic races is a certain caprice and wilfulness; they are a law-abiding race, but they like to make their own laws. This distinguishes them from the Latin-speaking races, which with their language seem to have imbibed something of the respect for law that marked the Romans. If the Romans, as a people, had had imagination, it is difficult to set bounds to what they might have done in the realm of intellect; but in Greece alone do we find a people strong both in imagination and in the reason that regulates imagination, with a subtle feeling for proportion that has never been approached elsewhere. Their art progresses by an infinite series of small steps, by which the artists felt their way to perfection without the risk of breaking away from tradition. From this fountain Milton drank. His puritan training prepared him by a stern restraint to move within the laws of his art, and these laws he studied, not in the more capricious works of the west so much as in the best models of Greece and Rome. According to the custom of his time, he first exercised himself in Latin composition; I mean, of course, not the spurious kind, by which pieces of English are rendered in Latin, but true composition, in which the author expresses his own thoughts. He wrote Latin, both prose and verse, as well as he wrote his own language: his verse, indeed, gives him a claim to be considered a Latin poet. This discipline, which may make pedants of inferior intellects, was admirable for Milton's fiery imagination and lofty ambition: it was just the correc-

tive needed for the Teutonic genius. The result is not Teutonic, and it is not classic, but a new thing; his imagination, like the electric flash, made a chemical compound of the two. Thus it is that we find an epic in a self-conscious and learned age, itself, like the *Æneid*, a paradox, yet alive, and a model of verse that has no forerunner and no follower.

No less remarkable is the intellectual force that inspires the whole mass:

Principio cœlum ac terram campos qua liquentis  
 Lucentemque globum lunæ Titaniaque astra  
 Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus  
 Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

Milton's poetry, especially *Paradise Lost*, is a universe infused with mind, giving the same impression of irresistible and overwhelming force as the universe itself. His thoughts fill the imagination and transcend it, his rhythms fill the ears like the sound of the sea. Sense and intellect are filled, and more than filled. We feel the same complete satisfaction and fulness in Homer, but with Milton we feel also a kind of awe. Homer is man's poet: by him all the passion and enthusiasm of humanity are sung with perfect sympathy; man with all his failings, often so lovable, sometimes so dark, becomes a god, or at least shows his capacity for godhead. Virgil again, the poet of imperial dignity and national ambition, paints for us the pathos of human frailty, and the tragedy of a gentle soul chosen by fate to do ungentle deeds. With these, the divine is something not to be explained, that must be endured or obeyed. Homer, despairing perhaps of any rational explanation of the universe, touches his gods with light ridicule; yet he owns a moral rule, which the best men must obey they know not why, only he does not explicitly connect this with a divine sanction. With Virgil, the divine has something of the grimness of a Stoic fate: its plans are dark, but they must be carried out, no matter if men and women are broken. Milton has the courage to grapple with the great problem: he will justify the ways of God to man. If he does not succeed in doing this, that is because the thing cannot be done by human intellect. It is an act of faith to hold that God is just:



the greatest intellects have held it, as Plato and Milton, but it cannot be proved. Milton, however, in trying to prove it, has created a new type of tragedy, different in form but no less true than those of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. He has brought a non-divine will in conflict with the divine, keeping our sympathies for both. Tragedy is not the conflict of good with evil, but the conflict of good with good, and Milton, although he did not mean it, has created in Satan a type that is not essentially evil, his poetic genius thus triumphing over his puritanism. We feel no sympathy with Beelzebub, or Moloch, horrid king, or the obscene Chemos, for Baalim and Ashtaroth, or the rest of the rebel crew: these are lay figures, hideous and vile, at whom we care not to look. Such creatures all the ambitious must use, but we regret that Satan had no better to use. Satan himself, with his indomitable courage, is different altogether from these. He has even some cause of complaint, it would appear: at least, he is conquered by force only, without any attempt at reasoning; his cause is never shown to be wrong, it is assumed to be wrong. *Paradise Lost* is like the first play in a trilogy in which is shown the perversion of a noble spirit; we might conceive of a second and third that might show the reconciliation of the opposing wills, as Æschylus reconciled Athena and the Eumenides. Such a sequel could not have entered Milton's mind, unless he had renounced the religious tenets in which he was brought up; so he leaves the work a fragment, like the *Prometheus*.

But he was too true a poet not to feel its incompleteness: hence he followed it up by *Paradise Regained*. And this was foredoomed to failure, not so much because the story from which it is drawn is perfect in its own simplicity, and cannot be made more beautiful, as because the poem lacks the essential of a tragedy. There is no conflict between good and good; no sympathy is felt for the tempter, who is base and even petty. It is a narrative, without real conflict; a morality, not a tragedy. Its interest for the reader lies in the secondary beauties of rhythm and language.

Although Milton in *Paradise Lost* shows the instinct for a tragic theme, he has no power to put a play on the

stage. This may quite well be an accident. If he had been brought up in the theatres, as Shakespeare was, he might have learnt how to make a play. Another Shakespeare he could not have been; he might perhaps have been a Marlowe. But his sympathies were not with the stage, and his attempts at stage writing were not successful. *Samson* was avowedly an imitation of the Greek model, but it consists of scenes rather than action or the meeting of convergent forces. *Comus* affords a beautiful spectacle, and is full of beautiful verse, but it stands still on the stage; its theme moreover rests on an assumption that is not true to life. These things do not matter much in a masque, which was first and foremost a series of spectacles; and yet we may fairly contrast the masque in the hands of Ben Jonson or others of the dramatic school. We are told that Milton at first meant to write a play instead of *Paradise Lost*; but he was certainly well advised to change his theme to an epic.

His shorter poems are all beautiful, and they show the same ear for noble rhythms as the epic does. He has not, however, the gift of spontaneous song that marked the poets of the generation before him; and he has classical models often in view, so that this side of his work is not so original. He was at his best where difficulties of form were greatest. As the iambic line seems to allow the least possible freedom, his glory is greatest in making it to be of infinite variety: so also in the sonnet, the added difficulty of an elaborate rime-system enables him to achieve a new triumph. The sonnet may easily become a mere show-piece for verbal skill; with a trivial subject the kind becomes a base thing. But in his mouth "the thing became a trumpet." No poet has rivalled Milton's best, those on the Massacre in Piedmont, or on his blindness, or the vision of his dead wife. For anything approaching his power over the sonnet we look only to Wordsworth.

Milton as a poet completely overshadows Milton the scholar: yet he was a great scholar, and one of a rare type. All the learning of the ancients was his, so far as it could be known in his day; and this weight of learning he carries so lightly that it never obtrudes. He uses

the sounding names of history, geography, or mythology to give resonance to his verse, yet each name is in point. Without understanding the allusions, it is possible for a reader to enjoy the verse, and to appreciate the point correctly if vaguely; but each allusion, tracked to its source, throws light on the poet's thought, and a world of associations is called up harmonious to the theme. In this he resembles and surpasses Virgil. There is no effort and no forcing of effect: the allusions seem to be natural. If it is impossible properly to understand Milton without much learning, it is still possible to enjoy him: hence he may be read, in part at least, by the unlettered. But it is those who know most that enjoy and admire most. His admirable power over his material may be seen by a comparison with Ben Jonson, who, whilst less learned in reality, obtrudes his learning more.

Milton the man is not our subject, but it should not be forgotten that he was also a great man. In his prose writings we see him busy with political and religious controversies; in both kinds he was far in advance of his age, even of our own age. He looked on these questions with an eye that saw the truth, and he was not blinded by the prejudices of his sect. As Cromwell's foreign secretary he played a statesman's part, and gave to his country the light of his own eyes. Later, when he was forced into retirement, blind and obscure, even in danger of life, he dwelt serene and gave his days to the use of that talent which is death to hide. He sought no fame: yet no fame is greater than his.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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PARADISE LOST

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS



## COMMENDATORY VERSES

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION

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 penetrabilia Mundi,  
Scribitur et toto quicquid in Orbe latet;  
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,  
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;  
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,  
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;  
Et quodcumque 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 Britanna legit.  
O quantos in bella duces, quæ protulit arma!  
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!  
Cælestes acies, atque in certamine Cælum!  
Et quæ cælestes pugna deceret agros!  
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,  
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelle 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 pugnæ non superesse suæ.  
At simul in cælis Messiaë insignia fulgent,  
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,

Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum  
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco  
Admistis 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 quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B., M.D.  
(S. BARROW)

## ON PARADISE LOST

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold—  
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All—the argument  
Held me awhile 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 perplexed the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain.  
Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill-imitating would excel,)  
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day  
To change in scenes, and 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 labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not missed 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.

The 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 the Paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?  
Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure;  
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,  
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And, while I meant to *praise* thee, must *commend*.  
Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

A. M.

(ANDREW MARVELL)

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





# 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, fitliest 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 flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventrous 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 does prefer  
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That, to the highth 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,  
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,  
 Stirred 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 equalled the Most High. 40  
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confounded, though immortal. But his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild. 60  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
 No light; but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70  
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime, 80  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
**BEËLZEBUB.** To whom the Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heaven called **SATAN**, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—  
 “If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed  
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined 90  
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
 From what highth fallen: 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 fixed mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contentions brought along 100  
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome.  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
 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,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120  
 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 racked with deep despair;  
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

“O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers  
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130  
 Fearless, endangered 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 God's and Heavenly Essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallowed 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'erpowered such force as ours)  
 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, 150  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment? "

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—

" Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which ofttimes 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 recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge that from the precipice  
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Winged 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, 180  
 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;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there;  
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190  
 If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200  
 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-foundered skiff,  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.  
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
 Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210  
 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  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn  
 On Man by him seduced, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured. 220

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled  
 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  
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,  
 And such appeared in hue as when the force 230  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;  
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength, 240  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”  
 Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat  
 That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful  
 gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he  
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, 250  
 Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor—one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all, but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260  
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonished 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  
 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell? ” 270

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answered:—“ Leader of those armies bright  
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!  
 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 highth!”

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, 290  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—  
 He walked 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 inflamèd sea he stood, and called 300  
 His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades



High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
 Hath vexed 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 310  
 And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He called 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 320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" 330

They heard, and were abashed, 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.  
 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 obeyed  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud 340  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain: 350  
 A multitude like which the populous North  
 Poured never from her frozen loins to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.  
 Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms  
 Excelling human; princely Dignities;  
 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones, 360  
 Though of their names in Heavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
 By their rebellion from the Books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,  
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and the invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform 370  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
 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,  
 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. 380

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 shines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First, *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;  
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worshipt in Rabba and her watery plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
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 called, 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  
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410  
And Elealè 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  
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they who, from the bordering flood  
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*—those male,  
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aery purposes, 430  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low  
 Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
 His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel-hedge, 460  
 Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:  
*Dagon* his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish; yet had his temple high  
 Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470

A leper once he lost, and gained a king—  
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared  
 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 480  
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape  
 The infection, when their borrowed gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—  
 Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed  
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
*Belial* came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd 490  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself. To him no temple stood  
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled  
 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 500  
 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:  
 The rest were long to tell; though far renowned  
 The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents;—*Titan*, Heaven's first-born, 510  
 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 reigned. These, first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, 520  
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears: 530  
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
 His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed  
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540  
 At which the universal host up-sent

A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
 Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised  
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
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 fixèd thought, 560  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed  
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 ordered spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose. He through the armèd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views—their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods; 570  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,  
Glories: for never, since created Man,  
Met such embodied force as, named with these,  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptised or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590  
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined, 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. Darkened so, yet shone  
 Above them all the archangel: but his face 600  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain—  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung 610  
 For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire  
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
 With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers: Attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last 620  
 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,  
 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 feared  
 How such united force of gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,  
 Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?  
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
 If counsels different, or danger shunned  
 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 concealed— 640  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New war provoked: our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not; that he no less  
 At length from us may find, Who overcomes  
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650  
 There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired; 660  
 For who can think submission? War, then, war  
 Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflow  
 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  
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
 Belched 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, winged with speed,  
 A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—  
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell 679  
 From Heaven; for even 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 enjoyed  
 In vision beatific. By him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690  
 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. 700  
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.  
 A third as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance filled 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 graven;  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile

Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the archèd 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 730  
 Admiring entered; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect. His hand was known  
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,  
 Where sceptred Angels held their residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell 740  
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught availed him now  
 To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent, 750  
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by command  
 Of sovran power, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called  
 From every band and squarèd regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest: they anon 760  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended. All access was thronged; the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a covered field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair

Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brushed 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 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer  
 Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd  
 Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed  
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room 780  
 Throng numberless—like that pygmean race  
 Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
 Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
 Though without number still, amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

## BOOK II

### THE ARGUMENT

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be 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 honoured 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 great 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 displayed:—

10

“ Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—  
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,  
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 fixed laws of Heaven,  
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,  
With what besides in council or in fight  
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,

20

Thus far at least recovered, hath much mor  
 Established 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." 30

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 deemed  
 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 recked not, and these words thereafter spake:— 50

"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, 60  
 Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms

Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70  
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe!  
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 us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;  
The event is feared! Should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorr'd deep to utter woe!  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,  
We should be quite abolished, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential—happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being!—  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On the other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane.  
 A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed  
 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:—

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“ 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.

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First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled  
 With armèd watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection to confound  
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;  
 And that must end us; that must be our cure—  
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

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Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows, 150  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever? How he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we, then?'  
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed, 160  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then, worst—  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170  
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 opened, 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 hurled, 180  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever 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 concealed, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye

Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's  
highth

190

All these our motions vain sees and derides,  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven  
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust  
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold  
And 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  
With what is punished; whence these raging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;  
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed  
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  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.”

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Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,  
Counselled 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

230

Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.  
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
The latter; for what place can be for us  
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord 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 240  
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,  
By force impossible, by leave obtained 250  
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 so'er 260  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds 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 270  
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  
 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."

280

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled  
 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  
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,  
 Or pinnace, 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.

290

Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 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:—

300

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,  
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here

311

A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed  
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 highth or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determined us and foiled with loss 330  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Voutsafed 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? 340  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not)—another World, the happy seat  
Of some new race, called Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favoured more 350  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.  
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, 360  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we are 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 370  
 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, 380  
 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:—  
 " Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 390  
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring 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, 400  
 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, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then 410  
 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."

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt. But all sat mute, 420  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In other's countenance read his own dismay,  
 Astonished. 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  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean Thrones! 430  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us, though undismayed. 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,  
 Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential Night receives him next,  
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440

Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape, into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
 And this imperial sovranity, adorned  
 With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed  
 And judged of public moment in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more as he above the rest  
 High honoured 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  
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
 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 feared, 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 failed they to express how much they praised 480  
 That for the general safety he despised  
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damned



Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnished 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'er-spread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element 490

Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,  
 If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,

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

O shame to men! Devil with devil damned

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 500

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:

As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes 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 seemed

Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less

Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme, 510

And god-like imitated state: him round

A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed

With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.

Then of their session ended they bid cry

With trumpet's regal sound the great result:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,

By harald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell

With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim. 520

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

Leads him perplexed, 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; 530  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds; before each van  
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:—  
 As when Alcides, from Cœthalia crowned  
 With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Cœta threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that Fate 550  
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
 Their song was partial; but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—  
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—  
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm

Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
 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—  
 Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton, 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets—  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiatra 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 damned  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round  
 Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt, 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,  
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
 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 feigned or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design, 630  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood, 640  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed  
 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 seemed woman to the waist, and fair, 650

But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed  
 With mortal sting. About her middle round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—  
 If shape it might be called that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
 For each seemed either—black it stood as Night, 670  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.  
 The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—  
 Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:— 680  
 “ 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 asked of thee.  
 Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”  
 To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—  
 “ Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he, 690  
 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 condemned  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,  
 Hell-doomed, 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.”

700

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,  
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid-air.  
 So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood; 720  
 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 rushed between.

710

“ O father, what intends thy hand,” she cried,  
 “ Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom? 730  
 For him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 At thee, ordained 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 returned:—

“So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends, till first I know of thee 740  
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, 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 eye so foul?—once deemed 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 armed,  
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized  
All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid  
At first, and called me *Sin*, 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 enamoured; 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 remained  
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770  
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,  
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 hands was given, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass

Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transformed: 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 sighed  
 From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*  
 I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,  
 And, in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth 800  
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered 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 820  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host  
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,  
 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 830  
 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,  
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught  
 Than this more secret, now designed, I haste  
 To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed  
 With odours. There ye shall be fed and filled  
 Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.”

He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death  
 Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be filled, and blessed 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 850  
 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’ermatched by living might.  
 But what owe I to his commands above,  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confined,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly born— 860

Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end." 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers  
 Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns  
 The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880  
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut  
 Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a bannered host,  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
 With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
 The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,  
 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-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered 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, 910  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
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 looked a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed 920  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms  
With all her battering engines, bent to rase  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spread for flight, and, in the surging smoke  
Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares,  
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 stayed—  
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea, 940  
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,

Pursues the Arimaspiān, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
 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. 950  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies  
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,  
 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 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, the Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound. Direct my course: 980  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.

Yours be the advantage all, mine the revengel "

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answered:—" I know thee, stranger, who thou art— 990  
 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 frightened Deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
 Poured 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, 1000  
 Encroached on still through our intestine broils  
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first, Hell,  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world  
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
 To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;  
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010  
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed  
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environed, wins his way; harder beset  
 And more endangered than when Argo passed  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered. 1020  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Moved on. With difficulty and labour he;  
 But, he once passed, 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  
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse 1030  
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din; 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 adorned  
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat, 1050  
 And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
 This pendent World, in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

## BOOK III

### THE ARGUMENT

**God**, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan on perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some 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 quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a 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 unapproachèd 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 detained  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,  
 Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. 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, 30  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyras 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 40  
 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. 50  
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence



Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60  
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, unrivalled love,  
In blissful solitude. He then surveyed  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70  
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 seemed  
Firm land imbosomed 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:—

“ Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80  
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heaped on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new-created World,  
And Man there placed, with purpose to assay 90  
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
By some false guile pervert: And shall pervert;  
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall

He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the Ethereal Powers 100  
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who failed;  
 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 appeared,  
 Not what they would? What praise could they receive,  
 What pleasure I, from such obedience paid,  
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is Choice),  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served Necessity, 110  
 Not me? They, therefore, as to right belonged  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if Predestination overruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
 I formed them free, and free they must remain  
 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
 Their freedom; they themselves ordained 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 filled  
 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 expressed; and in his face 140  
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace;  
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:—

“ O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sovran 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  
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.

For, should Man finally be lost—should Man, 150  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined  
 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 accomplished, and to Hell 160  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thyself

Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?—  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be questioned 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, 170  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.

Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew  
 His lapsèd powers, though forfeit, and enthralled  
 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 180  
 His fallen 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 warned  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 The incensèd Deity, while offered grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavoured 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 hardened, blind be blinded more, 200  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.—  
 But yet all is not done. Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
 But, to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die;—  
 Die he or Justice must; unless for him 210  
 Some other, able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear? ”  
 He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appeared—  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220  
 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 renewed:—

“ Father, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace;  
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all

230

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;

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

240

Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.

Under his gloomy power I shall not long

Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;

Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,

All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue

250

My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.

Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;

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 shall look down and smile.

While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes—

Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave;

Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,

260

Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger shall remain, but peace assured

And reconcilment: 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 offered, 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, 290

Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,  
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise  
His brethren, ransomed 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

300

So easily destroyed, and still destroys

In those who, when they may, accept not grace.

Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume

Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.

Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,—  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne:  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal King. All power  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits; under thee, as Head Supreme,  
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce: 320  
 All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide  
 In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in Hell.  
 When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330  
 Bad men and Angels; they arraigned shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And, after all their tribulations long,  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by;  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need; 340  
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him who, to compass all this, dies;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but—all  
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy—Heaven rung

With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground 350  
 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  
 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 360  
 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, crowned again, their golden harps they took—  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370  
 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 shad'st  
 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, 380  
 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  
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides;  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.



He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein, 390  
 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 drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.  
 Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
 Not so on Man: him, through their malice fallen, 400  
 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 discerned,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offered himself to die  
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love! 410  
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!  
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin!  
 Thus they in Heaven, above the Starry Sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclosed 420  
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seemed; now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky,  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud.  
 Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 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 waggons light;  
 So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440  
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey:  
 Alone, for other creature in this place,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none;—  
 None yet; but store hereafter from the Earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had filled 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. 450  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
 Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here—  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamed:  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters born,  
 First from the ancient world those Giants came,  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned:  
 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 deemed  
 A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames, 470  
 Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus; and many more, too long,

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed 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. 460

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry,  
 Into the devious air. Then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost 490  
 And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirled aloft,  
 Fly o'er the backside of the World far off  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since called  
 The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed;  
 And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste 500  
 His travelled 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, appeared  
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellished; 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 510  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven.*

Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth sailing arrived 520  
 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 opened from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the Earth—a passage wide;  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530  
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Passed 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 seemed, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 540  
 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 renowned metropolis  
 With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned, 550  
 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 his 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 seemed other worlds.  
Or other worlds they seemed, 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 570  
He staid not to inquire: above them all  
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,  
Allured his eye. Thither his course he bends,  
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude) where the great luminary,  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far. They, as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
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. 590  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or stone—  
Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire.  
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,  
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen—

That stone, or like to that, which here below 600  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought;  
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drained 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 humour mixed, 610  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray 620  
 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 turned, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
 Lay waving round: on some great charge employed  
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay:  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffused; so well he feigned.  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore 640

Of many a coloured 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 turned,  
 Admonished 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 650  
 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,  
 Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660  
 To visit oft this new Creation round—  
 Unspeakable desire to see and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordained,  
 Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
 His fixèd seat—or fixèd seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell— 670  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
 Or open admiration him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestowed  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;  
 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! ” 680

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 returned:—

690

“ Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
 Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight!  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
 I saw when, at his word, the formless mass,  
 This World's material mould, came to a heap:  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar  
 Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;  
 Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements—Earth, Flood, Air, Fire;  
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move:  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course;  
 The rest in circuit walls this Universe.

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720

Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines:  
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light  
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,



Night would invade; but there the neighbouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid

Timely interposes, and, her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven,  
With borrowed light her countenance triform 73°  
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss; me mine requires."

Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,  
As to Superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success, 74°  
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

## 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 a while, 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 has 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 rounds 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 warned  
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.

10

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 20  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place. Now conscience waves despair  
 That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridan tower: 30  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:—  
 “O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished 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, 40  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!  
 Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,  
 I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher 50  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;  
 Forgetful what from him I still received;

And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged—what burden then?  
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised 60  
 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 armed!  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate  
 To me alike it deals eternal woe. 70  
 Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 O, then, at last relent! Is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan.  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced, 90  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery: such joy ambition finds!  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void  
 (For never can true reconcilment grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep);  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100  
 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 110  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face,  
 Thrice changed with pale—ire, envy, and despair;  
 Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:  
 For Heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware  
 Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm, 120  
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
 That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:  
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
 Uriel, once warned; 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 marked and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen. 130

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied; and overhead up-grew  
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend 140  
 Shade above shade, woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;  
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams 150  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed  
 That landskip. And of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the Blest, with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;  
 So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
 That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170  
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none; so thick entwined.  
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
 All path of man or beast that passed that way.  
 One gate there only was, and that looked east  
 On the other side. Which when the Arch-Felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt, 180

At one slight bound high overleaped all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,  
 In 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-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
 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,  
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
 Thereby regained, 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 200  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
 Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,  
 To all delight of human sense exposed,  
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—  
 A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line 210  
 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 ordained.  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220  
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—  
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.

Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown  
 That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Watered the garden; thence united fell 230  
 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 crispèd brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
 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  
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place,  
 A happy rural seat of various view:  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;  
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
 Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true, 250  
 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 grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260  
 Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
 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 Proserpin gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270  
 Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive; nor that 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 stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
 Mount Amara (though this by some supposed  
 True Paradise) under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 God-like erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290  
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
 Whence true authority in men: though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
 For contemplation he and valour formed,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared 300  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She, as a veil down to the slender waist,  
 Her unadornèd golden tresses wore  
 Dishevelled, 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. 310  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;  
 Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame  
 Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banished from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight  
 Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill: 320  
 So hand in hand they passed, 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.  
 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 labour than sufficed  
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
 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 damasked with flowers.  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
 Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking played 340  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den.  
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
 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 350  
 Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,  
 Declined, was hastening 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 failed speech recovered sad:—  
 “O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould—Earth-born perhaps, 360  
 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 formed them on their shape hath poured.  
 Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370  
 Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,  
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,  
 Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such  
 Accept your maker's work; he gave it me, 380  
 Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.  
 And, should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just—  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged 390

By conquering this new World—compels me now  
To do what else, though damned, 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 marked. 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 crouches close; then, rising, changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,  
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech, 410  
Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow:—

“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 420  
From us no other service than to keep

This one, this easy charge—of all the trees  
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only Tree  
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;  
So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is—  
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st  
God hath pronounced it Death to taste that Tree:  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signs of power and rule  
Conferred upon us, and dominion given 430  
Over all other creatures that possess  
Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard

One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights;  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;  
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied:—"O thou for whom 440  
 And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks—I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed, 450  
 Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,  
 Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
 Bending to look on me. I started back,  
 It started back; but pleased I soon returned,  
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warned 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 470  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—he  
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called

Mother of human race.' What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,  
 Under a platane; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned; 480  
 Thou, following, cried'st 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:  
 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 excelled by manly grace 490  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and, with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unproved,  
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned  
 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 500  
 That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip  
 With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned  
 For envy; yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained:—

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,  
 Imparadised in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least, 510  
 Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines!  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
 From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems;  
 One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,  
 Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their Lord

Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? And do they only stand  
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530  
 Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learned. 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 turned,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levelled 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 unarmed youth of Heaven; but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, 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 vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste:—

560

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know  
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
God's latest image. I described his way  
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait,  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks  
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured.  
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him. One of the banished crew,  
I fear, hath ventured from the Deep, to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.”

570

To whom the winged Warrior thus returned:—

“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,  
So minded, have o'erleaped 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.”

580

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge  
Returned 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 rolled  
Diurnal, or this less volúbil 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.

591

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

600



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 glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;  
 When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort, the hour 610  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines  
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemployed, 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; 620  
 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 labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, 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, 630  
 That lie bestrewn, 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 adorned:—  
 "My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
 Unargued I obey. So God ordains:  
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
 With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
 All seasons, and their change; all please alike. 640  
 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,  
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on  
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering 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? "

650

To whom our general ancestor replied:—

" Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,  
 Those have their course to finish round the Earth  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;  
 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  
 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  
 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

660

670

680

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
 On to their blissful bower. It was a place 690  
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed  
 All things to Man's delightful use. The roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; under foot the violet, 700  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broidered the ground, more coloured 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 sequestered, though but feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve decked her first nuptial bed, 710  
 And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our sire  
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
 Endowed with all their gifts; and, O! 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, 720  
 Both turned, and under open sky adored  
 The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,  
 Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry Pole:—"Thou also madest the Night,  
 Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,  
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,

Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordained 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  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

730

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 turned, I ween,  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 Mysterious of connubial love refused:

740

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk  
 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

750

In Paradise of all things common else!  
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.

