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Julia Samock

Dec 14<sup>th</sup> 1881

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*Him, fast sleeping, soon he found  
In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,*

The "Arundel Poets."

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION,

AND CONTAINING

*NUMEROUS EXPLANATORY NOTES.*

WITH MEMOIR

BY

DAVID MASSON, M. A., LL. D.,

*Author of "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN MILTON."*

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# MEMOIR OF MILTON.

BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, OLD LONDON.

1608—1625 : *etat.* 1—17.

Born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on Friday, December 9, 1608, in a house known as "The Spread Eagle," and baptized in Allhallows Church in the same street, on the 20th of the same December, Milton was for the first sixteen years of his life a denizen of the very heart of Old London.

His father, John Milton, originally from Oxfordshire, was a prosperous London scrivener, and owner of the Spread Eagle, which served him both as residence and as place of business. As to the name of Milton's mother there has hitherto been some uncertainty. One tradition calls her Sarah Bradshaw, and another Sarah Caston; and yet in the register of Allhallows Parish, Bread Street, there is this distinct record: "The XXII<sup>nd</sup> daye of February, A. 1610 [1610-11], was buried in this parishe Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the mother of Mr. John Mylton's wyffe of this parishe." The Mrs. Ellen Jefferys who seems thus to have lived with the scrivener and his wife till two years after the birth of her grandchild, the future poet, is ascertained to have been the widow of a Paul Jeffray or Jeffreys, citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, who had lived in St. Swithin's Parish, but was dead in 1602. She had another daughter, Margaret Jeffray or Jeffreys, who was married in 1602, at the age of twenty, to a "William Truelove, gentleman, of the parish of Hatfield Peverell, in the county of Essex, widower," afterwards designated as "of Blakenham upon the Hill, co. Suffolk," and heard of as owning various properties in Essex and Herts. At the time of that marriage the widow's consent to it was signified through her son-in-law, the bride's brother-in-law, John Milton, of Allhallows, Bread Street.\*

At the death of the widowed grandmother Jefferys in February, 1610-11, the Bread Street household consisted of the scrivener, his wife, and two children—Anne and John. Three children were subsequently born; of whom only one, Christopher, seven years younger than John, outlived infancy. Anne, John, and Christopher, therefore, are to be remembered, and in that order, as the surviving children.

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\* With the exception of the burial entry of Mrs. Ellen Jefferys in the register of Allhallows, the documents that have yielded the above particulars of Milton's maternal pedigree have been recently discovered by the research of Colonel J. L. Chester, a distinguished American antiquary and genealogist, living in London.

The first sixteen years of Milton's life were the last sixteen of the reign of James I. Amid the events of those sixteen years, and the growing discontent of the mass of the English people with the rule of James and his minister Buckingham, Milton passed his boyhood. He was most carefully educated, on the principles of a pious Puritan household of superior means and tastes, the head of which was himself distinguished as a musical composer. To be remembered, as having shared with this excellent father the honour of Milton's early education, are the Scottish preacher Thomas Young, his first domestic tutor, and the two Alexander Gills, father and son, respectively head-master and under-master of St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street. At this public school Milton was for some years a day-scholar; and here he first became acquainted with the young half-Italian Charles Diodati, his friendship with whom he has made touchingly and everlastingly memorable in his Letters and his Latin poetry. He was still, it seems, a scholar at St. Paul's when his sister, Anne Milton, who was a year or two older than himself, married (1624) a Mr. Edward Phillips, from Shrewsbury, second clerk in the important Government office called the Crown Office in Chancery. As the married couple took up their residence in the Strand, near Charing Cross, Milton and his younger brother Christopher were then the only children left in the paternal home.

From his childhood Milton was not only a ceaseless student and insatiable reader, but also a writer of verses. The earliest preserved specimens of his Muse, however, belong to the year 1624, his last year at St. Paul's School. They are :

A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV.  
 " " " " CXXXVI.

CAMBRIDGE.

1625—1632: *atq.* 17—24.

If we deduct the two Psalm-paraphrases, which belong to the last year of the reign of James I., Milton's literary life may be said to begin exactly with the reign of Charles I.

That king succeeded his father on the 27th of March, 1625. Six weeks before that event, *i. e.* February 12, 1624—5, Milton, at the age of sixteen years and two months, had been entered in the grade of a "Lesser Pensioner" on the books of Christ's College, Cambridge; and his matriculation in the Register of the University is dated April 9, 1625, when Charles had been on the throne a fortnight. From that time to July, 1632, or for a period of more than seven years, Milton resided habitually in Cambridge, though with frequent visits, in vacation and at other times, to London and his father's house. The rooms he occupied in Christ's College are still pointed out.

When Milton was at Cambridge, the total number of persons on the books of all the sixteen colleges of the University was about 2,900. Christ's College had about 265 members on its books. The master of the college was Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge; and among the fellows were Joseph Meade, remembered

as a commentator on the Apocalypse, Mr. William Chappell, who was Milton's first tutor, and became afterwards an Irish bishop, and Mr. Nathaniel Tovey, to whose tutorship Milton was transferred, and who was afterwards Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. Among Milton's fellow students at Christ's were Edward King, afterwards commemorated as *Lycidas*, John Cleveland, afterwards the well-known satirist, and Henry More, afterwards the Cambridge Platonist. They were all Milton's juniors; and, indeed, More entered the college in Milton's last year. Milton's brother Christopher joined him at Christ's, in February 1630-1, and was put under Tovey's tutorship. Among the eminent heads of colleges, when Milton's academic course began, were Dr. John Preston of Emanuel, Dr. Samuel Collins of King's, Dr. Samuel Ward of Sidney, Sussex, and John Gostlin, M. D., of Caius. The Public Orator of the University was George Herbert, the poet; Andrew Downes, of St. John's, was Regius Professor of Greek; Robert Metcalfe, of the same college, was Regius Professor of Hebrew; Thomas Thornton, also of St. John's, was Lecturer in Logic; and Abraham Whelock, the Orientalist, was University Librarian. Among the Fellows or more advanced graduates of the different colleges were about ten men who afterwards rose to be Bishops or Archbishops, others who rose to be heads of colleges, and some who became noted as Puritan divines. Contemporaries of Milton at Cambridge, only a little his seniors in their respective colleges, were the Church historian Thomas Fuller, of Queen's, and the poet Edmund Waller, of King's, and Thomas Randolph, of Trinity. Jeremy Taylor, who was a native of Cambridge, entered Caius College, as a pauper scholar, in August, 1626, eighteen months after Milton had entered Christ's.

Although Milton never looked back on Cambridge with any great affection, and although it is certain that in the beginning of his undergraduateship he was unpopular among the rougher men in his own college (where he was nicknamed "*The Lady*," on account of his fair complexion, feminine and graceful appearance, and a certain haughty delicacy in his tastes and morals), there is, nevertheless, the most positive evidence that his career at the University was one of industrious and persevering success, and that, even before the close of his undergraduateship, he had beaten down all opposition, and gained a reputation quite extraordinary. "Performed the Collegiate and Academical Exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts," is Anthony Wood's summary of the information he had received on the subject. He took his B. A. degree, at the proper time, in January, 1628-9, and the M. A. degree, also at the proper time, in July, 1632. On each occasion, with the other graduates, he went through the formality of signing Articles of Religion implying faith in the constitution, worship, and doctrines of the Church of England; and on the second occasion his signature "*Joannes Milton*" stands at the head of the list of twenty-seven who so signed from Christ's College. This looks as if the foremost place in his college was then unanimously accorded to him. By that time, I should say, he was recognised as without an equal among his coevals in the University.

The reputation won by Milton during his seven years at Cambridge was doubtless due in part to his personal impressiveness in walks and talks with select companions, and in all those daily chances of intercourse between seniors and juniors, in hall or in college-rooms, which University life affords. There were, however, the more formal opportunities of those scholarly displays called by Wood "the Collegiate and Academical Exercises," viz. : the periodical Latin debates and declamations, in College or in the Public Schools of the University, which formed so conspicuous a part of the old system of Cambridge training. Seven specimens of Milton's ability in such things have been preserved under the title of *Prolesiones Quædam Oratoriæ*, and are interesting both as revelations of Milton's own character and habits of intellect at this period, and also as curious glimpses of old Cambridge life. There are preserved also four Latin Familiar Epistles written by Milton during the Cambridge period—two of them to his former preceptor, Thomas Young, and two to Alexander Gill the younger, his former teacher at St. Paul's School. More important products of the seven Cambridge years, however, were the poems, in English or in Latin, written at intervals. Here is a list of these in chronological order, the more important printed in capitals, and the Latin distinguished from the English by italics :—

- ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT. 1626.  
*AD CAROLUM DIODATUM (Elegia Prima).* 1626.  
*In obitum Præsulis Wintoniænsis (Elegia Tertia).* 1626.  
*In obitum Præsulis Eliensis* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.  
*In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiænsis (Elegia Secunda).* 1626.  
*In obitum Procancellarii Medici* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.  
 IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.  
*In Proditionem Bombardicam ; In Eandem ; In Eandem ; In Eandem ; In Inventorem Bombardæ* (annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*).  
*Ad Thomam Junium, Præceptorem Suum (Elegia Quarta).* 1627.  
 "Nondum blanda tuas," &c. (*Elegia Septima*). 1628.  
 NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM (among the *Sylvæ*). 1628.  
 AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE. 1628.  
*De Ideâ Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit* (among the *Sylvæ*).  
*In Adventum Veris (Elegia Quinta).* 1628-9.  
 ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 1629.  
*AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM (Elegia Sexta).* 1629.  
 Upon the Circumcision.  
 The Passion.  
 On Time.  
 At a Solemn Music.  
 Song on May Morning.  
 ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.  
 On the University Carrier. 1630-1.  
 Another on the Same. 1630-1.  
 AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER. 1631.  
 Sonnet to the Nightingale.  
 SONNET ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE. Dec., 1631.

From these pieces may be gathered many particulars of Milton's life and the nature of his occupations during his seven years at Cambridge. If published in a little volume in 1632, they would have given young Milton a place of some distinction among contemporary poets. With the exception, however, of *Naturam non pati Senium*, of which printed copies were made at Cambridge for an academic purpose, and the lines "On Shakespeare," which appeared anonymously in the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare, published in 1632, all the pieces appear to have remained in manuscript.

The Sonnet which closes the list of the Cambridge pieces is especially interesting. When Milton went to Cambridge, he had been destined, by himself and his friends, for the Church; but the seven years of his residence there had entirely changed his purpose. This was owing, in part, to the great change that had occurred in the political condition of England. Charles I., married in May, 1625, to the French princess Henrietta-Maria, had adopted a policy in Church and State compared with which his father's efforts towards Absolutism had been mild. Having quarrelled successively with four Parliaments, and dismissed the last of them with anger and insult in March, 1628-9, he had resolved to have nothing more to do with Parliaments, but to govern in future by his own authority through ministers responsible only to himself. England was in the fourth year of this *Reign of Thorough*, as it has been called, when Milton's course at the University came to an end. Since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in August, 1628, Charles's chief advisers and ministers had been Laud, Wentworth, Cottington, and a few other select Lords of his Privy Council. In ecclesiastical matters, Laud, Bishop of London since 1628, and with the Archbishopric of Canterbury in prospect, was single and paramount. Under his vigilant supervision there had been going on, in all the dioceses of England, that systematic repression and even persecution of Calvinistic Theology and all forms of Puritan opinion and practice, and that equally systematic promotion and encouragement of Arminian Theology, the rights of high Prelacy, and a strict and florid ceremonial of worship, which had already, as the Puritans thought, undone all that was essential in the English Reformation, and brought the Church of England back into the shadow of the Church of Rome. Nor did there seem any hope of deliverance. Laud's supremacy in England seemed to be growing surer and surer every day; Wentworth, as Viceroy of Ireland, was to impose the same system on that country; even Scotland, though an independent kingdom, was to be reclaimed, as soon as Laud should be at leisure, from the meagre half-episcopacy which was all that King James had persuaded her to adopt, and brought into conformity with Laud's ideal of a Church. Unable to endure this state of things, many of the bolder Puritans had gone into exile in Holland or had emigrated to America, while those that remained at home, forming a large mass of the population of England, lay in a dumb agony of discontent, sighing for a Parliament, but not daring to mutter the word. With these Milton was in sympathy. Whatever he had intended in 1625, it was clear to him in 1632 that he could not take orders in the Church of England.

This necessarily involved also the abandonment of all idea of continued residence in the University in a Fellowship or for other chances.

## HORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1632—1638: *atq.* 24—30.

On leaving the University, in July, 1632, Milton went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, a small village near Windsor, and about twenty miles from London, where his father, who had meanwhile retired from business, had taken a country house. At first there seems to have been some gentle remonstrance on his father's part on his abandonment of the Church and his disinclination to any other profession; but very soon the excellent man, whose trust in his son was boundless, acquiesced generously in what was proposed. That was that Milton should devote himself henceforward exclusively to study, speculation, and literature. The tenor of the five years and eight months which he spent at Horton is, accordingly, thus described by himself: "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I was wholly intent, through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that occasionally I exchanged the country for the city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." From this succinct account we should not gather that it was also during those five summers and winters, passed mainly in the flat, verdant, well-wooded and well-watered scenery about Horton, with the towers of Windsor in view, that Milton composed the finest and most classic of his minor English poems. Such, however, is the fact. Here is the list:—

*Ad Patrem* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1632?

L'ALLEGRO.

IL PENSEROSO.

ARCADES: Part of an Entertainment at Harefield. 1633 or earlier?

COMUS: A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle. 1634.

*Greek translation of Psalm CXIV*. (among the *Sylvæ*). 1634.

LYCIDAS. Nov., 1637.

The admission of Milton to the M. A. degree at Oxford in 1635 may, however, be noted here. Three of his Latin Familiar Epistles, it ought also be added, belong to the period. One of these (December 4, 1634) is again to his former teacher, Alexander Gill the younger; the other two (both dated September, 1637) are to his friend Charles Diodati. In the last he speaks of leaving Horton permanently, and taking chambers in London. The intention was not fulfilled. He went back to Horton to write his *Lycidas* there (so it may be guessed), and to remain there till April, 1638. Three incidents mark the closing months of his Horton life. One was the appearance in 1637, with his permission, but anonymously, of a printed edition of his *Comus* by itself at the charge of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musical composer. Another was his introduction, early in 1638, to the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, not far

from Horton. The third was the actual appearance of his *Lycidas*, with his initials, "J. M.," at the end of a collection of obituary poems in Latin, Greek, and English, in memory of Edward King, contributed by thirty-two friends of the deceased, and printed at the Cambridge University press. But an event earlier than any of these, and which had already made Horton a sadder home to Milton than it had been, was the death of his mother. She died at Horton, April 3, 1637, and was buried in the old church there. A visit to Horton any summer's day, to see the simple stone that covers her grave, and then, after having the spot near the church pointed out to one where the house of Milton's father stood, to stroll among the meadows and pollards by the banks of the sluggish Colne, where Milton must have so often walked and mused, may be recommended to lovers of Literature and English History.

The quiet time at Horton bringing Milton from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth year of his age, was a continuation of the *Reign of Thorough* in the British Islands. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1633, was still crushing Calvinism and Puritanism in England; Wentworth was ruling Ireland with a rod of iron; and the business of re-shaping the rough semi-Episcopal Kirk of Scotland into a more perfect practical representation of Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness had been steadily in progress. Precisely in this business of the Scottish Kirk, however, had the policy of *Thorough* struck against a rock of opposition. In July, 1637, the Scots had risen in riot and revolt against the attempt to introduce Laud's new Scotch Liturgy; and in March, 1638, the leaders of the Scottish people of all ranks, Nobles, Lairds, Burgesses and Clergy, leagued themselves for open resistance to the death, and swore their famous *Covenant*. The news ran through England, stirring strange hopes in the hearts of the Puritans.

#### ITALIAN JOURNEY.

*April, 1638—August, 1639: atlat. 30—31.*

The *Scottish Covenant* ("the damnable Covenant," as Charles called it) was the last word in all English mouths when Milton, in April, 1638, set out on that journey to Italy of which he had long had dreams, and to which his father had at last given consent. He took one English man servant with him. His father meanwhile was to live on at Horton, where his younger son Christopher, already a married man, though only passing his terms for the Bar, was to keep him company, with his newly wedded wife, Thomasine Webber, of London.

Taking letters of introduction with him, one of which was from Sir Henry Wotton, Milton arrived in Paris. Here he spent some days, receiving great attention from Lord Scudamore, English joint-ambassador with the Earl of Leicester, at the Court of Louis XIII. He specially mentions an interview procured for him by Lord Scudamore with the learned Dutchman, Hugo Grotius, then residing in Paris as ambassador from Sweden. From Paris he proceeded to Italy by way of Nice. After visiting Genoa, Leghorn and Pisa, he

reached Florence. Here he remained about two months (August—September, 1638), enchanted with the beauties and antiquities of the famous city, and forming acquaintanceships with many of the wits and scholars then living in it. Seven Florentines, most of them young men, leaders in the chief Academies or literary clubs of Florence, are particularly named by him as friends, whose merits and whose courtesies to himself he would never forget. These were Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Pietro Frescobaldi, Agostino Coltellini, Benedetto Buommattei, Valerio Chimentelli, and Antonio Francini. They have all left some traces of themselves in Italian literary history, though some of them are now best remembered by the happy accident of their contact with Milton. It was either in Florence, or in its close neighborhood, that he also “found and visited “the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in “Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.” From Florence, through Siena, Milton went to Rome. His stay here extended over nearly two months more (October—November, 1638); and here again, besides musing amid the ruins of the Eternal City, seeing the galleries and other sights, and being present at a concert in the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, where he heard Leonora Baroni sing, he enjoyed the society of the literary clubs or Academies. He made especial acquaintance with Lucas Holste or Holstenius, a learned German, settled in Rome as secretary to Cardinal Barberini, and one of the librarians of the Vatican, and also with Alessandro Cherubini, Giovanni Salzilli, and a certain more obscure Selvaggi. Leaving Rome, in company with “a certain Eremite Friar,” he spent some little time (November—December, 1638) in Naples. Here, through his travelling companion, he was introduced to the great man of the place, the venerable Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, then nearly eighty years of age. From Naples it was his intention to cross over into Sicily and thence to extend his tour into Greece; but “the sad news of civil war in England” determined him to return, “inasmuch,” he says, “as I thought it base to be travelling at my “ease for intellectual culture while my fellow countrymen at home were fighting “for liberty.”—The news that had reached Milton in Naples, however, was not quite that of civil war in England itself, but only of such a course of events in Scotland as seemed to make civil war inevitable. The *Covenant* having been adopted all but universally by the population of Scotland, Charles had been obliged to temporize so far as to permit the meeting of a General Assembly of the Kirk at Glasgow for the consideration of affairs; and at this Assembly (Nov. 21—Dec. 20, 1638) the result of the consideration of affairs had been defiance to Charles and Laud in every particular. Not only had the recent ecclesiastical innovations been condemned, but all the Scottish Bishops had been deposed and disgraced, Episcopacy of every kind had been declared at an end in Scotland, and the Kirk and nation had returned absolutely to the old Presbyterian system of Knox. To punish the Scots for such audacity Charles was certainly levying forces in England and Ireland, so that in a sense civil war in Britain had actually begun.—It was probably the receipt of much



more correct information that made Milton's homeward journey more leisurely than he purposed when he left Naples. He spent, at all events, a second two months in Rome (January—February, 1639), going about freely, and also talking freely, though warned, he says, that the English Jesuits in the city were on the watch to entrap him into some danger from the Papal police; and he also spent a second two months in Florence (February—April, 1639), where his Florentine friends were rejoiced at his reappearance. From Florence he made an excursion to Lucca; after which, crossing the Apennines, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice. He spent one month in that city (May, 1639); whence, having despatched to England by sea the books he had collected in Italy, he made his way, by Verona and Milan, and over the Pennine Alps, to Geneva. Here he passed a week or two (June, 1639), once more among Protestants, and conversing daily with the theologian Dr. Jean Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles. Thence his route through France took him again to Paris; and early in August, 1639, he was back in England.

Milton's fifteen or sixteen months of foreign travel and residence contributed but few additions to the list of his writings. Besides two Latin Familiar Epistles, written at Florence, one to the Florentine grammarian Buommattei (September 10, 1638), and one to Holstenius, at Rome (March 30, 1639), we have to note only the following:

*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem* (three pieces annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*). 1638.

*Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægotantem* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.

*MANSUS* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.

*Five Italian Sonnets, with a Canzone*. 1639?

BACK AT HORTON AND IN LONDON: LODGINGS IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH-YARD, FLEET STREET.

1639—1640: *atal* 31—32.

At Horton, where Milton found all well, there had been born in his absence a little nephew, the first child of Christopher Milton and his young wife. The infant, however, had died and been buried five months before (March 26, 1639).

Another death that had happened in Milton's absence was that of his friend, Charles Diodati. Milton had vaguely heard of the fact while abroad; but not till his return did he learn the full particulars. Till now, the exact place and date of the death have eluded research; but, while I am writing this Memoir, I am in receipt of the long desired information. "Charles Diodati," I am informed by Colonel Chester, whose contributions to our knowledge of Milton's family history I have already had occasion to acknowledge, "was buried at St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, 27 Aug., 1638. The entry in the Register is 'simply *Mr. Charles Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.*' Seventeen days before, viz., 10 Aug., 1638, was also buried there '*Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.*' On the 29th of June, 1638, was baptised '*Richard, son of John and Isabell Deodate;*' and on the 23d of June in the same year was

"buried *Isabell, wife to John Deodate.*" These are all the entries of the name "that occur in the Register of St. Anne, Blackfriars." The interpretation of these records is as follows:—When Milton had gone abroad, he had left his friend, the young physician Charles Diodati, living in lodgings with a sister of his, called Philadelphia, in the house of a Mr. Dollam in Blackfriars, near the house of their married brother, John Diodati, and therefore at some little distance from the house of their father, the naturalized Italian physician, Dr. Theodore Diodati, in Little St. Bartholomew, whose recent second marriage in his old age seems to have somewhat alienated from him these grown-up children by his first wife. Milton had left all three well in Blackfriars; but in June, 1638, only two months after he had set out on his foreign tour, John Diodati had lost his wife in childbirth, and in August, 1638, when he was in Florence for the first time, and little dreaming of any such calamity, his friend, Charles Diodati, had been carried off by some epidemic of which his sister also had been a victim, and both had been buried from Mr. Dollam's house.

There was no more profound private feeling in all Milton's life than that which he experienced in the loss of Charles Diodati. He gave expression to it in that Latin pastoral of lament which he wrote immediately after his return to England (probably at Horton), and which deserves here to stand by itself:

*EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1639.

Not long after Milton's return to England, the household at Horton was broken up. The father, with Christopher Milton and his wife, remained at Horton, indeed, to as late as August, 1640, Christopher having been called to the Bar of the Inner Temple January 26, 1639-40; but soon afterwards Christopher, his wife, and a second child, born at Horton, went to live at Reading, the father accompanying them. Some time before that removal (probably in the winter of 1639-40), Milton had taken lodgings in London, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russel, a tailor," consenting at the same time to an arrangement which can hardly have added to his comfort. His only surviving sister, whom we saw married to Mr. Edward Phillips of the Crown Office in 1624, was no longer Mrs. Phillips. Her first husband had died in 1631; and, after some time of widowhood, she married his successor in the Crown Office, Mr. Thomas Agar. There had been left her, however, two young boys by the first marriage—Edward Phillips and John Phillips. The younger of these (probably his godson), aged only nine years, Milton now took wholly into his charge; while the elder, only about a year older, went daily, from his mother's house, near Charing Cross, to the lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, for the benefit also of his uncle's lessons. And so, teaching his two young nephews, meditating literary projects, and looking round him on public affairs, Milton found himself in the famous year 1640.

What a year that was! In the previous year there had been the *First Bishops' War*—*i. e.*, the first war of Charles for restoration of Episcopacy among the Scots. It had ended in collapse on the King's side. Charles had

advanced to the Scottish border with a reluctant English army ; but, met there by an army of the Scottish Covenanters, he had not risked a battle, but had agreed to terms, granting the Scots their Presbyterian Kirk, and substantially all else they asked (June 18, 1639). That war, therefore, had been begun and ended while Milton was still abroad. But Charles had again broken with the Scots, and resolved on their subjugation and chastisement. In his straits for money and means for that purpose he had even ventured, after eleven years of uninterrupted absolutism, to call another English Parliament. That Parliament, which met April 13, 1640, proved as stubbornly Puritan as its predecessors, and, instead of yielding supplies against the Scots, with whom it was in secret sympathy, fell on the question of English grievances. It was, therefore, dismissed, after little more than a fortnight (May 5), and is remembered as the *Short Parliament*. Milton, who had been observing all this, with the feelings of an English Puritan, then saw Charles plunge, nevertheless, with resources otherwise raised, into the *Second Bishops' War*. In August, 1640, he was at York, with the Irish Viceroy Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, in his company, on his way to Scotland, and with an English army between him and the doomed country. But the Scots did not wait this time on their own side of the border. They invaded England, August 20; they beat a detachment of the English at Newburn, near Newcastle, August 28; they entered that town, August 29; and they spread themselves thence over the northern counties. With the Puritans of England all in sympathy with them, and welcoming their invasion rather than resenting it; they had thus, by one bold push, and but small effort besides, utterly checked the King. His army disorganized and deserting he summoned a Great Council of Peers to meet at York, September 24, and help him in his negotiation with the Scots; but some of the leading Peers themselves petitioning for a Parliament, and petitions to the same effect arriving from the city of London, he was obliged to yield. A preliminary treaty with the Scots, agreed upon by commissioners of the two nations, was signed by him at York, October 27; and thence he hastened to London, to open the new Parliament. It was to be known as the *Long Parliament*, the most famous Parliament in the annals of England. It met November 3, 1640.

ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

1640—1645 : *etat.* 32—37.

The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, were but a temporary arrangement. "Looking round," says Milton, "where best I could, in the "midst of affairs so disturbed and fluctuating, for a place to settle in, I hired a "house in the city sufficiently large for myself and books." His nephew, Edward Phillips, who soon went to be a fellow-boarder in the new house with his younger brother John, describes it more particularly as "a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and, therefore, the fitter "for his turn by reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in "London more free from noise than that." Aldersgate Street is very different

now, and not a vestige of Milton's house remains. It stood at the back of that part of the street on the right hand as you go from St. Martin's-le-Grand, where there is now Maidenhead Court.

The Aldersgate Street house, which Milton entered some time in 1640, probably before the meeting of the Long Parliament, was to be a very memorable one in his biography. "There, in tolerable comfort," he says, "I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, and to those to whom the people had committed that charge." In other words, his hope was that now at last he might begin in real earnest that life of sustained literary exertion in his own English speech, after a higher and nobler fashion than England had heretofore known, to which he had secretly pledged himself. Especially, during his Italian journey, he had been revolving the project of some one great English poem, to be begun on his return, and to be his occupation through as many years as might be necessary. As we learn from his poem to Manso, and still more distinctly from his *Epitaphium Damonis*, an epic on the subject of Arthur, involving the whole cycle of Arthurian or ancient British Legends, was the scheme that had principally fascinated him. Within the first year after his return, however, the Arthurian subject had been set aside, and Milton's mind, weighing and balancing the comparative advantages of the epic form and the stately tragedy of the Greeks with its lyrics and choruses, was at sea among a great number of possible subjects, suitable for either, collected from Biblical History and the History of Britain before the Conquest. *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy, was already the favorite; but all was uncertain. To end this uncertainty, by actually choosing a subject and setting to work, was the business which Milton, while daily teaching his young nephews, and showing them "an example of hard study and spare diet," had prescribed for himself in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it had to be postponed, and for a longer series of years than could have been anticipated. Milton, at this juncture of his life, was whirled into politics; and for nearly twenty years (1640-1660), with but moments of exception, he had to cease to be "a poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him," and to "sit below in the cool element of prose." It was not only Milton's life, indeed, that was so affected by the great Puritan Revolution. The lives of almost all his English literary contemporaries were similarly affected, and through the twenty years between 1640 and 1660 there was an almost total cessation of Pure Literature in England in consequence of the drafting of the literary intellect of the country into the service of the current controversies. In no life, however, is the phenomenon more marked than in Milton's; and there are some to whom its exhibition in that life in particular is matter for regret. They judge, I believe, poorly and wrongly. It may be admitted that in controversial prose, though such prose with Milton was to be far from a "cool element," he had, as he himself expresses it, "the use but of his left hand." To lend even that hand, however,

with all its force, to what he deemed the cause of God, Truth, Liberty, and his Country, seemed to him a more important duty, so long as there should be need, than scheming and writing poems.

It was on the Church question that Milton first spoke out. The Long Parliament had, with singular rapidity, in the first months of its sitting, swept away accumulated abuses in State and Law, brought Strafford to trial and execution, impeached and imprisoned Laud and others of the chief ministers of *Thorough*, subjected Charles to constitutional checks, made a satisfactory treaty with the Scots, and sent them home with thanks for their great services to England. They had also taken measures for their own security and the permanence of English Parliamentary government. All this having been done unanimously or nearly so, the Church question had at length emerged as the most difficult of all, and that in which there was most difference of opinion. That the Laudian Episcopacy must no longer exist in England all, with hardly an exception, were agreed; but, for the rest, people divided themselves into two parties. There were the advocates of a Limited Episcopacy, excluding the Bishops, perhaps, from the House of Lords and from other places of political and judicial power, and also surrounding them even in Church matters with Councils of Presbyters; and there were the Root-and-Branch Reformers, who were for abolishing Episcopacy utterly, and reconstructing the Church of England after some Presbyterian model like that of the Scots. Into this controversy Milton, in May, 1641, flung his first pamphlet, entitled, "*Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it.*" It was a Root-and-Branch pamphlet of most tremendous earnestness, and was followed within a year by four more of the same sort, viz., "*Of Prelatical Episcopacy,*" (June, 1641); "*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus,*" (July, 1641); "*The Reason of Church government urged against Prelaty,*" (about Feb., 1641-42); "*Apology against a Pamphlet called A modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnuus,*" (March, 1641-42). These five pamphlets of Milton are to be remembered in a group by themselves, and may be called his "Anti-Episcopal Pamphlets." The first of them is general; in the others there are replies to defenders of Episcopacy, and especially to Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. The "Remonstrant" is Bishop Hall, whose *Humble Remonstrance* was regarded as the chief manifesto of High Prelacy; "Smectymnuus" was the fancy name put on the title-page of a large reply to Hall by five leading Puritan Divines, whose initials put together made up the odd word (one of them Thomas Young, Milton's old tutor, now Vicar of Stowmarket, in Suffolk); and there were other pamphlets of retort and rejoinder, between Hall and the Smectymnuans, in all of which Milton advised and assisted the five Smectymnuans. Altogether by the power of his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, and especially by his vehement invectives against Hall, Milton became a man of public note, admired by the Root-and-Branch Puritans, but detested by those who wanted to see Episcopacy preserved.

In August, 1642, Charles having in the meantime assented to a Bill excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, but having broken decisively with the Parliament on other questions, there began the great CIVIL WAR. From that date Englishmen were divided into two opposed masses—the PARLIAMENTARIANS, taking the side of that majority of the Commons and small minority of the Lords, which still sat on as the two Houses; and the ROYALISTS, taking the side of the King and of the bulk of the nobility, with the adhering minority of the Commons. Milton, of course, attached himself resolutely to the Parliamentarians. He did not, indeed, serve in the Parliamentary Army; but he watched the progress of the contest with the most eager interest. For the first year all was dubious. The Parliamentary generals, Essex, Manchester, and Sir William Waller, moved about; the King and his generals moved about, advancing at one time close to London; there were skirmishes, fights, even battles; but, when Midsummer, 1643, had come, all that could be said was that London and the Eastern Counties were the fastnesses of Parliament, while the King had his headquarters at Oxford, and the rest of England lay torn into districts, some Royalist, others Parliamentarian, and others of Royalists and Parliamentarians all but equally mixed.

That Milton should have chosen such a time for his marriage is less surprising than that he should have brought his bride from the very headquarters of Royalism. That, however, is the fact. "About Whitsuntide" [May 21, 1643] it was, or a little after," says his nephew Phillips, "that he "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the "reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation; but home he "returns a married man that went out a bachelor, his wife being Mary, the "eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." What was a mystery to the boy Phillips at the time is very much a mystery yet; but research has revealed a few particulars.—Forest-hill is, and was, a village about four miles to the east of Oxford, in the very neighbourhood where Milton's paternal ancestors had lived, and whence his father had come. The estate and mansion of Forest-hill had been for some little time in the possession of a family called Powell, not originally of that neighbourhood. The family, though apparently well-to-do, with a carriage and what not, was really in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. There were several mortgages on the property; and among other debts owing by Mr. Powell was one of 500*l.* to Milton himself. It had been owing (on what account one does not know, but probably through some transaction with Milton's father) since 1627, when Milton was a student at Cambridge. The family, as their vicinity to Oxford required, were strongly Royalist. Besides Mr. Powell and his wife, there were eleven children, six sons and five daughters, the eldest one-and-twenty years of age, the youngest four. Mary Powell, the eldest daughter, whom Milton took home to Aldersgate Street as his wife, was seventeen years and four months old (born January 24, 1625-6), while Milton himself was in the middle of his thirty-fifth year, or exactly twice as old.—In the

house in Aldersgate Street, whither some of the bride's relatives accompanied her, "there was feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials." So we are told by Phillips, who was in the house at the time, a boy of thirteen. "At length," he continues, "they [the bride's relatives] took their leave, and returning to Forest-hill, left the sister behind: probably not much to her satisfaction, as appeared by the sequel. By that time she had for a month or thereabout led a philosophical life (after having been used to a great house and much company and jollity), her friends, possibly incited by her own desire, made earnest suit by letter to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, on condition of her returning at the time appointed, Michaelmas [Sept. 29, 1643] or thereabout."—In short, it had been a hasty marriage, unsuitable on both sides, and the greatest blunder of Milton's life. "Michaelmas being come," Phillips proceeds, "and no news of his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several other letters, which were also unanswered, so that he despatched down a foot-messenger with a letter, desiring her return; but the messenger came back, not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but to the best of my remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. This proceeding, in all probability, was grounded upon no other cause but this: viz., that the family being generally addicted to the Cavalier Party, as they called it, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, . . . , they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot on their escutcheon whenever the Court should come to flourish again. However, it so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse; so that he forthwith prepared to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly wrote . . ." What he wrote will appear presently.

The Parliament meanwhile had virtually decreed the entire abolition of Episcopacy in England, and had called an Assembly of Puritan Divines to advise it as to the forms and creed of the future National Church. This Assembly met at Westminster, July 1, 1643, just at the time when Milton's wife left him to go back to her friends. In the following month the Parliament, finding that they had made but little advance in the war with Charles, applied to the Scots for armed aid. The Scots having agreed to this on the condition that the Parliament would do all it could to bring England into religious and ecclesiastical conformity with Scotland, an alliance was formed between the two nations on the basis of what was called the *Solemn League and Covenant*, to be signed by all the English Parliamentarians on the one hand and by the whole people of Scotland on the other (Sept. 1643). Some Scottish Divines then took their places in the Westminster Assembly; and in January, 1643-4, a Scottish auxiliary army of 21,000 men entered England. For some time they were rather inactive; but on the 2nd of July, 1644, they took part in the great battle of Marston Moor. In this battle, won chiefly by the exertions of Cromwell, then Lieutenant-general under

the Earl of Manchester, the King's forces were disastrously beaten, and the North of England was secured for the Parliament.—By this time there had appeared a dispute among the Parliamentarians themselves, which interfered much with the farther prosecution of the war, and was to be of immense consequence in the history of England for many years to come. It was the dispute between the *Presbyterians* and the *Independents*. It began first in the Westminster Assembly, when that body was required to advise Parliament as to the form of Church-government to be set up in England. The great majority of the English Divines, and of course all the Scottish Divines present, were for strict Presbytery, on the Scottish system of a gradation of Church Courts, from the small court of each parish or congregation, up to the district or Presbyterial Court, the Synod or Provincial Court, and so to the supreme authority of the whole Church exercised by annual representative assemblies. They were also for the compulsory inclusion of every man, woman and child, within the pale of such a Church in attendance on its worship and subject to its discipline. A very small minority of the English Divines, however, dissented from these views. They maintained that according to the Scriptural constitution of the Church, every voluntary congregation of Christians ought to be independent within itself, and that, though occasional meetings of ministers and members of different congregations might be useful for the purposes of consultation, any governing apparatus of Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, for the control of individual congregations, was unlawful. They demanded farther that, if a Presbyterian National Church were to be set up in England (which the overwhelming drift of opinion in its favour seemed to make inevitable), there should at least be a toleration of dissent from it, and liberty for all respectable Sects to form congregations for themselves. The debate soon extended itself through the English community at large; where, though the Presbyterians were also largely in the majority, there were yet scattered thousands of persons favourable to Independency. To the Independents there attached themselves the Baptists, the Brownists, the Antinomians, and a great many other sects that had lurked in English society since Elizabeth's time, as well as free opinionists of all sorts, and many who, though agreeing sufficiently with the Presbyterians in their theology, yet held by the principle of Liberty of Conscience, and regarded spiritual compulsion by a Presbyterian Church as no less monstrous than the same under the Papacy or Prelacy. Independency, in all these various forms, had come to prevail largely in the Parliamentary Army, and Cromwell was already marked there as the head of the Independents. Hence the English Presbyterians and the Scots had begun to look with great suspicion on the success of Cromwell and the Army-Independents in the field. They declared that Independency, with its principle of toleration, opened the door to all kinds of schisms, heresies, and blasphemies; they called the Army, all but the Scottish auxiliary portion of it, an Army of Sectaries; and they prophesied ruin to England if victory over the King should be won by their means. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Presbyterians and the Scottish auxiliaries should have contented themselves with a



slow and cautious strategy, calculated to bring the King to terms rather than to beat him thoroughly, while Cromwell and the Independents had no such hesitation, but found both their duty and their safety in audacity and energy. In fact, before the end of 1644 it had become evident that the Independents were more extreme revolutionists than the Presbyterians, with peculiar democratic ideas bound up with their principle of religious freedom. Nominally, the Presbyterians and Independents, with the Scots, were united against the King in the basis of the same *Solemn League and Covenant*; but, in reality, the Independents had begun to doubt the utility of that document, to resent the interference of the Scots in English affairs, and to follow such courses as were suggested by free English reasonings on the Church question and on others.— There was no real objection on the part of the Independents to the establishment of a Presbyterian National Church in England, since that seemed to be the wish of the majority of the Parliamentarians. Accordingly, in January, 1644-5, the establishment of such a Church was voted by Parliament. But Cromwell and the Independents took care that the question of a toleration of Dissent should be reserved. They were also powerful enough in Parliament to carry about the same time certain very important resolutions. The Parliamentary general-in-chief, Essex, having recently sustained a great defeat, and the war having turned otherwise in the King's favour, it was resolved, really through Cromwell's influence, that the Army should be entirely remodelled, that Essex, Waller, Manchester, and all the chief officers till then in command, should lay down their commissions, and that the New-modelled Army should be commanded by Fairfax as general-in-chief, with officers under him not having seats in Parliament (Feb.—April, 1645). The New-modelled Army having taken the field, with Cromwell exceptionally retained in it as second in command to Fairfax, the result was at once seen. On June 14, 1645, there was fought the great battle of Naseby, in which the King was utterly ruined. The war was to straggle on in detail for a year more; but Naseby had virtually finished it. After that battle, of course, the Independents and Sectaries, with their principle of Religious Toleration, had fuller sway in the politics of England, and the Presbyterians and their Scottish friends were checked.

Through those two important years Milton, deserted by his wife, had been living on in Aldersgate Street. Shortly after his wife's departure, his aged father, dislodged from Christopher Milton's house in Reading by the capture of that town by the Parliamentarians in April, 1643, had come permanently to live with him. The teaching of his two nephews, and of a few sons of friends who were admitted daily to share their lessons, had been one of the occupations of his enforced bachelorhood. His industry otherwise is attested by the fact that six new pamphlets came from his pen during the two years. One was a little *Tract on Education*, addressed (June, 1644) to a friend of his, Samuel Hartlib, a well-known German, living in London, and busy with all kinds of projects and speculations. It expounded Milton's views of an improved system of education for gentlemen's sons, that should supersede the existing public schools and

universities. It was followed (Nov. 1644) by his famous "*Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,*" addressed to the Parliament, and urging them to repeal an Ordinance they had passed in June, 1643, for the Regulation of the Press by a staff of official censors. In this pamphlet there was abundant evidence that Milton, as might have been inferred from his passion for intellectual liberty from his earliest youth, was in political sympathy with the Independents. It was the most eloquent plea for freedom of opinion and speech on all subjects that had yet appeared in the English or in any other tongue. But, indeed, by this time Milton and the Presbyterians were at open war for reasons more peculiar and personal. Hardly had his wife left him when he had published (August, 1643) an extraordinary pamphlet entitled "*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the Good of both Sexes,*" in which, without mention of his own case, but with implied reference to it, he argued that obstinate incompatibility of mind or temper between husband and wife was as lawful a ground for divorce as infidelity, and that any two persons who, after marriage, found that they did not suit each other, should be at liberty, on complying with certain public formalities, to separate and marry again. A second and much enlarged edition of this treatise appeared in February, 1643-4, openly dedicated to the Parliament; and the same doctrine was advocated in three subsequent tracts: viz., "*The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*" (July, 1644); "*Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*" (March, 1644-5); and "*Colasterion: a Reply to a nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*" (March, 1644-5). It is impossible now to imagine adequately the commotion caused in the religious world of London and of England by Milton's four Divorce Pamphlets. He was denounced and stigmatized at once as a heretic of the worst kind, the promulgator of a doctrine of hideous import, that would corrupt public morals and sap the very foundations of society. He was preached against from the pulpit, written against in books, named everywhere among the orthodox with horror and execration. The Presbyterian Divines, in particular, were violent in their attacks upon him, coupling him with the most notorious heretics and sectaries of the time, and pointing to him as an example of the excesses to which Toleration would lead. They complained of him to Parliament, so that actually twice he and his writings were the subject of parliamentary notice and inquiry. There were men in Parliament, however, who knew him; and though his Divorce doctrine shocked many of the Independents as well as the Presbyterians, the general feeling among the Independents was that it ought to be regarded in his case only as the eccentric speculation of a very able and noble man. He was therefore let alone; and his pamphlets, circulating in English society, then in a ferment of new ideas of all kinds, did make some converts, so that *Miltonists* or *Divorciers* came to be recognised as one of the Sects of the time. Thus, though Milton had been the friend and adviser of the five Smectymnuans who were now leading Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly, though he had himself in his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets advocated

what was substantially a Presbyterian constitution for the Church of England, and though, with hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen, he had signed the Solemn League and Covenant and welcomed the Scots, he had, by a natural course of events, been led to repudiate utterly the Presbyterians, the Scots, and their principles, and to regard them as narrow-minded and pragmatistical men, enemies to English freedom.

Phillips believes that his uncle was so resolute in his Divorce views that he was prepared to put them in practice and risk the consequences. In or before 1645 there were proposals of marriage, Phillips had heard, to a Miss Davis, though that lady was naturally reluctant. Unexpectedly, however, and just at the crisis, the wife reappeared. The shattering of the King's fortunes at Naseby had led Mr. and Mrs. Powell of Forest-hill to reconsider the state of affairs, with the conclusion that it would be better for their daughter to go back to her husband. Arrangements having been made, she came to London; Milton was entrapped into an interview with her; and a reconciliation was effected. This was in July or August, 1645, after two years of separation, and exactly at the time when Milton, having had pressing applications to receive more pupils than the Aldersgate Street house could accommodate, had taken a larger house in the same neighbourhood.

How completely Milton had desisted from Poetry during his five years in Aldersgate Street appears from the extreme slenderness of the list of his poetical pieces belonging to this period:—

Sonnet, "When the Assault was intended to the City." 1642.

Sonnet to a Lady. 1644.

Sonnet, "To the Lady Margaret Ley." 1644.

Translated Scraps from Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Horace, Sophocles, and Euripides, in the Prose Pamphlets (now appended to the Minor English Poems). 1641-1645.

*Philosophus ad Regem Quendam* (Greek Verses).

BARBICAN, LONDON.

1645—1648: *ætat.* 37—39.

The house to which Milton removed was in the street called Barbican, going off from Aldersgate Street at right angles, and within a walk of two or three minutes from the former house. As you went from Aldersgate Street it was on the right side of Barbican. It existed entire till only the other day, when one of the new city railways was cut through that neighbourhood. Milton, with his wife, his father, the two nephews, and other pupils, entered the house, as I calculate, in September, 1645, and it was to be his house for two years.

One of the first incidents after the removal to Barbican was the publication by the bookseller Moseley of the First or 1645 edition of Milton's Minor Poems. Milton evidently attached some importance to the appearance of the little volume at that particular time. It would remind people that he was not merely a

controversial prose writer, but something more. Nor was this unnecessary. Although he wrote no more upon Divorce, his opinions on the subject were unchanged, and the infamy with the orthodox brought upon him by his past Divorce Pamphlets still pursued him. The little volume of Poems might do something to counteract such unfavourable judgments. Not but that Milton had many friends whose admiration and respect for him were undisturbed, if indeed they were not enhanced, by the boldness of his opinions. Such were those, some of them relatives of his own, and others of considerable rank in London society, who accounted it a favour that he should receive their sons or nephews as his pupils. The two years in Barbican, we learn from Phillips, were his busiest time in pedagogy. The house seems to have been, in fact, a small private academy, in which Milton carried out, as far as he could with about a dozen day scholars and boarders, the plan of education explained in his tract to Hartlib, and especially his method for expeditiously acquiring the Latin tongue, and at the same time a great deal of useful knowledge, by readings in a course of books different from those usually read in schools.

The King's cause having been desperate since Naseby, he at length left Oxford in disguise, to avoid being taken there by the New-model army of English Independents, and surrendered himself to the Scottish auxiliaries (May, 1646), who immediately withdrew with him to Newcastle. The Civil War was then over, and the garrisons that still held out for the King yielded one by one. Oxford surrendered to Fairfax in June, 1646; and Milton's father-in-law, Mr. Powell, who had been shut up in that city, availed himself of the Articles of Surrender, and came to London, with his wife and several of their children. Through losses in the Civil War and sequestration of their small remaining property, they were in a very poor condition, and were glad of the shelter of Milton's house. Here Mr. Powell died January 1, 1646-7, leaving his affairs in sad confusion. Two months and a half afterwards Milton's own father died. He was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, March 15, 1646-7. The birth of Milton's first child, a daughter named Anne, had preceded these deaths by a few months (July 29, 1646). After the death of Milton's father, Mrs. Power and her children removed from the house in Barbican to some other part of London, Milton making her an allowance out of a small property in Oxfordshire of which he took legal possession as one of the creditors of his late father-in-law. Mrs. Powell and her affairs were to cause him a good deal of trouble, at intervals, for the next seven years.

The possession of the King by the Scots at Newcastle had greatly complicated for a time the struggle between the English Presbyterians and the English Independents. The Presbyterians wanted to treat with him in such a way as to get rid of the Army of Sectaries which the Civil War had created, and establish, after all, a strict and universal system of Presbytery in England, without any toleration. The Independents, on the other hand, if they were to treat with him at all, wanted to make terms that should prevent such a universal Presbyterian tyranny, and secure religious liberty for themselves and the sects.

Thinking that the possession of him by the Scots gave the Presbyterians the advantage, the Independents and the Army were for a time furious against the Scots, and threatened to chase them out of England and take Charles from them by force. At length, however, Charles refusing to take the Covenant and consent to complete Presbytery, which were the only terms on which the Scots would stand by him, they accepted the arrears due to them from the English, and retired into Scotland, leaving the King to the custody of the English Parliament (January, 1646-7). Confined by the Parliament at Holmby House in Northamptonshire, and still refusing to come to any definite treaty on the basis of nineteen Propositions which had been sent to him, Charles then watched the chances in his favour arising out of the contest between the Presbyterians and the Independents on the question whether the Army should be disbanded. The Presbyterians, as the war was over, and the expense of the Army was great, insisted that it should; but the Army itself refused to be disbanded, and the Independents abetted them, on the ground, among others, that there would be no security then for a right settlement with the King or for Liberty of Conscience in England. So violent grew the disput, that at last the Army disowned Parliamentary authority, moved about in revolt, and seized the King at Holmby (June, 1647), with a view to come to an understanding with him in their own way. The indignation among the Presbyterians was then tremendous; and the Londoners, who were in the main zealous for Presbyterian uniformity, rose in tumult, stormed the Houses of Parliament, and tried to coerce them into a conflict with the Army for its forcible disbandment and the rescue of the King. But the excitement was brief. Fairfax marched the Army into London; the tumults were quietly suppressed; a few of the leading Presbyterians in Parliament, whom the Army regarded as its chief enemies, were expelled from their seats; and the Parliament and the Army fraternized, and agreed to forget their differences (Aug. 1647).—The Army, in fact, had assumed the political mastery of England. It was a strange crisis for the country, but for the King it brought chances which were the best he ever had. Since the Army had taken him in charge they had treated him very generously, permitting him to reside where he liked, and pay visits and receive visits freely, only within military bounds. And now, restored to his own Palace of Hampton Court, with his episcopal chaplains and others of his old courtiers about him, he was more like a sovereign again than a prisoner, the Army only guarding him, or massed in his near vicinity, while their chiefs, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, held interviews with him, and tried to bring him to a compact. The terms they offered were more liberal than those of the Presbyterians. They were anxious to try the experiment of a restored Royalty, with strong constitutional safeguards, and with an arrangement on the Church question which, while it should not disturb the Presbyterian establishment so far as it had been already set up, should save Charles's personal scruples in religion as much as possible, and guarantee to all non-Presbyterians a general liberty of belief and worship.

No man in England was more interested in all this than Milton in Barbican.