760

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 → Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots—loveless, joyless, unendeared,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,

Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair! and, O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more!

Now had Night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half-way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood armed  
 To their night-watches in warlike parade; 780  
 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 called  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:—

“Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed  
 Search through this Garden; leave unsearched no nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790  
 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,  
 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, 800  
 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 distempered, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,  
 Discovered and surprised. As, when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;  
 So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed 820  
 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, transformed,  
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep? ”

“ Know ye not, then,” said Satan, filled with scorn,  
 “ Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar!  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 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 undiminished 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. Abashed 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 impaired; yet seemed 850  
 Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,  
 “ Best with the best—the sender, not the sent;

Or all at once: more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,  
"Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;  
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quelled 860  
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, 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 splendour wan, who by his gait 870  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell—  
Not likely to part hence without contest.  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couched.  
To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake:—

"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:—  
"Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise;  
And such I held thee; but this question asked  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doomed? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place 891  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight; which in this place I sought:

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 asked:  
 The rest is true; they found me where they say; 900  
 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,  
 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 910  
 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.  
 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, 920  
 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 answered, frowning stern:—  
 " Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting Angel! well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves,  
 From hard assays and ill successes past,  
 A faithful leader—not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untried.  
 I, therefore, I alone, first undertook  
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy



This new-created World, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air; 940  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied:—  
 "To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
 Satan; and couldst thou 'faithful' add? O name, 950  
 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 fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I areed thee now: Avaunt!  
 Fly thither whence thou fledd'st. If from this hour  
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,  
 And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied:—  
 "Then, when I am thy captive. talk of chains, 970  
 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  
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
 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, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:  
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued; nor only Paradise, 991  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed 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 Astræa and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
 The pendulous round Earth with balanced air 1000  
 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 kicked 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, 1010  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak  
 If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more, but fled  
 Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of Night.

## BOOK V

### THE ARGUMENT

**MORNING** approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man 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, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough. So much the more  
His wonder was to find unwakened Eve,  
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek, 10  
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side  
Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:—"Awake,

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight!  
 Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet." 20

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

“ O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed, 30  
 If dreamed, 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 called me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It said,  
 ‘ Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns  
 Full-orbed 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 passed through ways 50  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seemed,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day;  
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
 One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven  
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled  
 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? 60  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offered good, why else set here? '  
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
 He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror chilled  
 At such bold words vouched with a deed so bold;  
 But he thus, overjoyed: ' 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! 70  
 And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impaired, but honoured more?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be.  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
 Thyself a goddess; not to Earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the Air, as we; sometimes 80  
 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 plucked: the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quickened appetite that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide  
 And various. Wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation, suddenly 90  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream! " Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad:—  
 " Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream—of evil sprung, I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the soul 100  
 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, aery shapes,  
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange. Yet be not sad:  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man

110

May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou did'st abhor to dream  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

120

Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
 Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
 That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse; and she was cheered,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall

130

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,  
 Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.

But first, from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the Sun—who, scarce uprisen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,  
 Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains—

140

Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness: And they thus began:—

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
 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  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160  
 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  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170

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 gained, and when thou fall’st.  
 Moon, that now meet’st the orient Sun, now fliest,  
 With the fixed Stars, fixed 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 called 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 streaming lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the World's great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,  
 That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and, if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts 210  
 Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.

On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
 Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row  
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far  
 Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine

To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn

His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld 220  
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him called

Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured

His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
 Satan, from Hell scaped through the darksome Gulf,  
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed  
 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 230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired  
 To respite his day-labour with repast  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on  
 As may advise him of his happy state—  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free  
 Yet mutable. Whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now 240  
 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, unadmonished, unforewarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled  
 All justice. Nor delayed the wingèd Saint  
 After his charge received; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood  
 Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light, 250  
 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-opened wide,  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sovran Architect had framed.  
 From hence—no cloud or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interposed, however small—he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars crowned 260  
 Above all hills; as when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
 Imagined lands and regions in the Moon;  
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appearing kens,  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan

Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar 270  
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
 When, to enshrine 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 winged. Six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine: the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament; the middle pair 280  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipt in heaven; the third his feet  
 Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,  
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of Angels under watch, and to his state  
 And to his message high in honour rise;  
 For on some message high they guessed him bound. 290  
 Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,  
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
 Him, through the spicy forest onward come,  
 Adam discerned, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun 300  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;  
 And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam called:—  
 "Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold  
 Eastward among those trees what glorious Shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310  
 Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest from Heaven

To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance fit to honour and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowed, 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 hallowed 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 joined, 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 340  
 Alcinoüs reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed  
 She tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet 350  
 His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,

More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led and grooms besmeared with gold  
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360  
 Thus said:—" Native of Heaven (for other place  
 None can than Heaven such glorious Shape contain),  
 Since, by descending from the Thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while  
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us,  
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline." 370

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild:—  
 " Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,  
 To visit thee. Lead on then, where thy bower  
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,  
 With flowerets decked and fragrant smells. But Eve,  
 Undecked, save with herself, more lovely fair 380  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven; no veil  
 She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm  
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel " Hail! "  
 Bestowed—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 390  
 Have heaped this table! " Raised of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square, from side to side,  
 All Autumn piled, though Spring and Autumn here  
 Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse they hold—

No fear lest dinner cool—when thus began  
 Our Author:—" Heavenly Stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good, unmeasured-out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caused 400  
 The Earth to yield: unsavoury food, perhaps,  
 To Spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
 That one Celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the Angel:—" Therefore, what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require  
 As doth your Rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty 410  
 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 sustained and fed. Of Elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer: Earth the Sea;  
 Earth and the Sea feed Air; the Air those Fires  
 Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the Moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turned. 420  
 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 alimantal recompense  
 In humid exhalations, and at even  
 Sups with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar—though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews and find the ground  
 Covered with pearly grain—yet God hath here 430  
 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  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist 44°  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crowned. O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamoured at that sight. But in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injured lover's hell. 45°

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
 Not burdened 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 this wary speech  
 Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:— 46°

“ Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in his honour done to Man;  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so  
 As that more willingly thou could'st not seem  
 At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare! ”

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied:—  
 “ O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 47°  
 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 assigned,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportioned to each kind. So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves 480  
 More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odórous 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. 490  
 Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance. Time may come when Men  
 With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;  
 And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 Your fill, what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied:—

" O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon, 510  
 In contemplation of created things,  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joined, *If ye be found  
 Obedient?* Can we want obedience, then,  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend? "

To whom the Angel:—" Son of Heaven and Earth,  
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God; 520  
 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—ordained thy will  
 By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.

Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated. Such with him  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand  
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.

530

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 fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!"

540

To whom our great Progenitor:—"Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aërial 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 passed in Heaven some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.

550

And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
 Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of heaven."

560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,  
 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  
 And perfect while they stood? how, last, unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good 570  
 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  
 Rigned where these heavens now roll, where Earth  
 now rests

Upon her centre poised, when on a day  
 (For Time, though in Eternity, applied 580  
 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 called,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appeared  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright.  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed  
 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 embosomed sat the Son,  
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:—

“Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light, 600  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, 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  
 For ever happy. Him who disobeys  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place  
 Ordained without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seemed well pleased; all seemed, 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 620  
 Of planets, and of fixed, in all her wheels  
 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 approached  
 (For we have also our evening and our morn—  
 We ours for change delectable, not need),  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630  
 Desirous: all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With Angel's 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 crowned,  
 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 showered 640  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial Night, with clouds exhaled  
 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, 650  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life—  
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,  
 Fanned with cool winds; save those who, in their course,  
 Melodious hymns about the sovran 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, 660  
 In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed  
 Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,  
 Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impaired.  
 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  
 Unworshipped, unobeyed, the Throne supreme, 670  
 Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:—

“ ‘ Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can close  
 Thy eyelids? and rememberest what decree,  
 Of yesterday, so late hath passed 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 680  
 In us who serve—new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue. More in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim Night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess

The quarters of the North, there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'

" So spake the false Archangel, and infused  
 Bad influence into the unwary breast  
 Of his associate. He together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent Powers,  
 Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
 That, the Most High commanding, now ere Night,  
 Now ere dim Night had disencumbered Heaven, 700

The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity. But all obeyed  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great Potentate; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:  
 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. 710

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:—

" Son, thou in whom my glory I behold 720  
 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 730

In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'

"To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear  
Lightening 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 dextrous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.'

740

"So spake the Son; but Satan with his Powers  
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In their triple degrees—regions to which  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretched into longitude; which having passed,  
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 called;  
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:—

750

760

770

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers—

If these magnificent titles yet remain  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself engrossed  
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of King Anointed; for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult, how we may best,  
 With what may be devised of honours new, 780  
 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 proclaimed?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke!  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed before 790  
 By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason, then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals—if in power and splendour less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to the abuse 800  
 Of those imperial titles which assert  
 Our being ordained to govern, not to serve!  
 “ Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience, when, among the Seraphim,  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored  
 The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,  
 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 810  
 Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers!  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,

That to his only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820  
 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 formed the Powers of Heaven  
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident, he is—how far from thought  
 To make us less; bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one head more near 830  
 United. But—to grant it thee unjust  
 That equal over equals monarch reign—  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature joined in one,  
 Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,  
 As by his Word, the mighty Father made  
 All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers?—  
 Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscured, 841  
 But more illustrious made; since he, the head,  
 One of our number thus reduced becomes;  
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 The incensèd Father and the incensèd Son  
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.  
 “So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judged, 850  
 Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced  
 The Apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:—  
 “‘That we were formed, then, say'st thou? and the  
 work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferred  
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!

Doctrine which we would know whence learned! Who saw  
 When this creation was? Remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised 860  
 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  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings, carry to the Anointed King; 870  
 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,  
 Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold:—

" ' O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,  
 Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved 880  
 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 voutsafed; 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 890  
 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.'  
 " 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; 900  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained  
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turned  
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doomed."

## THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK

## 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,  
Through Heaven's wide champaign held his way, till Morn,  
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarred 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 through  
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, arrayed in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanished Night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain  
Covered 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 20  
 To have reported. Gladly then he mixed  
 Among those friendly Powers, who him received  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
 That of so many myriads fallen yet one,  
 Returned 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 maintained 30  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence; for this was all thy care—  
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now  
 Remains thee—aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorned thou didst depart; and to subdue 40  
 By force who reason for their law refuse—  
 Right reason for their law, and for their King  
 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 armed Saints,  
 By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,  
 Equal in number to that godless crew  
 Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile arms 50  
 Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven  
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.’

“ So spake the Sovran Voice; and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow. 60

At which command the Powers Militant  
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
 Of union irresistible, moved on  
 In silence their bright legions to the sound  
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides 70  
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
 Came summoned over Eden to receive  
 Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
 Of Heaven they marched, and many a province wide,  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,  
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appeared  
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched 80  
 In battailous aspect; and, nearer view,  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition; for they weened  
 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 90  
 In the mid-way; though strange to us it seemed  
 At first that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
 Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout  
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,  
 The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol of majesty divine, enclosed 100  
 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,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came towering, armed 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:—

110

“ ‘ O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
 Remain not! Wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 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.’

120

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

130

“ ‘ Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reached  
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed—  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandoned at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think how vain  
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
 Who, out of smallest things, could without end  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
 Unaided could have finished thee, and whelmed  
 Thy legions under darkness! But thou seest  
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then

140

To thee not visible when I alone  
 Seemed in thy world erroneous 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 answered:—' Ill for thee, but in wished 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  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest. This pause between  
 (Unanswered 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, trained up in feast and song:  
 Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven—  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.' 170

" 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 rebelled  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled;  
 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 obeyed.  
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile,

From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190  
On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge  
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstayed: as if, on earth,  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,  
Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized  
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see  
Thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout, 200  
Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound  
The Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosannah to the Highest; nor stood at gaze  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now  
Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210  
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rushed  
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 220  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions? How much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heaven high overruled

And limited their might, though numbered such  
 As each divided legion might have seemed 230  
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
 A legion! Led in fight, yet leader seemed  
 Each warrior single as in chief; expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear; each on himself relied  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240  
 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 seemed then  
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
 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 felled 250  
 Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandished 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  
 Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,  
 Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown 260  
 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 disturbed  
 Heaven's blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270



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, winged from God,  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.' 280

“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 turned the least of these  
 To flight—or, if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquished—easier to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call’st evil, but we style  
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290  
 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 addressed for fight  
 Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth 300  
 Of godlike power? for likest gods they seemed,  
 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 310  
 Great things by small) if, Nature’s concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,

Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both, with next to almighty arm  
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed  
 That might determine, and not need repeat  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeared  
 In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was given him tempered so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stayed,  
 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  
 Passed through him. But the ethereal substance closed,  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash 331  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed  
 Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stained, 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 340  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he healed; 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, 350  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved

Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
Refrained his tongue blasphemous, but anon, 360  
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,  
Though huge and in a rock of diamond armed,  
Vanquished—Adramelech and Asmadai,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods  
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in their flight,  
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370  
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternise here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
Cancelled from Heaven and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell 380  
For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,  
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
Therefore eternal silence be their doom!

“ And now, their mightiest quelled, the battle swerved,  
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout  
Entered, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shivered armour strown, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturned, 390  
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood recoiled,  
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised—  
Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain—  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sin of disobedience, till that hour

Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed; 400  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes—not to have sinned,  
 Not to have disobeyed; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained  
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“ Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war.  
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquished. On the foughten field 410  
 Michaël and his Angels, prevalent  
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,  
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,  
 His potentates to council called by night,  
 And in the midst thus undismayed began:—

“ ‘ O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpowered, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone— 420  
 Too mean pretence—but, what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;  
 Who have sustained 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 judged  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought! True is, less firmly armed, 430  
 Some disadvantage we endured, and pain—  
 Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.  
 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 toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake:— 450

" ' Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our rights as Gods! yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work, we find  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpained, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled 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, 460  
 But live content—which is the calmest life;  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who, therefore, can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

" Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied:—  
 ' Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470

Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand—  
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned  
 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 spirituous and fiery spume, till, touched  
 With Heaven's ray, and tempered, they shoot forth 480

So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the Deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
 Which, into hollow engines long and round!  
 Thick-rammed, 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 disarmed  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn  
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.'

490

“ He ended; and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.  
 The invention all admired, and each how he  
 To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed  
 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 turned  
 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 conveyed.  
 Part hidden veins digged 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 finished, and in order set,

501

510

520

With silent circumspection, unespied.

“ Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven appeared,  
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  
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:—

“ ‘ Arm, Warriors, arm for fight! The foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540  
Sad resolution and secure. Let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbèd shield,  
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

“ So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment.  
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
And onward move embattled: when, behold, 550  
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginry, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while; but suddenly at head appeared  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:—

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:  
But that I doubt. However, witness Heaven!  
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge

Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended, when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retired; 570  
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,  
Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),  
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 appeared,  
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar  
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host 590  
Levelled, 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 rolled,  
The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they might  
Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout;  
Nor served it to relax their serried files.  
What should they do? If on they rushed, repulse 600  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,  
And to their foes a laughter—for in view  
Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder; back defeated to return



They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision called:—

“ ‘ O friends, why come not on these victors proud?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and, when we, 610  
To entertain them fair with open front  
And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance. Yet for a dance they seemed  
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offered 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:— 620  
‘ Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,  
Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
And stumbled many. Who receives them right  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides—  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.’

“ So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, highthened in their thoughts beyond 630  
All doubt of victory; Eternal Wight  
To match with their inventions they presumed  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble. But they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels placed!)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 64c  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)  
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew;  
From their foundations, loosening to and fro,  
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw

The bottom of the mountains upward turned,  
 Till on those cursed engines' triple row 650  
 They saw them whelmed, 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  
 Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed.  
 Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised,  
 Into their substance pent—which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind 66c  
 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 neighbouring hills uptore;  
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That underground they fought in dismal shade:  
 Infernal noise! was seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped  
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven 670  
 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 honour his Anointed Son, avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferred. Whence to his Son,  
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began:—  
 “ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved, 680  
 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 passed,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,  
 Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was when two such foes met armed:  
 For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st  
 Equal in their creation they were formed, 690

Save what sin hath impaired—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 performed what war can do,  
And to disordered rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains, as with weapons, armed; which makes  
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.

Two days are therefore passed; the third is thine:

For thee I have ordained it, and thus far 700

Have suffered, 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 governed thus,

To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things—to be Heir, and to be King

By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might; 710

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 expressed 720

Ineffably into his face received;

And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake:—

" ' O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,

First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st

To glorify thy Son; I always thee,

As is most just. This I my glory account,

My exaltation, and my whole delight,

That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will

Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,

And gladlier shall resign when in the end 730

Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee

For ever, 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,  
 Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebelled,  
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness and the undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,

740

Whom to obey, is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and from the impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,  
 Unfeignèd halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

" So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of Glory where he sat;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed with whirlwind  
 sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel; undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
 By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each  
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber and colours of the showery arch.

750

He, in celestial panoply all armed  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
 Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow,  
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;  
 And from about him fierce effusion rolled  
 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.  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned—  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own

760

770

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.

Before him Power Divine his way prepared; 780  
 At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renewed,  
 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.

In Heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent? 790

They, hardened more by what might most reclaim,  
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy, and, aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last; and now

To final battle drew, disdaining flight,  
 Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake:— 800

“ Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand,  
 Ye Angels armed; this day from battle rest.  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
 And, as ye have received, so have ye done,  
 Invincibly. But of this cursed crew

The punishment to other hand belongs;  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.  
 Number to this day's work is not ordained,  
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810

God's indignation on these godless poured  
 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 honoured me, according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned,  
 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 820  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.'

“ 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 rolled, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wished 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  
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among the accursed, that withered all their strength, 850  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drained,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
 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 thronged,

Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide, 860  
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
 Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight  
 Strook them with horror backward; but far worse  
 Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heaven: eternal wrath  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

“ Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell saw  
 Heaven running 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 roared,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout  
 Encumbered 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.  
 Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.  
 Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes 880  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.

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 890  
 On high; who into glory him received,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have revealed  
 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 rebelled

With Satan: he who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that, with him  
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite done against the Most High,  
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."

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THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK



## 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 called, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean 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 appeared or fountain flowed,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element;  
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (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,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,

10

20

In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn  
 Purples the East. Still govern thou my song, 30  
 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 clamour drowned  
 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.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael, 40  
 The affable Archangel, had forewarned  
 Adam, by dire example, to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befell in 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 obeyed amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve, 50  
 The story heard attentive, and was filled  
 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 repealed  
 The doubts that in his heart arose; and, now 60  
 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 drouth,  
 Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest:—

“ Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70  
 Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,  
 Divine Interpreter! by favour sent  
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
 Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed 80  
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concerned  
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,  
 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 adorned  
 Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient Air, wide interfused,  
 Embracing round this florid Earth; what cause 90  
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity, so late to build  
 In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved: if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works the more we know.  
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears, 100  
 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 answered mild:— 110

" This also thy request, with caution asked,  
 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 120  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not revealed, which the invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppressed in night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven.  
 Enough is left beside 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. 130

" 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 returned  
 Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:—

" " At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought 140  
 All like himself rebellious; by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,  
 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 150  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—  
 My damage fondly deemed—I can repair

That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world; out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience tried,  
 And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161

Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven;  
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep  
 Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth.  
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,  
 Though I, uncircumscribed, myself retire, 170  
 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.  
 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 180  
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace—  
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
 And the habitations of the just; to Him  
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordained  
 Good out of evil to create—instead  
 Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son  
 On his great expedition now appeared,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned

Of majesty divine, sapience and love  
 Immense; and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were poured  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots winged  
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old 200  
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,  
 Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened 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 210  
 They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
 Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.  
 " ' Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace! ' "  
 Said then the omnific Word: ' your discord end! ' "  
 Nor stayed; but, on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos and the World unborn; 220  
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train  
 Followed in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This Universe, and all created things.  
 One foot he centred, and the other turned  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, ' Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;  
 This be thy just circumference, O World! ' 230  
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound  
 Covered 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 aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud—for yet the Sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourned 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 passed uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
 Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they filled,  
 And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn. 260

“ Again God said, ‘ Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters!’ And God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round—partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing; for as Earth, so he the World  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heaven be named the Firmament. So even  
 And morning chorus sung the second Day.

“ The Earth was formed, but, in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature, involved,  
 Appeared not; over all the face of Earth

Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm  
 Prolific humour softening all her globe, 280  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture; when God said,  
 ' Be gathered 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 290  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,  
 As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry:  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impressed  
 On the swift floods. As armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to the 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; 300  
 But they, or underground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore:  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he called Seas;  
 And saw that it was good, and said, ' Let the Earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310  
 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, unadorned,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept 320



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 gemmed  
 Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,  
 With tufts the valleys and each fountain-side,  
 With borders long the rivers, that Earth now  
 Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330  
 Her sacred shades; though God had yet not rained  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and watered all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth  
 God made, and every herb before it grew  
 On the green stem. God saw that it was good;  
 So even and morn recorded the third Day.

“ Again the Almighty spake, ‘ Let there be Lights  
 High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide 340  
 The Day from Night; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
 To give light on the Earth!’ and it was so.  
 And God made two great Lights, great for their use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern; and made the Stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of heaven  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day 350  
 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 formed the Moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,  
 And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field.  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed 360  
 In the Sun’s orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain

Her gathered 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.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370

Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon,

But opposite in levelled 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  
 Till night; then in the east her turn she shines, 380

Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared  
 Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorned  
 With her bright luminaries, that set and rose,  
 Glad evening and glad morn crowned 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  
 Displayed 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 blessed 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 400

Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales,  
 Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with mate,  
 Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves

Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,  
 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 armour watch; on smooth the seal  
 And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk, 410  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretched 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 rupture, forth disclosed  
 Their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge 420  
 They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,  
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect. There the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.  
 Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,  
 In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their aery caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane 430  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds: the air  
 Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 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 archèd neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440  
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground  
 Walked firm—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus

With Fish replenished, and the air with Fowl,  
Evening and morn solemnised the fifth Day.

“ The sixth, and of Creation last, arose  
With evening harps and matin; when God said, 450  
‘ 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 obeyed, and, straight  
Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth  
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
Limbed 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 walked;  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once and in broad herds, upsprung.  
The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks; the swift stag from underground  
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould 470  
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants; ambiguous between sea and land,  
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,  
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green;  
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
The parsimonious emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed—  
Pattern of just equality perhaps  
Hereafter—joined in her popular tribes

Of commonalty. Swarming next appeared  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490  
 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.

“ Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled  
 Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand 500  
 First wheeled their course; Earth, in her rich attire  
 Consummate, lovely smiled; Air, Water, Earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,  
 Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet remained.

There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
 Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510  
 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  
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
 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 formed 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 consort  
 Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said. 530

' 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 54°  
 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 may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.  
 Death is the penalty imposed; beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

" Here finished He, and all that he had made  
 Viewed, and, behold! all was entirely good.  
 So even and morn accomplished the sixth Day; 55°  
 Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,  
 Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new-created World,  
 The addition of his empire, how it showed  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
 Followed with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the Air 56°  
 Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),  
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,  
 The planets in their stations listening stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 ' Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;  
 ' Open, ye Heavens, your living doors! let in  
 The great Creator, from his work returned  
 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 57°  
 Thither will send his winged messengers

On errands of supernal grace.' So sung  
The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,  
That opened 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 580  
Powdered 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, fixed for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down  
With his great Father; for he also went  
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained, 590  
Author and end of all things, and, from work  
Now resting, blessed and hallowed 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,  
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice  
Choral or unison; of incense clouds,  
Fuming from golden censers, hid the Mount. 600  
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  
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, 610  
Thou hast repelled, 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.  
 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 620  
 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  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
 And multiply a race of worshippers 630  
 Holy and just! thrice happy, if they know  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright!

“ So sung they, and the Empyrean rung  
 With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.  
 And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked  
 How first this World and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memory was done  
 From the beginning, that posterity,  
 Informed by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.” 640



## 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 a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear;  
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:—  
“ What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsafed  
This friendly condescension, to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable—now heard 10  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this 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 numbered stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night, in all their vast survey  
Useless besides—reasoning, I oft admire  
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit

Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose 30  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Served by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a 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 seemed  
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve 40  
 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 prospered, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
 And, touched 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, 50  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
 Her husband the relater she preferred  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip  
 Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour joined?  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended; for on her as Queen 60  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to with her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed  
 Benevolent and facile thus replied:—

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

His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years  
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth 70  
 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 scanned by them who ought  
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes—perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model heaven,  
 And calculate the stars; how they will wield 80  
 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 run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider, first, that great 90  
 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 vigour find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.  
 And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 100  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretched 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  
 Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow, 110

Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
 In Eden—distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the Heavens, to 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, 120  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
 Be centre to the World, and other Stars,  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 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? 130  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,  
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,  
 Enlightening her by day, as she by night  
 This Earth—reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other Suns, perhaps,  
 With their attendant Moons, thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light— 150  
 Which two great sexes animate the World,  
 Stored in each Orb perhaps with some that live.

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

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To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied:—  
 “How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
 Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,  
 And, freed from intricacies, taught to live  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Unchecked; and of her roving is no end,  
 Till warned, 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,

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Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise 200  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance; now hear me relate  
 My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.  
 And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate—  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.  
 For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven; 210  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek:—  
 "Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee 220  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also poured,  
 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 honoured thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;  
 For I that day was absent, as befell,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230  
 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 mixed.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as sovran King, and to inure 240  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,  
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,  
 But, long ere our approaching, heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song—  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we returned 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 turned,  
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260  
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,  
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling: all things smiled;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o’erflowed.  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led;  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270  
 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
 Whate’er I saw. ‘Thou Sun,’ said I, ‘fair light,  
 And thou enlightened 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, 280  
 From whom have I that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know!"  
 While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light, when answer none returned,  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state 290  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently moved  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,  
 First Man, of men innumerable ordained  
 First father! called by thee, I come thy guide  
 To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'  
 So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, 300  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye  
 Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun  
 My wandering, had not He who was my guide  
 Up hither from among the trees appeared,  
 Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss. He reared 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. 320



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—  
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die, 330  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expelled 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  
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed:—  
'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, 340  
Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
After their kind; 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 summoned, since they cannot change  
Their element to draw the thinner air.'  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two—these cowering low 350  
With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.  
I named them as they passed, 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,  
Surpassest far my naming—how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360  
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 brightened, thus replied:—

“ ‘ What call'st thou solitude? Is not the Earth  
 With various living creatures, and the Air,  
 Replenished, 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 seemed  
 So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,  
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:—

370

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power;  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.

380

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 answered, not displeas'd:—

‘ A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou, then, of me, and this my state?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed

400

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? ' 410

" He ceased. I lowly answered:—" To attain  
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of Things!  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,  
 But in degree—the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Should'st propagate, already infinite, 420  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
 But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
 In unity defective; which requires  
 Collateral love and dearest amity.  
 Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,  
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication—yet, so pleased,  
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt 430  
 Of union or communion, deified;  
 I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.'  
 Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used  
 Permissive, and acceptance found; which gained  
 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, 440  
 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,  
 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 could'st judge of fit and meet.  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

“ He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
 My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,  
 Which it had long stood under, strained to the highth  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called  
 By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes. 460  
 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, opened my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.  
 The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470  
 Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair  
 That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now  
 Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained  
 And in her looks, which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480  
 When, out of hope, behold her not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
 With what all Earth and Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable. On she came,  
 Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.  
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:—

490

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair—but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts!—nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self  
Before me. Woman is her name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought,  
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,

501

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, 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 turned.

I followed her; she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approved

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower

510

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  
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star  
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

520

“ 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,

530

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or Nature failed 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 bestowed  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures. Yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, 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."

540

550

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 honouring, and thy love;  
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself;  
 Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right

560

570

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 honour thou may'st 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 580  
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsafed  
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulged, if aught  
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of Man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still:  
 In loving thou dost well; in passion not,  
 Wherein true Love consists not. Love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges—hath his seat 590  
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to Heavenly Love thou may'st ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.”

To whom thus, half-abashed, Adam replied:—

“Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation, common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence, I deem), 600  
 So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions, mixed with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul—  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,  
 Who meet with various subjects, from the sense  
 Variously representing, yet, still free, 610  
 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  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch? ”

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed  
Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,  
Answered:—" Let it suffice thee that thou know'st **620**

Us happy, and without Love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.  
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more: the parting Sun **630**  
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 **640**  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Followed with benediction:—" Since to part,  
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever  
With graceful memory. Thou to Mankind **650**  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return! ”

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



## BOOK IX

### THE ARGUMENT

**SATAN**, 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 labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring 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 a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effect thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

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

Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;  
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son:  
 If answerable style I can obtain 20  
 Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse,  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late,  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deemed, chief mastery to dissect 30  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights  
 In battles feigned (the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung), or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament; then marshalled feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals:  
 The skill of artifice or office mean;  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
 To person or to poem! Me, of these  
 Nor skilled 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  
 Depressed; and much they may if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring 50  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled 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 returned.  
By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
From compassing the Earth—cautious of day  
Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried 60  
His entrance, and forewarned 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 crossed the car of Night  
From pole to pole, traversing each colure—  
On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse  
From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place  
(Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought the change)  
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise, 71  
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 searched and land  
From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
Downward as far antarctic; and, in length,  
West from Orontes to the ocean barred 80  
At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed  
With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
Considered 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  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90  
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 poured:—

" O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred  
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100  
 With second thought, 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 concentring 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 summed up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught—sweet interchange  
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,  
 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 120  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 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 destroyed, 130  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe:  
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range!  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The Infernal Powers, in one day to have marred  
 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 140

From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired—  
 Whether such virtue, spent of old, now failed  
 More Angels to create (if they at least  
 Are his created), or to spite us more—  
 Determined to advance into our room  
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original, 150  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service Angel-wings  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
 Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160  
 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 constrained  
 Into a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of deity aspired!  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to? Who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soared, obnoxious, first or last, 170  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.  
 Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of despite,  
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.”  
 So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on 180  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,

In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth  
 The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

190

Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
 From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And joined 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:—

200

“ Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
 Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
 Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,  
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.  
 Let us divide our labours—thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb; while I  
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed  
 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 objects new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun

210

220

Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned!"

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned:—

“ Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear!  
Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed  
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230

God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
Labour as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow  
To brute denied, and are of love the food— 240

Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason joined.  
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, severed from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warned 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 joined, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need. 260

Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus replied:—

" Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's lord!  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,  
And from the parting Angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

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

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied:— 290

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

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn  
And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong, 300  
Though ineffectual found; misdeem not, then,  
If such affront I labour to avert

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



I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue—in thy sight 310  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or overreached,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried? ”

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed—

“ If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endued  
 Single with like defence wherever met,  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned or feared  
 By us, who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event?  
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed  
 Alone, without exterior help sustained?  
 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; 340  
 And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed.”

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:—  
 “ O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordained them; his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created—much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force. Within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power;  
 Against his will he can receive no harm. 350

But God left free the Will; for what obeys  
Reason is free; and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,  
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,  
She dictate false, and misinform the Will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins  
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the foe suborned,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.  
Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me  
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.

360

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 warned 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."

370

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but Eve  
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:—

"With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touched 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."

380

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 surpassed and goddess-like deport,  
Though not as she with bow and quiver armed,  
But with such gardening tools as Art, yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had formed, or Angels brought.

390

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,  
 Likest she seemed—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 400  
 To be returned by noon amid the bower,  
 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 rancour imminent,  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410  
 Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
 In bower and field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet 420  
 He sought them both, but wished his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round  
 About her glowed, oft stooping to support  
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustained. Them she upstays 430  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed

Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
 Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
 Or of revived Adonis, or renowned 44°  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
 Much he the place admired, the person more.  
 As one who, long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight—  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 45°  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—  
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 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, overawed 46°  
 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 remained  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,  
 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 ordained. Then soon 47°  
 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

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 480  
 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  
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love, 490  
 And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger under show of love well feigned—  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed  
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
 Addressed his way—not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500  
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape  
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier—not those that in Illyria changed  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510  
 At first, as one who sought access but feared  
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail,  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound

Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field 520  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed  
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,  
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began:—

“ Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps  
 Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared  
 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, 540  
 With ravishment beheld—there best beheld  
 Where universally admired. But here,  
 In this enclosure 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? ”  
 So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned.  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550  
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,  
 Not unmazed, she thus in answer spake:—

“ What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!  
 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 560

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."

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:—

"Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!

Easy to me it is to tell thee all

What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obeyed.

I was at first as other beasts that graze

571

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As was my food, nor aught but food discerned

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced

A goodly tree far distant to behold,

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,

Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense

580

Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats

Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,

Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had

Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved

Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,

Powerful persuaders, quickened 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

590

Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree

All other beasts that saw, with like desire

Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill

I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour

At feed or fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceive

Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech

600

Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.

Thenceforth to speculations high or deep

I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Considered all things visible in Heaven,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,  
 United I beheld—no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second; which compelled  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

610

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:—

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

620

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

630

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled  
 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 vapour, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame  
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far:  
 So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree

640



Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:—

“Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects! 650

But of this tree we may not taste or touch;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law.”

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied:—  
“Indeed! Hath God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?”

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless:—“Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat; 660  
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 parts put on, and, as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renowned 670  
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue  
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,  
The Tempter, all impassioned, 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, deemed 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 touched and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attained than Fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot. 690  
 Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast  
 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,  
 Deterred 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 shunned?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700  
 Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed;  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 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  
 Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet—  
 I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,  
 Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring!  
 And what are Gods, that Man may not become  
 As they, participating godlike 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, 720  
 Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;  
 Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 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 knowledge 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 730  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.

Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"

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

Fixed 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 740

So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,

Solicited her longing eye; yet first,

Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—

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

Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,

Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use 750

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;

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 760

Bind us with after-bands, what profits then

Our inward freedom? In the day we eat

Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die!

How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone

Was death invented? or to us denied

This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?

For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first

Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy 770

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,  
 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 plucked, she eat.  
 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 only on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,  
 Or fancied so through expectation high  
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought. 780  
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death. Sate at length,  
 And hightened as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began:—

"O sovran, 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, 800  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches, offered 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 remained  
 In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810  
 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 820  
 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! Confirmed, then, I resolve 830  
 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 turned,  
 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 840  
 Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delayed;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him. He the faltering measure felt,  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted. By the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
 New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,

Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed:—

“Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have missed, 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, 860  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.  
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise,  
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become  
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth 870  
Endued with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
The effects to correspond—opener 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. 880  
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.”

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;  
But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.  
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed.  
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:—

“O fairest of Creation, last and best

Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,  
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!  
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
 And me with thee hath ruined; for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die.

900

How can I live without thee; how forgo  
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,  
 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."

910

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,  
 Submitting to what seemed remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned:—

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" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred food, sacred to abstinence;  
 Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or done undo?  
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate! Yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now—foretasted fruit,  
 Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallowed ere your 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,

930

Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high, 940  
 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 labour 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 favours; who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he next?'— 950  
 Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.  
 However, I with thee have fixed 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 severed; 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, linked 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 980



Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful, love unequalled. But I feel  
 Far otherwise the event—not death, but life  
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine that what of sweet before  
 Hath touched 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 990  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance 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 1000  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal Sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass feared, 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 1010  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that false fruit  
 Far other operation first displayed,  
 Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn,  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:—  
 “Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste  
 And elegant—of sapience no small part;  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious. I the praise 1020  
 Yield thee; so well this day thou hast purveyed.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained

From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come; so well refreshed, 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, adorned  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever—bounty of this virtuous tree!"

1030

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,  
 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  
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play.

1040

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumbered, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds  
 How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone;  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honour, from about them, naked left  
 To guilty Shame: he covered, but his robe  
 Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,  
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean 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;

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1060

Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrained:—

“ O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit Man’s voice—true in our fall,  
False in our promised rising; since our eyes 1070  
Opened we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080  
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. Oh, might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,  
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1090  
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 sewed,  
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 counselled he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood. There soon they chose 1100  
The fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renowned,  
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Decan 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 pillared shade

High overarched, 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 gathered, broad as Amazonian targe, IIII  
 And with what skill they had together sewed,  
 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 feathered cincture, naked else and wild,  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind, II20  
 They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears  
 Rained 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 sovran Reason, claimed II30  
 Superior sway. From thus distempered breast  
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed:—

“Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possessed thee! We had then  
 Remained still happy—not, as now, despoiled  
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve II40  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve:—  
 “What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe?  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who know  
 But might as ill have happened thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there

Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150  
 No ground of enmity between us known  
 Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm,  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger, as thou saidst?  
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent, 1160  
 Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—  
 "Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I—  
 Who might have lived, and joyed 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? 1170  
 I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
 And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
 I also erred in overmuch admiring  
 What seemed in thee so perfect that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue 1180  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him who, to worth in women 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."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;  
 And of their vain contest appeared no end.

## 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 of 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,  
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire and free will armed  
Complete to have discovered and repulsed

Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,  
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying  
Incurred (what could they less?) the penalty,  
And, manifold in sin, deserve 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 20  
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased  
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet, mixed  
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, 30  
And easily approved; when the Most High,  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice:—  
“ Assembled Angels, and ye Powers returned  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed  
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 crossed the gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed 40  
On his bad errand—Man should be seduced,  
And flattered out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no decree of mine,  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fallen 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, 50  
Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,  
By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find

Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferred  
 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 designed  
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen."

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So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild:—

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

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Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory. Him Thrones and Powers,  
 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 winged.  
 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

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The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,  
 Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,  
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,  
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:—

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

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
 To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed. 110  
 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 answered brief:—

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

“My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared,  
 But still rejoiced; how is it now become 120  
 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,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
 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 seemed to justify the deed—  
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the Sovran 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 excelled 150  
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorned  
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
 Were such as under government well seemed—  
 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 said Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied:—

“ The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.”

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
 Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation—justly then accursed,  
 As vitiated in nature. More to know  
 Concerned not Man (since he no further knew), 170  
 Nor altered his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;  
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall:—

“ Because thou hast done this, thou art 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; 180  
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake this oracle—then verified  
 When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,  
 Prince of the Air; then, rising from his grave,  
 Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed  
 In open show, and, with ascension bright,  
 Captivity led captive through the Air,  
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurped,  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet, 190  
 Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turned:—

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

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:—  
 "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,  
 And eaten of the tree concerning which 200  
 I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat thereof*,  
 Curs'd 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;  
 In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,  
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
 Out of the ground was 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, 210  
 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 washed his servants' feet, so now,  
 As father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220

Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness  
 Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up returned,  
 Into his blissful bosom reassumed  
 In glory as of old; to him, appeased,  
 All, though all-knowing, what had passed with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and judged on Earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend passed through,  
 Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:—

“ O Son, why sit we here, each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had returned, with fury driven 240  
 By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
 Beyond this Deep—whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kind  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along; 250  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious, let us try  
 (Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
 Not unagreeable!) to found a path  
 Over this main from Hell to that new World  
 Where Satan now prevails—a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse 260  
 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 answered soon:—

"Go whither fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
The way, thou leading: such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of death from all things there that live.  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuffed 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 encamped come flying, lured  
With scent of living carcasses designed  
For death the following day in bloody fight;  
So scented the grim Feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air, 280  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Tossed 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 290  
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way

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 fixed as firm  
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,  
And with asphaltic slime; broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered beach  
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on 300  
Over the foaming Deep high-arched, 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 joined, 310  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical—a ridge of pendent rock  
 Over the vexed 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 320  
 The confines met of empyrean Heaven  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell,  
 With long reach interposed; three several ways  
 In sight to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had descried,  
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold  
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose!  
 Disguised he came; but those his children dear 330  
 Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
 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 340  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned  
 By night, and, listening where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,  
 Thence gathered his own doom; which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned,

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 350  
 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;  
 Thou art their author and prime architect.  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd  
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, joined in connexion sweet)  
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks 360  
 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,  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty, confin'd  
 Within Hell-gates till now; thou us empowered  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay 370

With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.  
 Thine now is all this World; thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gained,  
 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,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds, 380  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular World,  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.”

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answered 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),  
 Ample have merited of me, of all

The Infernal Empire, that so near Heaven's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390  
 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;  
 There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the air, 400  
 Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared;  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell  
 No detriment need fear; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them; they with speed 410  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane; the blasted stars looked wan,  
 And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse  
 Then suffered. The other way Satan went down  
 The causey to Hell-gate; on either side  
 Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,  
 That scorned his indignation. Through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,  
 And all about found desolate; for those 420  
 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 called  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.  
 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-banished 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 440  
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmarked,  
In show plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, passed, 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 appeared, or brighter, clad 450  
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 aspect, and whom they wished beheld,  
Their mighty Chief returned: loud was the acclaim.  
Forth rushed in haste the great consulting Peers,  
Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approached him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention, won:—  
“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers!  
For in possession such, not only of right, 461  
I call ye, and declare ye now, returned,  
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 suffered, with what pain 470  
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep  
Of horrible confusion—over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toiled 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 480  
 The new-created World, which fame in Heaven  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,  
 Of absolute perfection; therein Man  
 Placed in a paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced  
 From his Creator, and, the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple! He, thereat  
 Offended—worth your laughter!—hath given up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
 True is, me also he hath judged; or rather  
 Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape  
 Man I deceived. That which to me belongs  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and Mankind: I am to bruise his heel;  
 His seed—when, is not set—shall bruise my head!  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account  
 Of my performance; what remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss? ”

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 wondered, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more. 510  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
 Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,

Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power  
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue; for now were all transformed  
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520  
 To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now  
 With complicated monsters, head and tail—  
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,  
 Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,  
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun  
 Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime, 530  
 Huge Python; and his power no less he seemed  
 Above the rest still to retain. They all  
 Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.  
 They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents! Horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw 540  
 They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form  
 Caught by contagion, like in punishment  
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant  
 Turned 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,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining  
 For one forbidden a tree a multitude  
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;  
 Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,

Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked 560  
 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  
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected. Oft they assayed,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws  
 With soot and cinders filled; so oft they fell 570  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man  
 Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they  
 plagued,  
 And worn with famine long, and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed—  
 Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain numbered 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 called 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:— 590  
 “Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!  
 What think'st thou of our empire now? though earned  
 With travail 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 answered soon:—  
 “To me, who with eternal famine pine,

Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven—

There best where most with ravin I may meet:  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600  
To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound corpse.”

To whom the incestuous Mother thus replied:—  
“Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl—  
No 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, 610  
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 uttered 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 620  
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his adherents), that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit  
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I called and drew them thither,  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630  
Which Man’s polluting sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure; till, crammed and gorged, nigh burst  
With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last  
Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, 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 64c  
 Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung:—"Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song,  
 While the Creator, calling forth by name  
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 65c  
 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 blanc Moon  
 Her office they prescribed; to the other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspécts,  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 66c  
 In synod unbenign; and taught the fixed  
 Their influence malignant when to shower—  
 Which of them, rising with the Sun or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turn askance  
 The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Sun's axle; they with labour pushed 67c  
 Oblique the centric Globe: some say the Sun  
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth—to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime. Else had the spring  
 Perpetual smiled on Earth with verdant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 68c  
 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 Thyestean banquet, turned  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now 690  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land—sideral blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
 And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700  
 With adverse blasts 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 Libecchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy.  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710  
 And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving  
 Devoured 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 abandoned, but worse felt within,  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:—  
 “O miserable of happy! Is this the end 720  
 Of this new glorious World, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory? who now, become  
 Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end  
 The misery! I deserved it, and would bear  
 My own deservings. But this will not serve:  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
 Delightfully, '*Increase and multiply*'; 730  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? 'Ill fare our Ancestor impure!  
 For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration. So, besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound—  
 On me, as on their natural centre, light; 740  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place .  
 In this delicious Garden? As my will  
 Concurred 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 750  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest; then should have been refused  
 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 760  
 Prove disobedient, and, reprov'd, retort,  
 'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity, begot.



God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
 Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 770  
 O welcome hour, whenever! Why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out  
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
 Mortality, my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse 780  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still—lest all I cannot die;  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man  
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
 Of life that sinned: what dies but what had life 790  
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.  
 All of me, then, shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For, though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,  
 But mortal doomed. 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 800  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
 In punished Man, to satisfy his rigour  
 Satisfied never? That were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;  
 By which all causes else according still  
 To the reception of their matter act,

Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity—Ay me! that fear  
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head! Both Death and I  
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both:  
 Nor I on my part single; in me all  
 Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820  
 So disinherited, how would ye bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,  
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned?  
 If guiltless! But from me what can proceed  
 But all corrupt—both mind and will depraved  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
 Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still 830  
 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  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future— 840  
 To Satan only like, both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night—not now, as ere Man fell,  
 Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom;  
 Which to his evil conscience represented

All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretched 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 assayed;  
But her, with stern regard, he thus repelled:—  
"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best  
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false  
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained  
Not to be trusted—longing to be seen,  
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening  
To overreach; but, with the Serpent meeting,  
Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee, 880  
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
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! Oh, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
 With men as Angels, without feminine;  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then 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; 900  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained  
 By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already linked 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 turned; but Eve,  
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing, 910  
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:—

“Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven  
 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, 920  
 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,  
 As joined in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assigned us,  
 That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen—  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable. Both have sinned; but thou 930  
 Against God only; I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, just object of his ire."

She ended, weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immovable till peace obtained from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration. Soon his heart relented 940  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress—  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid.  
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:—

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before  
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself! Alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950  
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 exposed.  
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of love how we may lighten 960  
Each other's burden in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,  
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:—  
"Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate. Nevertheless, 970  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devoured 980  
 By Death at last (and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
 Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
 That, after wretched life, must be at last  
 Food for so foul a monster), in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art; childless remain. So Death  
 Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two 990  
 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;  
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply 1000  
 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 entertained as dyed her cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed, 1010  
 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:—  
 “ Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns:  
 But self-destruction therefore sought refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.  
 Or, if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020

Of misery, so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestalled. Much more I fear lest death  
 So snatched 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 1030  
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! unless  
 Be meant whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived  
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed—which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe  
 Shall scape his punishment ordained, and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
 No more be mentioned, then, of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged,  
 Without wrath or reviling. We expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to the: 1050  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope  
 Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn  
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
 My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands  
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline, 1060  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!

Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
 To 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 benumbed—ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams  
 Reflected may with matter sere foment, 1070  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,  
 Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,  
 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 1080  
 Beseeching him; so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustained  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do than, to the place  
 Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1090  
 Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure, in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seemed and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone? ”  
 So spake our Father penitent; nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confessed 1100  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.



## BOOK XI

### THE ARGUMENT

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but 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 winged for Heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair      10  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed  
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      20  
Presenting thus to intercede began:—

“ See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in Man—these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed  
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring;

Fruits of more pleasing savour, 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 fallen  
 From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear 30  
 To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate  
 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  
 Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I 40  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
 To better life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

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 50  
 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  
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endowed—with Happiness  
 And Immortality; that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternise woe, 60  
 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 renewed.  
 But let us call to synod all the Blest

Through 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, 70  
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watched. He blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast  
Filled all the regions: from their blissful bowers  
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light 80  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
And took their seats, till from his throne supreme  
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will:—

"O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost and evil got,  
Happier had it sufficed him to have known  
Good by itself and evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite— 90  
My motions in him; longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain,  
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the Garden forth, to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100  
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 hallowed 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 softened, and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess), all terror hide. 110  
 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 renewed.  
 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,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120  
 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  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those 130  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 To resalute the World with sacred light,  
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalmed  
 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 linked;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed:— 140

"Eve, easily may faith admit that all  
 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,  
 Kneeled and before him humbled all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,

Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace returned  
 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 called, Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man." 160

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek:—  
 "Ill-worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained  
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise.  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
 The source of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, 170  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
 Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,  
 All unconcerned 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 enjoined  
 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." 180

So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve; but Fate  
 Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impressed  
 On bird, beast, air—air suddenly eclipsed,  
 After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight  
 The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight. 190  
 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  
 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? 200

Why else this double object in our sight,  
 Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something Heavenly fraught? "

He erred not; for, by this, the Heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt— 210

A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilioned with his guardians bright;  
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appeared  
 In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch 220

In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize  
 Possession of the Garden; he alone,  
 To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,  
 Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approached, thus spake:—

"Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed; for I descry,  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
 One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait, 230  
 None of the meanest—some great Potentate  
 Or of the Thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,

But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms 240  
A military vest of purple flowed,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.  
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime  
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bowed low; he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:— 250

"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs.  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days,  
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not. To remove thee I am come, 260  
And send thee from the Garden forth, to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."  
He added not; for Adam, at the news  
Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discovered 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 adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

28c

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."

29c

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,  
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed:—

"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named  
 Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes—gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us. What besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else  
 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.  
 This most afflicts me—that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,  
 With worship, place by place where he voutsafed  
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,

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' On this mount He appeared; under this tree                   320  
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talked.'  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled                   330  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:—  
 " Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth,  
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.  
 All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; surmise not, then,                   340  
 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  
 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                   350  
 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 may'st believe, and be confirmed  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 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                   360  
 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 drenched her eyes)  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slept'st while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:— 370  
 "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 labour 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  
 Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay. 380

Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 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,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence 390  
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm 400  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south,  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,

Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled  
 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 instilled.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced. 420  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled:—

“ Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touched  
 The excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired,  
 Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430  
 New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,  
 Unculled, 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 strewed,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed. 440  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven  
 Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere:  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone

That beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,  
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismayed, and thus in haste to the Angel cried:—

“ O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed. 450  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid? ”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:—  
 “ 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:— 460

“ 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  
 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. 470  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know  
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;  
 A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased—all maladies 480  
 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 phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,

Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch; 490  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born: compassion quelled  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,  
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed:—

“ O miserable Mankind, to what fall 500  
 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 offered, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismissed 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 510  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image' sake exempt? ”

“ Their Maker's image,” answered Michael, “ then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took  
 His image whom they served—a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520  
 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? ”

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe 530  
 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 may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses then, 540  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo  
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor:—

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much—bent rather how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day 550  
 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 looked, 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 was seen: his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions low and high  
 Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who, at the forge  
 Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream  
 From underground); the liquid ore he drained 570  
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed

First his own tools, then what might else be wrought  
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended: by their guise  
 Just men they seemed, 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 580  
 Long had not walked when from the tents behold  
 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, appeared; then, all in heat,  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview, and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies, attached the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of Nature; which he thus expressed:—  
 " True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;  
 Here nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."  
 To whom thus Michael:—" Judge not what is best  
 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; 610  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none.  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seemed  
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;— 620  
 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  
 (Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which  
 The world erelong a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:—  
 "O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
 Entered so fair, should turn aside to tread 630  
 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  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
 But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread  
 Before him—towns, and rural works between,  
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640  
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,  
 Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
 Single or in array of battle ranged  
 Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.  
 One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of 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, 650  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:  
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
 Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies  
 With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field  
 Deserted. Others to a city strong



Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and mine,  
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
 With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the sceptred haralds call 660  
 To council in the city-gates: anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,  
 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  
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence, 670  
 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 turned full sad:—" Oh, 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? 680  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"  
 To whom thus Michael:—" These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,  
 Where good with bad were matched; who of themselves  
 Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,  
 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 valour and heroic virtue called. 690  
 To overcome in battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Manslaughter, 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 called, 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 700  
 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 winged 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; 710  
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed.  
 The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
 All now was turned to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a reverend sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declared, 720  
 And testified against their ways. He oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In a 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 highth, 730  
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large  
 For man and beast: when lo! a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
 Came sevens and pairs, and entered 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 740  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and now the thickened sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood: down rushed the rain  
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
 No more was seen. The floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,  
 Sea without shore: and in their palaces, 750  
 Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped  
 And stabled: of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left in one small bottom swum embarked.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently reared  
 By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760  
 His children, all in view destroyed 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  
 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 770  
 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  
 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, 780  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have crowned

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 Man will end."

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; 790  
 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 conquered, also, and enslaved by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,  
 And fear of God—from whom their piety feigned  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800  
 Against invaders; therefore, cooled in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried.  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810  
 Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence, and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive: by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself and household from amidst 820  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged

And sheltered 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  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved 830  
 Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoiled, 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 looked, 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 decayed;  
 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 fixed.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;  
 With clamour 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. 860  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 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 colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke forth:—

“ O thou, who future things canst represent 870  
 As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assured that Man shall live,  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroyed, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,  
 That God voutsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those coloured streaks in Heaven,  
 Distended as the brow of God appeased? 880  
 Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and shower the Earth? ”

To whom the Archangel:—“ Dextrously thou 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 filled with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight 890  
 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-coloured 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, 900  
 Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.”

## 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 destroyed 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. 10  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.

“ 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,  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20  
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise,

Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content,  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth—  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous.  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
 Or from Heaven claiming second sovranity,  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannise,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find 40  
 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;  
 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, 50  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
 Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
 Quite out their native language, and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders; each to other calls,  
 Not understood—till, hoarse and all in rage,  
 As mocked they storm. Great laughter was in Heaven,  
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange 60  
 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 usurped, from God not given!