Not only had a general system of Presbyterian Church government been voted for England; but the system was by this time in actual operation in London and in Lancashire. Each London parish had its parochial Church Court; the parishes had been grouped into "classes" or Presbyteries, each with its Presbyterial Court; nay, the First Provincial Synod of all London had actually met (May 1647). Now, if this system had been as strict practically as it ought to have been by the theory of those who had set it up and those who administered it, Milton and all men like him would have fared rather badly. A marked heretic and sectary, whose name stood prominently in the black list again and again published by the London Presbyterians, he would have been called to account by the Church Courts, and remitted by them to the Civil. Only the fact that the Presbytery set up was imperfect and tentative, with no real powers as yet over any but its voluntary adherents, prevented such consequences to Milton. Little wonder then that he followed with interest the movements of those whose activity stood between him and that Presbyterian domination which would have made such consequences inevitable. Little wonder that he approved heartily of all the Army had done, and regarded their march into London and seizure of the political mastery in August, 1647, as not only a deliverance for England, but also a protection to himself.

With the exception of one Latin Familiar Epistle, dated April, 1647, and addressed to his well remembered friend, Carlo Dati of Florence, we can assign to Milton's two years in Barbican only the following pieces of writing:

*In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem* (Greek Verses). 1645.

Sonnet, "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises." 1645.

Sonnet, "On the same." 1645.

Sonnet, "To Mr. Henry Lawes on his Airs." 1646.

Sonnet, "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend." 1646.

On the New Forters of Conscience (among the Sonnets). 1646.

*Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium* (among the *Sylvæ*). 1646-47.

*Apologus de Rustico et Hero* (appended to *Elegiarum Liber*).

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

1647—1649: *atat.* 39—41.

It was just after the entry of the Army into London, Phillips tells us (*i. e.* it was in September or October, 1647), that Milton, tired by this time of the drudgery of teaching, and desiring quiet for his own pursuits, "left his great house in Barbican, and betook himself to a smaller in High Holborn, among those that open backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields." The house cannot be distinguished, and is probably not now extant; but its site was somewhere in the present block between Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile. That was then a pleasant and airy neighbourhood.

Of Milton's occupations during the eighteen months or so of his residence in this house we know little else than that he was busy over three prose enterprises he had projected long ago and had prosecuted at intervals. One was a collection of materials for a Latin Dictionary; a second was the preparation of a System of Divinity directly from the Bible; the third was the compilation of a History of Britain. It was while he was thus studiously engaged that the tragedy of the Reign of Charles came to a conclusion.

After Cromwell and the other Army Chiefs had persisted in negotiating with Charles at Hampton Court till the Army had grown impatient, and had begun to suspect their chiefs, and to call out for a pure Democracy as the only fit consummation, Charles had himself precipitated matters by escaping from the negotiation and the Army at the same time, and taking refuge in the Isle of Wight (November, 1747). Committed to safe keeping in Carisbrooke Castle, he was followed thither by commissioners from Parliament, charged to treat with him peremptorily on a severe recast of the old terms. He was still obdurate on the essential points, and Parliament formally decreed all negotiation with him at an end (January, 1647-8). By that time he had made a secret treaty with the Scots, from which he expected vast results. On his promise to confirm the Covenant and Presbyterian government in England, and to suppress Independency and all sects and heresies, the Scottish Government, then in power, had undertaken to invade England in his behalf, rouse the English Presbyterians, and restore him to his royal rights. Thus in May, 1648, began the SECOND CIVIL WAR. Masses of the English Presbyterians, including the Londoners, forgetting all the past, and exulting only in the prospect of subduing the Independents, the Army and the Sectaries, were hurried into a phrenzy of Royalism in common with the Old Royalists or Cavaliers. There were risings in various districts, and threats of rising everywhere; and, when the Scots did invade England under the Duke of Hamilton (July, 1648), even the Parliament began to falter. Cromwell's marvellous defeat of the Scots in the three days' battle of Preston (August 17-19), and Fairfax's extinction of the insurrection in the South-Eastern Counties by the capture of Colchester after a six weeks' siege (August 28), ended the brief tempest and brought Charles to his doom. There was still a farther treaty with him in the Isle of Wight on the part of the Parliament, the Army looking on with anger, but reserving its interference to the last. The treaty having failed like all the rest, the Army, which had resolved in no case to be bound by it, did interfere. They brought Charles from the Isle of Wight; they purged the Parliament of some scores of its members, so as to reduce it to a body fit for their purposes; they compelled the Parliament so purged to set up a Court of High Justice for the trial of the King; and, though many even of the Independents shrank at the final moment, the sentence of this Court was executed, Jan. 30, 1648-9, in front of Whitehall. England then passed into the condition of a Republic, to be governed by the *Rump of the Long Parliament*, i. e., that fragment of the Commons House which the Army had left in existence, in conjunction with a *Council of State*, consisting

of forty-one members of the Rump chosen as a Ministry or Executive. Scotland, monarchical still, proclaimed Charles II., and sent envoys to him in Holland.

The pieces from Milton's pen in High Holborn during this rapid rush of events are few enough, but are characteristic :—

Nine of the Psalms (Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.) done into Metre. April, 1648.

Sonnet, "On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester." September, 1648.

AT CHARING CROSS: AND IN SCOTLAND YARD, WHITEHALL.

1649—1652: *atq.* 41—44.

Milton at once adhered to the Republic, and in a very public and emphatic manner, by the publication (Feb., 1648—9) of his "*Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant, or wicked King, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected to do it.*" It was a thorough-going Republican pamphlet, defending in every particular the recent proceedings of the English Army, and containing also a severe invective against the whole life and reign of Charles. It had been begun and almost finished before the King's death.

What more natural than that the Government of the new Commonwealth should seek to attach to its official service the author of such a pamphlet, who was moreover a man of such merits and antecedents otherwise? Hardly, in fact, had the first Council of State been constituted, with Bradshaw for its President, when Milton was offered, and accepted (March, 1649), the post of Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council. The salary was to be about 300*l.* a year in the money of that day; which was equivalent to about 1,050*l.* a year now. The General Secretary to the Council, at a somewhat higher salary, was a Mr. Walter Frost, appointed by the Parliament; under whom was his son, Walter Frost, junior, as Assistant-Secretary, with the necessary clerks. The *Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues*, called also the *Latin Secretaryship*, was a special and independent office, instituted by the Council itself, chiefly in view of expected correspondence between the Commonwealth and Foreign Powers. It had been agreed that all letters from the Commonwealth, to Foreign States and Princes should be in Latin; but, as the replies might be in various foreign tongues, a knowledge of such tongues would be useful in the Secretary. Altogether Mr. Milton was thought the very man for the post. While Mr. Frost, as the General Secretary, would be always present at the Council meetings, and engrossed in their ordinary and multifarious business, Mr. Milton would have to give attendance for the most part daily, but only for portions of the day. His duties, I should say, were to be very much those of the head Secretary of our present Foreign Office under the Minister for that department, with the difference that the Council of State then managed the Foreign minis-



try as well as every other department of State, and that the diplomatic correspondence of the Commonwealth was not likely to be so extensive but that one head Secretary, with a clerk or two, could manage it all.

The duties, at all events, made it convenient that Milton should reside near to the Council, the meetings of which were, for the first month or two, in Derby House, close to the Houses of Parliament, but afterwards permanently in Whitehall. Accordingly, immediately on his appointment, he left his house in High Holborn, and took lodgings "at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden." This was only till official apartments could be prepared for him in Whitehall; and in November, 1649, seven or eight months after he had began his Secretaryship, such apartments were assigned him by the Council. They were in that end of the extensive palace of Old Whitehall which was called Scotland Yard. Not a few members of the Council of State, and others of the Parliament, were similarly accommodated in Whitehall; which had, in fact, been converted into a range of Government offices. Milton occupied his Whitehall or Scotland Yard rooms for a little more than two years, or till near the end of the third year of his Secretaryship. After he had been in them for some time the Council voted him some of the late King's hangings, or curtains and tapestry, for the better furnishing of the rooms.

To give the details of Milton's life in the first years of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State would be really, in some measure, to narrate the history of the English Commonwealth, so exactly at the centre of affairs was he by his official position, and with so many of the public proceedings of the time was he personally concerned. It would be a mistake to suppose that his sole employment was in drafting letters in Latin to foreign Governments. Among the State Documents of English history, indeed, from 1649 onwards, there is a long series of Latin letters to Foreign Courts and Princes, all of Milton's penning, and some of them, though Milton only embodied his instructions, unmistakably his own in form and expression. It was part of his duty, however, not only to prepare such letters for the approbation of the Council or of Parliament (for some of them had to be read in Parliament and approved there before the Speaker signed and despatched them), but also to translate foreign papers and be in attendance at interviews of the Council, or of Committees of the Council or of Parliament, with foreign ambassadors and envoys. Indeed, sometimes he had himself to wait on such ambassadors or envoys, and convey delicate messages to them, in the name of the Council. In this way his acquaintanceship among eminent foreigners living in London, or visiting London, came gradually to be very extensive. Gradually only; for in the first years of his official life, while Foreign Powers as yet, with few exceptions, held aloof from the Commonwealth, the particular duties of the Foreign Secretaryship were far from onerous. A despatch once in two months to the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Hamburg Senate, etc., is about the measure of the preserved Foreign Correspondence for the years 1649-1651. From the

first, therefore, the Council had availed themselves of Milton's services in very miscellaneous work. If they wanted a book, or a set of dangerous papers, reported on, with a view to a prosecution for sedition, they referred the task to Mr. Milton; if there were any dealing with an author or a printer about something to be published, Mr. Milton was requested to see to it; everything, in short, involving literary knowledge or judgment went to Mr. Milton rather than to Mr. Frost. Occasionally he brought some matter of his own accord before the Council, or used his influence in behalf of some scholar or man of letters, such as Davenant, who had got into difficulty through his Royalism. One would hardly have expected to find the author of the *Arcopagitica* acting as an official licenser of the press; but, for a whole year, I have distinctly ascertained, Milton was the official licenser of the newspaper called *Mercurius Politicus*. As it was, in fact, a Government organ, conducted by Mr. Marchamont Needham, who had formerly been a Royalist pamphleteer and journalist, the censorship may be supposed to have implied a superintending editorship. To Milton's Secretaryship was also attached an "inspection into" the State Paper Office in Whitehall, *i. e.* a kind of keepership of the Records. Nor was this all. When the Council of State had chosen Milton as their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, they had secured, as they knew, a man fit to be the Literary Champion of the still struggling Commonwealth. Three publications of Milton, accordingly, all done at the order or by the request of the Council of State, have to be especially mentioned as feats of the first three years of his Secretaryship. "*Observations on Ormond's Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels and on a Representation of the Scotch Presbytery of Belfast,*" is the title (somewhat abbreviated) of a pamphlet of Milton's, published by authority in May, 1649, when Charles II. had been proclaimed in Ireland, and the Marquis of Ormond was trying to unite in his cause the native Irish Roman Catholics, the English settlers, and the Ulster Presbyterians. Of far greater importance was the *Eikonoklastes* (*i. e.* Image Breaker), published in October, 1649, in answer to the famous "*Eikon Basilike* (*i. e.* Royal Image) or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his solitudes and sufferings," professing to be meditations and prayers written by Charles I. in his last years. The "King's Book," as it was called, then all but universally believed to be really by Charles, though the evidence that it was a fabrication in his interest, has long been regarded as conclusive, had appeared immediately after Charles' death, had circulated in different forms and in thousands of copies, and had become a kind of Bible with the Royalists. Milton's answer to it, in which he criticised both the book and the dead King with merciless severity, was received, therefore, as a signal service to the Commonwealth. More momentous still was his Latin "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*" ("Defence for the People of England"), published in April, 1651, in reply to the defence of Charles I. and attack upon the English Commonwealth, which had been published in Holland more than a year before by the great Leyden Professor, Salmasius, at the instance and at the expense of Charles II. (see Introduction to the Latin Epigrams on Salmasius). Never in the world had

one human being inflicted on another a more ruthless or appalling castigation than Milton here inflicted on perhaps the most renowned scholar of his day in all Europe, the veteran whom his learned contemporaries called "The Wonderful," and for the honour of possessing whom Princes and Courts contended; and just in proportion to the celebrity of the victim so murdered, trampled on, and gashed, was the amazement over the man that had done the deed. The book had been out a little more than two months when the Council of State, after offering a money reward to Milton, which he declined, passed and inserted in their Minutes (June 17, 1651) this vote of thanks to him: "The Council, taking notice of the many good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, to this State and Commonwealth, particularly of his Book in vindication of the Parliament and the People of England against the calumnies and invectives of Salmasius, have thought fit to declare their resentment and good acceptance of the same, and that the thanks of the Council be returned to Mr. Milton, and their sense represented in that behalf." But it was abroad, and among foreigners in London, that the Reply to Salmasius excited the most lively interest. From all the embassies in London Milton received formal calls or speedy messages of compliment expressly on account of the book; and in Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and elsewhere, copies were in extraordinary demand, and a topic of talk among scholars for months was the mangling which the great Salmasius had received from one of "the English mastiffs." It is not too much to say, that before the end of the year 1651, in consequence of this one book, Milton's name was more widely known on the Continent than that of any other Englishman then living, except Oliver Cromwell.

Though Cromwell had been, of course, a member of the Council of State from the first, *his* labours through the greater part of the years 1649-1651 had been elsewhere than at Whitehall. From August, 1649, to June, 1650, he had been in Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant for the Commonwealth, crushing the Royalist confederacy there, and reconquering the country after its eight years of Rebellion. From July, 1650, to August, 1651, he had been in Scotland, where Charles II. had meanwhile been received as King, and whence the Scots threatened to bring him into England. The battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650), and subsequent successes, had already made Cromwell master of all the South of Scotland, when, by a sudden movement, Charles and the Scottish Army escaped his vigilance and burst into England, obliging him to follow in pursuit. Having beaten them in the great battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), he was back at Whitehall at last, the acknowledged saviour of the Commonwealth and supreme chief of England. The young King was again in exile, and the Commonwealth, now including Scotland, Ireland, and the English colonies and dominions, was to all appearance one of the most stable, as it was certainly one of the most powerful, of the European States. Such foreign Princes and Governments as had hitherto stood aloof, hastened to send their embassies and apologies, and Milton's duties in the special work of his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues were likely to be more burdensome than they had been.

It is significant that the only pieces of verse known to have come from Milton's pen during the three years of his life just sketched are these:—

Scrap of Verse from Seneca, inculcating Tyrannicide, translated in *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (now appended to *Minor English Poems*). 1649.  
*In Salmasii Hundredam*: Scrap of Latin parody in *Defensio Prima* (now annexed to the *Sylva*).

PETTY FRANCE, WESTMINSTER.

1652—1660: *atq.* 44—52.

In the beginning of 1652, for some reason or other, Milton removed from the official rooms in Whitehall into a house which he had taken close at hand. It was "a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." It still exists, and is, I believe, the only one of Milton's many London houses now left. No one looking now at No. 19 York Street, Westminster, a dingy old house, let out in apartments, in a dense and dingy street of poor houses and shops, can imagine without difficulty that it was once the pretty garden-house, opening into St. James's Park, which Milton occupied. That is the house, however; and any one can go and see it. Jeremy Bentham, whose residence was in the neighbourhood, was afterwards its proprietor: and William Hazlitt lived in it from 1811 onwards. Milton was to inhabit it for eight years, the longest term in which we have found him in any one house yet since he left his native Bread Street. This term of eight years, however, subdivides itself biographically into three portions:

LAST FIFTEEN MONTHS OF THE COMMONWEALTH (*Jan.*, 1651—2—*April*, 1653):—As the Council of State was itself elected annually by the Parliament, with changes of its *personnel* every year, Milton's Latin Secretaryship, it will be understood, had also been renewed from year to year by express appointment of each Council. In 1652 he entered on his fourth year of office. There was more to do this year in the way of drafting foreign despatches and attending at meetings with ambassadors than there had been previously; and, accordingly, Milton's preserved Latin despatches of the year, as given in his printed works, are about as numerous as those for the three preceding years put together. Yet it was precisely in the midst of this increase of work that Milton became incapable, as one would suppose, of Secretarial work of any kind. The blindness which had been gradually coming on for some years (one eye having failed before the other), and which had been accelerated by his persistence in his book against Salmasius in spite of the warnings of his physicians, had become serious before his removal to Petty France, and was total about the middle of 1652. With such a calamity added to his almost constant ill health otherwise, one would have expected the resignation of his Secretaryship. But the Commonwealth had no disposition to part with its literary champion; and arrangements were made for continuing him in office. Mr. Walter Frost, senior, having died in March, 1652, Mr. John Thurloe had been appointed his successor in the

General Secretaryship to the Council, with a salary of 600*l.* a year (worth about 2000*l.* a year now); a naturalized German, Mr. Weckherlin, formerly in the service of Charles I. and of Parliament, was brought in to assist Milton in the Foreign department; and for occasional service in translating documents Mr. Thurloe found other persons as they were wanted. Milton was distinctly retained with his full rank and title as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council; and there is positive evidence that he went on performing some portion of his old duties. What one sees, in fact, from the middle of 1652 onwards, is the blind Milton led across the Park every other day, when his health permitted, from his house in Petty France to Whitehall, sitting in the Council as before when he had to catch the substance of any resolution that had to be embodied in a Latin letter, or perhaps sometimes only receiving the necessary information from Mr. Thurloe, and then either dictating the required document on the spot, or returning home to compose it more at leisure. Whatever Weckherlin and others did to help, all the more important despatches were still expected from Milton himself, and at receptions of ambassadors and other foreign agents he was still the proper official.

Salmasius, who had been in Sweden when Milton's Answer to him appeared, had returned to Holland in no enviable state of mind. He had been vowing revenge, and was even rumoured to have a reply ready for the press; but none was forthcoming. Meanwhile several attacks on Milton in his behalf by other persons were published abroad anonymously and in Latin. One of these, a very poor thing, attributed at the time to the Irish ex-Bishop Bramhall, but really by a refugee English preacher named Rowland, was handed over by Milton for answer to his younger nephew, John Phillips. The result was "*Joannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis*" (1652), a pamphlet so revised and touched by Milton that it may be accounted partly his. He reserved wholly for himself the task of replying to a far more formidable and able attack made upon him by an anonymous friend of Salmasius under the title "*Regii Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). Published at the Hague late in 1652, this book contained such charges against Milton's personal character that he could not let it pass; but the Answer was deferred. For the rest, the literary relics of the last fifteen months of his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth consist only of three Latin Familiar Epistles, two of them to foreigners, and the following two Sonnets:—

Sonnet, "To the Lord General Cromwell." May, 1652.

Sonnet, "To Sir Henry Vane the younger." Put into Vane's hands July 3, 1652.

CROMWELL'S DICTATORSHIP AND PROTECTORATE (*April, 1653—Sept., 1658*):—The Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane were written just at the time when these two chiefs of the Republic were coming to an irreconcilable difference. Cromwell, and the whole Army at his back, had made up their minds that the time had come for a more regular Government of the Commonwealth than the

anomalous makeshift by the Rump of the Long Parliament, consisting of about a hundred and twenty persons at the utmost, surviving out of a House of five hundred that had been returned by English constituencies as far back as 1640. The question of a dissolution and the election of a new and complete Parliament on a reformed system of popular suffrage, including all that would be faithful to the Commonwealth, had again and again been discussed, and a rather distant day for a dissolution at last fixed. There were, however, misunderstandings on the subject, with signs that Vane and others were bent on a policy antagonistic to the views of Cromwell and the Army. On the 20th of April, 1653, Cromwell concluded the business by going to the House with a company of musketeers, turning out Vane and the other-fifty-two members who were then sitting, locking the doors, and giving the key and the mace into the keeping of one of his colonels. He dissolved the Council of State the same day. The Commonwealth proper being thus at an end, there ensued the five years and four months of Cromwell's supremacy. It was divided into (1) what may be called his *Interim Dictatorship* (April—Dec., 1653), when he governed, still as "Lord General Cromwell," by the aid of a Council of his officers, waiting the issue of the special Parliament of select persons from England, Scotland and Ireland, which he had summoned for the emergency; and (2) his *Protectorate* (Dec., 1653—Sept., 1658), when he ruled with the title of "Lord Protector." The Protectorate itself passed through two phases. Till May, 1657, Cromwell was still in a manner but the elected head of a Republic; but thence to his death, Sept. 3, 1658, he was virtually King.

Though all England, Scotland, and Ireland were obliged to acquiesce in Cromwell's supremacy, and though in the course of his powerful rule, he succeeded in winning general respect, and especially in making the entire population of the British Islands proud of the position asserted for them in Europe by his magnanimous foreign policy, yet the *Oliverians*, as his more express and thorough adherents were called, were but a section of the former Army-men and Republicans. Milton, whose admiration for Cromwell had all along been immense, was decidedly one of those Oliverians. He had approved even of Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Parliament and the Council of State which he himself served; and he regarded Cromwell's Dictatorship and Protectorate as the best possible embodiment for the time of the principles of real Republicanism. It need be no matter for surprise, therefore, that Milton was continued in his Latin Secretaryship. There was conjoined with him, indeed, in 1653, a Philip Meadows, entitled also "Latin Secretary;" Milton's friend, Andrew Marvell, was brought in at a later time to give some assistance; and there was some fluctuation of Milton's salary in the course of the Protectorate. In 1655, on a general reduction of official salaries, it was ordered that Milton's should be reduced to 150*l. per annum*, but that the same should be settled on him for his life. Actually, however, this sum seems to have been raised to 200*l.* a year (worth about 700*l.* a year now); with which salary, and with Meadows as his coadjutor, doing all the routine work, Milton remained the Latin Secretary Extraordinary.

Among his preserved Latin State Letters, besides about half a dozen written in the latter part of 1653 for Cromwell's Council of Officers or the special Parliament he had called in his Dictatorship, there are as many as eighty belonging to the Protectorate itself, and despatched as Cromwell's own letters, with his signature, "OLIVERIUS, *Angliæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, &c.*, Protector." Most famous, perhaps, among these now are the Letters written in 1655 on the subject of the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants. All in all, though Milton's secretarial services under the Protectorate must have been confined mainly to such eloquent expression in Latin of the Protector's more important messages to Foreign Powers, it is a memorable fact in the history of England, that he was one of Cromwell's faithful officials to the last, often in colloquy with him, and sometimes in ceremonial attendance at his Court. For any colloquy, Milton, with his clear, vague eyes, would be led into the room where Cromwell was; and at any Court Concert, or the like, Milton, if he came, would be conducted gently to a seat.

In 1653 or 1654 Milton's wife died, still a very young woman, leaving him, at the age of forty-five, a widower with three daughters, Anne, Mary and Deborah. The eldest, who was somewhat deformed, was but in her eighth year; the second was in her sixth; the youngest was a mere infant. A son, born in Scotland Yard, between the second daughter and the third, had not survived. How the motherless little creatures were brought up in the house in Petty France, under the charge of their blind father, no one knows. It may have been a happy change for them when he married again, Nov. 12, 1656. But the second wife, known merely as Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, died in childbirth Feb. 10, 1657-8, only fifteen months after the marriage, the child dying also; and thus, in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton, in his fiftieth year, was again a widower, with his three motherless girls, the eldest not twelve years old. Fancy, in the house in Petty France, the blind father, a kind of stern King Lear, mostly by himself, and the three young things pattering about, as noiselessly as possible, at their own will or in the charge of some servant! It was to be tragic in the end both for him and them.

What of Milton's independent literary activity through the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate? For a blind man it was considerable.—Besides fourteen of his Latin Familiar Epistles, most of them to foreign friends, there belong to the period of the Protectorate two of Milton's most substantial Latin pamphlets. The first, which appeared in 1654, was his Reply to that attack upon him, already mentioned, which had been published at the Hague in 1652 by some anonymous friend of Salmasius. While defending his own character in this Reply, Milton made it also a new defence of the English nation; and hence it was entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*" ("Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the English People"). Both historically and autobiographically it is one of the most interesting of Milton's pamphlets. It contains a splendid panegyric on Cromwell, with notices of Fairfax, Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Lambert, Whalley, Overton,

and others. Milton assumes throughout that the author of the book to which he was replying was a certain Alexander More, and the license he gives himself in his personal abuse of this More is something frightful. More, who had only had a hand in the publication of the book that had given the offence (the real author of which was Peter Du Moulin, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury), replied to Milton's attack, and so drew from him in 1655 another pamphlet, entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum*" ("Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for Himself, against Alexander More"), to which was annexed "*Authoris ad Alexandri Mori Supplementum Responsio*" ("The Author's Reply to Alexander More's Supplement"). This closed the controversy.—In the shape of Verse we have from Milton, through the time of Cromwell's rule, the following:—

Eight of the Psalms (Psalms I.—VIII.) done into Verse. Aug., 1653.

The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I., translated.

*De Moro* (Scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to *Elegiarum Liber*). 1654.

*In Salmasium* (another scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to the *Sylva*). 1654.

*Ad Christinam, Succorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli* (appended to the *Elegiarum Liber*, as attributed to Milton). 1654.

Sonnet, "On the late Massacre in Piedmont." 1655.

Sonnet on his Blindness.

Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence.

Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner.

Sonnet to the Same. 1655.

Sonnet to the Memory of his Second Wife. 1658.

A fact of special interest, for which there is very good authority, is that the actual composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, *i. e.* in 1658, about the date of the last of Milton's Sonnets. In resuming the subject, first projected in 1639 or 1640, Milton abandoned the Dramatic form then contemplated, and settled on the Epic.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL, AND ANARCHY PRECEDING THE RESTORATION (*Sept.*, 1658—*May*, 1660):—Eleven printed Letters by Milton in the name of the Protector Richard, and two written by him for the restored Rump Parliament after Richard's abdication (April, 1659), attest the continuance of Milton's Secretaryship into this wretched period. Indeed as late as October, 1659, he and Andrew Marvell are found in receipt of their salaries of 200*l.* a year each as colleagues in the office. But "a little before the King's coming over," Phillips informs us, he was sequestered from his office and "the salary thereunto belonging." O how Milton struggled to the last to avert that catastrophe, as he regarded it, of "the King's coming over"! "*A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*"; "*Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*"; "*A*



*Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*"; such are the titles of three short pamphlets addressed by Milton in 1659 to his perplexed and bewildered countrymen. They were followed in the beginning of 1660 by three more—" *The Present Means and Brief Delincation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice and without delay: in a Letter to General Monk*"; " *The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*"; " *Brief Notes upon a late Sermon [a Royalist Sermon] preached and since published by Matthew Griffith, D. D.*" All in vain! " *No Blind Guides,*" was the title of a Reply by the Royalist, Roger L'Estrange, to the last pamphlet. The Restoration of Charles II. had come to be generally desired throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, as the only escape from anarchy; Monk managed it; and on the 29th of May, 1660, Charles made his triumphant entry into London.—No piece of verse came from Milton in this period; but it contains three of his Latin Familiar Letters.

## IN HIDING AND IN CUSTODY.

1660: *atal.* 52.

The wonder is that, at the Restoration, Milton was not hanged. At a time when they brought to the scaffold all the chief living Regicides and their accomplices that were within reach, including even Hugh Peters, and when they dug up Cromwell's body and hanged it at Tyburn, and tore also from the earth at Westminster the body of Cromwell's mother and other "Cromwellian bodies" that had been buried there with honour, the escape of Milton, the supreme defender of the Regicide through the press, the man who had attacked the memory of Charles I. with a ferocity which even some of the actual Regicides must have thought unnecessary and outrageous, is all but inexplicable. He was for some time in real danger. Quitting his house in Petty France, his nephew tells us, he lay concealed in "a friend's house in Bartholomew Close," near Smithfield, till the Act of general Oblivion and Indemnity came forth (August, 1660); and there is a story, on mere vague authority, that his friends, while he was in hiding, spread a report that he was dead, and even arranged a mock-funeral, to stop search for him. Meanwhile his *Eikonoklastes* and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* had been condemned by Parliament and burnt by the hands of the hangman. Even after the Act of Indemnity Milton was not safe. He was in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for some time, but was finally released December 15. There had been, doubtless, powerful intercession in his behalf; and the tradition is, that among those who exerted themselves for him was Sir William Davenant, now the restored Poet-laureate of the new reign, for whom Milton had done a like good service under the Commonwealth. However his pardon was effected, the spirit in which it was granted was exactly as if, in some meeting of Charles's Council, when the propriety of bringing Milton to trial was discussed, the conclusion had been, "It is not worth while: let the blind blackguard live."

HOLBORN AGAIN (NEAR RED LION FIELDS): JEWIN STREET.

1660—1664: *atq.* 52—56.

For some little time after Milton's release and pardon he lived in Holborn, near what is now Red Lion Square, on the opposite side of the great Holborn thoroughfare from that which contained his former house in that neighbourhood. As soon as possible, however, he removed to his old and favourite Aldersgate Street vicinity, having taken a house in Jewin Street, which goes off from Aldersgate Street on the same side as Barbican, but nearer to St. Martin's-le-Grand than either Barbican or the site of Milton's former Aldersgate Street house. If this Jewin Street house exists, it has not been identified.

It was from those two houses, in Holborn and in Jewin Street, that Milton witnessed, or rather heard of, all those miscellaneous events and proceedings which were to undo, as far as was possible, the achievements of the preceding twenty years, and which are comprised now in English Histories in the single phrase *The Restoration*. What had been the united Commonwealth was again broken into its three parts, England, Scotland and Ireland; and in each the partisans of the late system found themselves disgraced and degraded, and the regulation of affairs passed into the hands of Cavaliers returned from exile, and of such renegades or new men as these drew in their train. In England Episcopacy was restored, with the Liturgy, and all else that belonged to the old Anglican Church; two thousand Presbyterian ministers were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity; and by other Acts civil penalties and disadvantages were attached to every profession of Dissent. In Scotland all Acts passed since 1633 were repealed; the Kirk was forced back into Prelacy, with Archbishop Sharp at its head; and there began, under a ministry who were generally drunk, the ruthless barbarities against the Presbyterians still remembered as "the Persecutions." In Ireland there were measures to correspond. And, with this universal political reaction, what a change in public morals and manners! Round a Court which set an example of shamelessness, London and the general English world were whirled, by a rebound from the extreme Puritan strictness that had been in fashion, into an ostentatious revelry in Anti-Puritanism. Swearing, swaggering, and an affectation of profligacy, were the proofs of a proper abhorrence of the cant of the lately ruling Saints, and a proper loyalty to the existing powers. In the new Literature that sprang up, as well as in other forms of mental activity, the new social spirit was faithfully represented. Veterans like Hobbes and Izaak Walton, with Browne of Norwich, Clarendon, Jeremy Taylor, and others among the graver prose-writers who had survived from the reign of Charles I., and Shirley, Herrick, Waller, Davenant, Denham, Cowley, and others, surviving from among the poets of the same reign, were very much their former selves, only rejoicing in the restored Royalty; the specific tendency to mathematical and physical science which had already grouped together such men as Wilkins, Wallis, Petty, Boyle and Hooke, through the Commonwealth and Protectorate, now only displayed itself more signally

in the institution of the Royal Society ; but the literature belonging properly to the Restoration itself had all the characteristics of its origin. To the core it was Anti-Puritan, reactionary and unearnest. Never in English literary history had there been such a run of talent to the comic, the jocose, the witty. The revived drama of the re-opened theatres, to which people rushed now with an avidity all the keener for the disuse of that amusement for eighteen years, consisted chiefly of Comedies and Farces, in which wit was desirable, but indecency indispensable. New things called Tragedies there were, but of such a texture that Time has refused to remember them. For what of Tragedy was wanted, reproduction of Elizabethan pieces was best ; in the age itself, on the stage as elsewhere, the comic faculty was paramount. Off the stage it showed itself in songs, stories, satires, essays, character-sketches and burlesques. Even the forms and mechanisms of English literature were changed. The cavaliers and courtiers had brought back from their exile acquired French tastes in literature, as in other matters. Experiments were made in the Tragedy of Rhymed Declamation ; the syntax of English prose was to be neater and easier than it had been ; and the English metrical ear was to be tuned to stricter and more regular rhythms. Over this rising popular literature of the Restoration the nominal president was Davenant, the reinstated Laureate ; but the robust Dryden was making his way to the chief place in the drama and in other departments, with Buckingham, Dorsets and Howards about him, and Ethereges, Wycherlys and Shadwells appearing on the horizon, Butler's *Hudibras* was out, and Charles and his courtiers were laughing over it.

On the verge of this new world of the Restoration, disowned by it, and disdaining it, the blind Milton lived—

"On evil days now fallen, and evil tongues,  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude."

Such friends as did still come about him were chiefly Nonconformists of the more devout and extreme sects, Independents, Baptists, or Quakers. One was Alderman Isaac Pennington, once Lord Mayor of London, and recently, as member of the Long Parliament and of the Council of State, a prominent man in the Commonwealth. Andrew Marvell, young Lawrence, Marchamont Needham, Cyriack Skinner, and the high-minded Lady Ranelagh, sister of Robert Boyle, who had been among his most frequent visitors in the house in Petty France, would find their way occasionally as far as Jewin Street. Dr. Paget, a physician of that neighbourhood, was very intimate with him ; and his old friend Hartlib would appear sometimes, bringing some foreigner who desired to be introduced. Such visits to Milton by foreigners, it seems, had become customary ; they did not like to leave London without having seen him, and even the house in Bread Street where he had been born. Still "solitude," the word which Milton himself uses, describes his condition too truly. The house in Jewin Street must have been a small one ; and, as Milton had now no official income, and had lost by the Restoration several thousands of pounds, invested in Commonwealth securities,

or others as bad, the economy of his household must have been very frugal. He had always a man or a boy to read to him, write to his dictation, and lead him about in his walks; one or other of his two nephews, now shifting for themselves in or near London by tutorship and literary hackwork, would sometimes drop in, and yield him superior help; and there were young men ready to volunteer their occasional services as amanuenses for the privilege of his conversation or of lessons from him. The young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, recommended to him by Alderman Pennington and Dr. Paget, made his acquaintance this way in Jewin Street, in 1662, valuing the privilege much, and taking a lodging near on purpose. For the management of his house and of his daily life, however, Milton had to depend on his daughters, and the dependence was a sad one. The poor girls, the eldest in her seventeenth year in 1662, the next in her fifteenth, and the youngest in her eleventh, had been growing up ill looked-after, and, though one does hear of a governess, but slenderly educated. The eldest, the deformed one, could not write; the other two could write but indifferently. But, though he can therefore hardly have employed them as amanuenses, he did exact from them attendance which they found irksome. When no one else was at hand, he would make them, or at least the two younger, read to him; and by some extraordinary ingenuity in his method, or by sheer practice on their part, they came at last to be able to read sufficiently well for his purpose in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word. This drill, as far as the youngest daughter was concerned, can have been little more than begun in the Jewin Street house; but there all three were already in rebellion. They "made nothing of deserting him;" "they did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings;" they "had made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill-women." Things had at last come to such a pass that, on the recommendation of Dr. Paget, Milton, Feb. 12, 1662-3, married a third wife. She was an Elizabeth Minshull, from Cheshire, a relation of Dr. Paget's, and not more than twenty-five years of age, Milton being fifty-four. A very excellent and careful wife she was to prove to him through the rest of his life. When Mary, the second daughter, heard of the intended marriage, she said "that that was no news, to hear of his wedding, but, if she could hear of his death, that *was* something." This, which is certified on oath, is almost too horrible for belief.

A small elementary Latin Grammar, published in 1661, under the title of "*Accedence Commenced Grammar*," is all of a literary kind that came from Milton while he was in Holborn or Jewin Street. It had doubtless been long lying by him. Other works, however, had been in progress, especially *Paradise Lost*,

#### ARTILLERY WALK, BUNHILL FIELDS.

1664—1674: *ætat.* 56—66.

Not long after his third marriage (possibly in 1663, though I make it 1664), Milton left Jewin Street for what was to be the last of all his London houses.

It was in "Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields," *i. e.*, as has been ascertained with some trouble, in that part of the present Bunhill Row where there is now a clump of newer houses "to the left of the passenger who turns northward from Chiswell Street towards St. Luke's Hospital and Peerless Pool." It was close to the Artillery Ground, or exercising-place of the old London Trained Bands; and hence the name. Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, long the place of sepulture for London Dissenters, and where Bunyan and Defoe are buried, did not exist when Milton went to the neighbourhood. On the whole, the remove, though it did not take him far from his former residence, was into greater privacy and obscurity. The three daughters still accompanied him, better managers now that the third wife had the charge of the housekeeping, but naturally in warfare with her.

Of Milton's habits, in his house near Bunhill Fields, through the last ten years of his life, we have pretty distinct accounts from various persons, as follows:—He used to get up very early, generally at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. After having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, he worked, first in meditation by himself, and then, after breakfast, by dictation to his amanuensis for the time being, interspersed with farther readings to him from the books he wanted to consult, till near his mid-day dinner. A good part of the afternoon was then given to walking in the garden (and a garden of some kind had been always a requisite with him), or to playing on the organ, and singing, or hearing his wife sing, within doors. His wife, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. Later in the afternoon he resumed work; but about six o'clock he was ready to receive evening visitors, and to talk with them till about eight, when there was a supper of "olives or some light thing." He was very temperate at meals, drinking very little "wine or strong liquors of any kind"; but his conversation at dinner and supper was very pleasant and cheerful, with a tendency to the satirical. This humour for satire was connected by some of his hearers with his strong way of pronouncing the letter *r*: "*litera canina*, the dog-letter, the certain sign of a satirical wit," as Dryden said to Aubrey when they were talking of this personal trait of Milton. After supper, when left to himself, he smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water before going to bed; which was usually at nine o'clock. "He was visited by the learned," said Aubrey, "much more than he did desire," Aubrey himself and Dryden being latterly among those who went sometimes to see him. He attended no church, nor belonged to no communion; nor had he any regular prayers in his family, having some principle of his own on that subject which his friends did not understand. His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand; but his two younger daughters, Mary and Deborah, whom he had by this time perfected in the art of reading to him in all languages without understanding what they read, had more than their share in such daily drudgery with him over his books. His poetical vein, Phillips tells us, flowed most happily "from

the autumnal equinox to the vernal," *i. e.*, from the end of September to the end of March, so that, with all his exertions through the other half of the year, he was never so well satisfied with the results. His poor health, and frequent headaches and other pains, were another interference with his work, but less than might have been supposed. Gout was his most confirmed ailment, and it begun to stiffen his hands.

And so at last, before Milton had been two years in the house in Artillery Walk, *Paradise Lost* had been completed. For, when the Great Plague broke out in London in 1665, and Milton (perhaps driven from his house by the fact that Bunhill Fields had been chosen as a "pest-field" where the dead could be buried in pits) went to spend the summer in a cottage which Ellwood had taken for him at Chalfont-St.-Giles, Buckinghamshire, he took the finished manuscript with him. That country-cottage, therefore, has to be remembered, in this exact place, and with this interesting association, as one of Milton's residences. It still exists, a very small cottage, indeed, with a very small garden, standing on the slope of the public road at one end of the quiet old village of Chalfont; and, when it was in good tending and there were honeysuckles about it, the summer air in its tiny rooms, with the lattices open, may have been pleasant. The old lattices, with their lozenges of glass set in lead, still remained when I was there; but the cottage was empty and to let. A few pounds, I suppose, would buy it altogether.

Back in London in 1666, Milton may have been prevented from publishing his *Paradise Lost* in that "Annus Mirabilis" by the Great Fire. It did not reach, indeed, to his neighbourhood; but it left a vast space of the city in ruins, with his native Bread Street in the very heart of the space. From that date there could be no more visits of admiring foreigners to the old "Spread Eagle," where he had been born; but all his other London residences remained. In 1667, the year after the Fire, the due licence having been obtained and other arrangements made, the epic was published. The publication must have been an event of some consequence to Milton personally. It threw between him and all that past part of his life which lay under public obloquy the atonement of a great Poem. Whatever he had been, was he not now the author of *Paradise Lost*? Gradually, as the poem was read, though here and there some of the poorer creatures put in their sarcasms, this was the feeling among all the abler leaders of the Restoration Literature itself. "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too," is reported to have been Dryden's immediate criticism; and it was probably after Dryden had read the poem, and said this, that he first sought out Milton. Indeed, it was probably after the fame of *Paradise Lost* was established that the straggling of admiring visitors, especially foreigners, to Milton's house, which had followed him ever since the Restoration, swelled into that conflux of the learned about him, "much more than he did desire," of which Aubrey speaks. Certain it is that Dryden, not nearly yet at his best in the world, but the manliest and greatest figure already in the whole society of the Restoration wits, had contracted a profound reverence for the blind Repub-

lican, from which he never swerved, and to which on every possible occasion he gave the most generous expression. As Dryden was appointed to the Laureateship in 1670, in succession to Davenant, who had died in 1668, it was an odd fact, at which Dryden would have been the first to smile, that he could count Milton for a time among his literary subjects. The last four or five years of Milton's life were the first four or five of Dryden's Laureateship, and they include the following interesting series of publications by Milton: his *History of Britain to the Conquest*, with his portrait by Faithorne prefixed, 1670; his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* together, 1671; his Latin treatise on Logic, according to the system of Ramus, entitled, "*Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio, ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata*," 1672 (probably an old performance lying among his MSS.); his English tract "*Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*," 1673; the Second Edition of his *Minor Poems*, 1673; the Second Edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1674; a translation of *Letters Patent for the Election of John III. [Sobieski], King of Poland*, 1674; his *Epistolæ Familiares*, with his juvenile *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* at Cambridge added, 1674. There is evidence in the number of these publications, and in the nature of some of them, that Milton's name prefixed to a book was again of some value.

To complete our formal chronology of the Poems we have now only to extricate from among the productions of the ten years in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, the following separately:—

PARADISE LOST. 1667. Re-edited 1674.

Two Scraps of translated Verse from Geoffrey of Monmouth, in *History of Britain* (annexed now to the Minor English Poems). 1670.

PARADISE REGAINED. 1671.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 1671.

During the last four or five years of Milton's life his three daughters had ceased to reside with him. In or about 1669, the eldest being then twenty-three years of age and the youngest seventeen, they had all, by what seems to have been a really judicious arrangement of their step-mother, been sent out, at their father's expense, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are "proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver." From that time, therefore, Milton and his wife Elizabeth had been by themselves in the house near Bunhill Fields, with one maid-servant. It was probably the calmest time in Milton's life for many a day. Our best glimpse of him in those closing years is from the Notes of the painter Richardson. "An aged "clergyman of Dorsetshire," he says, "found John Milton in a small chamber "hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; "pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. "He used also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near "Bunhill Fields in warm, sunny weather; and so, as well as in his house,

"received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality." A day soon came when the slight figure in coarse grey was no more to be seen by the inhabitants of the obscure neighbourhood. He died peacefully, of what was called "gout struck in," on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1674, aged sixty-five years and eleven months; and he was buried, Nov. 12, beside his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended to the grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." Andrew Marvell, who may have been among the mourners, promised Aubrey to write some account of Milton to be sent to Anthony Wood for his *Fasti Oxonienses*; but, Marvell having died in 1678, without having fulfilled the promise, Aubrey himself collected what information he could from Milton's widow, his brother, the elder Phillips and others.

## POSTHUMOUS DETAILS.

Milton, before his death, estimated his estate at about 1,000*l.* in money, besides household goods. Actually about 900*l.* in money (worth about 2,700*l.* now) was the sum at once realized. It was the subject of litigation between the widow and the three daughters. A few months before his death, Milton, in a conversation with his brother Christopher, then a bencher of the Inner Temple, had signified his intentions as to the disposition of his property thus: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former [first] wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no part of it; but my meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. All the rest of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." For the right understanding of this, it is to be explained that there was due to Milton's estate a promised marriage-portion of 1,000*l.* with his first wife, and arrears of interest on the same since 1643, and that, though there had been little prospect of a recovery of the money at Mr. Powell's death in 1647, the Powell family were now in circumstances to bear the debt, and were under obligations to do so by Mr. Powell's will. Milton's meaning, therefore, was that his daughters should have a claim on their relatives, the Powells, for the 1,000*l.* and arrears of their grandfather's money, while his widow should have the whole of his own actual estate. The daughters, however, probably with the Powells urging them (their grandmother, Mrs. Powell, was still alive), disputed the "nuncupative" or word-of-mouth will of their father, alleging that they had been and were "great frequenters of the church and good livers;" and insinuating that their uncle Christopher had an interest in upholding the will, inasmuch as there was a private understanding that the widow should hand over to *his* children, according to a desire which the deceased had expressed, any overplus that the estate might yield above 1,000*l.* The result was that, though there was perfect evidence of the facts, it was decided (Feb., 1674-5) on technical grounds, that the widow should have two-thirds and the daughters one-third among them. The widow acquiesced,



and punctually paid to the three daughters about 100*l.* each, having about 600*l.* left for herself. She was then thirty-seven years of age, and the money would yield her a meagre annuity.

The widow, after remaining in London for some years, retired to Nantwich, in her native Cheshire, where she lived to as late as 1727, a pious member of a Baptist congregation, having survived her husband nearly fifty-three years. The inventory of her effects at her death has been recovered, and shows that she retained to the last some trinkets that had belonged to Milton, and two juvenile portraits of him.—Milton's eldest daughter, Anne, "lame, and with a defect in her speech, but with a very handsome face," married "a master-builder," and died in her first childbirth, the child dying also. Mary, the second daughter, never married, and was dead before 1694. Deborah, the youngest and the best, and "very like her father," had gone to Dublin, as companion to a lady, before her father's death, and married there an Abraham Clarke, described as a weaver or silk-mercet. They came to London about 1687, and settled in the weaving business in Spitalfields. She lived till 1727, and was visited in her later years by Addison and others, who were much pleased with her, and whom she surprised by repeating stray lines she remembered from Homer, Euripides and Ovid. The Princess Caroline of Wales sent her fifty guineas. Of her ten children, only two survived to have issue. A son, Caleb Clarke, had gone to Madras before 1703, and had died as "parish-clerk of Fort George" in 1719, leaving progeny who are supposed to have all died out in India. The last trace of them is the registration at Madras, April 2, 1727, of the birth of a daughter of Abraham Clarke, the son of Caleb (*i. e.*, a great-great-granddaughter of Milton, actually born while Milton's widow was still alive at Nantwich); but there is just a possibility that there was other and farther descent from Milton in these Indian Clarkes. Otherwise, the direct descent from Milton ended in his granddaughter, Elizabeth Clarke, the youngest daughter of Deborah. She married a Thomas Foster, a Spitalfields weaver; she afterwards kept "a small chandler's shop" in Holloway; she removed thence to Shoreditch, where she and her husband had some little dispute in 1750 as to the investment of about 130*l.*, the proceeds of a performance of *Comus*, which Dr. Johnson and others had got up for her benefit; and she died in Islington in 1754. She struck those who visited her as "a good, plain, sensible woman," in very infirm health. Seven children of hers had all died in infancy.—Christopher Milton, the poet's lawyer-brother, but who had always been opposite to him in politics, was not only a bencher of the Inner Temple at the time of his brother's death, but also Deputy-Recorder of Ipswich. In the reign of James II., having pushed his compliance so far as to turn Roman Catholic, he became Sir Christopher Milton, Knt., and a Judge. At the Revolution he retired into private life at or near Ipswich, where he died in 1692, in his seventy-seventh year. He left a son, Thomas Milton, and two or three daughters, who are traced some way into the eighteenth century.—So far as is known, the Milton pedigree was transmitted farthest and most respectably in the descent from Milton's sister Anne, who was first Mrs. Phillips and

afterwards Mrs. Agar, and who seems to have died some years before the poet, leaving Mr. Agar still alive. Her two sons by the first marriage, Edward and John Phillips, Milton's two nephews, and educated by him (John wholly, but with two years at Oxford added in Edward's case), can hardly, indeed, be reckoned among fortunate men. They struggled on cleverly and industriously, but never very prosperously, in private tutorship, schoolmastering, and hack authorship; and their numerous publications in prose and verse, lists of which have been made out, are among the curiosities of the minor literature of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Edward died not long after 1694, in which year he had published his brief, but valuable, "Life of Milton," prefixed to an English translation of Milton's State Letters; John, who seems to have been the less reputable in his life and the more reckless in the spirit and style of his writings, was alive till 1706. Their families have not been traced. Meanwhile, their half sister, Ann Agar, their mother's only surviving child by her second marriage, had carried the pedigree, in more flourishing circumstances, into another line, with another change of name. Her father, Mr. Thomas Agar, resuming his post of Deputy Clerk of the Crown at the Restoration, had come to be a man of some wealth; and, before his death in 1673 (when he was succeeded in his office by Thomas Milton, the son of Christopher), she had married a David Moore, of Sayes House, Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, Esq. From this marriage came a Thomas Moore, of Sayes House, who was knighted in 1715; and from him have descended, branching out by intermarriages, a great many *Moores* and *Fitzmoores*, traceable in the squirearchy, the church, or the public service of England, to the present day. All these are related to Milton in so far as they are descended from his sister, the mother of the "Fair Infant" of his early Elegy.

In 1682, eight years after Milton's death, there was published from his manuscript a compilation called "*A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay.*" The collections he had made towards a Latin Dictionary went into the hands of Edward Phillips, were used by Phillips in some compilations of his own, and have been embodied in subsequent Dictionaries. Two packets of manuscript left by Milton, about the fate of which he was somewhat anxious, were his Latin System of Divinity drawn direct from the Bible, and his Latin Letters of State to Foreign Powers, written in his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and Protectorate. These packets he had entrusted to one of his latest amanuenses, a young Cambridge man, Daniel Skinner, a relative of his friend Cyriack. They were conveyed by Skinner to Amsterdam for publication by Daniel Elzevir; but, the English Government having heard of them, the publication was stopped, and they were sent back to London in a brown-paper parcel, which was thrown aside in the State Paper Office. This was in 1676; in which year, however, a London bookseller, who had somehow obtained imperfect copies of the Latin State Letters, published a surreptitious edition of them, entitled *Literæ Pseudo-Senatus Anglicani, necnon Cromwelli, nomine et jussu Conscriptæ*. A better

edition was printed at Leipsic in 1690, and Phillips' English translation appeared in 1694. Quite different from these Milton State Letters, though sometimes called *The Milton Papers*, is a thin folio edited in 1743 by John Nickolls, and consisting of Letters and Addresses to Cromwell, and other public and private documents, from 1650 onwards, which had somehow been in Milton's keeping, and which were afterwards in possession of the Quaker Ellwood. Finally, in 1825, attention having been at last called to the brown-paper parcel that had been lying in the State Paper Office since 1676, Milton's long lost treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, part of the contents of the parcel, was published by Dr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, with the addition of an English translation in the same year. It is from this treatise that Milton's theological opinions, so far as they could be expressed in formal and systematic language, are to be most authentically learnt. The original manuscript of the treatise in the hands of several of Milton's amanuenses, and the transcript for press of his State Letters in the hand of Daniel Skinner, are still in the State Paper Office.