He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation: but man over men  
 He made not lord—such title to himself 70  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread? ”

To whom thus Michael:—“ Justly thou abhorr’st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men 80  
 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  
 Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.  
 Reason in Man obscured, or not obeyed,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90  
 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 annexed,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100  
 Their inward lust: witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert

His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways, 110  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked—  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring.  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship—Oh, that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the Flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For gods!—yet him God the Most High voutsafes 120  
 To call by wisdom 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 called him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
 Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
 Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the Desert south  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed), 140  
 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-founded stream,  
 Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the Earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150

Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,  
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
 The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs  
 From Canaan to a land hereafter called  
 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 160  
 In time of dearth—a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:  
 Till, by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170  
 His people from enthrallment, they return,  
 With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compelled by signs and judgments dire:  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turned;  
 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, 180  
 And all his people; thunder mixed with hail,  
 Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190  
 The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft

Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
 More hardened after thaw; till in his rage,  
 Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea  
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,  
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore:  
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200  
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire—  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire—  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.  
 All night he will pursue, but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning-watch;  
 Then looking through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by command, 210  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war. The race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance  
 Through the wild Desert—not the readiest way,  
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrained 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 ordained.  
 God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,  
 Ordain them laws—part, such as appertain 230  
 To civil justice; part, religious rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high office now 240  
 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  
 Established, such delight hath God in men  
 Obedient to his will that he voutsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle—  
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.  
 By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein 250  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his covenant; over these  
 A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn  
 Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
 The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night.  
 Save when they journey; and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel, to the land  
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260  
 Were long to tell—how many battles fought;  
 How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won;  
 Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till *Israel* overcome!'—so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed:—"O sent from Heaven, 270  
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,  
 Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see

His day, in whom all nations shall be blest—  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not—why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth  
 So many and so various laws are given.  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside? ”

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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-wandered 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—

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From whom as oft he saves them penitent;  
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom 320  
 The second, both for piety renowned  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure. The like shall sing  
 All Prophecy—that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold of kings  
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330  
 But first a long succession must ensue;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him as shall be registered  
 Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:  
 Whose foul idolatries and other faults,  
 Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 340  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years; then brings them back,  
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, stablished as the days of Heaven.  
 Returned from Babylon by leave of kings,  
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
 They first re-edify, and for a while 350  
 In mean estate live moderate, till, grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.  
 But first among the priests dissension springs—  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself; at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a star, 360

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 squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.  
 A Virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370  
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed 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 searched in vain—  
 Why our great Expectation should be called  
 The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!  
 High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins 380  
 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  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390  
 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,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400  
 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 cursed 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 condemned  
 A shameful and accursed, nailed 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 offered 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 for ever lost from life; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems—a death like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on Earth than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples—men who in his life  
 Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learned 440  
 And his salvation, them who shall believe  
 Baptising in the profluent stream—the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,

For death like that which the Redeemer died.  
 All nations they shall teach; for from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450  
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead— 460  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the Earth  
 Shall be all Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Archangel Michaël; 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, 470  
 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  
 By me done and occasioned, 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; 480  
 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,

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 490  
 With spiritual armour, 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  
 Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,  
 Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelise the nations, then on all  
 Baptised, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500  
 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 performed, and race well run,  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die: but in their room, as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual; to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike and given  
 To all believers; and, from that pretence, 520  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience—laws which none shall find  
 Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind  
 His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand—  
 Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,

Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? Yet many will presume: 530  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
 Rarely be found. So shall the World go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just 540  
 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 revealed  
 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, 550  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

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 fixed! 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 deemed weak  
 Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise  
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570

And to the faithful death the gate of life—  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.”

To whom thus also the Angel last replied:—  
 “ This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knew’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;  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
 By name to come called 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.

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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,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.

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We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,  
 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  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end.”

600

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

611

Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;  
 In me is no delay; with thee to go  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence: though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,  
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

620

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh  
 The Archangel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,  
 The Cherubim descended, on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist

630

Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 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 disappeared.

640

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 thronged and fiery arms.  
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK

**PARADISE REGAINED:**

**A POEM IN FOUR BOOKS**





# PARADISE REGAINED

## BOOK I

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

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence 10  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds,  
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age:  
Worthy to have not remained 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 baptised. To his great baptism flocked  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed  
To the flood Jordan—came as then obscure,  
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon  
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long  
His witness unconfirmed: on him baptised  
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove 30

The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.  
 That heard the Adversary, who, roving still  
 About the world, at that assembly famed  
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom  
 Such high attest was given a while surveyed  
 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,  
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,  
 With looks agast and sad, he thus bespake:—

40

“ 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 possessed, and ruled  
 In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,  
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
 Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound  
 (At least, if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being  
 In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—  
 For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;  
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
 All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim  
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream

50

60

70

Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
 To do him honour as their King. All come,  
 And he himself among them was baptised—  
 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 80  
 Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head  
 A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant);  
 And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,  
 'This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'  
 His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;  
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep; 90  
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed  
 (Not force, but well-couched 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 100  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed  
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings. But no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise  
 To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thrived

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

So to the coast of Jordan he directs

His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try,  
So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:

120

But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled  
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,  
Of the Most High, who, in full frequency 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 called the Son of God.

130

Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be  
To her a virgin, that on her should come  
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,  
To 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 failed in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.

He now shall know I can produce a man,  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length

150

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, 170  
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:—

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!  
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
 And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.  
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
 Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptised,  
 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 walked alone, the Spirit leading 190  
 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,  
 He entered now the bordering Desert wild,  
 And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
 His holy meditations thus pursued:—

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awakened 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! 200  
 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,  
 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 210  
 I went into the Temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our Law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their own,  
 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: 220  
 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,  
 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 230  
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high;  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
 Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold  
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne, 240

And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him; and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;  
 For in the inn was left no better room.  
 A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
 Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned  
 By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake,  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
 This having heard, straight I again revolved  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260  
 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 transferred upon my head.  
 Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,  
 The time prefixed I waited; when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270  
 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 proclaimed  
 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,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.  
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream, 280  
 Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove;

And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleased: by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 The authority which I derived from Heaven.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness; to what intent  
 I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

290

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 marked, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodged in his breast as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.

300

Full forty days he passed—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 harboured in one cave, is not revealed;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
 Till those days ended; hungered then at last  
 Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; 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 seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
 He saw approach; who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake:— 310

310

"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 returned, 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 baptising Prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son  
 Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330  
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God:—"Who brought me hither  
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;  
 "What other way I see not; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far— 340  
 Men to much misery and hardship born.  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:—  
 "Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350  
 Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
 And forty days Eliah without food  
 Wandered 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 answered 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 360  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep—  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
 By rigour unconniving but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,  
 Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came, among the Sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370  
 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 glibbed with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge:  
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre to my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380  
 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?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind. Why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence. By them  
 I lost not what I lost; rather by them 390  
 I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these regions of the World,  
 If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe!  
 At first it may be; but, long since with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof 400  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;  
 Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.  
 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 griev'st, composed of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,"

Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st indeed, 410  
As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
To all the host of Heaven. The happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—  
Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;  
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven. 420  
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;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles 430  
By thee are given, and what confessed 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 asked have seldom understood,  
And, not well understood, as good not known?  
Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,  
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct  
To fly or follow what concerned him most, 440  
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 disdain  
To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say 450

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 retrenched;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shall 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,  
 And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

460

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned:—

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

470

480

490

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:—  
“Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st  
Permission from above; thou canst not more.”

He added not; and Satan, bowing low  
His grey dissimulation, disappeared,  
Into thin air diffused: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

500

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

## BOOK II

MEANWHILE the new-baptised, who yet remained  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly called  
Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talked, 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, 10  
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 Thibbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara—in Jericho 20  
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city walled  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peræa—but returned 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 30  
Unlooked-for are we fallen! Our eyes beheld  
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 turned  
 Into perplexity and new amaze.  
 For whither is he gone? what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.  
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
 Thy Chosen, to what highth 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 performed—  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him,  
 By his great Prophet pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have conversed.  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall—  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence:  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."

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

"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent above the lot  
 Of other women, by the birth I bore:  
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
 Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled

With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.  
 From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80  
 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 owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,  
 I looked for some great change. To honour? no;  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against—that through my very soul 90  
 A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high!  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now? Some great intent  
 Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,  
 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 100  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured;  
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.”  
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had passed  
 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, 110  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set—  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high.  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his Potentates in council sat.  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,



Solicitous and blank, he thus began:— 120

“Princes, Heaven’s ancient Sons, Ethereal Thrones—  
 Demonian Spirits now, from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called,  
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath  
 (So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble!)—such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.

I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequency was empowered, 130  
 Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone

Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
 Though Adam by his wife’s 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 adorned,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am returned, lest confidence 140  
 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 overmatched.”

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell, 150  
 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 allayed, yet terrible to approach, 160  
 Skilled 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 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 returned:—

"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thyself. Because of old  
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring  
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,  
 False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.

180

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 Amynone, Syrinx, many more,  
 Too long—then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,

190

Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts  
 Delight not all. Among the sons of men  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
 He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed;  
 How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,  
 In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;

200

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 voutsafe an eye 210  
 Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables tell),  
 How would one look from his majestic brow,  
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill.  
 Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
 All her array, her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands 220  
 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 abashed.  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy—with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise  
 (Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked);  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. 230  
 And now I know he hungers, where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:  
 The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."  
 He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 240  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,  
 Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,  
 After forty days' fasting, had remained,  
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:—  
 "Where will this end? Four times ten days I have  
 passed

Wandering this woody maze, and human food  
 Not tasted, nor had appetite. That fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast,  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure? 250  
 But now I feel I hunger; which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain. So it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,  
 And dreamed, 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  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they  
 brought;

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled 270  
 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.  
 Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry, 280  
 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 reared,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,

If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw—  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud. 290  
 Thither he bent his way, determined there  
 To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade  
 High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That opened in the midst a woody scene;  
 Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art),  
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed it round;  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city or court or palace bred, 300  
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed:—

“ 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 he relief  
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310  
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God  
 Rained 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, 320  
 Would'st thou not eat?” “ Thereafter as I like  
 The giver,” answered Jesus. “ Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle Fiend.  
 “ Hast thou not right to all created things?  
 Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee  
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first

To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffered by an enemy—though who 330  
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,  
 Nature, ashamed, or, better to express,  
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed  
 From all the elements her choicest store,  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour. Only deign to sit and eat.”

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,  
 In ample space under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread in regal mode, 340

With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
 Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,  
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine, 350

That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich-glad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Mylas; distant more,  
 Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed  
 Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
 Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renewed:—

“What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370

Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
 All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.  
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who withhold 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,  
 Arrayed 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 answered Satan, malecontent:—

"That I have also power to give thou seest;  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect.  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that  
 Both table and provision vanished quite,  
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;  
 Only the importune Tempter still remained,  
 And with these words his temptation pursued:—

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;  
 Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
 For no allurements 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?  
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.  
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,  
*Thy* throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.  
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430  
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—  
 " Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—  
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;  
 But men endued with these have oft attained,  
 In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—  
 Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440  
 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 offered from the hand of kings.  
 And what in me seems wanting but that I 450  
 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, 460  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king—  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force—which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

### 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 renewed, 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 10  
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. 20  
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 tempered pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers, all but the highest? 30  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son  
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled

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."

40

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 unmixed?  
 And what the people but a herd confused,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise? 50  
 They praise and they admire they know not what,  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
 And what delight to be by such extolled,  
 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, 60  
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
 To all his Angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,  
 When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,  
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
 He asked 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. 70  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault. What do these worthies  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring 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; 80  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But, if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attained,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence— 90  
 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 honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?),  
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done, 100  
 Aught suffered—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."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied:—  
 "Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory, 110  
 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 hallowed gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared;

From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts." 120

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—  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And, not returning that, would likeliest render 130  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?

Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence!  
But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—  
Who, for so many benefits received,  
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoiled;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140  
That which to God alone of right belongs?  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.”

So spake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon—

“ Of glory, as thou wilt,” said he, “ so deem; 150  
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.  
Judæa 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 in sitting still, or thus retiring?  
 So did not Machabeus. He indeed  
 Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed  
 That by strong hand his family obtained,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,  
 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?" 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:—  
 "All things are best fulfilled in their due time;  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
 If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so, when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed—  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first  
 Well hath obeyed—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? 200  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:—

" Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
For where no hope is left is left no fear.  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,  
And will alike be punished, 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) 220  
A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best?  
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king!  
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained  
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!  
No wonder; for, though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in Man be found, 230  
Or human nature can receive, consider  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem few days'  
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts—  
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever 240  
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty  
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes

The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state—  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand." 250

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 outstretched in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,  
 Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
 With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills;  
 Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem 261  
 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,  
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league. Here thou behold'st  
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds, 270  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:  
 Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280  
 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 Hecatompylōs her hundred gates;



There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame  
 Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands, 29c  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian (now some ages past  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire) under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host 300  
 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 looked, and saw what numbers numberless 310  
 The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride.  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound—  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;  
 From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers

Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers 330  
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed,  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:  
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican, with all his northern powers,  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win 340  
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
 Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry;  
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:—  
 “ That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark  
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and show 350  
 All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold  
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou  
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means;  
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.  
 But say thou wert possessed 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 360  
 Between two such enclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
 Antigonus and old 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. 370  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,

That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor—  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.

380

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."

To whom our Saviour answered 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  
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come.

390

When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, 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

400

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  
 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.

410

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,  
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
 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 joined.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
 Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps 430  
 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 passed.  
 To his due time and providence I leave them." 440  
 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.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

## BOOK IV

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleeked 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 weighed  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.  
But—as a man who had been matchless held 10  
In cunning, over-reached 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 poured,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dashed, 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,  
Washed by the southern sea, and on the north  
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills  
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men 30  
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, off whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate

On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes  
 Above the highth of mountains interposed—

By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire.

40

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:—

“The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth  
 So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
 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.

50

Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of gods—so well I have disposed  
 My aery microscope—thou may'st behold,  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

60

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:

Prætors, 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,

70

Meroë, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;  
 From the Asian kings (and Parthian among these),  
 From India and the Golden Chersoness,  
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed;

From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay— 80  
 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 may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed;  
 These having 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, 90  
 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 favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;  
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne, 100  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor-people free from servile yoke!  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;  
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attained,  
 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 110  
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,

Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems  
 And studs of pearl—to me should'st tell, who thirst **120**  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh! What honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries! Then proceed'st to talk  
 Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster: what if I withal  
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out; **130**  
 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, conquered well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed; **140**  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world; **150**  
 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 valu'st, because offered, 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 answered 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, 180  
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;  
 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— 190  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st  
 That Evil One, Satan for ever damned.”

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, 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, 200  
 Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth,  
 Nations besides from all the quartered winds—

God of this World invoked, and World beneath.  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210  
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 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, 220  
 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.  
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,  
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st. 230  
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
 Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold  
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—  
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
 See there the olive-grove of Academe,

Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view 250  
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,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own. 260  
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,  
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,  
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece 270  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.  
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house  
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—  
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. 280  
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, 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 joined.”  
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,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all professed  
 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 joined with riches and long life;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300  
 By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 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, 320  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330  
 Or, if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace? All our Law and Story strewed  
 With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived—  
 Ill imitated while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own, 340  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick-laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
 Where God is praised aright and godlike men,  
 The Holiest of Holies and his Saints  
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from thee); 350  
 Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
 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. 360  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
 These only, with our Law, best form a king."  
 So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now  
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),  
 Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied:—  
 "Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me proposed in life contemplative 370

Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee. Yet remember  
 What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.  
 Now, contrary—if I read aught in heaven,  
 Or heaven write aught of fate—by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,  
 Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not; 390  
 Nor when: eternal sure—as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefixed  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness  
 Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in luring Night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400  
 Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick-intertwined might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;  
 But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head  
 The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now  
 Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds 410  
 From many a horrid rift abortive poured  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire

In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420  
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:  
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
 Environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.  
 Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,  
 Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised 430  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant, or drooping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
 Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440  
 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 repelled.  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
 Backed 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 pillared 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 oftentimes noxious where they light 460  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offered with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when  
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;  
 For Angels have proclaimed 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; 480  
 Whereof the ominous night that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,  
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:—

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.  
 I never feared they could, though noising loud  
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs  
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn 490  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my God;  
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify



Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,  
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."  
 To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:—  
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born! 500  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.  
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length  
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
 Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510  
 Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest  
 (Though not to be baptised) by voice from Heaven  
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art called  
*The Son of God*, which bears no single sense.  
 The Son of God I also am, or was;  
 And, if I was, I am; relation stands:  
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520  
 In some respect far higher so declared.  
 Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And followed thee still on to this waste wild,  
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
 By parle or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant and as a centre, firm  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemned, and may again.  
 Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,

Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,  
Another method I must now begin." 540

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 reared  
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:  
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:— 550

"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  
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, 560  
'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 foiled, still rose,  
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,  
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,  
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570  
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;  
And, as that Theban monster that proposed  
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,  
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,  
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580

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 upbore,  
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine  
 Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,  
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired  
 What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
 Or thirst; and, as he fed, Angelic quires  
 Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation and the Tempter proud:—

590

“ True Image of the Father, whether throned  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined  
 In fleshy tabernacle and human form,  
 Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with Godlike force 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 regained 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 failed,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
 A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
 But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long  
 Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,  
 Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down  
 Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st  
 Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound)

610

620

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 unarmed,  
 Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul—  
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
 Lest he command them down into the Deep,  
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
 Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,  
 Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work  
 Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.”

630

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
 Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,  
 Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,  
 Home to his mother's house private returned.

**SAMSON AGONISTES:**

**A DRAMATIC POEM**



## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM 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 humours. 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 laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his 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 he 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; happen-

ing 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 *allæostropha*. 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 endeavour to write Tragedy: The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.



# SAMSON AGONISTES

## THE ARGUMENT

**SAMSON**, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson—which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who, in the meanwhile, is visited by other persons, and, lastly, by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the 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, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe—What Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS

<b>SAMSON</b>	<b>HARAPHA</b> of Gath.
<b>MANOA</b> , the father of Samson.	Public Officer.
<b>DALILA</b> , his wife.	Messenger.
	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

*Sams.* 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 enjoined me,

Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw  
 The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,  
 Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—  
 The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10  
 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 armed, no sooner found alone 20  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight  
 Of both my parents, all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar where an offering burned,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
 Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed 30  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Designed for great exploits, if I must die  
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,  
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
 Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40  
 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 fulfilled 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, 50  
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 60  
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 must complain!  
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, 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, 80  
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, 90

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 quenched,  
 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.

100

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.

110

*Chor.* 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 languished head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandoned,  
 And by himself given over,  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soiled.

120

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renowned,  
 Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand;  
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,

130

Chalybean-tempered 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,  
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned  
Their plated backs under his heel, 140  
Or grovelling soiled 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 pulled 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. 150  
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  
Imprisoned now indeed,  
In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light 160  
To incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light, alas!  
Puts forth no visual beam.  
O mirror of our fickle state,  
Since man on earth, unparalleled!  
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 170  
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 crowned with highest praises.

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words; their sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

*Chor.* He speaks: let us draw nigh. Matchless in night,  
The glory late of Israel, now the grief!  
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown, 180  
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 swage  
The tumours of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to festered wounds.

*Sams.* 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 190  
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 enclosed me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness; for, had I sight, confused with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200  
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 paired;  
These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal. Wisest men 210  
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;  
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.  
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather

Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220  
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not  
That what I motioned 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 called.  
She proving false, the next I took to wife  
(O that I never had! fond wish too late!)  
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dálila,

That specious monster, my accomplished snare. 230  
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, vanquished with a peal of words (O weakness!),  
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;  
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,  
Deliverance offered. 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 250  
Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered powers,  
Entered 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, 260  
 Bound with two cords. But cords to me were threads  
 Touched with the flame: on their whole host I flew  
 Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled  
 Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.  
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this possessed 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— 270  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty—  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,  
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
 As their deliverer? If he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemned,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit 280  
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings;  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride  
 In that sore battle when so many died  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death  
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll. 290  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

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

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300



As to his own edicts found contradicting;  
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution,  
 Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
 They ravel more, still less resolved,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right to exempt  
 Whomso it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstruction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

310

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.

320

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 Manoa: advise  
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sams.* Ay me! another inward grief, awaked  
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

330

*Man.* 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 informed  
 Your younger feet, while mine, cast black with age,  
 Came lagging after, say if he be here.

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

*Man.* O miserable change! Is this the man,  
 That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

340

Equivalent to Angels' walked their streets,  
 None offering fight; who, single combatant,  
 Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,  
 Himself an army—now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward armed  
 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 350  
 Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
 I prayed for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,  
 And such a son as all men hailed me happy:  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?  
 Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360  
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordained 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 370  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* 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 betrayed it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
 But warned by oft experience. Did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth

Of nuptial love professed, 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 offered only, by the scent conceived, 390  
 Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?  
 Thrice she assayed, 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 summed, that she might know;  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turned 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 400  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself.  
 Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
 With blandished parleys, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night  
 To storm me, over-watched and wearied out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlocked 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 410  
 Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment.  
 The base degree to which I now am 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.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son— 420  
 Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 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 430  
 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 delivered  
 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, 440  
 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.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high 450  
 Among the Heathen round—to God have brought  
 Dishonour, 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 harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460  
 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, 470  
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee; and these  
words

I as a prophecy receive; for God  
(Nothing more certain) will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480  
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.

*Sams.* 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, 490  
Shameful garrulity. To have revealed  
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 published, impiously,  
Weakly at least and shamefully—a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500  
To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
But act not in thy own affliction, son.  
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;

Who ever more approves and more accepts 510  
 (Best pleased with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
 Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeased  
 For self-offence more than for God offended.  
 Reject not, then, what offered means who knows  
 But God hath set before us to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed. 520

*Sams.* His pardon I implore; but, as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength  
 All mortals I excelled, 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 walked about, admired of all, and dreaded 530  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront—  
 Then, swoln with pride, into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life,  
 At length to lay my head and hallowed 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 turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,  
 Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies. 540

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou could'st repress; nor did the dancing ruby,  
 Sparkling out-poured, the flavour or the smell,  
 Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550  
 Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grape

Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* 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!

*Sams.* But what availed this temperance, not complete  
Against another object more enticing?

What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560

And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquished? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,

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 570

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.

*Man.* 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, unemployed, with age outworn. 580

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 his strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?

His might continues in thee not for naught,

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,— 590

That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor the other light of life continue long,

But yield to double darkness nigh at hand;

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat: Nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind, and humours black 600  
 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.

*Sims.* Oh, 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 610  
 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 620  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification,  
 Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with daily 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; 630  
 Thence 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: 640  
 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, 650  
 The close of all my miseries and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,  
 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 660  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above,  
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers! what is Man,  
 That thou towards him with hand so various—  
 Or might I say contrarious?—  
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course: 670  
 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 remembered;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,  
 To some great work, thy glory, 680  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect.  
 Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,  
 Amidst their highth of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high—  
 Unseemly falls in human eye, 690  
 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 captived,  
 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 deformed,  
 In crude old age; 700  
 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 labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land— 710  
 Female of sex it seems—  
 That, so bedecked, 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 filled, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play;

An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind? 720  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife.

*Sams.* My wife! my traitress! let her not come near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves; now stands and eyes thee fixed,  
 About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,  
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil. 730  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* 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 slackened, though my pardon  
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740  
 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.

*Sams.* Out, out, hyæna! These are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee—  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray; 750  
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconcilment move with feigned 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 760  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,

Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that, on the other side, if it be weighed  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised, 770  
 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? 780  
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not!  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness, then, with weakness come to parle,  
 So near related, or the same of kind;  
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790  
 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; feared lest one day thou would'st leave me,  
 As her at Timna; sought by all means, therefore,  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,  
 "Why, then, revealed?" I was assured by those 800  
 Who tempted me that nothing was desired  
 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 widowed 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. 810

These reasons in Love's law have passed for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.

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.

*Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820

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 feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it—weakness to resist 830

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 constrained thee! Call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love;  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed? 840  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* 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 knowest the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person, 851  
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion—pressed how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroyed  
 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 860  
 Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining. 870

*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would  
 end—

In feigned 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; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpowered 880  
 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 professed?  
 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; 890  
 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 obeyed. 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, obeyed, or feared. 900  
 These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Sams.* For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath!  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;  
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910  
 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, enjoyed  
 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 920  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care,  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age,  
 With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied  
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.  
*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no care;

It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed 930  
 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 nulled.  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,  
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone could hate me,  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me, 940  
 How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemned and scorned,  
 And last neglected! How would'st 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. 950

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* 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 hastened widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960  
 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 calmed.  
 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. 970



Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,  
 And with contráry blast proclaims most deeds;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.

My name, perhaps, among the Circumcised  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mentioned, 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 famousest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb

980

With odours visited and annual flowers;  
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed.

990

Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferred 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.

*Chor.* She's gone—a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

*Sams.* 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.

1000

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

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;  
 Not wedlock-treachery, endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit.  
 That woman's love can win, or long inherit;

1010

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 preferred  
Thy paranymp, 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 lavished on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinished, 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 mixed,  
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 joined, 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,  
Embarked with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favoured of Heaven who finds  
One virtuous, rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines!  
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
But virtue which breaks through all opposition,  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
Gave to the man despotic power

Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour:  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not swayed  
 By female usurpation, nor dismayed. 1060

But had we best retire? I see a storm.

*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sams.* Be less abstruse; my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honeyed 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 1071

The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sams.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know: he now arrives.

*Har.* 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 renowned  
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old 1080

That Kiriathaim held. Thou know'st me now,

If thou at all art known. Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,

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 walked about, and each limb to survey,

If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

*Sams.* The way to know were not to see, but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed  
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;  
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
 From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou bear'st 1100  
 The highest name for valiant acts. That honour,  
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but  
 do

What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me, assassinated and betrayed;  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110  
 In fight withstand me single and unarmed,  
 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 assigned  
 Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120  
 Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,  
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast  
 Again in safety what thou would'st have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms, 1130  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Armed thee or charmed 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.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
My trust is in the Living God, who gave me, 1140  
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 1150  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,  
With the utmost of his godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God. Whate'er he be,  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up  
Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fettered send thee 1160  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those thy boisterous locks; no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

1180

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me  
these?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee  
As a league-breaker, and delivered 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 armed powers thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

1190

*Sams.* 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, constrained the bride  
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.

1200

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 conquered can.

But I, a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts!

1210

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 nought,  
The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,  
And had performed it if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force.

These shifts refuted, answer thy appelland, 1220  
 Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee, a man condemned, a slave enrolled,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment!  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Cam'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 informed;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

*Har.* O Baal-zebul! can my ears unused  
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee; nothing from thy hand  
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;  
 My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down, 1240  
 To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
 These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crestfallen,  
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
 All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250  
 And with malicious counsel stir them up  
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offered fight  
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
 And that he durst not plain enough appeared.  
 Much more affliction than already felt  
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
 If they intend advantage of my labours,  
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping, 1260  
 With no small profit daily to my owners.

But come what will; my deadliest foe will prove  
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;  
 The worst that he can give to me the best.  
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* O, how comely it is, and how reviving  
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer  
 Puts invincible might, 1270

To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,  
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth!  
 He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats,  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour armed; 1280  
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all 1290

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,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands:  
 And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind; 1300  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending; in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears



Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him; there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say: 1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly.  
 Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,  
 Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,  
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them  
 Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320

My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
 Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
 But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
 And over-laboured 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, 1330  
 Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* 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 feats, and play before their god— 1340

The worst of all indignities, yet on me

Joined with supreme contempt! I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strained  
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message, more imperious,  
More lordly thundering than thou wilt bear

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression—so requite  
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols,  
A Nazarite, in place abominable,  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon? 1360  
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence  
holds:

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, 1370  
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command:  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind; which, in his jealousy,  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt. 1380

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

*Sams.* Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this messenger will go along—  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.