# PARADISE LOST.



## THE VERSE OF "PARADISE LOST."

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

From Milton's own Edition, 1669.

## 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 hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise;

their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, 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 heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd,<sup>1</sup> who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth  
 Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook<sup>2</sup> that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount,<sup>3</sup> while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,<sup>4</sup>  
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,

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<sup>1</sup> Moses.

<sup>2</sup> A small brook that flowed near the Temple of Jerusalem.

<sup>3</sup> A mountain in Bœotia. In mythology, the Muses were said to dwell on it.

<sup>4</sup> Gen. i. 2.

And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of hell—say first, what cause  
Moved our grand Parents in that happy state,  
Favour'd of heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host  
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,<sup>1</sup>  
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God  
Raised impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded though immortal: but his doom  
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.  
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiv. 13-15.

The dismal situation waste and wild ;  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,<sup>1</sup>  
 That comes to all ; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
 Such place eternal justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heav'n,  
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 Beëlzebub :<sup>2</sup> To whom th' arch-enemy,  
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan,<sup>3</sup> with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou beest he—But O how fall'n ! how changed  
 From him, who in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
 Myriads, though bright ! If he, whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope

<sup>1</sup> "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate," was the inscription placed by Dante over the gates of his "Inferno."

<sup>2</sup> The god of flies, worshipped by the Philistines (2 Kings i. 2). The Jews considered Beelzebub the greatest of the devils. See their accusation of our Lord, St. Matt. xii. 24-27; where it appears that with them Beelzebub and "Satan" were synonymous names. Milton makes them two different fallen angels.

<sup>3</sup> Satan is a Hebrew word, signifying "enemy." *The enemy both of God and man.*



And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest  
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved  
He with his thunder ; and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms ? yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind  
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign ; and, me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost ?  
All is not lost ; th' unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome ;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me : to bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power.  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an 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  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

*PARADISE LOST.*

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

O Prince, O Chief of many thronè Powers,  
 That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n'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 heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and heavenly essences  
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our conqueror, whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,  
 Has left us this our spirit and strength entire,  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep :  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment ?  
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend replied.

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

As being the contrary to his high will,  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labor must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil ;  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulphurous hail,  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n received us falling, and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn  
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,  
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
With head up-lift 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

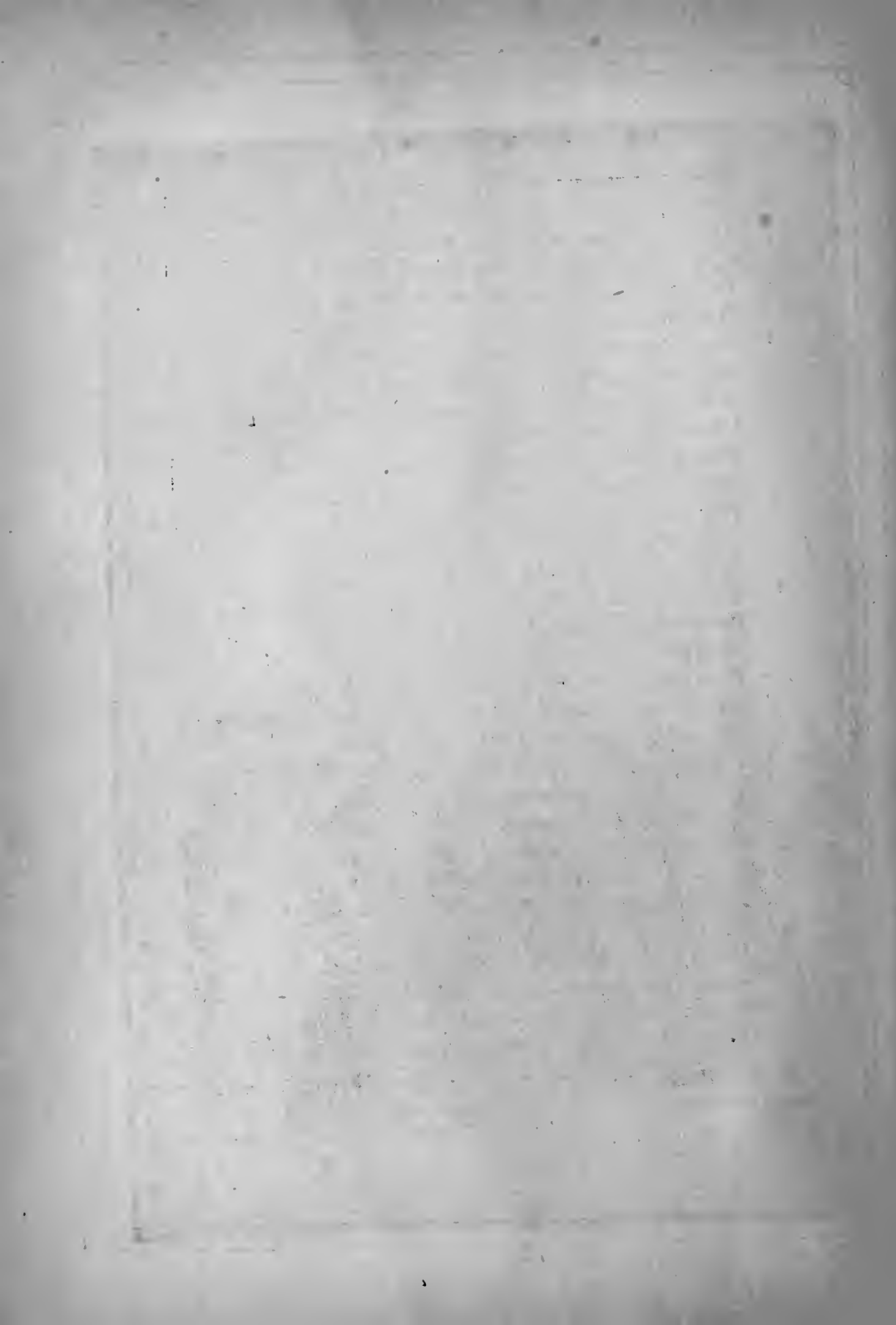
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which GOD of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream ;  
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays<sup>2</sup>  
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence  
 Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs ;  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enraged might see  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
 On man by him seduced ; but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames  
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd

<sup>1</sup> The Titans were monstrous giants, said to have made war against the gods. Briareus had a hundred hands. Typhon was the same as Typhœus, who was imprisoned by Jupiter in a cave near Tarsus, in Cilicia.

<sup>2</sup> The whale is evidently here intended.



*Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature.*



With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire ;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus,<sup>1</sup> or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd 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'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime  
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he,  
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right : farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells : hail horrors ; hail  
 Infernal world ; and thou profoundest hell  
 Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.<sup>2</sup>  
 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 ; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :

<sup>1</sup> Capo di Faro, in Sicily.

<sup>2</sup> "There's nothing either good or bad, but  
 Thinking makes it so."—SHAKESPEARE.

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 heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part,  
 In this unhappy mansion ; or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> views  
 At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,

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<sup>1</sup> Height.

<sup>2</sup> Galileo. Milton became acquainted with the great astronomer when travelling in Italy  
 Optic-glass was the name given then and some time after to the telescope.



Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with to 'support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 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 call'd  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa,<sup>1</sup> where th' Etrurian shades  
 High overarch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris,<sup>3</sup> and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown  
 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 flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds

<sup>1</sup> In Tuscany.

<sup>2</sup> Orion is the constellation representing an armed warrior. "It was supposed to be attended with stormy weather. 'Assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.' VIR. *Æn.* I. 539."—NEWTON.

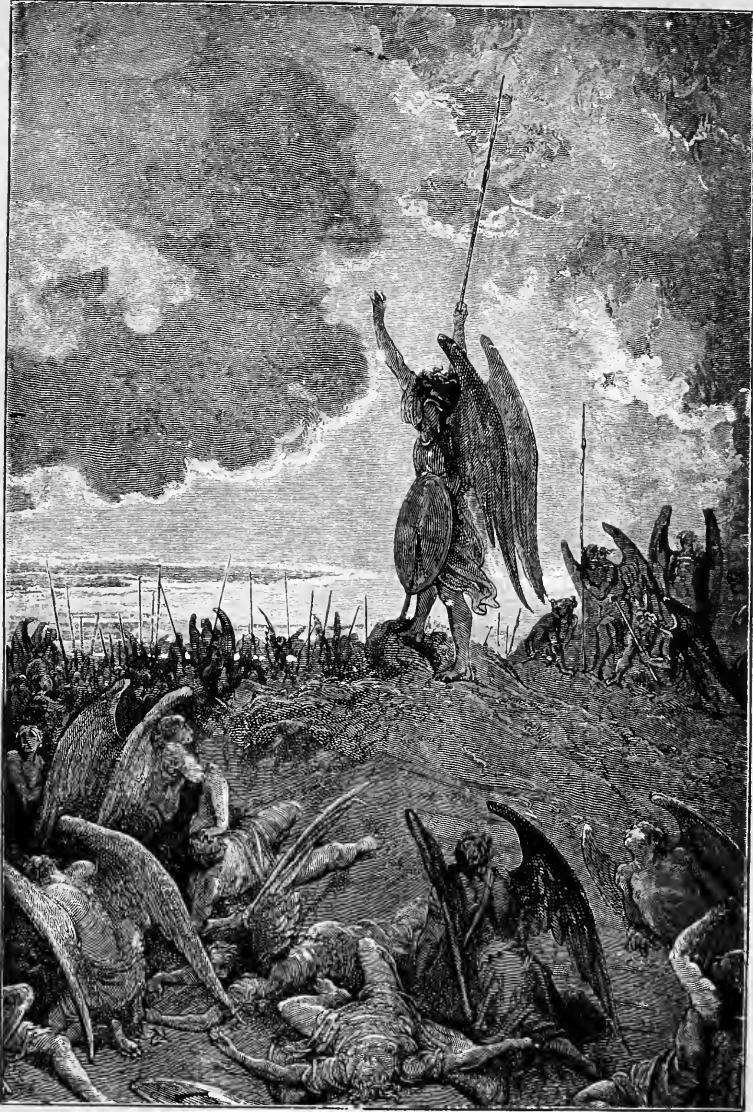
<sup>3</sup> The Pharaoh of Exodus xiv.

Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern  
 Th' 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 fall'n.

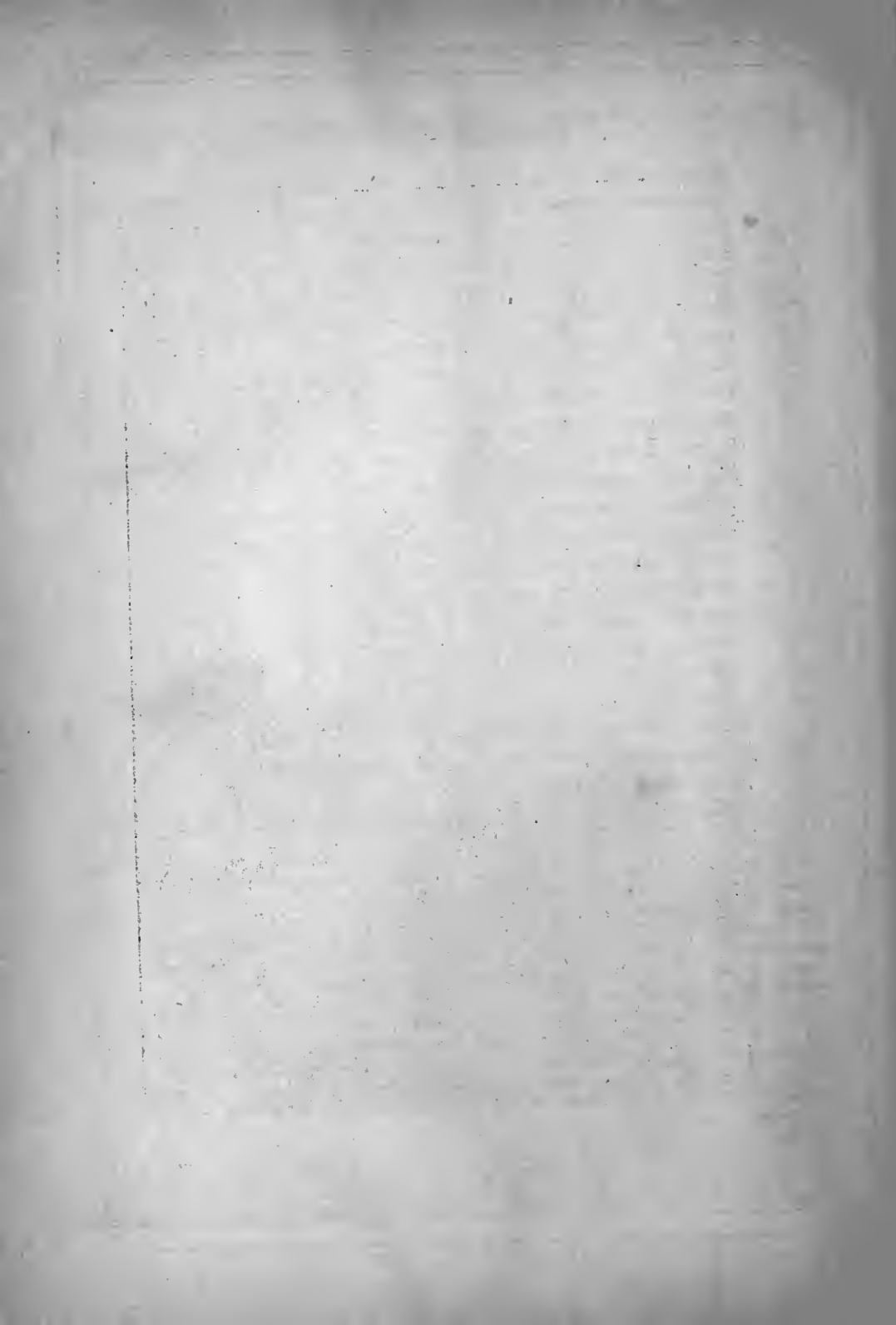
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:<sup>1</sup>  
 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, th' uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;  
 A multitude like which the populous north<sup>2</sup>  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass

<sup>1</sup> Exodus x. 15.

<sup>2</sup> The "populous north," as the northern parts of the world are observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries. Sir William Temple calls it "the northern hive." "Poured never;" a very proper word to express the inundations of these northern nations. "From her frozen loins;" it is the Scripture expression of children and descendants "coming out of the loins," as Gen. xxxv. 11, "Kings shall come out of thy loins;" and these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate.—NEWTON.



*They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung.*



Rhene or the Danaw,<sup>1</sup> when her barbarous sons<sup>2</sup>  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.  
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood  
 Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
 And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;  
 Though of their names in heavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and razed  
 By their rebellion from the books of life.<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names; till wand'ring 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 th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:<sup>4</sup>  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> "To pass Rhene or the Danaw." He might have said, consistently with his verse, the Rhine or Danube, but he chose the more uncommon names, Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the German, both which words are used too, in Spenser.—NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> "When her barbarous sons," &c. They were truly barbarous; for besides exercising several cruelties, they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. "Came like a deluge." Spenser, describing the same people, has the same simile, "Faërie Queen, B. II. cant. 1st. 15:—

"And overflowed all countries far away,  
 Like Noye's great flood, with their importune sway."

They were the Goths and Huns, and Vandals, who overran all the southern provinces of Europe, and, crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar, landed in Africa, and spread themselves as far as Libya. *Beneath* Gibraltar means more southward.—NEWTON.

<sup>3</sup> Psalm ix. 5, 6. Rev. iii. 5.

<sup>4</sup> Levit. xvii. 7. Psalm cvi. 37.

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch  
 At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth,  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, Gods adored  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations;<sup>1</sup> and with cursèd things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid King,<sup>2</sup> besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire<sup>3</sup>  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,  
 In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God,  
 On that opprobrious hill,<sup>4</sup> and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd,<sup>5</sup> the type of hell.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. viii. 15, 16.

<sup>2</sup> The word *Moloch* means *King*. He is styled *horrid* on account of the awful human sacrifices offered to him.

<sup>3</sup> Moloch was represented by an idol of brass sitting on a throne, crowned. Before him was a furnace. His extended arms sloped down to it. Infants placed in his arms fell into the furnace and were consumed.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Kings xi. 7.

<sup>5</sup> It was called *Tophet* from *toph*, a drum, the noise of drums being employed to drown the cries of the poor babes offered to the idol. <sup>6</sup> So used by our Lord.

Next Chemos,<sup>1</sup> th' óbscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon  
 And Heronaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleale, 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<sup>2</sup> drove them thence to hell.  
 With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
 Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth,<sup>3</sup> those male,  
 These feminine : for spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure ;  
 Nor tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xi. 7.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Kings xxiii.

<sup>3</sup> Frequently named together in Scripture. They were the sun, Baal ; the moon, Astaroth ; and the stars ; *im* being the plural termination of the name Baal.

Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king,<sup>1</sup> whose heart though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. Thammuz<sup>2</sup> came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw,<sup>3</sup> when by the vision led  
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel<sup>4</sup> edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:  
 Dagon his name;<sup>5</sup> sea monster, upward man  
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high

<sup>1</sup> Solomon; who built a temple to Astoreth, the moon, on the Mount of Olives.

<sup>2</sup> Adonis. See Maundrell's "Travels," p. 34. "We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (the Adonis; called by the Turks, Ibrahim Bassa), viz., that this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody color; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis. Something like this, we saw, actually came to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and, as we observed in travelling had discolored the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned, doubtless, by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis' blood."

<sup>3</sup> Ezek. viii. 12.

<sup>4</sup> Threshold, *grunsel*.

<sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. v. 4.



Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon,<sup>1</sup> 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  
 A leper once he lost,<sup>2</sup> and gain'd a king,  
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 GOD's altar to disparage,<sup>3</sup> and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious off'rings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
 A crew, who under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus,<sup>4</sup> and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Ægypt and her priests, to seek  
 Their wand'ring Gods disguised in brutish forms,<sup>5</sup>  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb,<sup>6</sup> and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazèd ox,<sup>7</sup>  
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd  
 From Ægypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
 Belial<sup>8</sup> came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd

<sup>1</sup> A Syrian god. <sup>2</sup> Naaman. See 2 Kings v. 17. <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings xvi. 10. 2 Chron. xxviii. 23.

<sup>4</sup> Orus was the son of Osiris (the sun) and Isis (the moon.)

<sup>5</sup> The sacred calf, the ram, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Exod. xxxii.

<sup>7</sup> 1 Kings xii. 28.

<sup>8</sup> The god of lewdness and luxury.

With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury, and outrage: and when night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd  
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue,<sup>1</sup> held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,  
 Their boasted parents. Titan, heav'n's first-born,<sup>2</sup>  
 With his enormous brood and birthright seized  
 By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known:<sup>3</sup> thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff<sup>4</sup>  
 Or in Dodona,<sup>5</sup> and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land;<sup>6</sup> or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,<sup>7</sup>  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, was supposed to have settled Ionia, in the south-west part of Asia Minor. The gods of the Greek mythology are here meant.

<sup>2</sup> Titan, supposed to be the son of Heaven and Earth, was the father of the giants. Saturn, his younger brother, seized his empire, and was, in his turn, deposed by his son Jupiter.

<sup>3</sup> Jupiter was said to have been born on Mount Ida, in the island of Crete (now Candia). He and the other Greek gods then passed to Greece, and Jupiter reigned on Mount Olympus, in Thessaly.

<sup>4</sup> Mount Parnassus, where the city of Delphi, famous for its Oracle, was situated.

<sup>5</sup> A city and wood sacred to Jupiter, famous also for its Oracle.

<sup>6</sup> "Doric land," Greece.

<sup>7</sup> Italy.

<sup>8</sup> France, the abode of the Celts. "Utmost isles," Great Britain, &c., &c.: *Ultima Thule*.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
 Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 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 fainted courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard : that proud honor claim'd  
 Azazel<sup>1</sup> as his right, a cherub tall ;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
 At which the universal host up sent  
 A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
 With orient colors waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable : anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood<sup>2</sup>  
 Of flutes and soft recorders,<sup>3</sup> such as raised  
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old

- This name is used for some demon or devil by several ancient authors, Jewish and Christian.—NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> A solemn style of music, exciting to cool and deliberate courage.—NEWTON. The ancients had three different styles of music : the Lydian, soft and languishing ; the Phrygian, gay and animated ; the Dorian, solemn and majestic.

<sup>3</sup> A species of flute or flageolet.

Arming to battle ; and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valor breath'd, 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,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now  
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose : he through the armèd files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole batallion views ; their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of Gods ;  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
 Glories ; for never, since created man,  
 Met such embodied force, as named with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry<sup>1</sup>  
 Warr'd on by cranes ; though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegra<sup>2</sup> with th' heroic race were join'd  
 That fought at Thebes<sup>3</sup> and Ilium,<sup>4</sup> on each side  
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods ; and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,<sup>5</sup>  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;

<sup>1</sup> The Pigmies. See "Basilides Athenæi," IX. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Phlegra, a city of Macedonia, where the Titans, or giants, dwelt who made war against the gods.

<sup>3</sup> Thebes, a city of Bœotia, famous for the war between the sons of Œdipus, Eteocles and Polynices. The subject of Statius's "Thebaïd."

<sup>4</sup> Troy, the siege of which is the subject of Homer's "Iliad." The gods took different sides in this war.

<sup>5</sup> Arthur. Armoric knights were knights of Armorica, or Brittany.

And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,<sup>1</sup>  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemain with all his peirage fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch angel ruin'd, and th' 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:<sup>2</sup> darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Arch angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced<sup>3</sup>  
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire

---

<sup>1</sup> Romantic names of places mentioned in Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso," and in the old romances.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the superstition that an eclipse or comet foretold the disturbance of nations.

<sup>3</sup> Deprived of by forfeiture. See Quarles's "Divine Poems," p. 18.

## PARADISE LOST.

Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
 With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change  
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
 How such united force of Gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied heav'n,<sup>1</sup> shall fail to reascend  
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?  
 For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,  
 If counsels different or danger shunn'd  
 By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns  
 Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New war, provoked; our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

---

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xii. 4.

What force effected not; that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife  
 There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favor equal to the sons of heaven:  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;  
 For who can think submission? war then, war  
 Open or understood, must be resolved.

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumined hell: highly they raged  
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,  
 A numerous brigade hasten'd; as when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon<sup>1</sup> led them on,  
 Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
 From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts

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<sup>1</sup> The word Mammon is Syriac for riches (Matt. vi. 24); personified also by Spenser.

*PARADISE LOST.*

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific. By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame  
And strength and art are easily outdone  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.  
A third as soon had formed within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:  
As in an organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven;



The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo<sup>1</sup> such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors  
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
And some the architect: his hand was known  
In heav'n by many a towered structure high,  
Where sceptered angels held their residence,  
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
Men call'd him Mulciber;<sup>2</sup> and how he fell  
From heav'n they fabled, trown 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, th' Ægean isle; thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in heav'n high towers; nor did he 'scape  
By all his engines, but was headlong sent

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<sup>1</sup> Cairo, in Egypt.

<sup>2</sup> Vulcan. See Homer, "Iliad," 1-590.

With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
 Meanwhile the wingèd heralds by command  
 Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandæmonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
 From every band and squarèd regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,  
 Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat or career with lance,  
 Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,  
 Thè suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer  
 Their state affairs: So thick the aery crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal giv'n,  
 Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race  
 Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Elves,  
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon  
 Sits arbitress,<sup>1</sup> and nearer to the earth

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<sup>1</sup> Spectatress.—HOR. *Ep.* V. 49.

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  
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 honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the 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<sup>1</sup> and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
 Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,<sup>2</sup>  
 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 heav'n, and by success untaught  
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and dominions, Deities of heav'n,<sup>3</sup>  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
 I give not heav'n for lost: from this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising will appear  
 More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,

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<sup>1</sup> In the Persian Gulf.

<sup>2</sup> It was the Eastern custom for the princes of the blood royal and the emirs to sprinkle gold dust and seed pearl on the head of the monarch at his coronation. See "Vie de Tamerlane" (translated by M. Petit de la Croix), B. II. c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Colos. i. 16.

And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n  
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
 With what besides, in council or in fight,  
 Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer'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 heav'n, 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.

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

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need, not now :  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay ? no, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heav'n'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  
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such 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  
We sunk thus low ? th' ascent is easy then ;  
Th' event is fear'd ; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction : if there be in hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd : what can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe ;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
 Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus  
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential; happier far,  
 Than miserable to have eternal being.  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge and battle dangerous  
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd  
 For dignity composed and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropp'd 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.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> Upheld by fate.—NEWTON.

Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;  
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n 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  
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy  
All incorruptible would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted; and th' 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  
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
To be no more: sad cure ; for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves



To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war;—We are decreed.  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires<sup>1</sup>  
Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all  
Her stores were open'd and this firmament  
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfix'd, 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 conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth  
All these our motions vain sees and derides;  
Not more almighty to resist our might,

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xxx. 33.

Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, th' race of heav'n  
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here  
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
 That so ordains: this was at first resolved,  
 If we were wise, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold  
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 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 punish'd: whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapor, or enured not feel;  
 Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:  
 Besides what hope the never ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.  
 Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of heav'n  
We war, if war be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost : Him to unthroned 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 heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme  
We overpower ? suppose He should relent  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forced hallelujahs ; while he lordly sits  
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task  
In heav'n, this our delight ; how wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, 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 e'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labor and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread ? how oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne;<sup>1</sup> from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we His light  
 Imitate when we please? this desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men o'er watch'd, 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 Michael  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,  
 By policy and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heav'n.

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm xviii. 11-13; xcvi. 2.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A pillar of state : deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care ;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,  
 With Atlantean<sup>1</sup> shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,  
 Ethereal Virtues ; or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd  
 Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire. Doubtless ; while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
 Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.  
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?  
 War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be giv'n

<sup>1</sup> Atlas was fabled to have held the heavens on his shoulders.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm ii. 9.

To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place,  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n  
Err not,) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favor'd more  
Of Him who rules above; so was His will  
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,  
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut,  
And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be achieved  
By sudden onset, either with hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven  
The puny habitants; or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beëlzebub  
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised  
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator? but their spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy  
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

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

The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive<sup>1</sup>  
 The happy isle?<sup>2</sup> what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send  
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others' count'nance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n-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 heav'n, empyreal Thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.

<sup>1</sup> An old English idiom.—See Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* Part iii. Act v.

<sup>2</sup> The earth surrounded by air.



These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential<sup>1</sup> night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers and as hard 'escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught proposed  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honor, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honor'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
Terror of heav'n though fall'n! intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying  
Rose the monarch and prevented all reply;  
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;  
And so refused might in opinion stand

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<sup>1</sup> Void of being.

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 heav'n:  
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,  
That for the general safety he despised  
His own; for neither do the spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heav'nly grace; and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:<sup>1</sup>  
As if, which might induce us to accord,  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait.

---

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the age of civil strife and controversies in which Milton's lot was cast.

The Stygian council thus dissolved ; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers ;  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of heav'n, nor less  
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme  
 And God like imitated state : him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed  
 With bright emblazonry and horrent<sup>1</sup> arms  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets regal sound the great result :  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,<sup>2</sup>  
 By heralds' voice explain'd : the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deaf'ning shout returned them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
 By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers  
 Disband, and wand'ring each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields :  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when to warn proud cities war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky,<sup>3</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> Bristling.      <sup>2</sup> Gold or silver trumpets. Herald's alchemy would be "or and argent."

<sup>3</sup> These appearances in the clouds have been frequently recorded. On the Mont d'Or, the night before the battle in which Philip von Arteveldt was killed, an armed host was seen contending in the sky.

From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind:<sup>1</sup> hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides<sup>2</sup> from Cēchalia crown'd  
 With conquest felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Cēta threw  
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthral 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 cloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
 And found no end, in wand'ring 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

---

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the war of the Titans.

<sup>2</sup> Hercules, named Alcides after his grandfather, Alceus. On his return from the conquest of Cēchalia, a city of Bœotia, he received from his wife the envenomed robe of the Centaur. It clung to him and could only be removed with the flesh. In his agony the demigod tore up pines by the roots, and threw Lichas, the messenger who had brought him the robe, from the top of Mount Cēta into the Eubœan Sea.

Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
 Abhorred Styx,<sup>1</sup> the flood of deadly hate ;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail ; which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice ;  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian<sup>2</sup> bog  
 Betwixt Damietta and mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air  
 Burns froze,<sup>3</sup> and cold performs th' effect of fire,  
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

<sup>1</sup> The names and qualities of these rivers are all taken from the Greek mythology.

<sup>2</sup> Serbonis was a huge bog in Egypt, sometimes so covered with sand as to be indistinguishable from the land. It was 200 furlongs long, and 1,000 round. Damietta was a city on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile.

<sup>3</sup> Frostily. See *Ecclus.* xlii. 20, 21.

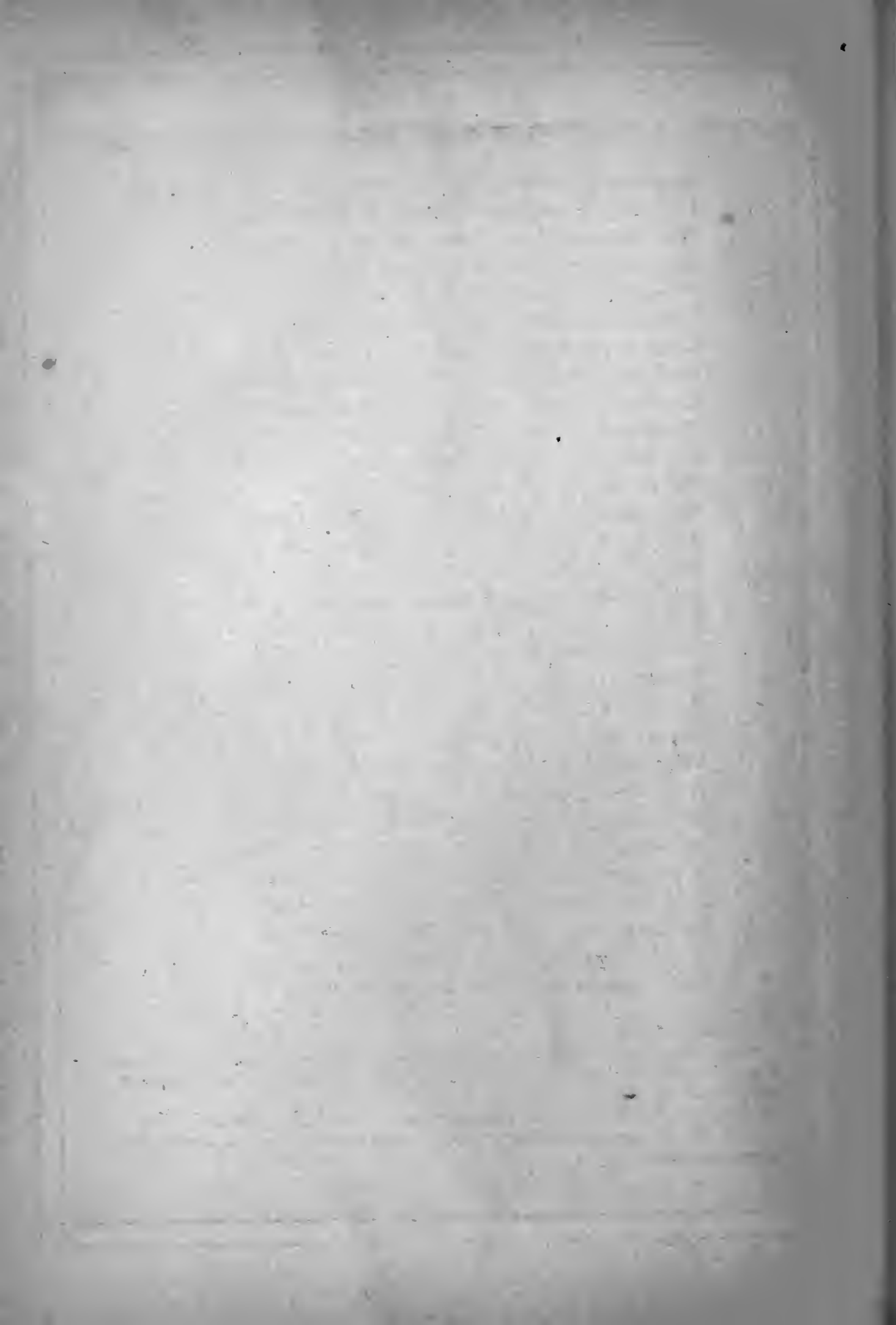
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink :  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
 Medusa,<sup>1</sup> 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, th' advent'rous bands,  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest : through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse; all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras<sup>2</sup> dire.  
 Meanwhile the adversary of GOD and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell

<sup>1</sup> Medusa was a Gorgon of horrid beauty, who had the power of turning those who gazed on her into stone. Forgetfulness could never be permitted to the lost spirits.

<sup>2</sup> Monsters of the heathen mythology.



*Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape.*





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,<sup>1</sup> whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs : they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape  
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole : so seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof ;  
 And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were 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 ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting : about her middle round  
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide Cerberean<sup>3</sup> mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peel : yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two of the Molucca islands.

<sup>2</sup> Here begins the famous allegory of Milton, which is a sort of paraphrase of St. James i. 15 : " Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin ; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

<sup>3</sup> Like those of Cerberus, the dog with three heads, supposed to keep the gate of hell.

<sup>4</sup> Trinacria was the ancient name for Sicily. Scylla Charybdis were the whirlpools between it and Italy.

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

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

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,  
 Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,  
 Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons  
 Conjured<sup>1</sup> against the Highest; for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from GOD, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

---

<sup>1</sup> Conspired.

And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform: on the other side  
 Incensed with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiucus<sup>1</sup> huge  
 In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian;<sup>2</sup> then stand front to front  
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;  
 For never but once more<sup>3</sup> 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,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

<sup>1</sup> Serpentarius, a northern constellation. Its length would be about forty degrees. Comets were supposed to threaten "pestilence and war."

<sup>2</sup> The Caspian is a remarkably tempestuous sea.

<sup>3</sup> Jesus Christ is here intimated, who was to destroy death, and him that has the power of death (Heb. ii. 14).

O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,  
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?  
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 At thee 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 return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double form'd, and why,  
 In this infernal vale first met, thou 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 deem'd so fair  
 In heav'n? when at th' assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined  
 In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surprized thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd,  
 Out of thy head I sprung:<sup>1</sup> amazement seized  
 All the host of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid

---

<sup>1</sup> The allegory here follows the Greek fable of the birth of Minerva—*Wisdom*—said to have sprung from the head of Jupiter; as *Sin* is here figured to have sprung from the head of Satan.

At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,  
I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
A growing burthen. Meanwhile war arose,  
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd,  
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe  
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down  
Into this deep, and in the general fall  
I also; at which time this powerful key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
Made to destroy:<sup>1</sup> I fled, and cried out Death;  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,  
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
And, in embraces forcible and foul,

---

<sup>1</sup> St. James i. 15.

Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for when they list into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temp'èr'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of, know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

To search with wandering quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the purlieu of heaven, and therein placed  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,  
Lest heav'n 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  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

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

The key of this infernal pit by due,  
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office, here confined,  
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,  
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being 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.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but herself not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns  
 Th' 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  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,  
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature,<sup>1</sup> hold  
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,

---

<sup>1</sup> All the ancients believed that Night (or darkness) existed from the beginning, and that Chaos (or confusion) was the origin of all things.



Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's<sup>1</sup> 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 imbroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds;  
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare  
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,  
With all her battering engines bent to rase  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league  
As in a clouded chair ascending rides  
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity: all unawares

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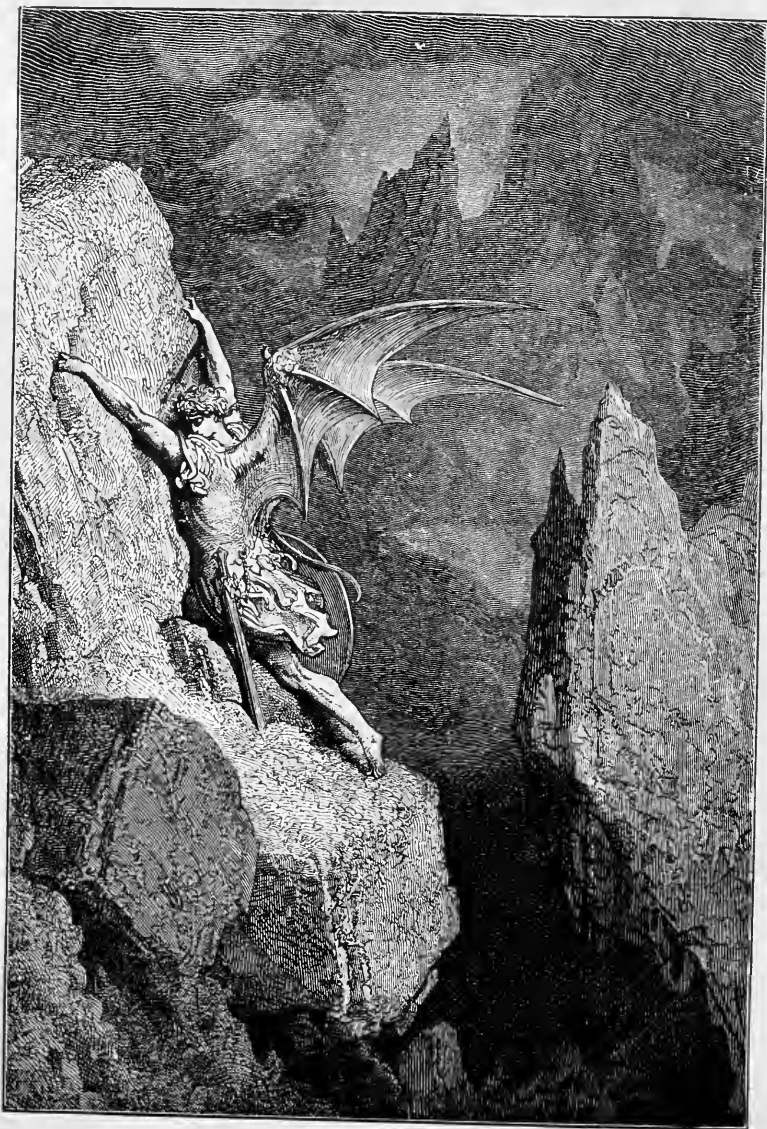
<sup>1</sup> A city and province of Libya.

Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,  
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,  
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<sup>1</sup> through the wilderness  
With wingèd course o'er hill or moory dale  
Pursues the Arimaspians,<sup>2</sup> who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold : so eagerly the fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,  
Undaunted to meet there whatever power  
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,  
Bordering on light ; when straight behold the throne  
Of Choas, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep : with him enthroned  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign ; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades,<sup>3</sup> and the dreaded name

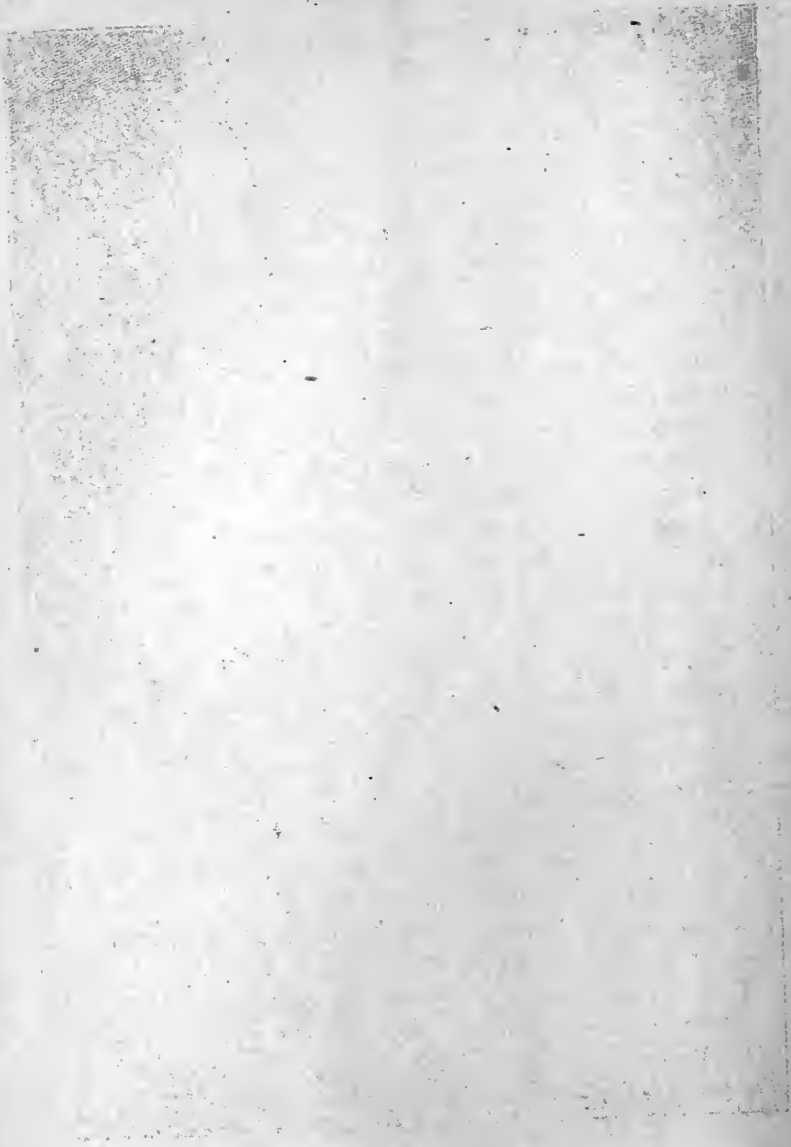
<sup>1</sup> Gryphon, a fabulous creature ; a lion with an eagle's head, said to guard gold mines.

<sup>2</sup> The Arimaspians were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who took gold, when they could get it, from the gryphons who guarded it. See Pliny's "Natural History," lib. vii. c. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Orchus, Pluto ; Ades, a personification, any dark place.—RICHARDSON.



*With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.*



Of Demogorgon;<sup>1</sup> Rumor next, and Chance,  
And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus.—Ye Powers,  
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint,  
Wand'ring 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 heav'n; or if some other place,  
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
I travel this profound; direct my course;  
Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darkness and your sway,  
Which is my present journey, and once more  
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With falt'ring speech and visage incompod,  
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading angel, who of late  
Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown,  
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

---

<sup>1</sup> A fiend, whose very name the heathen feared to pronounce.

Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils  
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first hell,  
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger: go and speed;  
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset  
And more endanger'd, than when Argo<sup>1</sup> pass'd  
Through Bosphorus betwixt the jostling rocks:  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd,  
So he with difficulty and labor hard  
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he;  
But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wond'rous length,  
From hell continued, reaching th' utmost orb  
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro

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<sup>1</sup> The ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis, in the Black Sea.

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 heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendant world,<sup>1</sup> in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

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<sup>1</sup> See *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born  
 Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam  
 May I express thee unblamed? since GOD is light,<sup>1</sup>  
 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?<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> 1 St. John i. 5. 1 Tim. vi. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Job xxxviii. 19.



Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sov'reign 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<sup>2</sup> hath quench'd their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
 Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris<sup>3</sup> and blind Mæonides,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Tiresias<sup>5</sup> and Phineus<sup>6</sup> prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note : thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

<sup>1</sup> Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night, addressing her as "Mother of gods and men."

<sup>2</sup> Milton's blindness was caused by *gutta serena*.

<sup>3</sup> A Thracian who invented the Doric measure.—NEWTON.

<sup>4</sup> Homer.

<sup>5</sup> A blind Theban prophet.—NEWTON.

<sup>6</sup> King of Arcadia.—NEWTON.

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou celestial Light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

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

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary, whom no bounds  
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, not 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 heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created world,  
And man there placed, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall  
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have: I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd:  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
Where only, what they needs must do, appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also is choice,)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had served necessity,  
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;  
As if predestination over-ruled  
Their will, disposed by absolute decree

Or high foreknowledge : they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose ; for so  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthrall themselves ; I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree,  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom ; they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-depraved : man falls deceived  
 By the other first : man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none : in mercy and justice both,  
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel ;  
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while GOD spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All heav'n, and in the blessèd spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.  
 Beyond compare the Son of GOD was seen  
 Most glorious, in him all his father shone  
 Substantially express'd,<sup>1</sup> and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace ;  
 Which uttering thus he to his father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace ;  
 For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

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<sup>1</sup> Heb. i. 3.—HUME.

For should man finally be lost, should man  
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus replied.  
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsafed: once more I will renew  
 His lapsèd powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires:  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incensèd Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark.  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts<sup>1</sup>  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due.  
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light well used they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done ; man disobeying  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,  
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote.  
 He with his whole posterity must die ;  
 Die he or justice must ; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of you will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ?  
 He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in heav'n : on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

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<sup>1</sup> Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Peter iii. 18.

Much lest that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of GOD,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace ;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy wing'd messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?  
Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.  
Behold me then, me for him, life for life,  
I offer, on me let thine anger fall ;  
Account me man ; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage ;  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,<sup>1</sup>  
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 :<sup>2</sup>  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

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<sup>1</sup> John v. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm xvi. 10.

I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead hell captive<sup>1</sup> maugre hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight  
 Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:<sup>2</sup>  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
 Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
 And 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 offer'd, he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
 All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend  
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in heav'n 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 spar  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.  
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem  
 Their nature also to thy nature join;  
 And be thyself man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxviii. 18. Col. ii. 15.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 26.



As from a second root, shall be restored,<sup>1</sup>  
As many as are restored, without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem;  
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though 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,  
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:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Phil. ii. 10

In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell ;  
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New heav'n and earth,<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all.<sup>3</sup> But all ye Gods  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels with a shout,  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast<sup>4</sup>  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold  
 Immortal amarant,<sup>5</sup> a flow'r which once

<sup>1</sup> 2 Peter iii. 12, 13.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. i. 6.

<sup>3</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. iv. 10.

<sup>5</sup> A flower of a purple velvet color. It was supposed not to die when gathered, but recovered its lustre when sprinkled with water. The name is Greek for "unfading."—HUME.

In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence  
To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
With these that never fade the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams ;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off ; the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

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  
Draw round about Thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright Thy skirts appear ;  
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, 'Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold : on Thee  
Impress'd th' effulgence of His glory abides ;  
Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests.

He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein  
 By Thee created, and by Thee threw down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;  
 Not so on man; him thro' their malice fall'n,  
 Father of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom  
 So strictly; but much more to pity incline.  
 No sooner did Thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He to appease Thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat  
 Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love,  
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!  
 Hail Son of GOD, Saviour of men, Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed  
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms

Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky ;  
Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n  
Though distant far some small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud  
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a vulture on Imaus<sup>1</sup> 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 towards the springs  
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana,<sup>2</sup> where Chineses drive  
With sails and wind their cany wagons light :  
So on this windy sea of land the fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other creature in this place<sup>3</sup>  
Living or lifeless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like aërial vapors flew  
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
With vanity had fill'd the works of men :  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life ;  
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds :  
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

---

<sup>1</sup> A mountain in Asia. Its name signifies snowy. It is the eastern boundary of Western Tartary.

<sup>2</sup> Serica lies between China on the east and Imaus on the west.—NEWTON.      <sup>3</sup> Limbo.

Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;<sup>1</sup>  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born<sup>2</sup>  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:  
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd  
 A God leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles,<sup>3</sup> and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus,<sup>4</sup> and many more too long,  
 Embryoes and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey,<sup>5</sup> with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n;  
 And they who to be sure of paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;<sup>6</sup>  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd,<sup>7</sup> and that first moved:  
 And now St. Peter at heav'n's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot

<sup>1</sup> Ariosto, in the "Orlando Furioso."

<sup>2</sup> The sons of God "ill-joined" with the daughters of "men." See Gen. vi. 4. Subject of Moore's "Loves of the Angels," and Byron's "Heaven and Earth."

<sup>3</sup> A Pythagorean philosopher. His attempt at disappearing in an extraordinary manner from the earth was defeated by the volcano throwing back his iron pattens.

<sup>4</sup> An Epirot.

<sup>5</sup> Carmelites, Dominicans, and Franciscans.

<sup>6</sup> In the dark ages, a ridiculous superstition prevailed that a dying sinner who put on the habit of a religious order was sure of salvation. It was frequently done.

<sup>7</sup> Milton speaks here according to Ptolemy's astronomy.—From NEWTON.

Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !  
A violent cross wind from either coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
Into the devious air : then might ye see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost  
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds : all these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,  
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste  
His travelled steps ; far distant he descries,  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high,  
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Imbellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw <sup>1</sup>  
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 heav'n.*  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon

---

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxviii. 12. 13.

Who after came from earth sailing arrived  
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake,  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,  
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by far than that of after-times  
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
Over the Promised Land to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests his angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,  
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore:  
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
Satan from hence now on the lower stair,  
That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First-seen, or some renown'd metropolis,  
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,  
The spirit malign; but much more envy seized  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood



So high above the circling canopy  
Of night's extended shade, from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star<sup>1</sup> that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,  
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens<sup>2</sup> famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
Thrice happy isles ; but who dwelt happy there  
He stay'd not to enquire : above them all  
The golden sun in splendor likest heaven  
Allured his eye : thither his course he bends  
Through the calm firmament ; but up or down,  
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude, where the great luminary,  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far ; they as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;  
So wond'rously was set his station bright.

---

<sup>1</sup> Aries, *i.e.*, from one half of the ecliptic to the other, from east to west. The constellation Andromeda is immediately above or over Aries.—NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> The Cape Verde Islands ; the "Fortunate Islands."

There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomers in the sun's lucent orb  
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright  
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;  
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate,<sup>1</sup> and a stone <sup>2</sup> besides  
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes,<sup>3</sup> and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Portable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
Th' arch-chemic sun so far from us remote  
Produces with terrestrial humor mix'd  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of color glorious and effect so rare ?  
Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all sun-shine ; as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from th' Equator, as they now

---

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxviii. 15-21.