If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolved: the man returns.

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords 1391  
 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 fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious; 1400  
 Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
 Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men!)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution. Doff these links: 1410  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* 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 concerned; 1420  
 No less the people, on their holy-days,  
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.  
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
 Our God, our Law, my nation, or myself;  
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
 Of Israel be thy guide

To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the Heathen round; 1430

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 rushed 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. 1440  
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste  
With youthful steps? Much livelier than erewhile  
He seems: supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came; the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock: I had no will, 1450  
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.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
With thee. Say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted, one by one, the lords,  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner. 1460

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 confessed  
They had enough revenged, having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears;  
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470

If some convenient ransom were proposed.

What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest  
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480

No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons;  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age;  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490  
And view him sitting in his house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
That of a nation armed the strength contained.  
And I persuade me God hath not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrisoned 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 1500  
Useless; and thence ridiculous, about him.

And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;  
In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds, and . . . O, what  
noise!

Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perished?  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.  
 O! it continues; they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be.  
 What shall we do—stay here, or run and see? 1520

*Chor.* 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 eye-sight (for to Israel's God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way? 1530

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;  
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* 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 Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

*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 disturbed and scarce consulted,

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550

So in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
 With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not.

No preface needs; thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth; but I recover breath,  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands; but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city. 1561

*Mess.* Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon,  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture; speak them out. 1569

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed! O, all my hopes 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? 1580  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter, then, or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence! What cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause—  
At once both to destroy and be destroyed.  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know; but, while things yet  
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
 Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
 And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
 The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
 Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,  
 When all abroad was rumoured that this day 1600  
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
 I sorrowed 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: 1610  
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
 When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
 In their state livery clad: before him pipes  
 And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;  
 Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1620  
 Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
 Came to the place; and what was set before him,  
 Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
 All with incredible, stupendous force,  
 None daring to appear antagonist.  
 At length, for intermission sake, they led him 1630  
 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 arched roof gave main support.  
 He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—

“ Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed 1640

I have performed, 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 uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;

As with the force of winds and waters pent

When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro

He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew 1650

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 solemnise this feast.

Samson, with these immixed, inevitably

Pulled down the same destruction on himself;

The vulgar only scaped, who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660

Living or dying thou hast fulfilled

The work for which thou wast foretold

To Israel, and now liest victorious

Among thy slain self-killed;

Not willingly, but tangled in the fold

Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoined

Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more

Than all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,

Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine 1670

And fat regorged of bulls and goats,

Chaunting their idol, and preferring

Before our living Dread, who dwells

In Silo, his bright sanctuary,

Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,

Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer.  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men,  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

1680

*Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So Virtue, given for lost,  
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird,  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb how teemed,  
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed;  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

1690

1700

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
 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  
 Honour hath left and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;

1710

And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720

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  
 Soaked 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, 1730  
 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 enrolled  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.

Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valour and adventures high; 1740  
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
 What the unsearchable dispose  
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.  
 Oft he seems to hide his face,

But unexpectedly returns, 1750  
 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 dismissed,  
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

And calm of soul, all passions cease  
With peace and joy, and love divine  
Of love expansive, love of God  
His servants be, and love of man  
His uncorrupted love  
And all mankind love  
For none is so, but all are one  
But love is all, and love is God

**POEMS**  
**ENGLISH AND LATIN**  
**WITH A FEW IN**  
**ITALIAN AND GREEK**  
**COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES**



## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

1645

### “ THE STATIONER TO THE READER

“ It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader (for the slightest Pamphlet is nowadays more vendible than the works 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 Pieces, 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 encomions, that can invite thee to buy them—though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academicks, both domestic and foreign, and, amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, 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 Pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's 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 SPENSER wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. 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.”





PART I  
ENGLISH POEMS

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV

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

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head  
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath received the foil. 10  
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the mountains?  
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be agast  
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI

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

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

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell;  
     For his, etc. 10

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

Who by his wisdom did create  
 The painted heavens so full of state;  
     For his, etc. 19

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

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

And caused the golden-tressèd sun  
 All the day long his course to run;  
     For his, etc. 30

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

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
 Smote the first-born of Egypt land;  
     For his, etc. 39

And, in despite of Pharao fell,  
 He brought from thence his Israel;  
     For his, etc.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
 Of the Erythræan main;  
     For his, etc.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
 While the Hebrew bands did pass;  
     For his, etc. 50

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power;  
For his, etc.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness;  
For his, etc.

59

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown;  
For his, etc.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast;  
For his, etc.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew;  
For his, etc.

70

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land, therein to dwell;  
For his, etc.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery;  
For his, etc.

79

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy;  
For his, etc.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need;  
For his, etc.

Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth;  
For his, etc.

90

That his mansion hath on high,  
Above the reach of mortal eye;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT  
DYING OF A COUGH

*Anno ætatis 17*

I

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

II

For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touched his deity full near, 10  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infâmous blot  
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III

So, mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wandered 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 unwares, with his cold-kind embrace, 20  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV

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

v

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb;  
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

vi

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)!  
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere, 40  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),

Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

vii

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof  
Of shaken 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 nectared head?

viii

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50  
Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,  
And camest again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?  
Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heavenly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

ix

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,  
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,

To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60  
 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?

## X

But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? 69  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

## XI

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

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE,  
 PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH

*Anno ætatis 19*

*The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began:—*

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask  
 That now I use thee in my latter task!  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;

I know my tongue but little grace can do thee. 10  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;  
Believe me, I have thither packed 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; 20  
But cull those richest robes and gayest 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 decked 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, 30  
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, 40  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50  
Are held, with his melodious harmony.

In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way.  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament.  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

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

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth  
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth. 60  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible.  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear;  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70  
 And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.  
 "You son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king;  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them. 80  
 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;  
 Yet, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity."  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90



*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose : then RELATION  
was called by his name.*

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,  
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads  
His thirty arms along the indented meads,  
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,  
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,  
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,  
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,  
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame. 100

*The rest was prose.*

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

*Composed 1629*

### I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

### II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table 10  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

### III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

## IV

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!  
 Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN

## I

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
 Nature, in awe to him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathise:  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

30

## II

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

40

## III

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

50

## IV

No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around;  
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung;  
 The hookèd chariot stood,  
 Unstained with hostile blood;  
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

## V

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

## VI

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70  
 Bending one way their precious influence,  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame, 80  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlightened world no more should need:  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

## VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they than  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below: 90  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## IX

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

## X

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

## XI

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light, 110  
 That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;  
 The helmèd cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

## XII

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
 While the Creator great 120  
 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.

## XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time;  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow; 130  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

## XIV

For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die;  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

## XV

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

## XVI

But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so; 150  
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss,  
 So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

## XVII

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:  
 The aged Earth, agast, 160  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
 When, at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

## XVIII

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins; for from this happy day  
 The Old Dragon under ground,  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX

The Oracles are dumb;  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

## XX

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

## XXI

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth, 190  
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
 In urns, and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

## XXII

Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice-battered God of Palestine;  
 And moonèd Ashtaroth, 200  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:  
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbal's ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,  
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark. 220

## XXV

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 damnèd crew.

## XXVI

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red, 230  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

## XXVII

But see! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:  
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star 240  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.



## THE PASSION

## I

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

## II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo:  
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

## III

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,  
 His starry front low-roofed beneath the skies:  
 Oh, what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
 Yet more: the stroke of death he must abide; 20  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

## IV

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

## V

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief!  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30  
 And work my flattered fancy to belief  
 That heaven and earth are coloured 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 washed, a wannish  
 white.

## VI

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood;  
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels  
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood. 40  
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII

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

## VIII

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)  
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

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

## 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.

10

## ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630

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

10

## 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 way 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 prevailed,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed; 10  
 But lately, finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin  
 Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 "Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed."

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot;  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;  
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10  
 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 hastened on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.  
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretched,  
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers." 20  
 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 pressed 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 30  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase  
 His letters are delivered all and gone;  
 Only remains this superscription.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS  
 OF WINCHESTER

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honoured 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! 10  
 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; 20  
 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  
 Spoiled at once both fruit and tree. 30  
 The hapless babe before his birth  
 Had burial, not yet laid in earth;  
 And the languished 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,  
 Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower; 40  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Sideways, 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, 50  
 That, to give the world increase,  
 Shortened hast thy own life's lease!  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Weept 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; 60  
 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-favoured 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: 70  
 There with thee, new-welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

## L'ALLEGRO

**HENCE**, loathed 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-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-easing Mirth;  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a-Maying, 20  
 There, on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled 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 wreathèd smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 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 honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unprovèd pleasures free; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine;  
 While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50  
 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:  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate  
 Where the great Sun begins his state; 60  
 Robed in flames and amber light,



The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed 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 landskip round it measures:

70

Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied;  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

80

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 ✓ To the tanned haycock in the mead.

90

Sometimes, with secure delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequered shade,  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail:

*Examine* Then to a spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat.

100

She was pinched and pulled, 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 threshed the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretched 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.

110

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.

120

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.

130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,

Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,

140

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 heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixèd 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 sun-beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams, 10  
 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 starred Ethiop queen that strove 20  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended:  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain.  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30

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 cypress 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 wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40  
 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, 50  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd 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 60  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray 70  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
 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 past regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did seek;  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned 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. 120  
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130  
 And, when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There, in close covert, by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
 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-feathered Sleep.  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture displayed,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid; 150  
 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 embowèd roof,  
 With antique pillars massy-proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light. 16c  
 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 17c  
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew,  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give;  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## ARCADES

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at 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:*

## I. SONG

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend:  
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise  
 Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse 1c  
 Of detraction from her praise:

Less than half we find expressed;  
 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, 20  
 Or the towered Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred gods?  
 Juno dares not give her odds:  
     Who had thought this clime had held  
     A deity so unparalleled?

*As they come forward, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

*Gen.* Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice, 30  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.  
 I know this quest of yours and free intent  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity,  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.  
 For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill;  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50



And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.  
 When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless. 60  
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurgèd 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, 80  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. SONG

O'er the smooth enamelled green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing  
     And touch the warbled string;  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof  
     Follow me.

I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's 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. 100  
 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.

## 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 mixed power employ,  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbèd song of pure concert,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
 To him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly :

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,

May rightly answer that melodious noise ;

As once we did, till disproportioned sin

Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20

Broke the fair music that all creatures made

To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed

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 !

### 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 entombed,

And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed, 10

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 earthly grossness quit, 20

Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,

Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time !

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
 Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow.  
 He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere 10  
 Entered 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  
 Empted his glory, even to nakedness; 20  
 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.

## COMUS

A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, etc.

DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION  
OF 1637

(Reprinted in the Edition of 1645, but omitted in that of 1673)

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

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

H. LAWES.

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

(In the Edition of 1645: omitted in that of 1673)

From the College, this 13 of April, 1638.

SIR,—It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, over 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 charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel

in our language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight; having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford: whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

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

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

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times; having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and, at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. "*Signor Arrigo mio*," says he, "*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world." Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement 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 to command as any of longer date,

HENRY WOTTON.

#### Postscript

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

## COMUS

## THE PERSONS

**THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT,**  
afterwards in the habit  
of THYRSIS.  
**COMUS,** with his Crew.

**THE LADY.**  
**FIRST BROTHER.**  
**SECOND BROTHER.**  
**SABRINA,** the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were:—

The Lord Brackley;  
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother;  
The Lady Alice Egerton.

(This list of the Persons, etc., appeared in the Edition of 1645, but was omitted in that of 1673.)

*The first Scene discovers a wild wood.*

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters*

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 pestered 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. 10  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity.  
To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay

The unadornèd 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-haired deities;  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with tempered 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 perplexed 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, 40  
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,  
 I was despatched 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  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misusèd wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe, 50  
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)  
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,  
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:  
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,  
 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 count'nance,  
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear, 70  
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were.  
 And they, so perfect in 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 favoured of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do. But first I must put off  
 These my sky-ropes, 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 90  
 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 glistering. 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  
 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 100  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,

Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Topsy dance and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed;  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110  
 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, decked with daisies trim, 120  
 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-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame 130  
 Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,  
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air!  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend  
 Us thy vowed 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, 140  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our concealed 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, 150  
 And to my wily trains: I shall ere long  
 Be well stocked 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, 160  
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 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 hear.

*THE LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
 My best guide now. Methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered 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 swilled insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge

Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stepped, 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 grey-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour 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 filled their lamps  
 With everlasting oil to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200  
 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 nought 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 210  
 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 unblemished 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 honour unassailed. . . . 220  
 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 hallo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230  
 Within thy airy shell

By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered 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, 240

Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250

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 prisoned soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.

Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, 260  
 And in sweet madness robbed 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. 270

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
That is addressed to unattending ears.

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift

How to regain my severed company,

Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

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

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

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

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

*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 unrazored lips. 290

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood.

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,

And, as I passed, I worshipped. 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. 310

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,  
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320  
Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest-offered 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 proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on. 330

*The Two BROTHERS.*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,  
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades;  
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light, 340  
And thou shalt be our Star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Bro.* Or, if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night-watchers 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 burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillowed 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!

35a

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

36a

37a

38a



Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Bro.*

'Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his grey hairs any violence?  
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunned 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 unownèd sister.

39c

400

*Eld. Bro.*

I do not, brother,

Infer as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt or controversy;  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,  
 Which you remember not.

410

*Sec. Bro.*

What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:

420

She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
 By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty, 430  
 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 faery 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? 440  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bow of Cupid; gods and men  
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.  
 What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
 And noble grace that dashed 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 dreams 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, 460  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,  
 Lingerin and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

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

*Eld. Bro.* List! list! I hear 480  
 Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

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

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

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

*Eld. Bro.* I'll hallo.  
 If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak. 490  
 Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

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

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

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed  
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.  
 How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram  
 Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook? 500

*Spir.* O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,

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

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

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

*Eld. Bro.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly  
 shew.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous  
 (Though so esteemed 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, 520  
 Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
 Charactered in the face. This have I learnt 530  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts  
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
 In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.  
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells  
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540  
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
 Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance; 550  
 At which I ceased, and listened them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds  
 That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.  
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560  
 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 honoured Lady, your dear sister.  
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;  
 And "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,  
 "How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place 570  
 Where that damned 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 wished prey;  
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
 But further know I not.

*Sec. Bro.* O night and shades, 580  
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot  
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence

You gave me, brother?

*Eld. Bro.*

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 assailed, but never hurt,  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled; 590  
 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,  
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed and self-consuméd. If this fail,  
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!  
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven 600  
 May never this just sword be lifted up;  
 But, for that damned magician, let him be girt  
 With all the griesly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to return his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 Cursed as his life.

*Spir.*

Alas! good venturous youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.  
 Far other arms and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.  
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.*

Why, prithee, Shepherd,

How durst thou then thyself approach so near  
 As to make this relation?

*Spir.*

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled 620  
 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 culled me out.

630

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 esteemed, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.  
 He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,

640

Or ghastly Furies' apparition.  
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compelled.  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,  
 Entered 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 brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquid on the ground;  
 But seize his wand. Though he and his curst 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.

650

*Eld. Bro.* 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 chained up in alabaster, 66c  
 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 vexed, 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 670  
 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 mixed.

Not that Nephthes 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 680

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! 690

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.

Was this the cottage and the safe abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,

These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence

With vizored falsehood and base forgery?

And would'st thou seek again to trap me here.



With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700  
 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-governed 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 710  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, 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-haired silk,  
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hatched the all-worshipped ore and precious gems,  
 To store her children with. If all the world 720  
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthanked, 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:  
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with  
 plumes, 730  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords;  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought  
 diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened  
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,

But must be current; and the good thereof 740  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languished 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 750  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;  
 Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments 760  
 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 770  
 Of that which lewdly-pampered 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 encumbered with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thanked  
 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 enow? To him that dares 780  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words

Against the sun-clad power of chastity  
 Fain would I something say;—yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion and high mystery  
 That must be uttered 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, 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.  
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrollèd worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathise,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,  
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.* She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation.  
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood. 810  
 But this will cure all straight; one sup of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

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

*Spir.* What! have you let the false enchanter scape?  
 O ye mistook; ye should have snatched 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 fixed and motionless.

Yet stay: be not disturbed; 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. 820

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:  
 Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;

Whilom she was the daughter of Loctrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guileless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enragèd stepdame, Guendolen, 830

Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
 That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,  
 Help up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,

And gave her to his daughter to imbathe  
 In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived, 840

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 850  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasp'ing 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 860  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus.  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace; 870  
 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-slippered feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880  
 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 answered have.  
 Listen and save!

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

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
 That in the channel strays;

Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread.  
 Gentle swain, at thy request  
 I am here!

900

*Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmèd band  
 Of true virgin here distressed  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblessed enchanter vile.

*Sabr.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnarèd 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 marble venomèd seat,  
 Smeared 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.

910

920

*SABRINA descends, and THE LADY rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of Loctrine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmèd waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills:  
 Summer drouth or singèd 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 crowned  
 With many a tower and terrace round,

930

And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
 Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice 940  
 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 wished presence, and beside 950  
 All the swains that there abide  
 With jigs and rural dance resort.  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,  
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle: then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and THE LADY.*

## SONG

*Spir.* Back, shepherds, back! Enough your play  
 Till next sun-shine holiday.  
 Here be, without duck or nod, 960  
 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, 970  
 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.*

*Spir.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
 There I suck the liquid air, 980  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree.  
 Along the crispèd shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours  
 Thither all their bounties bring.  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990  
 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 shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound, 1000  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.  
 But far above, in spangled sheen,  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced  
 Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced  
 After her wandering labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010  
 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 bowed 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.

1020

## LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637 and, by occasion, foretells the 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.

10

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,

20

And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;  
Tempered to the oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

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, 40  
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 shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50  
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, 60  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

70

To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
Phœbus replied, and touched 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 rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

80

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned 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.

90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.

They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

100

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 110  
 (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,  
 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 learnt aught else the least 120  
 That to the faithful herdman'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, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.  
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130  
 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 enamelled eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140  
 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 freaked with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strew 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 hurled;  
 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, 160  
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.  
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walked 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, 180  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey:

He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,      190  
 And now was dropt into the western bay  
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

## SONNETS

## I

## [TO THE NIGHTINGALE]

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

## II

## [ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE]

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

## III

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora  
 L' erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora,  
 De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,  
 E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,  
 Laonde l' alta tua virtù 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 sù gli vaglia, innanti  
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

## IV

QUAL in colle aspro, a l' imbrunir di sera,  
 L' avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l' erbetta 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

RIDIONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e " Perchè scrivi,  
 Perchè 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 miglor t' arrivi! "  
 Così mi van burlando: " altri rivi,  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad or ad or a la tua chioma  
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.  
 Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma? "  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:  
 " Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore  
 ' Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.' "

## V

DIODATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),  
 Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea  
 E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,  
 Già caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s' impiglia  
 Nè trecchie d' oro, nè guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero  
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna:  
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran tuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## VI

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,  
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole;  
 Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,



Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.  
 Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cела  
 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,  
 Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

## VII

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,  
 Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono  
 Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante  
 L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono  
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use,  
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

## VIII

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX

## [TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY]

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth.  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,  
 Hast gained 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 unstained with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Killed with report that old man eloquent,  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourished, 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, honoured Margaret.

## XI

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY  
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style;  
 The subject new: it walked 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,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward  
 Greek.

## 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 transformed to frogs  
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that must first be wise and good:  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE  
LONG PARLIAMENT

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

## 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 humour best our tongue.  
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV

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

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

## XV

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE  
OF COLCHESTER

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

## XVI

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652, ON THE  
PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE  
FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud  
Hast reared 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 renowned 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, repelled  
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold,  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;  
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 learned, which few have  
done.  
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XVIII

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

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

## XIX

## [ON HIS BLINDNESS]

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

## XX

## [TO MR. LAWRENCE]

**LAWRENCE**, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sowed 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 touched, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER]

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench,  
 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 intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XXII

[TO THE SAME]

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer



Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overlied  
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain  
mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

## XXIII

## [ON HIS DECEASED WIFE]

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused 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 washed 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 veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear as in no face with more delight.  
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

## TRANSLATIONS

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.*

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

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
 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 changèd 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 vowed  
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
     To the stern God of Sea.

[As Milton inserts the original with his translation, as if to challenge comparison, it is right that we should do so too.]

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.*

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
     Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
     Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditiæ! Heu, quoties fidem

Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera  
 Nigris æquora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens,  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ;  
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,  
 Sperat, nescius auræ  
 Fallacis! Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer  
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

April, 1648.—J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre; wherein all, but what 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 loved Joseph's seed,  
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright,  
*Between their wings outspread ;*  
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*  
*And on our foes thy dread.*
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasseh's sight, 10  
 Awake <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> smoking wrath, *and angry brow,*  
 Against thy people's prayer? 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;  
 Their bread with tears they eat;

<sup>1</sup> *Gnorera.*

<sup>2</sup> *Gnashanta.*

- And mak'st them largely <sup>1</sup> drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe;  
 Among themselves they <sup>2</sup> laugh, they <sup>2</sup> play,  
 And <sup>2</sup> flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;* 30  
 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 filled the land at last.* 40
- 10 With her *green* shade that covered *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, 50  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tuskèd* 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. 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long,*

<sup>1</sup> *Shalish.*<sup>2</sup> *Jilgnagu.*

- 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* ; 70  
 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. 80

## 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*, 10  
 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 ordained  
 In Joseph, *not to change*,  
 When *as he passed through Egypt-land* ;  
 The tongue I heard was strange. 20

- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,  
I set his shoulder free;  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,  
Delivered 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 answered thee in <sup>1</sup>thunder deep,  
With clouds encompassed round;  
I tried thee at the water *steep*  
Of Meriba *renowned*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well* :  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel*,  
If thou wilt list to me:
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien God shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt-land;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice;  
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandering mind;  
Their own conceits they followed 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*;

30

40

50

60

<sup>1</sup> *Be Sether ragnam.*

- 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 <sup>1</sup> great <sup>1</sup> assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states ;*  
<sup>2</sup> Among the gods <sup>2</sup> on both his hands  
 He judges and debates.  
 2 How long will ye <sup>3</sup> pervert the right  
 With <sup>3</sup> judgement false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong ?*  
 3 <sup>4</sup> Regard the <sup>4</sup> weak and fatherless ;  
<sup>4</sup> Despatch the <sup>4</sup> poor man's cause ;  
 And <sup>5</sup> raise the man in deep distress  
 By <sup>5</sup> 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 <sup>6</sup> moved,  
 And <sup>6</sup> 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 ; <sup>7</sup> judge thou the earth in might ;  
 This *wicked* earth <sup>7</sup> redress ;  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess.

<sup>1</sup> *Bagnadath-el.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Tishphetu gnavel.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Hatzdiku.*  
<sup>7</sup> *Shiphia.*

<sup>6</sup> *Beherev.*  
<sup>4</sup> *Shiphudal.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Jimnotu.*

## 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* <sup>1</sup> swell,  
 And <sup>1</sup> storm outrageously;  
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,  
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they <sup>2</sup> contrive  
<sup>3</sup> Their plots and counsels deep; 10  
<sup>4</sup> Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
<sup>5</sup> Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,  
 "Till they no nation be;  
 That Israel's name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory."
- 5 For they consult <sup>6</sup> with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind  
 Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell*,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,  
 And *hateful* Amalec,  
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot* ; 30  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,  
*That wasted all the coast* ;  
 To Sisera, and as *is told*

<sup>1</sup> *Jehemajun.*<sup>2</sup> *Sod.*<sup>3</sup> *Tsephuneca.*<sup>4</sup> *Jagnarimu.*<sup>5</sup> *Jihjagnassu gnal.*<sup>6</sup> *Lev jachdaw.*



- 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 rolled  
     As dung upon the plain. 40  
 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  
     <sup>1</sup> Their stately palaces."  
 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel;  
     No quiet let them find; 50  
     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 <sup>2</sup> And till they <sup>2</sup> yield thee honour due,  
     Lord, fill with shame their face. 60  
 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,  
     Troubled and shamed for ever.  
     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.

<sup>1</sup> Neoth Elohim bears both.

<sup>2</sup> They seek thy name: Heb.

## PSALM LXXXIV

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are  
 Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong*,  
 Hath found a house of rest; 10  
 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! 20
- 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: 30
- 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 abide*  
 With sin *for evermore.* 40
- 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 favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
 And all their sin *that did thee grieve*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return 10  
 From thy <sup>1</sup> fierce wrath, which we had proved  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore ;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus ?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us ? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not <sup>2</sup> turn and *hear our voice,*  
 And us again <sup>2</sup> revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice,  
 By thee preserved alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord ;  
 To us thy mercy show ;

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.* : The burning heat of thy wrath.

<sup>2</sup> *Heb.* : Turn to quicken us.

- 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, 30  
 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 *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.* 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed,*  
 Now *joyfully* are met ;  
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,  
*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 ; 50  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger* :  
 Then <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just :

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.* : He will set his steps to the way.

<sup>2</sup> *Heb.* : I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.

- 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 10  
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. 20
- 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 prayed*.
- 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* 30  
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*. 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour 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,  
Ev'n from the *lowest hell set free*,  
*From deepest darkness foul*.

- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
 And violent men are met 50  
 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 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,  
 And me have mercy on;  
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* see,  
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,  
 Dost help and comfort me.

## PSALM LXXXVII

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings *fair*  
 Of Jacob's *land*, *though there be store.*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke. 10  
 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke ;*
- 4 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. 20
- 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, thou dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry,  
 And all night long before thee *weep,*  
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer  
*With sighs devout, ascend ;*  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ; 10  
 My life, *at death's uncheerful door,*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal pit ;*  
 I am a <sup>1</sup> 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 ;* 20  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard :
- Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barred.*
- 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 ; 30
- <sup>1</sup> Heb. : A man without manly strength.

- <sup>1</sup> Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>1</sup> 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. 40  
 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? 50  
 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 <sup>2</sup> shake  
 With terror sent from thee; 60  
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*  
 As ready to expire,  
 While I thy terrors undergo,  
 Astonished 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 severed from me far: 70  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew bears both.<sup>2</sup> Heb. : *Prae concussione.*



## PSALM I

*Done into verse 1653*

BLEST is the man who hath not walked 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. 10  
 Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which fanned  
 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—Terzetti*

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 10  
 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 swayed,  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20  
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered 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 10  
 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 20  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhorred  
 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 disenthral  
 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? 10  
 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 20  
 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 favour, of thy count'nance bright. 30  
 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: 40  
 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; 10  
 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. 20  
 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 quelled; 30  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebelled.  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
     Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
     To bless the just man still:  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

## PSALM VI

*August 13, 1653*

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,  
     Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 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? 10  
 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. 20

Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed  
 With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

## 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 rendered less,  
 And not freed my foe for nought:

10

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

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

20

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. 30

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; 40  
 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, 50  
 He travails 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 undelayed  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

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

## PSALM VIII

*August 14, 1653*

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth,  
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set!  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,  
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
 To 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 10  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
 Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet  
 And think'st upon him, or of man begot  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
 Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot;  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crowned.