<sup>2</sup> The philosopher's stone, supposed to have the power (if found) of turning the baser metals into gold.

<sup>3</sup> Quicksilver, called Hermes by the alchemists. The names of heathen gods were applied to the materials of the alchemist's laboratory. Proteus was a sea-god capable of transforming himself into various shapes.

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun :<sup>1</sup>  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;  
 Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledg with wings  
 Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
 To paradise the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay :  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd ;  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
 Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold ;  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,  
 E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
 Th' arch-angel Uriel,<sup>2</sup> one of the sev'n  
 Who in GOD'S presence nearest to his throne

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xix. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Uriel is derived from two Hebrew words, signifying *God is my light*.—NEWTON. See mention made of him in Apocrypha, 2 Esdras, 4, 5.

Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth  
 Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand  
 In sight of GOD's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honor to obtain, and as His eye  
 To visit oft this new creation round;  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
 His chief delight and favor, him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd  
 Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wand'ring. 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;  
 That I may find him, and, with secret gaze  
 Or open admiration, him behold,  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
 The universal Maker we may praise;  
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
 To deepest hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happy race of men  
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;  
 For neither man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to GOD alone,  
 By His permissive will through heav'n 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 heav'n :  
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul  
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report hear only in heav'n :  
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 heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.

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 th' other hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighboring moon,  
So call that opposite fair star, her aid  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' 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.

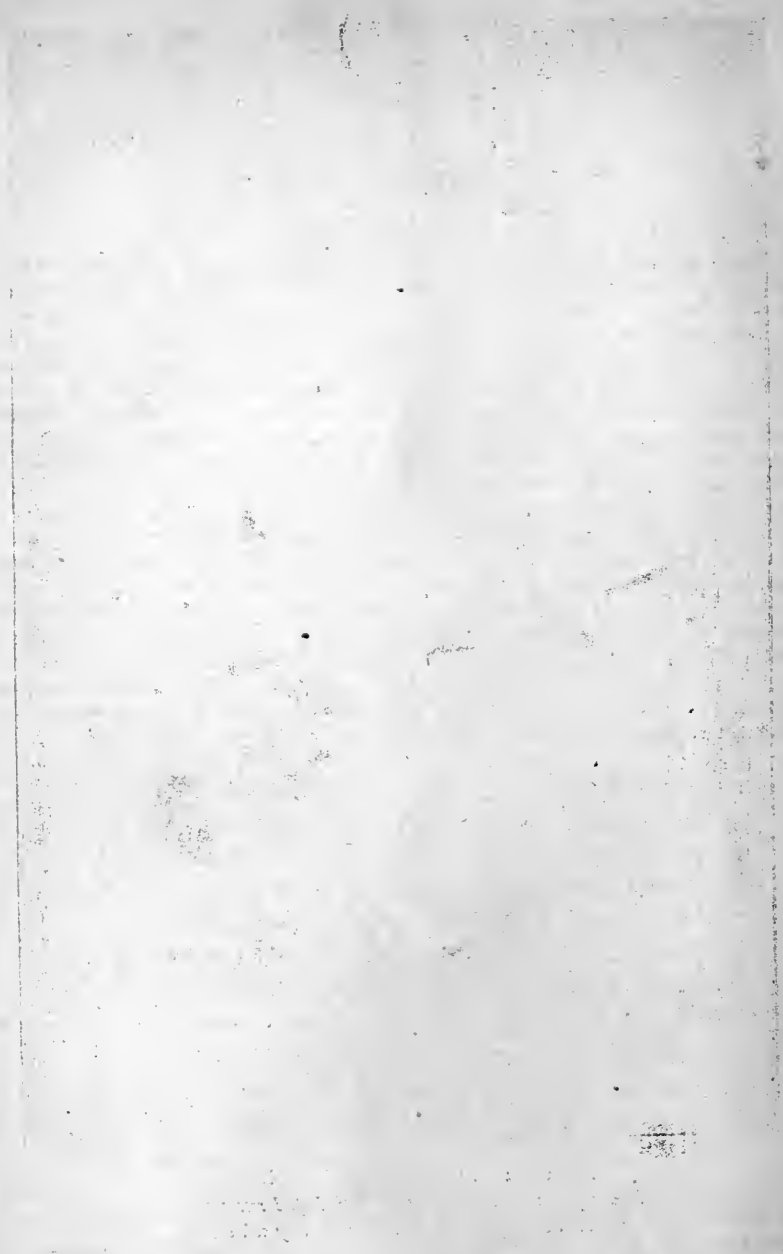
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,  
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hoped success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top<sup>1</sup> he lights.

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<sup>1</sup> A mountain bordering on Mesopotamia, near which the earthly paradise is supposed to have been placed.—*From* HUME.



*Towards the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an æry wheel.*





## 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 the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall: overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to paradise, discovered afterwards 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 nightwatch to walk the round of paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance; but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he,<sup>1</sup> who saw  
 Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon,<sup>2</sup> put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
 "Woe to the inhabitants on earth!" that now,  
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,  
 Happily so 'scaped his mortal snare; for now  
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,  
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss

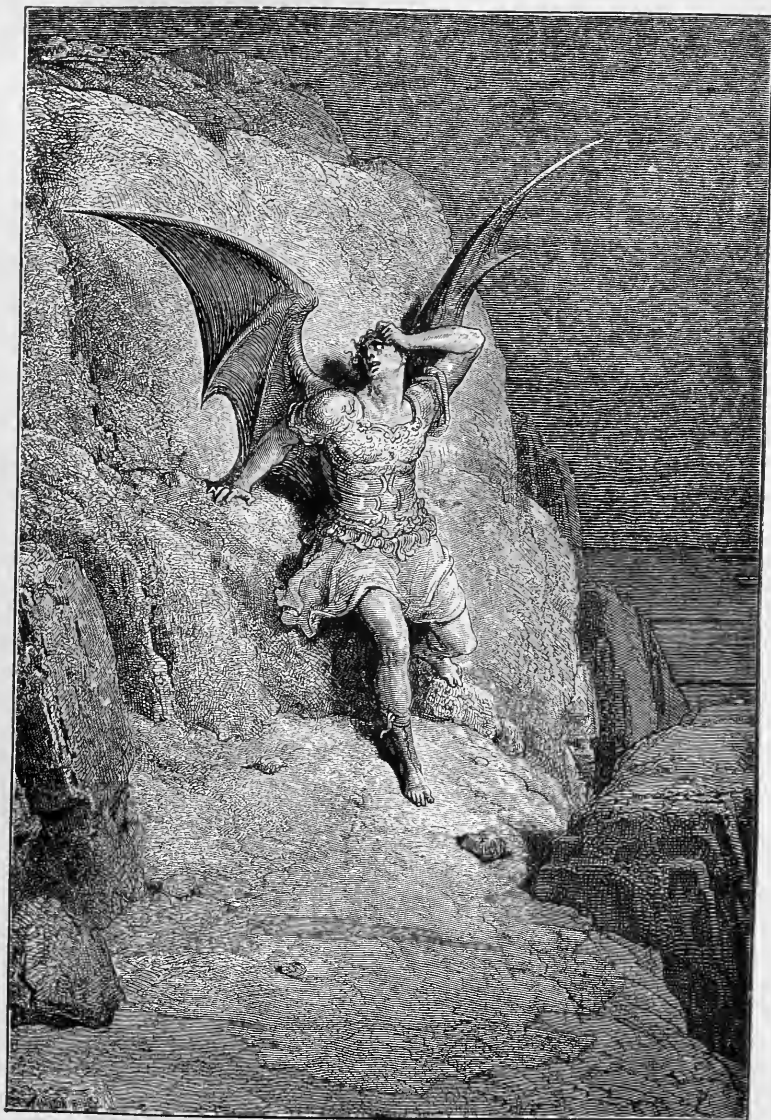
<sup>1</sup> St. John. Rev. xii. 10. "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, . . ." and at verse 12, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you. . . ." <sup>2</sup> Devil,

Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which, nigh the birth  
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The hell within him, for within him hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place: now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be,  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes towards heav'n and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r:  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

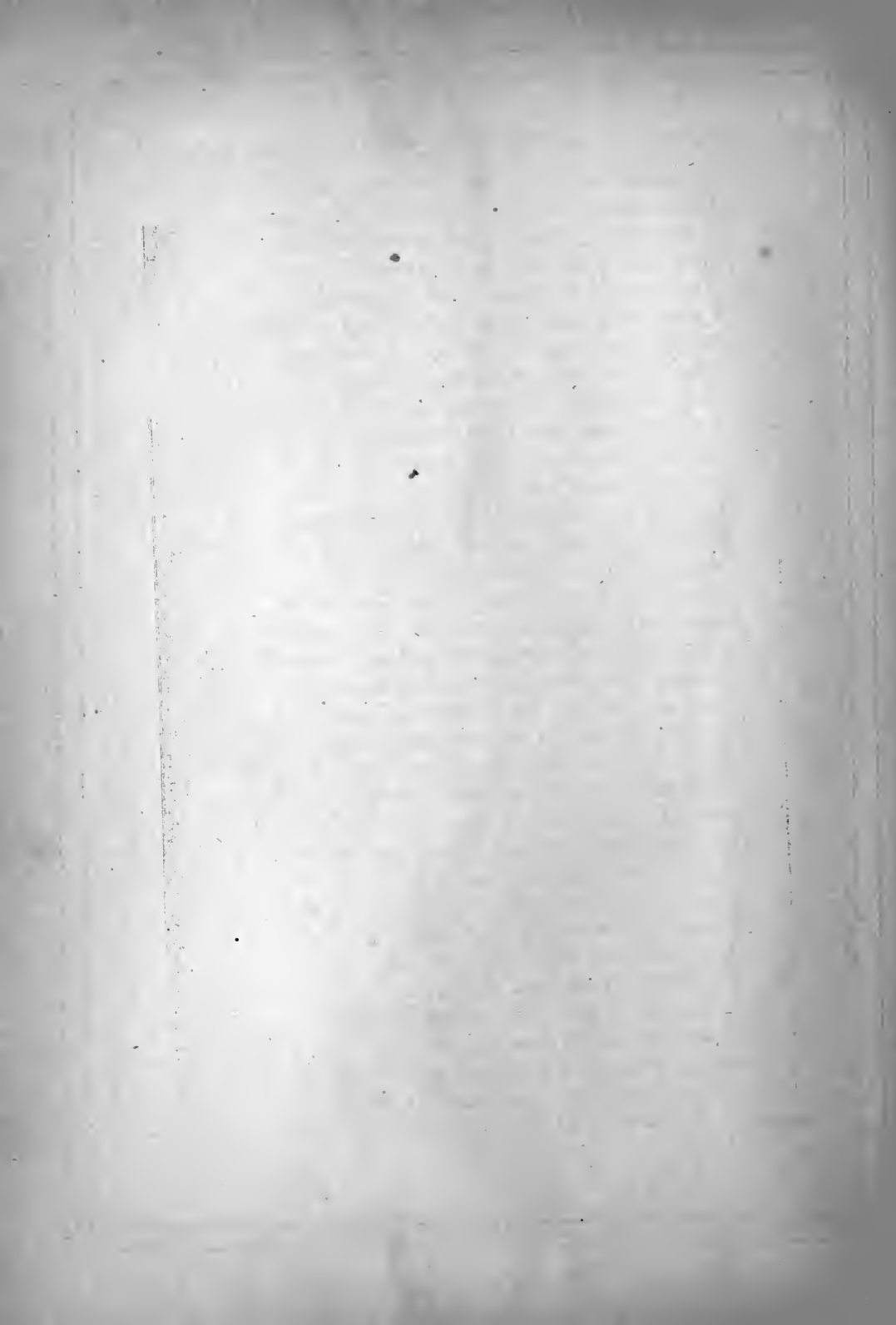
O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n'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

---

<sup>1</sup> Milton originally designed to write a tragedy on the Fall, and this grand speech was intended to begin it. This is asserted by Porson on the authority of Milton's nephew, Edward Philips.



*Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?*



Upbraided none ; nor was His service hard.  
What could be less than to afford Him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay Him thanks,  
How due ! yet all His good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
I sdein'd<sup>1</sup> subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthensome, 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 ?  
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised  
Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other power  
As great might have aspired, and me though mean  
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe :  
Nay cursed be thou since against His thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide ;  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.

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<sup>1</sup> Disdained.

O then at last relent : is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
None left but my 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  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan ;  
While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
With diadem and sceptre high advanced  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery ; such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state ; how soon  
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore : ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far  
From granting He, as I from begging peace :  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,  
Mankind, created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;  
Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least  
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
As man ere long and this new world shall know.  
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
His counterfeit, if any eye beheld:  
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
• Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.  
Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down  
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanor, then alone,  
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.  
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 over head up grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yct higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;  
Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighboring round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mixt:  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd  
 That landscape : and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabeian odors from the spicy shore <sup>1</sup>  
 Of Araby the blest, with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course and many a league  
 Cheer'd with the greatful smell old Ocean smiles :  
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodeus <sup>2</sup> with the fishy fume,  
 That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.  
 Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill

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<sup>1</sup> The perfumes from the shores of India and its islands can be perceived far out at sea, when the wind blows off the land—

“ The spicy breezes

Blow soft from Ceylon's isle,”

says Bishop Heber in his fine Missionary Hymn ; and every one who has lived in the East will remember how oppressive *on shore* the scent-laden air, heavy with perfume, is. How constantly it recalls to one's mind Byron's exquisite lines in the “ Bride of Abydos ” —

“ The light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;”

but coming on the briny sea breezes this fragrance is delightful to the mariner. It is in spring, when the wind blows off the shore, that the air thus becomes the harbinger of a near haven. Milton is said to have taken his description from *Diodorus Siculus*, B. III. 40.—  
*Notes on GRAY.*

<sup>2</sup> An evil spirit, who, loving Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, would not suffer any of the young men who espoused her to live. He was exorcised by the fumes arising from the heart and liver of a fish, which Tobit, by the instruction of an angel, burnt on the evening of his wedding. See Apocrypha, Tobit, viii.



Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none, so thick entwined  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling brushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that past that way.  
One gate there only was, and that looked east  
On th' other side : which when th' arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leads o'er the fence with ease into the fold :  
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :  
So clomb this first grand thief into GOD's fold ;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle tree and highest<sup>1</sup> there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who lived ; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life giving plant, but only used  
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense exposed

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. ii. 9.

In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heav'n on earth : for blissful Paradise  
 Of GOD the garden was, by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line  
 From Auran<sup>1</sup> eastward to the royal tow'rs  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar.<sup>2</sup> In this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ;  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit,  
 Of vegetable gold, and next to life  
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Water'd the garden ; thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears ;  
 And now divided into four main streams  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring 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 pendant shades

<sup>1</sup> Haran.—*From* Newton.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah xxxvii. 12. A province of the children of Eden, placed by Ptolemy in Babylonia.—  
*From* NEWTON.

Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view :  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flow'rs 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  
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,<sup>1</sup>  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pan was a symbol of Nature. The Graces symbolized Spring, Summer, and Autumn. The Hours, the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.—RICHARDSON.

<sup>2</sup> Pluto. All the loveliest dreams of mythology, and the places remarkable for natural beauty—the Plains of Enna, in Sicily ; the laurel-grove of Daphne, by the River Orontes ; the Castalian Spring, haunted by the Muses ; the Greek Isle, where Bacchus was nursed ; the

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired  
 Castalian spring might with this paradise  
 Of Eden strive: nor that 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,  
 Mount Amara,<sup>1</sup> 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.

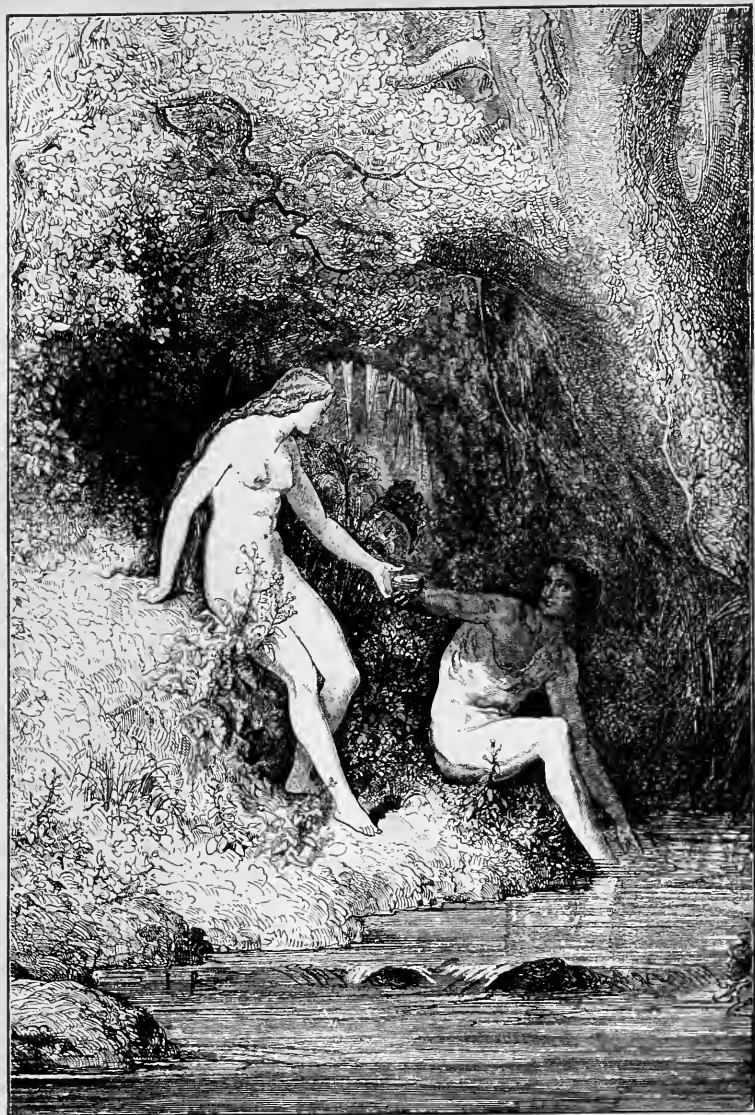
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad,  
 In native majesty, seem'd lords of all,  
 And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
 Whence true authority in men: though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.<sup>2</sup>  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks

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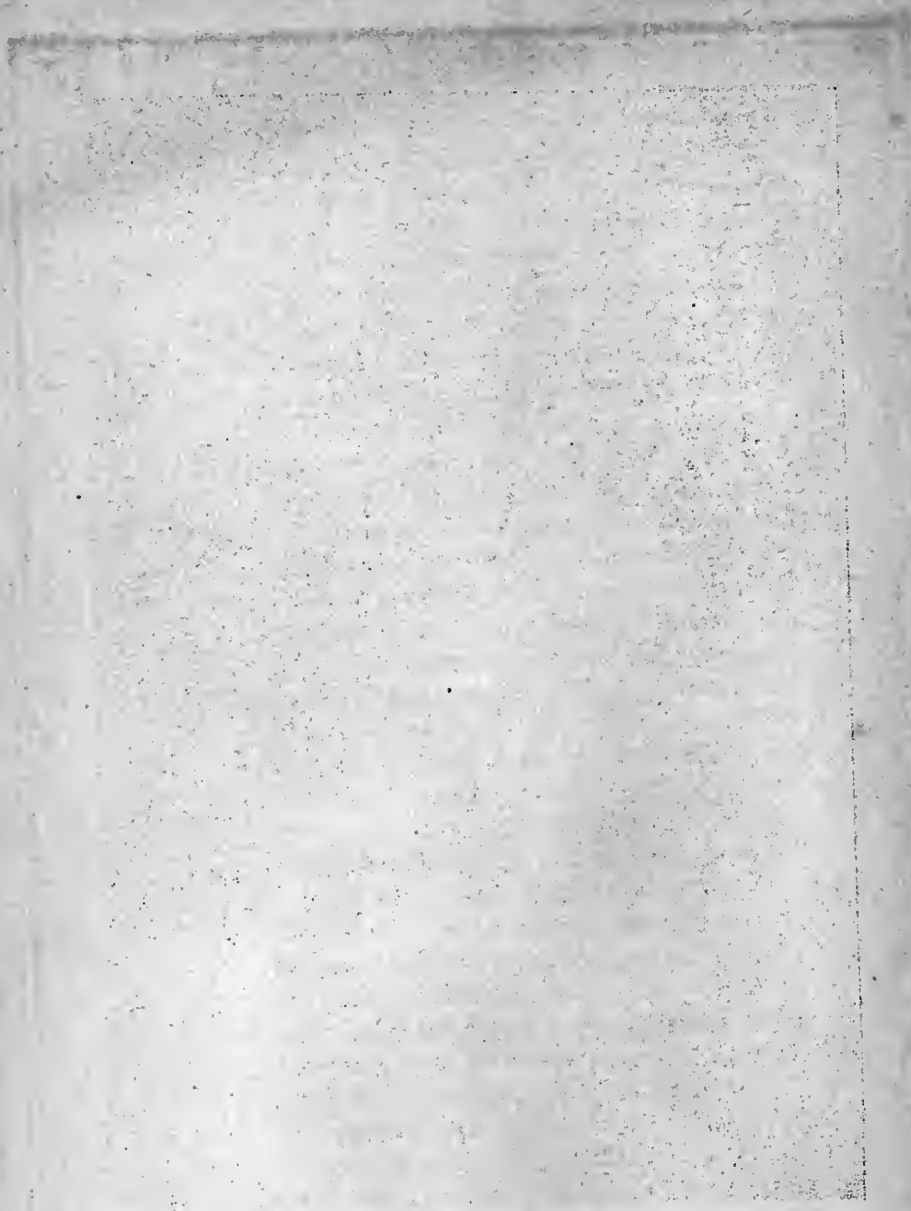
Happy Valley where the Princes of Abyssinia were nursed—are here named to exalt the wondrous beauty of the earthly Paradise by comparison.

<sup>1</sup> High hills in Ethiopia, under the equator; within their circuit lay the guarded valley where the royal children of Abyssinia dwelt.—MASSEY. Our readers will be reminded of *Rasselas*.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 7-9.



*The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.*



Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
She as a veil down to the slender waist  
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore  
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;  
Then was not guilty shame ; dishonest shame  
Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill :  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green  
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down ; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gard'ning labor than sufficed  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.  
The savory 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, link'd in happy nuptial league  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gamboll'd before them ; th' unwieldy elephant  
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Couch'd and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating : for the sun  
 Declined was hastening now with prone career  
 To th' ocean isles and in th' ascending scale  
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose :  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold,  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd !  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe ;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue ; and this high seat your heav'n  
 Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd : yet no purposed foe



To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
And mutual amity, so straight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,  
Like this fair paradise, your sense ; yet such  
Accept, your Maker's work ; He gave it me.  
Which I as freely give : hell shall unfold<sup>1</sup>  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings : there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honor and empire with revenge enlarged,  
By conquering this new world, compels me now  
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those fourfooted 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  
By word or action mark'd : about them round  
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,  
Then as a tiger, who by chance had spied  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft,  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiv. 9.

Griped in each paw : when Adam first of men,  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all those joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of His good  
 As liberal and free as infinite,  
 That raised us from the dust and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at His hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof He hath need, He who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only Tree  
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life ;  
 So near grows death to life ; whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers ;  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

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

For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring 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 th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,  
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he  
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human race. What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a plantain; yet, methought, less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth wat'ry image ; back I turn'd,  
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve,  
 Whom fliest thou ? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear :  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine ; I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

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

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

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n, by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of paradise  
 Levell'd his ev'ning 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<sup>1</sup> sat,

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<sup>1</sup> The angel sent to Daniel (Dan. ix. 21), and to the Virgin Mary and to Zacharias (see Luke i. 19 and 26).

Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night ;  
 About him exercised heroic games  
 Th' unarmed youth of heav'n ; but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fired  
 Impress the air, and show the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in :  
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man  
 God's latest image : I descried his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait :  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscured :  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him ; one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise  
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the wingèd warrior thus return'd :  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,  
 See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
 Well known from heav'n ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But if within the circuit of these walks  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promised he, and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised  
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fall'n  
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,  
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there,  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led  
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, the hour  
Of night and all things now retired to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,

And of their doings GOD takes no account.  
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labor, to reform  
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :  
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.  
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey, so GOD ordains ;  
GOD is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time,  
All seasons and their change, all please alike :  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ning with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful ev'ning mild ; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heav'n, 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,  
Glist'ring 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?  
To whom our general ancestor replied.  
Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,  
Those have their course to finish, round the earth,  
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Minist'ring 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 heav'n 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  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.  
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bower ; it was a place  
Chosen by the sov'reign 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 jessamin  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph,  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espousèd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
 And heav'nly choirs the Hymenæus sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely than Pandora,<sup>1</sup> whom the Gods  
 Endow'd 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,  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky adored  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n

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<sup>1</sup> Pandora was a most beautiful woman on whom the gods bestowed all their gifts. Jupiter, enraged with Prometheus, the son of Japhet, for having stolen fire from heaven, sent Pandora, with a box of supposed treasures, to him, to punish him; but he refused to receive her. Hermes (or Mercury) then led her to Prometheus's "unwiser" brother Epimetheus, who received her, and was persuaded by her to open the box she brought as her dowry. It contained all the ills which have since afflicted humanity, but *Hope* remained at the bottom. It is very probable that this fable originated in the true story of Eve's disobedience, and her enticing Adam to share her sin.