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, 20  
 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!

## SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS

FROM "OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH  
 DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND," 1641

[DANTE, *Inferno*, xix. 115]

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



[PETRARCH, *Sonnet 107*]

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

[ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur. xxxiv. Stanz. 80*]

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

FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SNECTYMNUUS, 1642

[HORACE, *Sat. l. i, 24*]

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

[HORACE, *Sat. l. i, 14*]

JOKING decides great things  
 Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra, 624*]

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

FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644

[EURIPIDES, *Supplices, 438*]

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

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645

[HORACE, *Epist.* i. 16, 40]

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

FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES,"  
1649

[SENICA, *Her. Fur.* 922]

THERE can be slain  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Than an unjust and wicked king.

FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1670

[In Geoffrey of Monmouth the story is that Brutus the Trojan, wandering through the Mediterranean, and uncertain whither to go, arrived at a dispeopled island called Leogecia, where he found, in a ruined city, a temple and oracle of Diana. He consulted the oracle in certain Greek verses, of which Geoffrey gives a version in Latin elegiacs; and Milton translates these.]

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

[Sleeping before the altar of the Goddess, Brutus received from her, in vision, an answer to the above in Greek. Geoffrey quotes the traditional version of the same in Latin elegiacs, which Milton thus translates.]

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

PART II  
LATIN POEMS

[DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA]

*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 fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimicæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que 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, verum hercle Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POESEOS LAURĒA  
CORONANDUM, GRÆCĀ NIMIRUM, LATINĀ, ATQUE  
HETRUSCĀ, EPIGRAMMA JOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI.

Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE

## ODE

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,  
 Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona!  
 Non più del biondo Dio  
 La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona:  
 Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,  
 A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;  
 Non può l' obbligo rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore. 10  
 Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

Dell' Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede  
 Separata dal mondo,  
 Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
 Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita 20  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,  
 Quella gli è sol gradita,  
 Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido 30  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d' Elena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti,  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti;  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

40

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.

50

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.

60

I più profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,  
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Troppo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gl' anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;  
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia  
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

70



(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 DIODATUM

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,  
Quòdque 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. 10  
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. 20  
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, 30  
 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: 40  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata relinquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;  
 Seu ferus e 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. 50  
 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; 60  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem;  
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascès submittite Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus;



Nec Pompeianas Tarpēia Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70  
 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,  
 Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere 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. 90  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA

*Anno ætatis 17*

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

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. 10

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer a 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. 20  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiâ tristes,  
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

## ELEGIA TERTIA

*Anno ætatis 17*

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS

MÆSTUS 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; 10  
 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? 20

Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ;  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo  
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ? " 30  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eöo 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; 40  
 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;  
 Ditiore Hesperio flavet arena Tago;  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pellucens miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat!  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos;  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono;  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis;  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:

“ Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni;  
 Semper abhinc 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 18

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; 10  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia 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. 20  
 Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graium,  
 Cliniasi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
 Quàmque Stagiritis generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30  
 Pieriosque hausit 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 sonorum;  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40  
 Invenies dulici cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargata volumina Patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,  
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50  
 "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 a 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. 60  
 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 deliquere 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; 70  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!  
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virùm 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, 80  
 Fugit, io! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.  
 Te tamen interea 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, 90  
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo 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 100  
 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.  
 Sic etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110

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,  
 Aère dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentùm,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virùm.  
 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 dulcè 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 Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.  
 Delius ipse venit (video Penelide lauro  
 Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetrabilia vatum;  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm;

- Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
- 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. 30
- Jam sol, Æthiopas 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 cæleste Bootes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
- Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
- Fortè 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, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
- "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;  
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50
- Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;  
 Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
- Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ociùs 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 amoma rosis? 60



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,  
 Tænario 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.

70

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.  
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor),  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.

Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo

80

In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperis recipit cærule mater aquis?"

Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?  
 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 lenè susurrans

90

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleïa fata,

Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs 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.

100

Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæ* pur 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. 110  
 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,  
 Delphinâsque 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, 120  
*Sylvanus*que 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 malè tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arboreâ, 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! 140

## ELEGIA SEXTA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM

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,  
 Quâ 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 Decembrim,  
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10  
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus *Eux*  
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;  
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20  
 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  
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30  
 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 peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40  
 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; 50  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juvenus,  
 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 70  
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,

Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges:  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divùmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.  
 At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam). 80  
 Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,  
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;  
 Vagitumque 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. 90

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA

*Anno ætatis undevigesimo*

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi 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 tropæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros." 10  
 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 matutinum sustinuere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20

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 tutiûs," inquit;  
 "Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;  
 Et, quoties meminit Peneïdos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiûs et graviûs tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiûs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliûs mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda 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. 50  
 Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facieque 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 potui continuisse meos. 60  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.  
 Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis; 70  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores;  
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat  
 Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis;  
 Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Findor; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum;  
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere iuvat. 80  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focus;  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu 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,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces! 90  
 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 summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores;  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100  
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.  
*Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,  
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.*

*Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit;  
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

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## [EPIGRAMMATA]

## 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 cæli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis;  
 Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,  
 Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

## IN EANDEM

SICCINE tentâsti cælo 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 fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos;  
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi, cæli 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 inultus" ait "temnes mea sacra, Britanne;  
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis;



Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammâs 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 cæli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto 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 restituisset sibi.

## AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloïados,  
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
 Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hic, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;  
 Atque ait, " Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens."

## [DE MORO]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori  
 Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE  
CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,  
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!  
 Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;  
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

## SYLVARUM LIBER

*Anno ætatis 17*

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI

**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 10  
     Nessi venenatus cruore  
     Æmathiâ jacuisset Cêtâ;  
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectors, aut  
     Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
     Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.  
 Si triste Fatum verba Hecatæia  
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
     Vixisset infamis, potentique  
     Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20  
 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 genetricis alvo.  
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum. 30  
     Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
     Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi  
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ;  
     Nec puppe lustrâsses 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!

40

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

*Anno ætatis 17*

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia 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,  
 Fortè 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;  
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,  
 Regnaque oliviferâ 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, ceu Caspia tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,

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Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

30

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 Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ  
 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, nostrâque 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.

40

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini;  
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non  
 Te furtiva, Tiberis, 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 mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes.

50

60

Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentûm  
 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 capillis.

70

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, Libyosque leones.

80

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu

90

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 cæli;

Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,

Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit,

100

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 puellâ.

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,

Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,

Tyrrhenum implebit numero milite pontum

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;

Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,

110

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 120  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinûs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
 Perculsosque metu subito, casuque 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." 130  
 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, 140  
 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; exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;  
 Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant; tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150  
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò 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 penitùs 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.

160

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos  
 Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrâ  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus 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 mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen.

170

180

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, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas latè 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, modò confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,

190



Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse 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: 200  
 "Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobò?"  
 Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et, satis antè 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: 210  
 Et primò 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  
 Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad acres:  
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita læta focus genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit; quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

*Anno ætatis 17*

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis  
 Quem nuper effudi 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, 10  
 Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinùs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore;  
 Graiusque vates parciùs 20  
 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,  
 Subitòque ad iras percita? 30  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao:  
 Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat,  
 (Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
 Themidos Jovisque filiaë,) 40  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari  
 Sedesque subterraneas."  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror,

Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex,  
 Auriga currus ignei. 50  
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;  
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas, 60  
 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! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 CEdipodioniam 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, sterilecet ab ævo? 10  
 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 Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,

Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20  
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.  
 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 30  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.  
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs 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 cælos.  
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40  
 Floridus æternum 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,  
 Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli;  
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50  
 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 hiemem, nimbosque volutat.  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60  
 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 cæli,  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES  
 INTELLEXIT

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cælique 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 seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci:  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;  
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;  
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Dirçæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleïones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,

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30

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 inducti 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 officum venerandi Musa parentis.  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius a 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.

10

Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,  
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consulit et tepedis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,

20

30

Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis pèr cæli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis  
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis

Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.

40

Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.

Tum de more sedens festa ad convivium 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.

50

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea, cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a 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.

60

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 leges, malè costodita que gentis  
 Jura nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.

70

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  
 Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant 80  
 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 cælo  
 Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluis aër,  
 Quicquid et unda tegit pontique agitabile marmor,  
 Pet te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube, 90  
 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, cælo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100  
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,  
 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. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque mûnera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.



Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modò 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.

120

## PSALM CXIV

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου  
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μῶνον ἦν ὄσιον γένος υἱὸς Ἰουδα·  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα,  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν·  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντα,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνωντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλῶῃ·  
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύ γ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώνησας  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνωντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλῶῃ;  
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκίρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
 Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρέουσα ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσρακιδάο,  
 Ὃς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

*Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et  
 insonntem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat,  
 τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.*

ὦ ἀνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὄλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον, ἴσθι, κάρηνον  
 Ρηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αἴθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὄδυρῃ,  
 Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

*In effigiei ejus sculptorem.*

Ἀμαθεί γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φάλῃς τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνὲς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἔκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, 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  
 Quam 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 10  
 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 penitùs sanum;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat; 20  
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divùm 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. 30  
 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 Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro;  
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

40

## MANSUS

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. At 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 e cortesi  
 Risplende il Manso . . .

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ 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,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
 Dum canit Assyrios divûm 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.

10

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 variâ sub sorte peractam 20  
 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 aspernabere Musam,  
 Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Quà Thamesis latè 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) 40  
 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 quacunquē per orbem  
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse 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;

Tantum, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60  
 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 70  
 Nascentem et miti lustrârit 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 vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.

O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
 Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ

Magnanimos heroas, et (O modò 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 astaret ocellis;

Astanti sat erit si dicam " Sim tibi curæ ";  
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ: 90

Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas; at ego securâ pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
 (Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente serenûm

Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

## 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 hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ 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 præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.  
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ 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:—

10

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,  
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 silentûm.

20

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus antè videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi hōnos, longûmque vigebit  
Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo

30

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;  
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,  
 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 modò? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis, 40  
 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 cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
 Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster  
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni. 50  
 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 60  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu! quam culta mihi priùs 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, Alpheisibœus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas: 70  
 ‘ 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 fortè notârat  
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),  
‘Thyrsi, quid hoc?’ dixit; ‘quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.’ 80

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphæ, et ‘Quid te, Thyrsi, futuum 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: 90  
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; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:  
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus  
Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volucrum 100  
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;  
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
Protinùs 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 unum;  
Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ, 110  
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 Romam 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 silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes? 120  
 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,  
 Hic 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, 130  
 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, 140  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.  
 Ah! quoties dixi, cum 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 fortè retardat,  
 Imus, et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150  
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque 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 fortè novis admôram labra cicutis:  
 Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ulra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus; tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvæ. 160

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,  
 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 annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu  
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170  
 Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia? mî satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitùsque 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 tentâ sub cortice lauri, 180  
 Hæc, et plura 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 Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus: 190  
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,  
 Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,  
 Hinc ferit; at, circum 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 spes lubrica, Damon—

Tu quoque in his certè es; nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus? 200  
 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;  
 Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque vocaris;  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
 DIODORUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210  
 Cælicola nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!  
 Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,  
 Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
 Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos,  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatiss  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos."

Jan. 23, 1646

## AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM

### STROPHE I

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat,  
 ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca Publica reponeret, Ode.*

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ  
 demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero  
 nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus,  
 commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos  
 rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici  
*monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ ἄρσιν, partem  
 ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis  
 admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit

Juvenilis olim  
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit,  
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10  
 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 20  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum?

## STROPHE 2

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 Angligenûm,  
 Immundasque volucres 30  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?

## ANTISTROPHE

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ,

Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus, 40  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsân unde vili  
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ:

## STROPHE 3

Nam te Roûsius sui  
 Optat peculî, numeroque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta 50  
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ;  
 Teque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris  
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,  
 Clarus Erechtheides.  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

## ANTISTROPHE

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos;  
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthabita,  
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo;  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70  
 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 invidia requiem, sedesque beatas  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsî,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentùm prava facesset; 8a  
 At ultimi nepotes  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Roüsio favente.

## IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,  
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi  
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
 Quòd, si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ  
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
 Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

## IN SALMASIUM

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium sale,  
 Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis algentes freta!  
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques  
 Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;  
 Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos  
 Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii  
 Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii:  
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum  
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium  
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

# GLOSSARY

P.L.=*Paradise Lost*.

C.=*Comus*.

P.R.=*Paradise Regained*.

S.A.=*Samson Agonistes*.

When the page alone is given=*Poems*.

*Abaddon*, a name of hell. See Prov. xv. 11

*Abarim*, a mountain range in Moab, of which Nebo was the highest peak

*Abassin*, Abyssinian

*Abana*, a river flowing through Damascus

*abide*, pay for, P.L. iv. 87

*abortive*, full of abortive or monstrous things, P.L. ii. 441

*Academe*, a garden near Athens, where Plato taught

*Accaron*, Ekron, one of the five chief cities of the Philistines

*Acheron*, River of Woe, one of the rivers of the infernal regions in Greek mythology

*Achilles*, the great hero of the Grecian army before Troy, described in Homer's *Iliad*

*acquist*, acquisition, S.A. 1755

*Ades*, or Hades, Greek name of the king of the infernal regions, or the place itself

*Adiabene*, a district in Assyria

*admire*, wonder, P.L. i. 690; P.R. i. 214

*Adonis*, a river rising in Lebanon, whose waters in flood were tinged with red. The name was applied to Aphrodite's lover, a beautiful youth, whose death was celebrated each year by a dramatic feast, when "Gardens of Adonis" were planted in his honour

*Adramelech*, "mighty king," an idol worshipt in Samaria

*Adria*, the Adriatic Sea

*adust*, burnt. P.L. xii. 635

*Æmilian Road*, a road made by M. Æmilius Lepidus through northern Italy

*Ænon*, of unknown position near Jordan, John iii. 23

*Afer*, the S.-W. wind

*Africa*, P.R. ii. 199; Scipio Africanus, at the capture of New Carthage, when he was twenty-four years old, restored a noble captive lady of Spain to her lover

*African*, Scipio Africanus

*agast*, terrified, P.R. i. 43

*Agonistes*, "the struggler" (Gr.)

*Ahab*, 1 Kings xxii. 6

*Ahaz*, King of Judah, who persuaded the Assyrians to conquer Damascus. He made an altar in Jerusalem on the pattern of one he saw in Damascus

*Aialon* (*Ajalon*), a valley near Jerusalem, where Joshua defeated the Canaanites

*Aladule*, Armenia, so called from its last king Aladules

*Albracca*, the city of Gallaphrone, King of Cathay, in Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. It is besieged by Agricane, King of Tartary, to win Angelica, Gallaphrone's daughter (Masson)

*Alcairo*, Cairo, the modern city built near the ruins of Memphis

*Alcestis*, wife of Admetus, brought back to him from the dead by Hercules

*alchemy*, a composite metal, so called because made by the alchemists, P.L. ii. 517

*Alcides*, Hercules (Herakles), son of Jove, who received from his wife a robe dipt in venom, which burnt his flesh and killed him

*Alcinous*, King of Scheria, a fabulous land of plenty described in Homer. His famous garden is described in *Odyssey*, Bk. vii.

*Alexander's tutor*, Aristotle

- allæotrophic*, consisting of two or more stanzas, corresponding to each other
- Almansor*, Caliph of Bagdad, a famous conqueror
- Alpheus*, a river in Arcadia. A youth so named loved a nymph Arethusa: she fled to Sicily, and he, changed to a river, flowed thither by a hidden channel under the sea
- Amalthea*, according to one legend beloved of Ammon, and mother of Bacchus. Nurse of Zeus during his infancy in Crete. He was fed on the milk of a goat (or, as another legend has it, A. was the goat); and when one of its horns broke off, Zeus gave this the virtue of a wishing-horn
- Amara*, a mountain where the Abyssinian kings kept their children safe
- amarant*, properly an adj., unfading, P.L. iii. 352
- amarantine*, unfading (*amaranth* is a flower-name), P.L. xi. 78
- Amazons*, a race of female warriors
- ambrosia*, "immortality," the mythological food of the gods, P.L. v. 57
- ambrosial*, immortal, P.L. ii. 245; P.R. iv. 589
- amice*, properly a sacerdotal vestment of fine linen, P.R. iv. 427
- Ammon*, a god who had an oracle in Libya (Jupiter Ammon)
- Ammonian Jove*, a Libyan deity. Alexander the Great liked to be thought the son of this deity, and there was a legend to that effect
- Amphisbæna*, a serpent supposed to have a head at each end, P.L. x. 524
- Amphitrite*, a Nereid, wife of Poseidon (Neptune) and goddess of the sea
- Amram's son*, Moses
- amused*, astonished, musing, P.L. vi. 581
- Amyone*, a woman beloved by Poseidon (Neptune) in Greek mythology
- Anak*, a giant, Deut. ii. 10
- Andromeda*, a constellation. Beneath it is a sign of the Zodiac called the Ram, which is therefore said to bear it, P.L. iii. 558
- Angelica*, see Albracca
- Angola*, on W. coast of Africa
- Anguilla*, a Latinising of Ely
- Anna*, Luke ii. 36
- Antæus*, one of the giants, who were called "earth-born" in Greek
- Antigonus*, see Hyrcanus
- Antioch*, capital city of the Syrian Seleucidæ
- Antiochus Epiphanes*, entered the Holy of Holies, as also afterwards did Pompey
- Antiopa*, beloved by Zeus (Greek mythology)
- Antipater*, the Idumæan, appointed King of Judæa by Pompey; he had great riches
- Anubis*, a dog-headed Egyptian deity, son of Osiris and Nephthys, reared by Isis
- Aonian mount*, Helicon in Bœotia, home of the Muses
- apolelymenon*, set free, *i.e.* not restricted to a single metre
- Apollo*, Greek god of song and music, later also of the Sun; he had a famous oracle at Delphi
- appellant*, *accuser*, challenger, S.A. 1119
- Appian Road*, a great Roman high-road built by Appius Claudius, leading to Brundisium
- Aquilo*, the North Wind; used for the Greek Boreas, who carried off Oreithyia
- Arachosia*, now part of Afghanistan
- Araxes*, a river of Armenia, flowing into the Caspian (Aras or Eraskh)
- arbitress*, spectator, P.L. i. 785
- Arcadia*, a district in S. Greece, proverbial for pastoral simplicity
- Archimedes*, of Syracuse (287-212 B.C.), one of the greatest mathematicians of the world



- ardors*, seraphim, a translation of the Hebrew word for seraph, P.L. v. 249
- arced*, advise, P.L. iv. 249
- Arcthusa*, a fountain in Syracuse
- Argestes*, N.-W. wind
- Argo*, a mythical vessel that carried the heroes in search of the Golden Fleece
- Argob*, later called Trachonitis, a volcanic region in Bashan
- Argus*, a guardian set by Hera to watch Io; he had eyes all over his body. Hermes sent him to sleep with the music of his pipe and killed him
- Ariel*, "lion of God"
- Aries*, the Ram, a sign of the Zodiac
- Arimaspians*, a fabulous tribe of one-eyed men, supposed to steal gold from the griffins, who dug it up
- Arioch*, "fierce lion"
- Armoric*, Breton
- Arnon*, river forming the boundary between Moab and Ammon
- Arœar*, a city on the Arnon
- Arsaces*, founder of the Parthian Empire, revolted from the Seleucids
- Artaxata*, capital city of Armenia
- Artaxerxes*, King of Persia
- Ascalon*, one of the five chief cities of the Philistines
- Ascalonite*. See 1 Sam. vi. 17
- Asdod*, a city of the Philistines
- Ashtaroth*, pl. of Ashtoreth (Astarte), the female deity of the Phœnicians or Canaanites
- Asmadai*, a name of Asmodeus
- Asmodai*, Asmodeus, an evil spirit, finally imprisoned in bonds by Raphaël (see below)
- Asmodeus*, an evil spirit who loved one Sara. She wedded seven husbands, all of whom Asmodeus killed. Then Tobias, son of Tobit, wedded her, and instructed by Raphael, burnt the heart and liver of a fish, at smelling of which Asmodeus fled away to Egypt, where he was bound by Raphael
- aspects*, technical term in astrology, the relations of planets by which they can send forth their influence. They are Conjunction, Sextile, Square, Trine, and Diametral or Opposition. (1) Also called Synod when two planets are in one line; (2) when two are distant by a sixth part of the Zodiac; (3) when two stars look at each other at an interval of three signs; (4) when their distance is a third of the circle; (5) when opposite, distant by half a diameter. (Quoted by Masson)
- Asphaltic pool*, the Dead Sea, P.L. i. 411
- Aspramont*, a town in the Netherlands
- Astarte*. See Ashtaroth
- Astracan*, a city on the Caspian
- Astræa*, Virgo, one of the signs of the Zodiac
- Atabalipa*, Emperor of Peru, subdued by Pizarro
- atheous*, godless, P.R. i. 486
- Atlantean*, the Titan Atlas was fabled to bear heaven upon his shoulders
- Atlantic sisters*, the Pleiades, daughters of Atlas
- Atlas Mountains*, in N.-E. Africa
- Atropatia*, a province of Media
- Atropos*, one of the Fates, who cut the thread of life
- Attic bird*, nightingale, P.R. iv. 245
- attrite*, rubbed, P.L. x. 1072
- Auran*, a district E. of Jordan
- Aurora*, goddess of dawn
- Ausonian land*, Italy
- authentic*, original, P.L. iv. 719
- Azores*, a group of islands in the Atlantic
- Asotus*, Ashdod, one of the five chief cities of the Philistines
- Asa*, Gaza
- Baal*, the Phœnician sun-god
- Baalim*, pl. of Baal, "lord," a title of Canaanite gods
- Baalsebub*, a Phœnician deity, "lord of flies"
- Babel*, Babylon, P.L. i. 694
- Babylon*, on the Euphrates, re-

- built by Nebuchadnezzar. See 2 Kings xxiv.-xxv.; 2 Chron. xxxvi.
- Bacchus*, god of wine. Being kidnapped by pirates, he transformed them into dolphins
- Bactra*, ancient capital of the Bactrian kingdom
- Bactria*, a part of Persia
- Balaam*. Numbers xxii. 35
- Balsora*, Bussora, near the mouth of the united Tigris and Euphrates
- Barca*, a Greek colony in N. Africa
- Basan*, a large and fertile district E. of Jordan, still full of ruined cities
- base*, a skirt forming part of a knight's costume, P.L. ix. 36
- bearth*, produce, P.L. ix. 624
- Beelzebub*, "lord of flies," a name of the sun-god, by the Jews supposed to be chief of the evil spirits
- Beersaba* or *Beersheba*, southernmost place in Palestine, by the desert
- Behemoth*, a huge creature described in the Book of Job, probably rhinoceros or hippopotamus, P.L. vii. 471
- Belial*, not really a proper name, but a word meaning "wickedness." He appears in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* as a personification of cowardice and vice
- Belinus*, son of Dunwallo Molmatus, a famous British chieftain
- Bellerophon*, mounted upon Pegasus, slew Chimæra the monster. He also did other feats, but at length being hated of the gods, wandered alone over the Aleian field. The tradition followed by M. relates that he tried to fly to heaven on Pegasus, but Zeus sent a gad-fly which stung Pegasus, and Bellerophon was thrown.
- Bellerus*, a supposed Cornish giant, the name coined from Bellerium (Land's End)
- Bellona*, Roman goddess of war
- Belus*, an Assyrian god
- Benefactor*, a title given to Antoninus and Ptolemy III. of Egypt (εὐεργέτης), P.R. iii. 82
- Bethabara*, "house of the ford," a place beyond Jordan, but of uncertain position. See John i. 28
- Bethel*, a holy place N. of Jerusalem: here Jeroboam set up a golden calf, and another in Dan. 1 Kings xii. 28
- Bethlehem*, Matt. ii. 16
- bicker*, skirmish, P.L. vi. 766
- Biserta*, in N. Africa
- Bizance*, Byzantium, Greek name for the city before it was called Constantinople
- Blackmoor Sea*, the sea washing the shores of Mauretania
- Bocchus*, King of Mauretania
- boon*, kindly, P.L. iv. 242
- Boreas*, the N. wind
- Bosporus*, the strait leading from Propontis into the Black Sea. Here were the moving rocks that crushed any vessel which tried to pass between them
- bottom*, a hollow or dell, P.R. ii. 289
- Brennus*, a British champion, brother of Belinus
- Briareos*, a monster with fifty heads and one hundred hands, who rebelled against Zeus
- brigandine*, mailcoat, S.A. 1120
- budge*, lambswool, or fur, C. 707
- bull*, an edict of the Pope, P.L. iii. 492
- Busiris*, a King of Egypt
- buxom*, soft, P.L. ii. 842
- Cadmus*, founded Thebes in Greece; he and his wife Harmonia (not Hermione) were changed into snakes in Illyria
- Cæcias*, the N.-E. wind
- Calabria*, in S. Italy
- Cales*, a town of Campania, famous for wine
- Calisto*, Callisto, a nymph beloved by Zeus, in Greek mythology
- Cambula*, i.e. Cambáluc, another

- name of Pekin, built by Kublai Khan
- Came*, the Cam, on which Cambridge is situated
- Can*, i. e. Khan, an Eastern title
- Candaor*, now Kandahar
- Caphlos*, Crete, whence the Philistines were said to have come, Amos ix. 7
- Capitol*, the citadel of Rome. It was not on the Tarpeian Rock, as Milton says in P.R. iv. 49, but on the opposite peak of the Capitoline Hill
- Capitoline Jove*, Jove as worshipped on the Capitol at Rome; a legend had it that Scipio Africanus was his son
- Caprea*, a small island off Naples, where Tiberius lived in retirement, leaving his creature Sejanus to govern in Rome. See P.R. iv. 95
- Carmel*, a mountain-promontory S. of the plain of Jezreel
- Casbeen*, Kazvin, in N. Persia
- Casius*, a mountain range on the borders of Egypt and Arabia Petræa
- Castalian Spring*, near Delphi, and another in Daphne, which see
- cataphract*, men in full armour, S.A. 1619
- cales*, things, provisions, P.R. ii. 348
- Cathay*, includes the E. part of Siberia. Allusion is made in P.L. x. 291 to the supposed N.-E. passage
- causey*, causeway, P.L. x. 415
- Centaur*, a sign of the Zodiac (a monster, half man, half horse)
- Cerberian* (see below, under Cerberus)
- Cerberus*, a three-headed dog which guarded the lower regions
- Ceres*, goddess of agriculture, etc., mother of Proserpine
- cerestes*, horned snake, P.L. x. 525
- Cheronea*, where Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenians. The orator Isocrates is said to have died at
- the news, being then 98 years old
- Chalybean*, from the Chalybes, a tribe famed for working in iron
- Cham*, Ham, son of Noah
- Chamos*, chief god of the Moabites
- champain*, level, P.L. iv. 134
- charming*, murmuring, P.R. ii. 363
- Chebar*, a river in Chaldæa
- Cheek*, Sir John, first Professor of Greek at Cambridge
- Cherith*, a torrent running into the Jordan, probably on its E. side. See 1 Kings xvii. 6
- Chersonese, the Golden*, Malacca, Malay Peninsula
- Cherubim*, a high order of celestial beings
- Chimæra*, a monster compounded of lion, dragon, and goat, that breathed fire; killed by Bellerophon
- Chios*, an island off the bay of Smyrna, famous for wine
- Choaspes*, a river of Susiana, falling into the Tigris
- Cimmerian land*, a half mythical land of perpetual gloom
- Circe*, a witch who turned the companions of Ulysses into beasts
- Cleombrotus* was so delighted with Plato's description of the future life, that he cast himself into the sea the sooner to enjoy it
- Clymene*, a nymph in Greek mythology, beloved of Apollo
- Cocytus*, river of lamentation one of the rivers of the infernal regions in Greek mythology
- colure*, one of the two great circles drawn on the celestial sphere; they were the Equinoctial and the Solstitial, P.L. ix. 66
- complicated*, intertwined, P.L. x. 523
- Comus*, a Greek word meaning "revelry," personified by M.
- concent*, harmony, p. 410
- concoct*, digest, P.L. v. 412
- confine*, border upon, P.L. ii. 977

*conjured*, in conspiracy, P.L. ii. 693  
*consistory*, assemblage, P.R. i. 42  
*consort*, company, p. 411  
*convinced*, convicted, P.R. iii. 3  
*cope*, covering, P.L. i. 345  
*Corydon*, the typical shepherd in pastoral poetry  
*Cotytto*, a Thracian goddess, in whose honour midnight orgies were held  
*Crab*, a sign of the Zodiac  
*Cremona*, in N. Italy, birth-place of Marco Girolamo Vida, author of a poem called the *Christiad*  
*crescent*, the badge of Turkey  
*cresset*, a kind of lamp, P.L. i. 728  
*Crete*, an island S. of the Archipelago  
*Cronian*, Arctic, P.L. xii.  
*cry*, pack, P.L. ii. 654  
*Ctesiphon*, a city near Seleucia  
*Cybele*, mother of the gods, represented in art with a crown of towers  
*Cyclades*, a group of islands in the Ægean Sea, forming a circle around Delos  
*Cyllene*, a mountain in Arcadia  
*Cynics*, a school of philosophers who paid no attention to the decencies of life  
*cynosure*, properly the tail of the Little Bear, hence used of the pole-star or any centre of attraction, p. 401  
*Cynthia*, the moon  
*Cypress lawn*, crape or gauze of Cypress, p. 404  
*Cyrene*, a Greek city in N. Africa  
*Cyrus*, King of Persia  
*Cytherea*, Venus (Gr. Aphrodite): her son was Æneas  
  
*Dagon*, the Philistine fish-god; see 1 Sam. v. 4  
*Damascus*, capital of Syria  
*damasked*, as it were inlaid, P.L. iv. 334  
*Damiata*, a city in Egypt, Damietta (Tamiathis), at the mouth of the Nile  
*Dan*, a holy place in the extreme N. of Palestine: here

Jeroboam set up a golden calf and another in Bethel. 1 Kings xii. 28  
*Danaw*, the Danube  
*Daniel*, Dan. i. 12  
*Dante*, author of the Divine Comedy: Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Casella was a musician whom he had known alive, and D. asks Casella to sing when he meets his soul in Purgatory  
*Daphne*, a grove sacred to Apollo. A nymph beloved by Apollo. She fled from his pursuit, and as he caught her up, she prayed for help, and was then changed into a laurel-tree. Hence the laurel was sacred to Apollo  
*Darien*, isthmus between N. and S. America  
*debel*, vanquish (Lat. *debellare*), P.R. iv. 605  
*Deccan*, S. of India  
*defend*, forbid, P.R. ii. 370  
*Delia*, Artemis (Diana), the goddess of the wild woodland, huntress; born in Delos, hence the name  
*Deliverer*, a title given to Demetrius, Poliorcetes, and Ptolemy I. of Egypt (*σωτήρ*) P.R. ii. 82  
*Delos*, a small island in the centre of the Cyclades. It was called out of the deep by Neptune's trident. At first it floated, but was after fixt to the bottom with chains of adamant, to form a safe place for Leto to be delivered of Apollo  
*Delphi*, a famous sanctuary and oracle of Apollo, on Mt. Parnassus  
*Delphos*, Delphi, the seat of a famous oracle of Apollo in N. Greece  
*Demodocus*, the blind bard of King Alcinous, in the eighth *Odyssey*  
*Demogorgon*, "master of the fates" (Greene), a powerful and malignant being: not actually named before the fourth century A.D. The word is probably a corrup-

- tion of *δημιουργός*, confused with Gorgon
- derive*, turn aside, P.L. x. 77, pass on, P.L. x. 965
- descant*, properly a part-song; used by M. of an elaborate melody of many notes, P.L. iv. 603
- Deucalion*, and his wife Pyrrha, were the only survivors of the flood in Greek mythology. Themis directed them to throw behind them the bones of their mother. Judging these to be stones, and their "mother" Earth, they threw stones thus: which became men and women
- Deva*, the Dee
- Diana*, goddess of the woodland wild, and huntress
- dipsas*, a snake whose bite caused torments of thirst, P.L. x. 526
- Dis*, a Latin name of Pluto, king of the underworld
- discontinuous*, a wound was defined as a "solution of continuity," P.L. vi. 329
- discover*, reveal, P.L. xi. 267
- dispense*, or *dispensation*, a licence granted by the Pope to break certain laws, P.L. iii. 492
- divine*, prophetic, P.L. ix. 845
- Dodona*, a famous and ancient oracle of Zeus, in Epirus
- Dominic* founded the order of the Black Friars
- Dorian mood*, or *mode*, a severe and warlike style of Greek music
- Doric*, the Dorians were a Greek tribe
- Dothan*, near Samaria; thither the Syrian King set an army to apprehend Elisha.
- Dryad*, Dryades, tree nymph, wood nymph(s)
- Earth-born*, an epithet of the giants in Greek mythology: who were sprung from the earth, and rebelled against Zeus, but were defeated
- Ecbatana*, summer residence of the Persian kings. Ancient capital of Media
- eccentric*, away from the centre, i.e. from the earth, P.L. iii. 575
- ecliptic*, the sun's orbit about the earth, P.L. iii. 740
- Ecron*, a city of the Philistines
- El Dorado*, "the Golden" Land
- Eleale*, a town in Moab (El A'al): its ruins still remain
- Electra's poet*, Euripides. When Athens was taken by Lysander, it was to be destroyed, but some verses of Euripides are said to have changed the victor's purpose
- Eli's sons*, Hophni and Phinehas: see 1 Sam. ii. 12 ff.
- elixir*, properly the philosopher's stone, also used of the water of life, P.L. iii. 607
- ellops*, a sea-snake (the word means *dumb*), P.L. x. 525
- Elysium*, Elysian fields, the abode of the happy in Hades
- Emathian*, Macedonian. Alexander the Great, at the sack of Thebes, spared the house where the poet Pindar had lived
- embattled*, in battle array, P.L. i. 129
- embost*, hidden, S.A. 1700
- embryon*, abortive, undeveloped
- Emims*, giants fabled among the Moabites: Deut. ii. 11
- emmet*, ant, P.L. vii. 485
- Empedocles*, a Greek philosopher (fl. 444 B.C.), who leapt into the crater of Etna, hoping that it would be thought he had been caught up among the gods. But one of his sandals was thrown up, and revealed the truth
- empiric*, one whose knowledge is based not on principles but on experience, P.L. v. 440
- empyrean*, fiery, P.L. i. 117
- empyrean*, heaven, the fiery region of æther, P.L. ii. 771
- enerve*, enervate, P.R. ii. 165
- Enna*, a town in Sicily
- enow*, enough, P.L. ii. 504
- ens*, "Being": *ens per se*, "substance"; *ens per accidens*, "Accident." The latter subdivided into nine categories: quality, quan-

- tity, relation, action, passion, place when, time when, posture, habit (*Masson*). These were nicknames given by the president or father to his fellow-students
- Epidaurus*, a health-resort in S. Greece, with temple of Asklepios (*Æsculapius*), god of healing; sacred snakes were kept in his shrine
- Ercoco*, on the Red Sea (*Arkeeko*)
- Erebus*, darkness personified, used of the lower regions; the underworld
- eremite*, hermit P.L. iii. 474; P.R. i. 8
- error*, wandering, P.L. iv. 239
- Erymanthus*, a river in Arcadia
- Erythræan main*, Red Sea
- Estotiland*, part of N. America
- essential*, essence, P.L. ii. 97
- ethereal*, much the same as empyreal, of æther or fine fiery essence, P.L. i. 45
- Ethiop queen*, p. 403, is Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, King of the Ethiopians, who challenged the Nereids on the score of beauty. The nymphs, offended, persuaded Poseidon to send a monster to ravage the land. Cassiope was exalted to the stars as Cassiopeia
- Euboic Sea*, the sea by Eubœa
- euphrasy*, "eye-bright," P.L. xi. 414
- Euphrosyne*, "Joy," one of the Graces
- Eurotas*, a river in Laconia
- Eurus*, the E. wind
- Eurydice*, wife of Orpheus
- Eurynome*, wife of Ophion, who with her ruled over the Titans before Kronos and Rhea. The word means wide-ruling
- evince*, conquer, P.R. iv. 235
- expatiate*, walk about, P.L. i. 774
- explode*, hiss off, P.L. xi. 669
- exquisite*, far-sought, P.R. ii. 346
- Fabricius*. Pyrrhus tried in vain to bribe C. Fabricius Luscinus, a Roman legate
- Falerne*, a district in Campania famous for wine
- far-fet*, far-fetched, P.R. ii. 401
- fatal*, fated, P.L. v. 861
- Faun*, Faunus, a woodland deity of the Romans, goat-footed like the Satyrs
- Favonius*, the west wind
- fay*, fairy, p. 392
- feature*, shape, P.L. x. 279
- Fesole*, Fiesole, a small town on a hill near Florence
- Fez*, in Morocco
- flamens*, a Roman college of priests
- flaw*, a gust, P.L. x. 698; P.R. iv. 454
- Flora*, a Roman goddess of flowers and spring
- florid*, flowery, P.L. vii. 90
- Fontarabbia*, where the army of Charlemagne was destroyed
- found*, melt, P.L. i. 703
- Franciscans*, the Grey Friars, founded by St. Francis of Assisi
- froze*, frozen, P.L. ii. 595
- Furies*, avenging spirits that haunted the blood-guilty
- fusil*, able to be cast, P.L. xi. 573
- Gabriel*, "man of God," an Archangel, guardian of Paradise. See Luke i. 26
- Gades*, Cadiz
- Gadire*, Gades
- Galileo*, the Italian astronomer, who demonstrated that the earth circles about the sun
- Gallaphrone*. See *Albracca*
- Ganymede*, a beautiful youth, rapt up to Olympus by Zeus to be his cup-bearer
- Gath*, one of the five chief cities of the Philistines
- Gaza*, one of the five chief cities of the Philistines
- Gehenna*, Greek form of Hinnom
- Genezaret*, Sea of Galilee
- genial*, procreative, P.L. vii. 282
- Genius*, presiding spirit of a place
- Geryon*, a fabulous king of

- Spain, whose oxen were carried off by Hercules. Hence "Geryon's sons" means the Spanish
- Gibeah*, see Judges xix. 12 *ff.*
- Gideon*, Judges vi. 11
- Glaucus*, a sea deity
- glib*, to make smooth, P.R. i. 375
- gloss*, comment, S.A. 948
- glose*, flatter, deceive, P.L. x. 549; C. 161
- gon/alon*, standard, P.L. v. 589
- Gordian*, intricate. There was an oracle that he who could untie a knot, which fastened yoke to pole in the wagon of Gordius, King of Phrygia, should be lord of Asia. Alexander the Great cut it with his sword
- Gorgonian*, the sight of the Gorgon Medusa petrified living things
- Gorgons*, three monstrous sisters, the most terrible of them Medusa (*q.v.*)
- Goshen*, the district on the borders of Egypt where the Israelites dwelt
- Graces*, usually described as three nymphs—Euphrosyne (Joy), Aglaia (Bright), and Thalia (Bloom)
- gride*, cut, P.L. vi. 329
- grisamber*, "grey amber," is ambergris, a perfume, P.R. ii. 344. It has nothing to do with amber, being an animal secretion, but was so named from its colour. It was heated and melted and then gave off its scent
- grunsel*, the threshold, P.L. i. 460
- gust*, taste, implying pleasure in the act, P.L. x. 565
- habergeon*, neck-mail, S.A. 1120
- Habor*, now Khabour, a tributary of the Euphrates. See 2 Kings xviii. 11
- Hama*, a champion who is supposed to have given his name to Hamburg
- Hamath*, in N. Syria
- Hammon*, or Ammon, title of a deity who had an oracle in the Libyan Desert
- Haran*, Lat. *Carræ*, in Mesopotamia
- Harapha*, Hebrew word translated "giant" in 2 Sam. xxi. 16
- harpy*, a winged monster in Greek mythology, personification of the storm-wind, supposed to carry away a person or thing that suddenly disappears
- Hebe*, youth personified
- Hebron*, a city south of Jerusalem. See Numb. xiii. 33
- Hecate*, a goddess connected with night and witchcraft
- Hecatompylos*, City of the Hundred Gates, ancient capital of Parthia
- Helicon*, hill of the Muses in Bœotia
- Hellespont*, the Dardanelles
- Hermes*, messenger of Zeus, god of good-luck. He carried a *caduceus* or rod. In P.L. iii. 603, the word is used for "mercury"
- Hermes thrice-great*, p. 405, is Hermes Trismegistus, Greek name for an Egyptian king and sage named Thot, to whom were ascribed many occult books
- Hermione*. See Cadmus
- Hermon*, in Anti-Lebanon, the highest mountain in Syria
- Herod*, son of Antipater, appointed King of Judæa by Mark Antony. There was some suspicion of bribery.
- Hesebon*, or *Heshbon*, capital city of the Amorites
- Hesperian gardens*, the mythical gardens of the West, where golden apples grew
- Hesperian*, Western, often = Italian
- Hesperides*, nymphs who guarded the golden apples in the far west. In P.R. ii. 357 M. uses it of the place
- Hesperus*, fabled to be father of the Hesperides. The evening star
- hierarchy*, a sacred principality or holy government, P.L. v. 591
- hinge*, used by M. of the cardinal

- points (*cardo*), P.R. iv. 415
- Hinnom*, a ravine S. of Mount Zion
- Hippotades*, son of Hippotes, *i.e.* Æolus, god of the winds
- Hispahan*, Ispahan, capital of Persia
- holocaust*, whole-burnt sacrifice, S.A. 1702
- Horonaim*, a town in Moab
- horrent*, bristling, P.L. ii. 513
- horrid*, bristling, P.L. ii. 710
- hull*, toss like an empty hulk, P.L. xi. 840
- Humber*, supposed to be named from a Hunnish pirate
- Hyacinth*, a Spartan youth of great beauty, whom Apollo loved. Apollo was made to slay him by accident, and from his blood the flower hyacinth sprang
- hyacinthe*, dark and curly like the Greek hyacinth, P.L. iv. 301
- Hydaspes*, the Jhelum, a tributary of the Indus
- Hydra*, a marsh-monster with nine heads, slain by Hercules; its heads grew again threefold when cut off
- hydrus*, water-snake, P.L. x. 525
- Hylas*, a beautiful youth, carried off by the nymphs
- Hymen*, the presiding deity of marriage
- hymenæan*, marrying song, P.L. iv. 711.
- Hymettus*, a hill near Athens, famed for honey
- Hyrkania*, a province of the ancient Persian Empire, near the Caspian
- Hyrchanus II.*, placed on the throne of Palestine by the Romans, and attacked by his rival Antigonus. Both were of the family of the Maccabees. The Parthians carried off Hyrchanus, and supported Antigonus
- Iberia*, now part of Georgia
- Ida*, a mountain in Crete. One legend places the birthplace of Zeus on Mount Ida. There were other mountains of this name, the most famous of which is this next
- Ida*, near Troy, the scene of the Judgment of Paris, to whom three goddesses presented themselves, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite, the fairest to receive as a prize a golden apple
- idolism*, peculiar opinion or theory, P.R. iv. 234
- Ilissus*, a stream flowing by Athens
- Ilium*, Troy
- Illyria*, the E. seaboard of the Adriatic; Dalmatia, with parts of Croatia, Bosnia, and Albania
- Imaus*, Himalaya
- imp*, offspring, P.L. ix. 89
- impaled*, hedged, P.L. ii. 647
- impediment*, baggage, P.L. vi. 548
- implicit*, entangled, P.L. vii. 323
- importune*, importunate, P.R. ii. 404
- impress*, a device on a shield, P.L. ix. 35
- incentive*, kindling, P.L. vi. 519
- incubus*, lascivious or suffocating devil, nightmare, P.R. ii. 152
- indorsed*, having upon their backs, P.R. iii. 329
- indulgence*, remission of penalty for sins, granted by the Pope: these were sold, P.L. iii. 492
- infringed*, shattered, P.R. i. 63
- inhabitation*, inhabited world (a Grecism), S.A. 1512
- Inogenia*, Inogen or Imogen, daughter of the British king Pandrasus, wife of Brutus the Trojan
- instinct*, a flame, P.L. ii. 937
- instruct*, instructed, P.R. i. 439
- ininterrupt*, interposed, P.L. iii. 84
- Irassa*, a city. Irasa is named in Pindar as the house of Antæus, but not the same Antæus
- Iris*, the rainbow personified
- Isis*, one of the Egyptian deities, wife of Osiris, and mother of Horus
- Ismenian*, Theban or Bœotian, from a river Ismenus



*Janus*, the Roman "deity of the beginnings," represented with two heads (sometimes with four)

*Japhet*, used by M. as though it were the same word as Iapetus, father of Prometheus. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and gave it to men; the gods in revenge made Pandora (which see)

*Javan*, son of Japhet, identified with Ion, the mythic ancestor of the Ionians. Ionia, or Greece

*Jephtha*, Judges xi.

*Joel*, Judges iv. 21

*Josiah*, a good king of Judah who purified the valley of Hinnom

*Jousted*, took part in a tournament, P.L. i. 583

*Jove*, Jupiter, chief of the Roman gods, as Zeus of the Greeks; born, according to one legend on Mount Dicte in Crete. He deposed his father Kronos

*Julius*, C. Julius Cæsar, the great Roman dictator, did not rise to fame before middle age. Before this, he is said to have wept that he had lived so long and done so little

*Juno*, wife of Jupiter, incensed against Æneas

*Jupiter*. See *Jove*

*kindly*, engendering, P.L. vii. 419

*kindly*, natural, P.L. iv. 228

*Kiriathaim*, a place unknown, perhaps E. of Jordan, Gen. xiv. 5

*Ladon*, a river in Arcadia

*Laertes*, father of Ulysses

*landscape*, landscape, P.L. ii. 491

*Lars*, Lares, or household deities of the Romans

*Latona*, mother of Apollo and Diana. Some rustics who mocked her, and disturbed the water when she drank, were turned into frogs, p. 451

*Launcelot*, the most famous knight of the Round Table

*Lavinia*, daughter of Latinus, King of Latium, betrothed to Turnus, but wedded by Æneas

*Lemnos*, an island in the N. Ægean Sea, fabled to be the home of Hephaistos (Vulcan)

*Lemures*, spectres or spirits of the dead, mostly regarded as malevolent

*Leo*, Lion, a sign of the Zodiac

*Lethe*, forgetfulness

*Leucothea*, a marine goddess of the Greeks, identified by the Romans with the moon-goddess

*levant*, from the E. or sun-rising, P.L. x. 704

*Leviathan*, a word used in the Bible sometimes of the whale, sometimes of the crocodile; but there are mythical legends about the creature, P.L. i. 201

*levy*, raise, P.L. ii. 905

*libbard*, leopard, P.L. vii. 467

*Libeccchio*, a wind from the S.-W.

*Libra*, the scales, one of the signs of the Zodiac

*Lichas*, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe which killed him, was thrown into the sea by Hercules in his frenzy

*limbec*, alembic, a vessel used in the laboratory

*limbo*, border, the regions bordering on hell and heaven. There were the Limbo of the Fathers or Patriarchs, of unbaptised Infants, and of Fools

*liminary*, sentinel of the boundaries, P.L. iv. 971

*Logres*, a name of Britain in British legends

*Londinium*. London is said in legend to have been founded by Trojan settlers who came with Brutus

*lore*, lesson, P.L. ii. 815

*Lucifer*, the light-bringer, name of the morning star, also used of Satan

*Lucina*, Roman goddess of childbirth

*Lucrine Bay*, a lake in Campania, famed for oysters

*Lycaeus*, a mountain in Arcadia

*Lyones*, Lyonesse, a British name for Cornwall, or for Leon in Brittany

*Machabeus*. The redoubtable family of the Maccabees, first of whom was Judas Maccabæus, headed a patriotic revolt, won several great battles against Antiochus Epiphanes, and held out against them for many years. They were priests. See *Book of the Maccabees*

*Machærus*, a city in Peræa

*Mæander*, a river in Asia Minor

*Mænalus*, a mountain in Arcadia

*Mæonides*, Homer

*Mæotis*, Sea of Azof

*Magellan's Straits*, off S. America

*Magnetic*, magnet, P.R. ii. 168

*Mahanaim*, E. of Jordan, where Jacob, after parting with Laban, saw heavenly hosts encamped

*Maia*, mother of Hermes, the messenger of Zeus. Raphael is compared to Hermes because sent as a messenger from Jehovah

*Malabar*, the S.-W. coast of India

*Mammon*, a personification of filthy lucre

*manure*, attend to, P.L. iv. 628

*marasmus*, consumption, P.L. xi. 487

*Margiana*, a province near to Sogdiana

*marle*, earth, P.L. i. 296

*Mars*, god of war in Roman mythology

*mask* or *masque*, a dramatical fantasia, with songs and dances, P.L. iv. 768

*maugre*, in spite of, P.L. iii. 255; P.R. iii. 368

*meath*, to press so as to make mead, P.L. v. 344

*Medusa*, a Gorgon whose face turned into stone all that looked upon it. Perseus

slew her and cut off her head; from the blood-drops, as they fell, sprang serpents

*Megæra*, a name of one of the Furies, who were described as having snakes entwined in their hair

*Melesigenes*, a title given to Homer, by those who thought he was born on the banks of the Meles. Homer was wrongly derived by some from  $\delta \mu\eta \delta\rho\omega\nu$ , "he who sees not"

*Melibrea*, in Thessaly, famous for its purple dye

*Melinda*, a haven near Zanzibar

*Memnon*, an Ethiopian prince, who fought in the Trojan War. He was renowned for his beauty

*Memnonian*, Susa was founded by the father of Memnon, who built its fortress

*Memphian*, of Memphis, a famous city of Egypt

*Meræ*, a district of Æthiopia, between two rivers; called an island because formed by two branches of the Nile

*Michael*, "who is like God?" an Archangel

*Midas*, King of Phrygia, judged that Pan sang sweeter than Apollo, and had his ears changed into asses' ears for his pains

*middle (air)*, i.e. between earth and heaven, P.L. i. 516

*middle (shore)*, of the Mediterranean, P.L. v. 339

*Mincius*, now Mincio, a river in N. Italy, flowing through Lake Garda, and passing into the Po

*minim*, minute thing, P.L. vii. 482

*missive*, projectile (adj.) P.L. vi. 519

*Modin*, the district from whence came Judas Maccabæus

*Mogul*, a dynasty of Moslem Emperors, reigning at Agra first, then Lahore, then Delhi

*mole*, mass, P.L. x. 300

*Moloch*, an Ammonite fire-god, to whom human sacrifice was

- done, and other hideous rites
- moly*, a herb potent against magic charms, C. 636
- Mombasa*, Mombasa, near Zanzibar
- Mona*, Anglesey
- monostrophic*, having one stanza
- Montalban*, a town in the S. of France
- Montezuma*, emperor of Mexico, subdued by Cortes
- Morocco*, in N. Africa
- Morpheus*, god of sleep
- morrice*, or *morris*, a dance (originally Moorish), C. 116
- Moses' chair*, see Matt. xxiii. 2
- Mountain*, the Mount of Temptation cannot be Quarantaria, near Jericho, as the prospect shows. It may be one of the mountains of Armenia; or perhaps M. had no special mountain in his mind, but chose a central position and imagined one
- Mozambic*, Mozambique, in E. Africa
- Mulciber*, Vulcan, god of fire and smith-craft
- Musacus*, an early Greek poet
- must*, new wine, P.L. v. 345
- myrrhine*, made of baked clay or some such substance, probably porcelain
- Naiades*, water-nymphs
- Namancos*, marked in Mercator's Atlas near Cape Finisterre
- Narcissus*, a beautiful youth, cold to a nymph Echo, who loved him and died of love. Nemesis made N. fall in love with his own image in a fountain; and he pined away and became the flower called by his name
- nathless*, nevertheless, P.L. i. 299
- Nazarites*, a sect who abstained from all intoxicants and kept the hair unshorn
- Nebaioth*, used for Ishmael in P.R. ii. 309, but really the name of Ishmael's eldest son (Gen. xxiii. 13). See Gen. xxi. 17
- Nebo*, the mountain from which Moses surveyed the Promised Land
- nectar*, the mythical drink of the gods, P.L. iv. 240
- Negus*, title of the King of Abyssinia
- nepenthes*, an opiate given by Helen to Menelaus. She got it from Polydamna, wife of Thone
- Neptune*, Roman God of the sea, incensed against Ulysses, as described in the *Odyssey*
- Nereus*, the "wise old man of the sea," father of fifty Nereides
- nice*, fastidious, P.L. v. 433; P.R. iv. 157
- night-founded*, lost in the night, P.L. i. 204
- Nineveh*, a city on the Tigris, founded by Ninus
- Niphates*, a mountain in Armenia
- Nisibis*, in Mesopotamia
- Nisroch*, a deity of Nineveh
- Norumbega*, a part of N. America
- Notus*, the S. wind
- numbering Israel*, 1 Chron. xxi. 1
- numerous*, metrical, P.L. v. 150
- Nymphs*, guardian beings who inhabited trees, springs, and mountains
- Nyseian isle*, Nysa in Libya, connected with Bacchus
- Ob*, a river of Siberia
- obdured*, hardened, P.L. ii. 568
- obnoxious*, exposed, S.A. 106
- obsequious*, obedient, P.L. vi. 10
- obtain*, hold, P.R. i. 87
- obvious*, in the way, P.L. vi. 69
- Oechalia*, probably in Thessaly, whence Hercules was returning when he received the poisoned robe
- Oeta*, a mountain in S. Thessaly, which Hercules, finding himself doomed to die, ascended, and burnt himself on a pyre
- officious*, subservient, P.L. viii. 99
- Og*, a giant, King of Bashan, Deut. iii. 11

- Olympian*, at Olympia in Elis were held the most famous athletic contests of Greece
- Olympias*, mother of Alexander the Great
- Olympus*, a mountain in Thessaly, where the Greeks supposed their gods to dwell; also used as a synonym for the sky
- omnific*, all-creating, P.L. vii. 217
- Ophion*, a Titan, driven from Olympus by Kronos
- Ophir*, the land whence Solomon got his gold
- Ophiuchus*, a northern constellation
- Ophiusa*, an island full of serpents
- opposition*, an astrological term, used when the earth lies between two bodies and in one straight line with them, P.L. ii. 803
- opprobrious*, infamous, P.L. i. 403
- Ops*, wife of Saturn
- optic glass*, telescope, P.L. i. 288
- orc*, a sea-monster, P.L. xi. 835
- Orcus*, a Latin name of the king of the infernal regions
- Oread*, a mountain nymph
- Oreb* or *Horeb*, which properly means a "dry place," was later used of the Sinaitic region
- orient*, bright, like the sunrise, P.L. xi. 205
- Orion*, a constellation figured as an armed man, which was supposed to bring storms
- Ormus*, Hormuz, a rich city on the Persian Gulf
- Orontes*, a river to the N. of Syria
- Orphean*, Orpheus was a mythical musician, who played so beautifully that beasts and trees and rocks listened and followed him
- Orpheus*, a mythical singer, who went to Hades in order to recover his dead wife, Eurydice. He so charmed Pluto that Pluto consented, on condition Orpheus should not look back upon her until he emerged into the upper air. When he had all but come to the end of his journey, he looked back, and Eurydice, "half-regained," vanished away
- Orus*, Horus, an Egyptian deity, the son of Isis and Osiris
- Osiris*, an Egyptian deity and culture-hero, husband of Isis. He taught the people agriculture and civilised them. His brother Typhon murdered him, cut him in pieces, and cast the pieces into the Nile. Isis gathered the pieces, and put them away in a chest
- ounce*, a kind of leopard, P.L. iv. 344; C. 71
- oullandish*, foreign, P.R. iv. 125
- Oxus*, a river in Asia
- Palatine*, a hill of Rome where stood the palace of the later Emperors. M. anticipates in P.R. iv. 50, for then the buildings were more modest
- Pales*, a Roman deity of flocks and shepherds
- pampered*, leafy (Lat. *pampinus*, "vine"), P.L. v. 214
- Pan*, the rural god of the Greeks, patron of flocks and shepherds; a kind of personification of nature. The word *παν* means "everything," and M. plays on this word in P.L. iv. 266, though there is no real connection between the two
- Pandemonium*, the place of All-Devils. A word coined on the analogy of Pantheon
- Pandora*, a woman made by the gods to do mischief to men. The word means that she possess "all their gifts"
- Paneas*, now Banias, a town under Hermon at one of the springs of Jordan, believed by many to be the ancient Dan
- panim*, pagan (or infidel)
- Panope*, a sea nymph, daughter of Nereus
- Paquin*, Pekin (really the same as Cambaluc)

- paragon** (vb.), to compare, P.L. x. 426
- parallax**, an astronomical term, used metaphorically for a strange effect of vision, P.R. iv. 40
- paramount**, chief, P.L. ii. 508
- paranymph**, bridesman, S.A. 1020
- pardon**, dispensation or indulgence, P.L. iii. 492
- peal**, fill with noise, P.L. ii. 920
- Pegasus**, the winged horse of Greek mythology; in later times associated with the Muses, because with his hoof he struck, and forth came the inspiring fount called Hippocrene
- Pelleas**, of Pella in Macedonia; used of Alexander the Great, who was born there. At the battle of the Issus, he captured, when he was twenty-three years old, the wife and daughters of Darius, with other ladies not a few; but dismissed them free
- Pelleas**, a Knight of the Round Table
- Pellemore**, a Knight of the Round Table
- Pelops' line**, the Thyestiadæ, whose story was the theme of many Greek tragedies
- Pelorus**, the N.-E. promontory of Sicily
- Peor**, i.e. Baal-peor, a licentious deity
- Peræa**, a district E. of the Jordan
- perfet**, perfect (older and correct spelling), P.R. iv. 468
- Persepolis**, ancient capital of Persia
- person**, character, P.L. x. 156
- Pesora**, Petchora on the Arctic ocean
- Pharphar**, a river flowing near Damascus
- Philip**, father of Alexander the Great. Alexander began his reign at twenty, conquered Persia when not yet twenty-five, and died at thirty-three
- Philomel**, the nightingale
- Phineus**, a blind soothsayer of old Greece
- Phlegdon** (Phlegethon), river of fire, one of the rivers of the infernal regions in Greek mythology
- Phlegra**, the battle-field of the gods and giants in Greek mythology
- phœnix**, a fabulous bird, supposed to live a thousand years, and then to burn itself, on which another would rise from the ashes
- Pindarus**, a great Greek lyric poet
- pinnacle**, Matt. iv. 5
- platane**, plane-tree, P.L. iv. 478
- Plato**, most famous of the Greek philosophers
- Pluto**, king of the underworld
- poise**, weigh down, P.L. ii. 905
- Pomona**, the Roman goddess of fruit trees, wedded by Vertumnus
- Pompey**, Cn. Pompeius Magnus, distinguished himself before he was twenty-three, but did not obtain a triumph so early as M. states
- ponent**, from the W. or sun-setting, P.L. x. 704
- Pontic King**, Mithradates
- pontifical**, bridge-making, P.L. x. 313
- Pontus**, the Black Sea; famed for its fish; also a district in Asia Minor southward of the same
- port**, gate, P.L. iv. 778
- prætor**, a Roman official, P.R. iv. 63
- pretended**, stretch as a screen, P.L. x. 872
- prevenient**, anticipating, P.L. xi. 3
- prevention**, anticipation of a coming blow, P.L. vi. 320
- prick**, ride or spur, P.L. ii. 536
- proclinct** (in), girt (Lat. *in proclinctu*), P.L. vi. 19
- Proclaimer**, Luke iii. 4
- proconsul**, a Roman official, P.R. iv. 63
- proem**, prelude, P.L. ix. 549
- progeny**, birth and lineage, P.R. iv. 554
- Proserpine**, daughter of Ceres (Gr. Demeter), wife of Pluto,

- who carried her off while gathering flowers in Enna
- Proteus*, the mythical Old Man of the Sea, who could transform himself into many shapes
- prowest*, most renowned or bravest, P.R. iii. 342
- Psyche*, the soul personified. *Eros* (or Cupid) loved her, but visited her only at night, and forbade her to look upon him. She disobeyed, he departed, and she traversed a weary pilgrimage before she was united to him again
- punctual*, like a point, P.L. viii. 23
- Punic*, Carthaginian or Phœnician
- Punic coast*, the N. of Africa, about Carthage
- purpled*, fringed or embroidered, C. 995
- purlieus*, neighbourhood, P.L. ii. 833
- purpose*, converse, P.L. iv. 337
- Pyrrha*, wife of Deucalion
- Pythian*, the Pythian games were held at Delphi in honour of Pythian Apollo
- Python*, the dragon of Delphi, bred out of slime left by Deucalion's deluge
- quaternion*, fourfold, P.L. v. 181. The four elements, according to Heracleitus, were air, æther, water, and earth
- Quiloa*, near Zanzibar
- Quintilian*, a great critic and rhetorician under the early Roman empire
- Quintius*, L. Quintus Cincinnatus, dictator in Rome, called to that post from the plough, returned to the plough on resigning it
- Rabba*, or Rabbath, chief city of Ammon; on the E. of Jordan
- Ramath-lechi*, "casting away of the jaw-bone": see Judges xv. 17
- Ramiel*, "exaltation of God"
- Ramoth*, Ramoth - Gilead, a stronghold E. of Jordan. See 1 Kings xxii. 34
- ramp*, jump, P.L. iv. 343
- Raphael*, an archangel. See Asmodeus
- realty*, royalty, P.L. vi. 115
- rebeck*, a kind of violin, P.R. p. 401
- recorder*, a wind instrument, P.L. i. 551
- redound*, overflow, P.L. ii. 889
- Regulus*, M. Atilius Regulus was taken prisoner at Carthage. He was sent home on parole, and bidden to persuade the Romans to make peace; but, on the contrary, he is said to have told them to hold out, and then he returned to his death
- reluctant*, struggling, P.L. x. 515
- result*, rebound, P.L. vi. 619
- Rhea*, wife of Jupiter Ammon
- Rhea*, wife of Kronos (Saturn)
- Rhene*, the Rhine
- Rhodope*, a mountain range between Thrace and Macedonia. Here was the oracle of the Thracian Dionysus. The "Thracian bard" Orpheus did not honour Dionysus, who sent upon him the Bassaridæ (a rout of Mænad women), and they tore him to pieces, nor could his mother Calliope aid him
- rhom*b, wheel, P.L. viii. 134
- Rimmon*, a Syrian deity
- rined*, rinded, P.L. v. 342
- ruin*, fall, P.L. vi. 868
- Rutupina æquora*, Rutupiaë is the modern Richborough
- Sabean*, Arabian
- sad*, serious, P.L. vi. 541
- Salem*, properly Salim, P.R. ii. 21. See John iii. 23
- Salmanassar*, Shalmanezar, King of Assyria. See 2 Kings xvii. 1
- salve*, save, P.R. iv. 12
- Samoed shore*, in Siberia
- Samos*, an island off the coast of Asai Minor near Ephesus (not in the Cyclades)
- sapient king*, Solomon
- Sarra*, Tyre, famous for its purple dye

*Satan*, the "enemy"

*Saturn* (Gr. Kronos), the Titan who ruled the universe before Jove (Zeus) deposed him

*Saturn*, used by M. for the Gr. Kronos, chief of the Titanic dynasty that preceded Zeus  
*satyr*, a hybrid monster with goat's feet, in Greek mythology. The satyrs suggested the traditional type of Satan in art and legend

*scales*, one of the signs of the Zodiac, between Virgo and Scorpio. In P.L. iv. 997 M. alludes to the classical belief that the fates of earthly combatants were weighed in scales by the gods

*Scipio*, conqueror of Hannibal

*Scorpion*, one of the signs of the Zodiac

*scull*, shoal, P.L. vii. 402

*Scylla*, the straits of Messina were supposed to have on one side Scylla, a devouring monster, and on the other Charybdis, a whirlpool

*secular*, lasting for a whole age, S.A. 1707

*secure*, careless, confident, P.L. vi. 541

*Seleucia*, a city on the Tigris, built by Seleucus, one of Alexander's generals

*Semele*, a woman beloved of Zeus in Greek mythology, by whom she became mother of Bacchus

*seneshal*, steward of the household, P.L. ix. 38

*Sennaar*, Shinar, a part of Babylonia

*sentence*, opinion, P.L. ii. 51

*Seon*, Sihon, King of the Amorites

*Septentrion*, northern (Lat.), P.R. iv. 31

*seraphim*, a high order of celestial beings

*Serapis*, an Egyptian god

*Sirbonian bog*, Lake Sirbonis in Egypt, between Mount Casius and Damietta, where a part of the Persian army perished in 350 B.C.

*serene*: "drop serene" seems to be a literal translation of

*gutta serena*, a disease of the eyes, P.L. iii. 25

*Sericana*, part of China and Tibet

*S Setia*, a town of Latium, famous for wine

*Severn*, named from Sabrina, drowned in it

*sewer*, a butler or steward who arranged the meats on the table, P.L. ix. 38

*Sibma*, a town in Moab

*sideral*, of the stars, P.L. x. 693

*Sidonian*, Phœnician, as Sidon was one of the chief Phœnician towns

*silly*, simple, p. 388

*Silo*, Shiloh, where was the sanctuary of God

*Siloa*, a pool with a spring flowing into it, just outside Jerusalem, and near the temple

*silvan*, Silvanus, a Roman deity of the fields and forests

*Simeon*, Luke ii. 25

*Sinæan*, Chinese

*Sinai*, a mountain or mountain range on a peninsula between the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah; here were given the Tables of the Law to Moses

*Sion*, one of the hills of Jerusalem, where the temple stood

*Siren*, a name used in ancient astronomy, of beings who sat each in one of the nine "infolded spheres," making melody

*sirocco*, a hot wind from the S.-E.

*Sieraliona*, Sierra Leone

*Sittim*, a camping-place of the Israelites hard by Jericho

*sleight*, trick, P.L. ix. 92

*slightly*, slightingly, contemptuously, P.R. ii. 198

*Socrates*, the Greek philosopher and teacher, was put to death on a false charge of blasphemy and corrupting the youth

*sock*, soccus, the boot of the ancient actor, p. 402

*Sofala*, on E. coast of Africa

*Sogdiana*, N.-E. province of the ancient Persian empire

*Soldan*, Sultan

*Solomon*, 1 Kings xi. 4

*sooth*, true, C. 823  
*Sophi*, or *Sophy*, Shah, P.L. x.

433

*sord*, sword, P.L. xi. 433  
*spet*, a variant of spit, C. 132  
*spring*, growth, P.L. ix. 218  
*starve*, perish, P.L. ii. 600  
*statist*, statesman, P.R. iv.

354

*Stoa* or *Colonnade*, a place in Athens where Zeno taught  
*stub*, stump or stubble, P.R. i.

339

*Stygian*, of Styx  
*Styx*, River of Hate, one of the rivers of the infernal regions in Greek mythology

*sublime*, uplifted, P.L. x. 536  
*sublimed*, uplifted, P.L. i. 235

*success*, result, P.L. ii. 9  
*succint*, girt up, P.L. iii. 643  
*summed*, a technical term in falconry, of full plumage, P.R. i. 14

*supplanted*, thrown off his feet, P.L. x. 513

*Sus*, Tunis

*Susa*, treasure city and winter residence of the Persian kings (Shushan in the Bible)

*Susiana*, a province of the ancient Persian empire

*suspense* (adj.), full of suspense, P.L. ii. 418

*swage*, assuage, P.L. i. 556

*Sylvan*, *Sylvanus*, a Roman deity of the fields and forests

*synod*, assembly, P.L. ii. 391

*Syene*, a place on the Nile, by the first cataract; and a Roman frontier station

*Syrinx*, a mythical nymph beloved by the god Pan

*Syrtis*, a gulf and quicksand in N. Africa

*Tantalus* was condemned to remain throat-deep in a lake, with fruit-trees over-hanging; but so often as he caught at the fruit, the trees receded, and when he stooped to drink, the water fled away from his lips

*Taprobane*, Ceylon

*Tarpeian Rock*, front of the Capitoline Hill, where stood the temple of Jupiter. From

hence malefactors were cast down

*Tarsus*, chief city of Cilicia

*Tartarus*, "the Pit," Hades

*Tauric pool*, sea of Azov, so called from the Tauric Chersonese or Crimea

*Tauris*, Tabriz, in N. Persia

*Taurus*, the Bull, one of the signs of the Zodiac

*ted*, to spread out hay for the making, P.L. ix. 450

*teem*, breed, S.A. 1703

*Telassar*, a city of the "children of Eden," where precisely is unknown

*Temir*, i.e. Timar or Tamberlaine, whose capital was Samarcand

*tempering*, mixing, P.L. vii. 15

*Teradon*, a city near the mouth of the Tigris

*Tethys*, daughter of Uranus and Ge (Heaven and Earth), and wife of Oceanus; a sea-deity

*tetrarch*, lord of a fourth part, in allusion to the four elements, P.R. iv. 201

*Teucrigenæ*, Brutus the Trojan led a colony to Britain, according to the legend

*Ternate*, one of the Moluccas or Spice Islands

*Thammuz*, a god supposed to have been slain by a boar on Lebanon, and to die and revive each year. The Greeks identified him with Adonis; he was mourned in a yearly festival by the women of Lebanon

*Thamyris*, a blind Thracian bard

*than*, then, S.A. 158

*Theban monster*, the Sphinx. When Oedipus guessed the riddle, she died

*Thebes*, a city in Bœotia (N. Greece), scene of a mythical struggle, and of the Greek tragedies of Oedipus and the Seven Heroes

*Thebes*, a famous city in Egypt (distinct from Thebes in Greece)

*Thebes*, a village near Neapolis, and bearing its ancient name as Tubâs: wrongly connected



- with Elijah the Tishbite in P.R. ii. 313. For the allusion see 1 Kings xix. 5
- Themis*, goddess of justice and right
- thereafter*, according, P.R. ii. 321
- Thermodoontea puella*, Elizabeth, as an "Amazon" (Thermodon, a river in the land of the Amazons)
- Thisbite*, Elijah the Tishbite
- Thrascias*, the N.N.-W. wind
- Thyestes*, before whom was set the flesh of his sons at a banquet
- Thyrsis*, the typical rustic maid in pastoral poetry
- tiar*, tiara, diadem, P.L. iii. 625
- Tidore*, one of the Moluccas or Spice Islands
- Tigris*, a river of Mesopotamia, supposed to be that which watered Eden
- timelessly*, untimely, p. 380
- tine*, kindle, P.L. x. 1075
- tire*, drag, tear (techn. term in falconry), P.L. vi. 605
- Tiresias*, an ancient Greek seer, who was blind
- Titans*, in Greek mythology, were the beings who ruled the universe before the dynasty of Zeus, who warred upon them and overthrew them. They are often confused with the giants. In P.L. i. 510 used of the eldest of the brood, whom M. says gave place to Saturn, *q. v.*
- Tobias*. See Asmodeus
- Tobil's son*, Tobias. See Asmodeus
- Tophet*, in the valley of Hinnom
- Trebisond*, Trapezus, a Greek city on the Black Sea
- Trinacrian*, Sicilian, a title taken from the three promontories of Sicily
- Triton*, a river in Libya
- Triton*, a sea-deity, son of Poseidon (Neptune) and Amphitrite
- Troy*, a town in N.-W. of Asia Minor; scene of the famous siege by the Greeks dated 1184 B.C., sung of by Homer
- Turm*, a troop of horse (Lat. *turma*), P.R. iv. 66
- Turnus*, the rival and foe of Aeneas, who married his betrothed bride Lavinia; described in Virgil's *Aeneid*
- Tuscan artist*, Galileo, P.L. i. 288
- Twins*, Gemini, a sign of the Zodiac, called Spartan in allusion to Castor and Pollux
- Typhoean*, of Typhoeus or Typhon
- Typhon* (P.L.), a monster who rebelled against Zeus
- Typhon* (P.R.), or Set, brother of Osiris, who murdered him. He is regarded as evil personified
- Uncouth*, unknown, P.L. ii. 407, iv. 363
- Unexpressive*, inexpressible, p. 388
- unfumed*, not burnt for sweet scent, P.L. v. 349
- unobnoxious*, not exposed to anything, invulnerable by it, P.L. vi. 404
- unoriginal*, primeval, P.L. x. 477
- unprevented*, unforested, P.L. iii. 231
- unweeling*, unwitting, P.R. i. 126
- Ur*, a great town in Chaldea
- Urania*, Muse of the heavens, patroness of astronomy; given a new meaning by M. P.L. vii. 1
- Urchin*, hedgehog, supposed to have a malign influence, C. 845
- Uriel*, "Light of God"
- Urim*, "light" or "lights," was kept within the breastplate of the High Priest, for purposes of divination. What it was no man knows; but probably some cabalistic symbol or charm, jewel, or scarabæus, or the like
- Urim and Thummim*, talisman worn on the breastplate of the High Priest, by which in some manner unknown the will of God was supposed to be made manifest. See Exod. xxviii. 30, 1 Sam. xxviii. 6

*Uther's son*, King Arthur  
*Uzzean*, of Uz, probably Arabia  
 Deserta. See Job i. 6

*Valdarno*, the vale of the river  
 Arno, where Florence lies

*Vallombrosa*, a beautiful valley  
 near Florence

*van*, wing, P.L. ii. 927

*Vant-brace*, arm-mail, S.A. 1121

*vapour*, heat, P.L. xii. 635

*Venus*, Roman goddess of love  
*Vertumnus*, a Roman deity  
 associated with the growth of  
 plants from blossom to fruit

*Vesta*, goddess of the hearth,  
 apparently used by M. as a  
 personification of domestic  
 retirement, p. 403

*Villatic*, belonging to a farm or  
 country house, S.A. 1695

*Virgin*, Virgo, a constellation

*volant*, flying, P.L. xi. 561

*Vulcan*, Roman god of fire and  
 smithcraft

*wanton*, capricious, P.L. iv. 316

*welkin*, sky, P.L. ii. 538

*well-couched*, well-hidden, P.R.  
 i. 97

*what*, why (a Latinism), P.L. ii.  
 329

*whilere*, whilom, of old, p. 412

*whist*, hushed, p. 387

*Wilderness*, of Judæa, Luke iv. 1

*won*, dwell, P.L. vii. 457

*worm*, used of all serpent kind,  
 P.R. i. 312

*Xerxes*, King of Persia, who in-  
 vaded Greece and was de-  
 feated at Salamis, 480 B.C.,  
 and Plataea, 479. He  
 bridged the Hellespont; and  
 his first bridge being carried  
 away by a storm, ordered the  
 sea to be scourged and cast  
 fetters into it

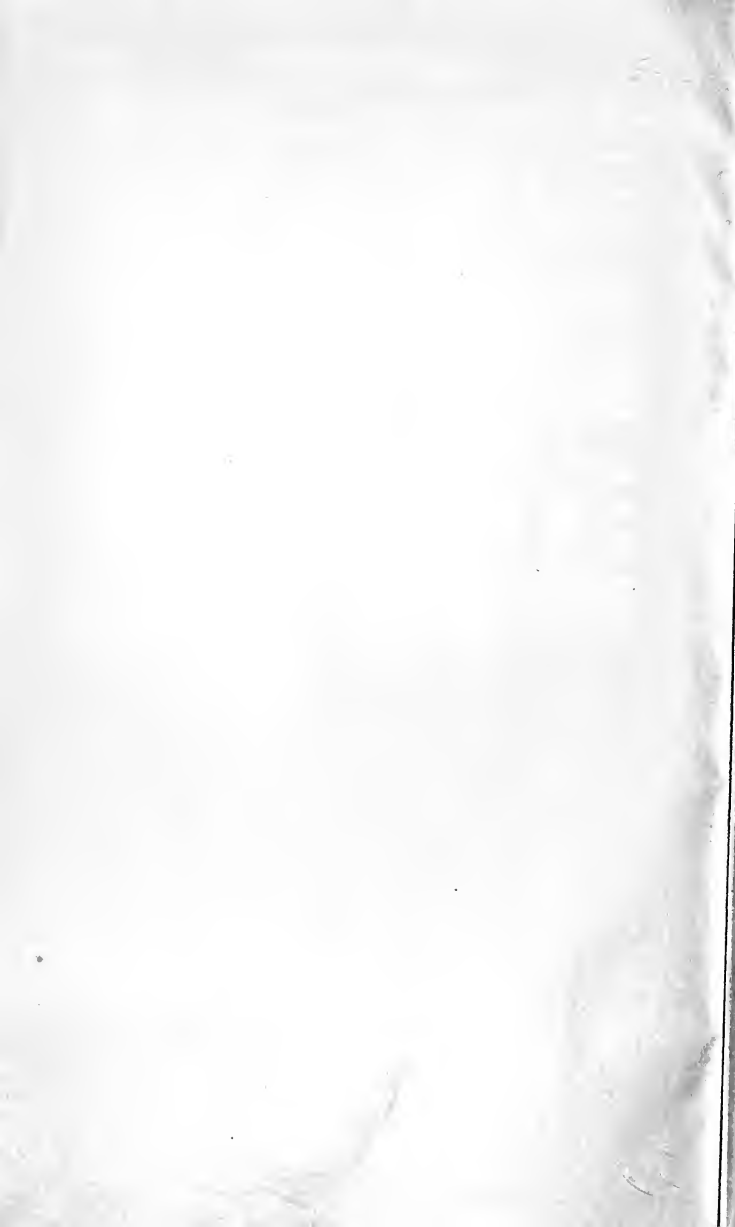
*yeauling*, new-born, P.L. iii. 434

*zenith*, the part of the sky  
 directly above the head

*Zephyr*, *Zephyrus*, the west  
 wind

*zone*, the magic girdle or cestus  
 of Venus. For the allusion,  
 see Chapman's *Iliad*, xiv. 160  
*Zophiel*, a cherub






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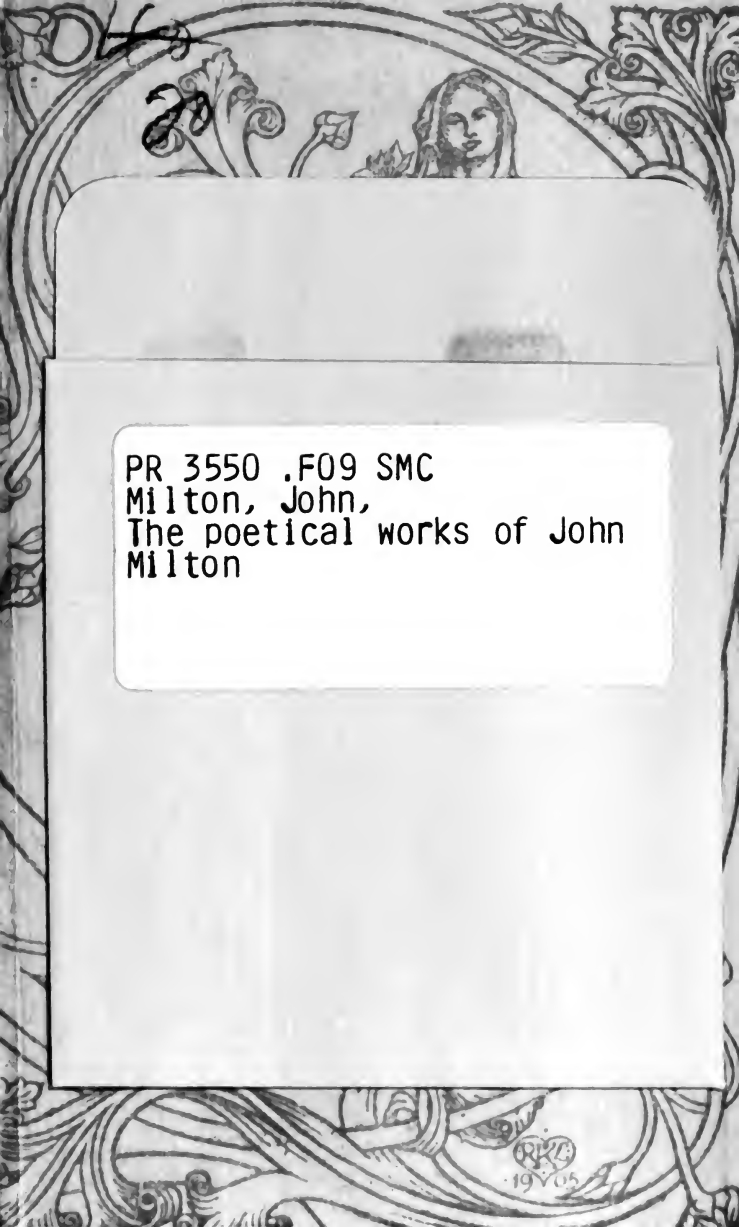
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EVERYMAN,  
I WILL GO WITH  
THEE,  
& BE THY GUIDE  
IN THY MOST NEED  
TO GO BY THY SIDE



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Milton, John,  
The poetical works of John  
Milton

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