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole. Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,  
Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which GOD likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went ; and, eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turn'd, I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse ; nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused  
Whatever hypocrites austere 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  
In paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Affections.

Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition ; nor in court amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair, and O ! yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd  
 To their night watches in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel,<sup>1</sup> half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north ;  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon,<sup>2</sup> with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;

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<sup>1</sup> This angels name signifies the strength of God.

<sup>2</sup> The name of Ithuriel signifies the discovery of God ; of Zephon, a secret, or searcher of secrets.—*From HUME.*

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.  
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,  
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
Hitherward bent, who could have thought ? escaped  
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt :  
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

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

Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell  
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison ? and transformed,  
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,

Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?

Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar ;  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
 Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same  
 Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known  
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n 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.  
 But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

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

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;  
 But like a proud steed rein'd went haughty on,  
 Champing his iron curb : to strive or fly  
 He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd  
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief  
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hastening this way, and now by glimpse discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan ; who by his gait  
 And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell,  
 Nor likely to part hence without contest :  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

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

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
 To thy transgression, and disturb'd the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place,  
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling GOD hath planted here in bliss ?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.  
 Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
 And such I held thee : but this question ask'd  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
 Though hither doom'd ? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
 And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou might'st 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 ask'd.  
 The rest is true; they found me where they say;  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
 Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied.  
 O loss of one in heav'n 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  
 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,  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain  
 Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,  
 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 ;  
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 heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior angel soon replied.  
To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add ? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !  
Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head :  
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to th' acknowledged Power supreme ?  
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely adored  
Heav'n's awful Monarch ? wherefore but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?  
But mark what I arreed thee now ; Avaunt ;  
Fly thither whence thou fledst : if from this hour  
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
And seal thee so,<sup>1</sup> as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. xx. 3.

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

Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
Proud liminary Cherub ; but ere then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm ; though heaven's King  
Ride on thy wings,<sup>1</sup> and thou with thy compeers,  
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the road of heav'n star-paved.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
Turn' fiery red, sharp'ning in moonèd horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On the other side Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved :  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,<sup>2</sup> yet seen

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. i. x. and xi. 22.

<sup>2</sup> The constellation Libra. This image of the Deity weighing the fates of the combatants is found both in Homer—XXII, "Iliad"—and in Virgil, who represents Jupiter as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas.—ADDISON. "In Homer and Virgil the combatants are weighed one against another, but here Satan only is weighed ; in one scale the consequence of his retreating, in the other of his fighting. And there is this further improvement, that,

Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam:  
Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine:  
Neither our own but given; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more  
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire? for proof look up  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd,<sup>1</sup> and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

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as in Homer and Virgil the fates are weighed to satisfy Jupiter himself, it is here done to satisfy only the contending parties—for Satan to read his own destiny!—NEWTON.

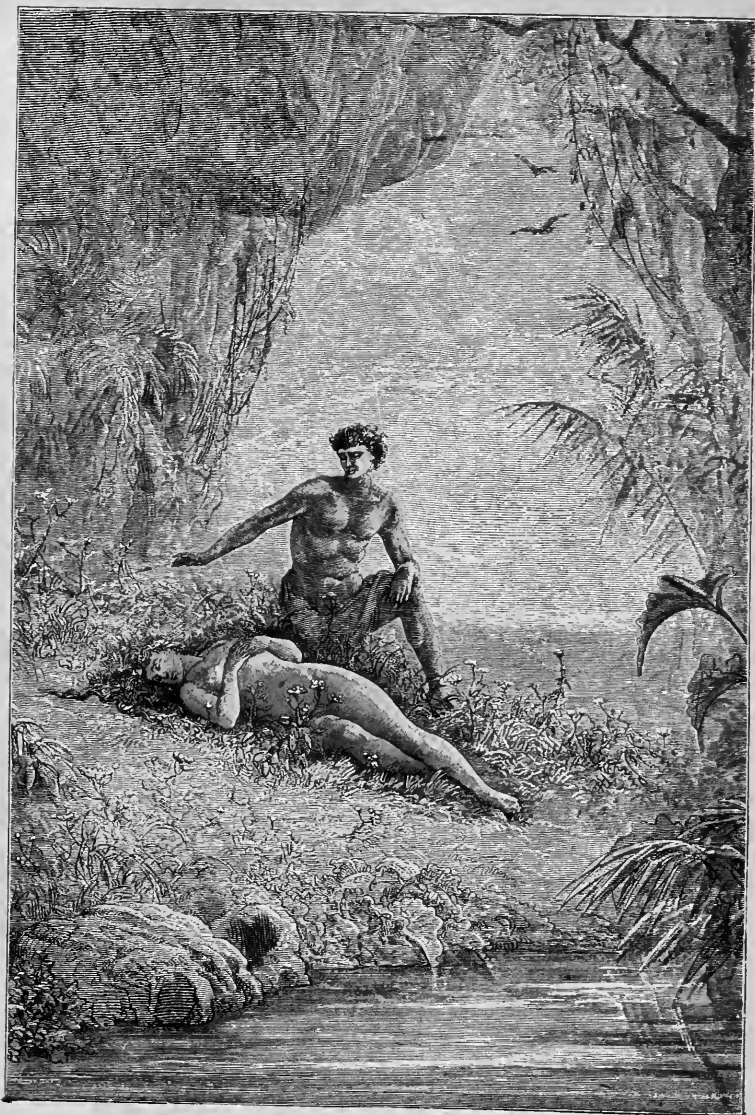
<sup>1</sup> Dan. v. 27.

## BOOK V.

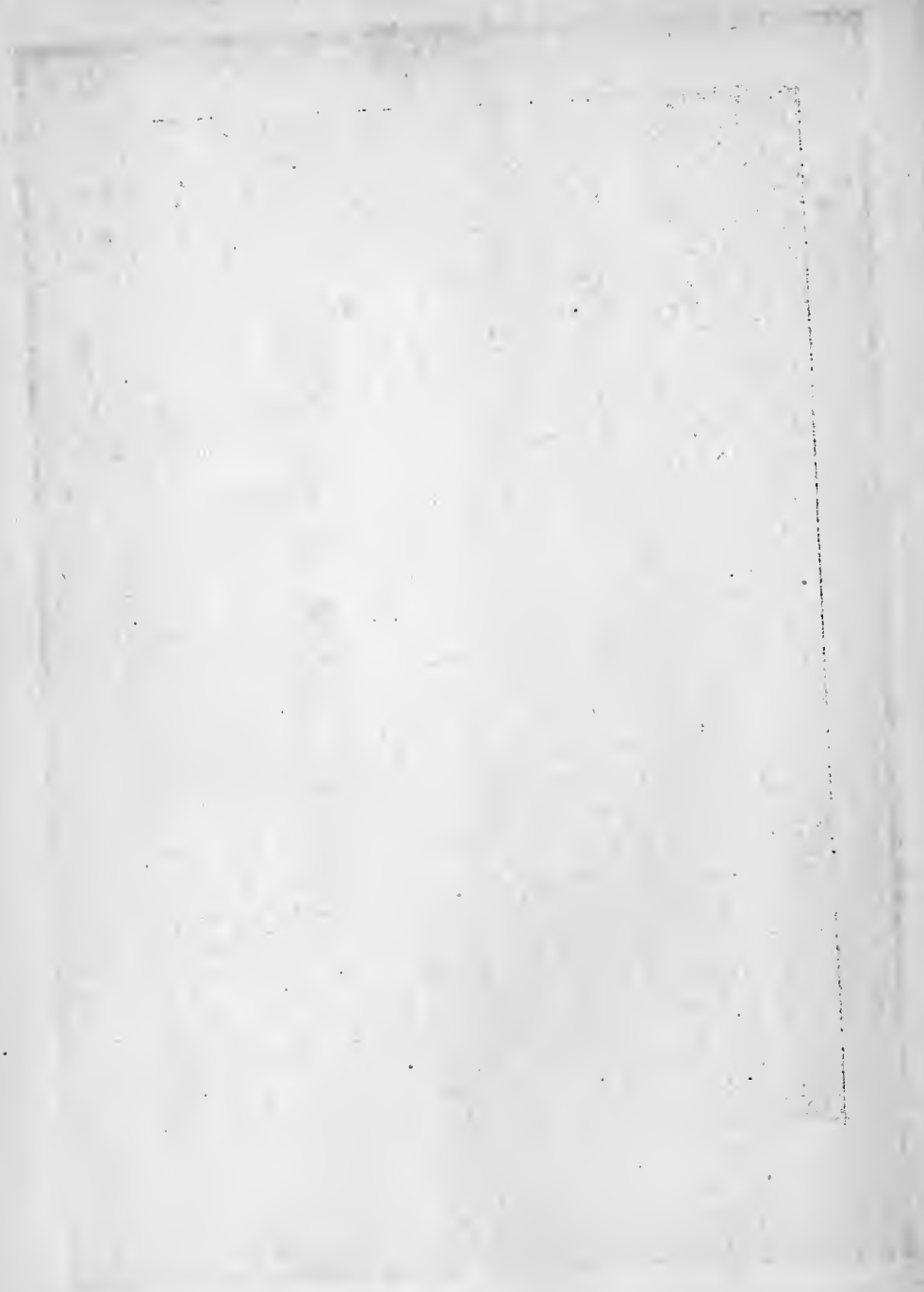
## THE ARGUMENT.

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

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



*Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamoured.*



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

Such whisp'ring 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 pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night : methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,  
Why sleep'st thou Eve ? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
If none regard : heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood  
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heav'n  
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gazed ;  
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
Nor GOD, nor man ; is knowledge so despised ?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?  
This said he paused not, but with vent'rous arm  
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd  
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.  
But he thus overjoy'd : O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd,  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men :  
And why not Gods of men since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impair'd, but honor'd 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  
Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savory smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
And various : wond'ring at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation, suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep : but O how glad I waked



To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear:  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,  
Created pure. But know that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties that serve  
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent  
She forms imaginations, 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  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise,  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,  
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd ;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair :  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,  
 And pious awe that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of dayspring and the sun, who, scarce uprisen  
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style ; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness : and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 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,  
 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.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
In mystic dance not without song,<sup>1</sup> resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
Air, and ye elements the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honor to the world's great author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
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,

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres.

## PARADISE LOST.

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm,  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
 Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row  
 Of fruit-trees over woody reach'd too far  
 Their pamper'd<sup>2</sup> 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, th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him called  
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth  
 Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf,  
 Hath raised in paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair, how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind :  
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,  
 To respite his day-labor with repast,

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<sup>1</sup> See Psalm cxlviii.

<sup>2</sup> Unrestrained.

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 fall'n himself from heaven, is plotting now  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss ;  
 By violence ? no ; for that shall be withstood,  
 But by deceit and lies ; this let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice : nor delay'd the wingèd saint  
 After his charge received ; but from among  
 Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew through the midst of heav'n ; th' angelic choirs,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all the empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of heav'n arrived, the gate itself open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had framed.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interposed, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the garden of GOD, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills : as when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades<sup>1</sup>  
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight

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<sup>1</sup> Islands of the Archipelago.

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar  
 Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
 When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.<sup>1</sup>  
 At once on th' eastern cliff of paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colors dipp'd in heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail  
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son<sup>2</sup> he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high, in honor rise;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glittering tents he pass'd and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets; for nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,

<sup>1</sup> The phoenix was a fabled bird, of which one only was said to exist at a time. It was exquisitely beautiful; and lived many hundred years. At the end of its life it made a pile of aromatic woods, which it kindled, and, fanning the flames with its wings, perished in the blaze. From its ashes sprang another phoenix. The phoenix made his funeral pyre in the sun's temple at Thebes.

<sup>2</sup> "The feathered Mercury."—SHAKESPEARE. Mercury had wings on his feet as well as his shoulders.

Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
 For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry, or grape, to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving, seems another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon ; some great behest from heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful ; which instructs us not to spare.

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

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent

What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contrived as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change ;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
 In India east or west, or middle shore  
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast,<sup>1</sup> or where  
 Alcinous reign'd,<sup>2</sup> fruit of all kinds, in coat,  
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand : for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must,<sup>3</sup> and meaths<sup>4</sup>  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strews the ground  
 With rose and odors from the shrub unfumed.  
 Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
 His god-like 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 besmear'd 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,  
 Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place  
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain,  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us

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<sup>1</sup> Carthage.

<sup>2</sup> Phœacia, an island in the Ionian Sea.

<sup>3</sup> Grape juice, unfermented.

<sup>4</sup> Mead.



Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
 Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,  
 To visit thee: lead on, then where thy bower  
 O'ershades: for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor smiled,  
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells: but Eve  
 Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n; no veil  
 She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her check. On whom the angel Hail  
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation used  
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
 Have heap'd this table. Raised of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample 'square from side to side  
 All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here  
 Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold,  
 No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began  
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the judgment of Paris, when Juno, Minerva, and Venus contended for the apple inscribed, "To the fairest."

All perfect good unmeasured out descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caused  
 The earth to yield; unsavory food, perhaps,  
 To spiritual natures: only this I know,  
 That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what He gives,  
 Whose praise be ever sung, to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intellectual substances require,  
 As doth your rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created needs  
 To be sustain'd and fed; of elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;  
 Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires  
 Ethereal; and as lowest first the moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
 Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimantal recompence  
 In humid exhalations, and at even  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees<sup>1</sup>  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar; tho' from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain;<sup>2</sup> yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxviii. 25; cv. 40.

<sup>2</sup> "The bread of Heaven," *i.e.* manna. Rev. xxii. 2. Matt. xxvi. 29.

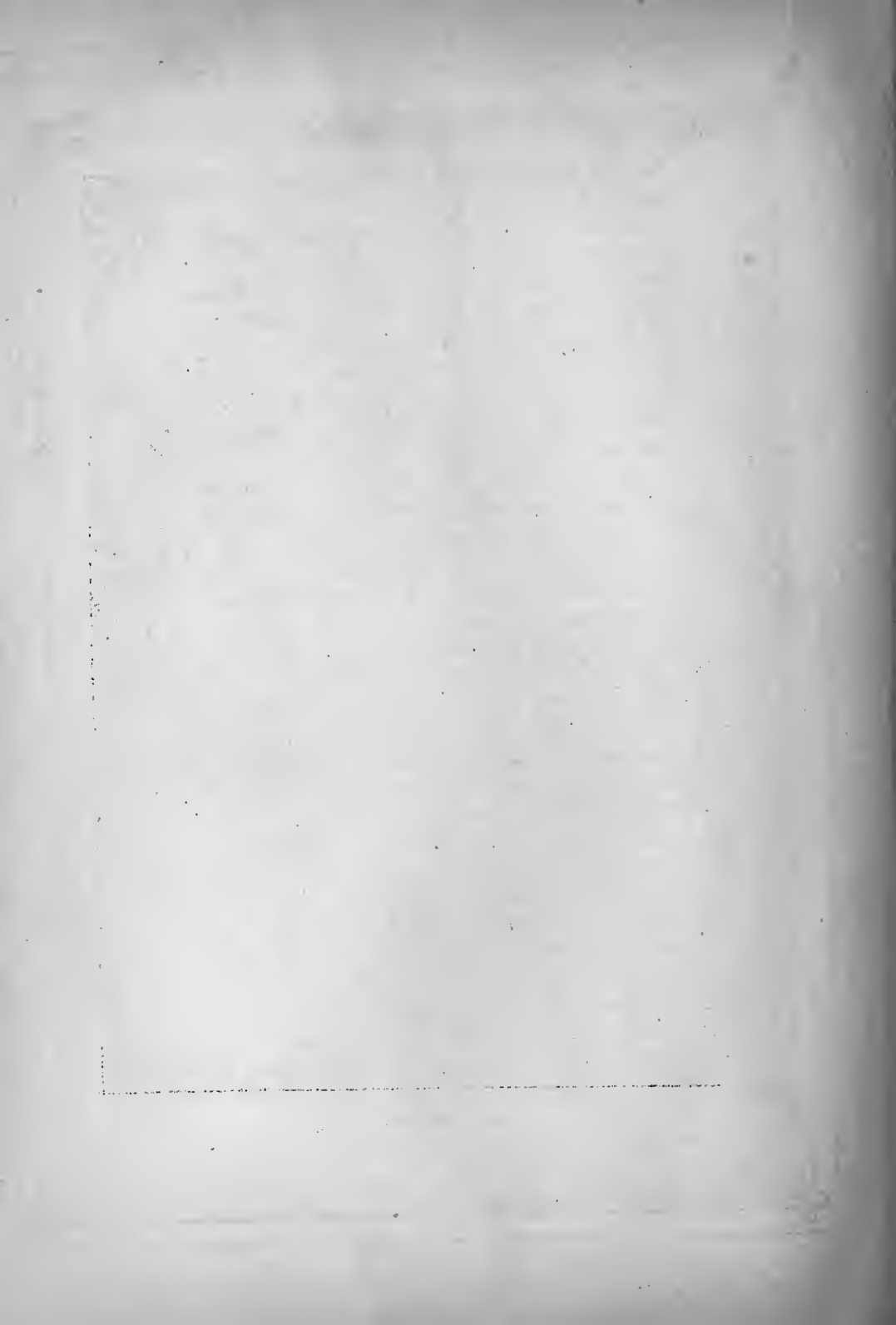
As may compare with heaven ; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly  
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires  
Through spirits with ease ; nor wonder ; if by fire  
Of sooty coal the empyric alchymist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossest ore to perfect gold  
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence  
Deserving paradise ! if ever, then,  
Then had the sons of GOD excuse to have been  
Enamor'd at that sight ; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy,  
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.  
Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass,  
Given him by this great conference, to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being  
Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far ; whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far  
Exceeded human ; and his wary speech  
Thus to th' empyreal minister he framed.  
Inhabitant with GOD, now know I well  
Thy favor, in this honor done to man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou could'st not seem  
At heav'n's high feast to have fed : yet what compare ?

*PARADISE LOST.*

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied.  
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not depraved from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Indued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life:  
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,  
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
More acry, last the bright consummate flow'r  
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding, whence the soul  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive or intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
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 heav'nly paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm His love entire,  
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy



*To whom the winged Hierarch replied :  
O Adam, one Almighty is.*



Your fill what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

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

To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth  
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to GOD;  
That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself,  
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
This was that caution given thee; be advised.  
GOD made thee perfect, not immutable:  
And good He made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
Inextricable or strict necessity:  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated, such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose?  
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand  
In sight of GOD enthroned, our happy state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
On other surety none; freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall.  
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from heaven to deepest hell: O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

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

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 th' 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,  
 This is dispensed, and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best: though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heav'n; and things therein



Each to other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heav'ns now roll, where earth now rests  
 Upon her centre poised, when on a day,  
 For time, though in eternity, applied  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future ; on such day  
 As heav'n's great year<sup>1</sup> brings forth, th' empyreal host<sup>2</sup>  
 Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd :  
 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  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees :  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Hear my decree,<sup>3</sup> 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 my Self have sworn to him shall bow

<sup>1</sup> Plato's great year was probably in Milton's mind. It was a revolution of all the spheres.

"Everything returns to where it set out when their motion first began."—RICHARDSON.

<sup>2</sup> Job i. 6. Dan. vii. 10.

<sup>3</sup> See Psalm ii. Heb. i. 5.

All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.  
 Under his great vice-gerent reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,  
 For ever happy : him who disobeys  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day  
 Cast out from GOD and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seemed well pleased ; all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels  
 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. Ev'ning now approach'd,  
 For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need,  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows,  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold ;  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.  
 On flow'rs reposed and with fresh flowerets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who shower'd  
 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 heav'n 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,  
 Such are the courts of GOD, th' angelic throng  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,<sup>2</sup>  
 Pavilions numberless and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds, save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne  
 Alternate all night long. But not so waked  
 Satan, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the first  
 If not the first arch-angel, great in power,  
 In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of GOD, that day  
 Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.  
 Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday so late hath past the lips  
 Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart:

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxi. 4: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." <sup>2</sup> Rev. xxii.

Both waking we were one ; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou see'st imposed ;  
 New laws from Him who reigns new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue ; more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief:  
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
 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,<sup>1</sup> there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands ;  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false arch-angel, and infused  
 Bad influence into th' 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 disincumber'd heav'n ;  
 The great hierarchial standard was to move ;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity ; but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed

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<sup>1</sup> "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning. . . . For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God ; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation *in the sides of the north*."—Isaiah xiv. part of 12 and 13 vs. In Shakespeare, 1st Part of *Henry VI.*, Act V. Sc. 3, Joan of Arc, addressing the fiends, calls them,—

• substitutes

"Unto the lordly *monarch of the north*."

*i.e.*, the devil. This was probably in accordance with popular superstition, which actually gave an ill name to the *north* side of even a churchyard.

His name, and high was his degree in heav'n ;  
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps<sup>2</sup> that burn  
Nightly before Him, saw without their light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of morn,<sup>3</sup> what multitudes  
Where banded to oppose His high decree ;  
And smiling to His only Son thus said.

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

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear  
Light'ning 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,<sup>4</sup>  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xii. 3, 4.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. iv. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Isaiah xiv. 12.

<sup>4</sup> Psalm ii. 4.

Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son : but Satan with his powers  
Far was advanced on wingèd speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones  
In their triple degrees, regions to which  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,  
At length into the limits of the north  
They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
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<sup>1</sup> whereon  
Messiah was declared in sight of heav'n,  
The mountain of the congregation call'd ;  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their king,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues, powers,  
If these magnific titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree

---

<sup>1</sup> Psalm ii. 6.

Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of king anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult how we may best  
 With what may be devised of honors new  
 Receive him, coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
 Too much to one, but double how endured,  
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of heav'n, possess before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

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

O argument blasphemous, false and proud,  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n

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 heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee,<sup>1</sup> and in that honor due  
 Confess him rightful king? unjust thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give law to GOD?<sup>2</sup> shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n  
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?  
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
 And of our good, and of our dignity  
 How provident He is; how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign:  
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
 As by His word the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of heav'n  
 By him created in their bright degrees,<sup>3</sup>  
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,  
 But more illustrious made, since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduced becomes;  
 His laws our laws, all honor to him done

---

<sup>1</sup> Philip. ii. 9, 10, 11.

<sup>2</sup> Rom. ix. 20.

<sup>3</sup> Colos. i. 15, 16, 17.



Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incensèd Father, and th' incensèd Son,<sup>1</sup>  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

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

That we were form'd then say'st thou ? and the work  
 Of secondary hands by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son ? strange point and new !  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd : who saw  
 When this creation was ? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?  
 We know no time when we were not as now ;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heav'n, 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 begird th' Almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed king ;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

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

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
 Forsaken of all good, I see thy fall

---

<sup>1</sup> Psalm ii.

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

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

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

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

Servant of GOD, well done, well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence : for this was all thy care,  
To stand approved in sight of GOD, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
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 armèd Saints  
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight ;  
Equal in number to that godless crew  
Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n  
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 sovereign voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign

Of wrath awak'd : nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow :  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of GOD and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm : nor obvious hill,  
Nor straight'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
Of birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee : so over many a tract  
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last  
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,<sup>1</sup>  
The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
That self-same day, by fight or by surprize,  
To win the mount of GOD, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer ; but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the mid way. Though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that angel should with angel war,

---

<sup>1</sup> Here is an allusion to the designs and mottoes on shields.

And in fierce hosting<sup>1</sup> meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
 Hymning th' eternal Father; but the shout  
 Of battle now began,<sup>2</sup> and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol<sup>3</sup> of Majesty divine, enclosed  
 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 join'd,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold:  
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and reälty<sup>4</sup>  
 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 th' 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

<sup>1</sup> Mustering of *hosts* or armies.

<sup>2</sup> "There was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels and prevailed not," &c. See Rev. xii. 7, 8, 9.

<sup>3</sup> For Counterfeit—false deity.

<sup>4</sup> Reality.

Victor: though brutish that contest and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and, from his armèd peers  
 Fòrth stepping opposite, half way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied.

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

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,  
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue  
 Inspired with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigor divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest : this pause between,  
 Unanswer'd lest thou boast, to let thee know,  
 At first I thought that liberty and heav'n  
 To heav'nly souls had been all one ; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song ;  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.  
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
 Unjustly thou depriv'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 th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd ;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve  
 In heav'n GOD ever bless'd, and His divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ;  
 Yet chains in hell, not realms expect : meanwhile  
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth





*This greeting on thy impious crest receive.*

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented and verified. The second section details the various methods used to collect and analyze data, highlighting the need for consistency and precision. The third part describes the results of the experiments, showing a clear trend in the data that supports the initial hypothesis. Finally, the document concludes with a summary of the findings and suggestions for further research in this area.

Winds under ground or waters, forcing way  
Side-long had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound  
The arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor, such as heard in heaven till now  
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire:  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all heav'n  
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not the eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of heav'n high overruled  
And limited their might; though number'd such,  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host; in strength each armèd hand

A legion ; led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war ; no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear ; each on himself relied,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread  
That war and various ; sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight : then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting : such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil  
Surceased ; and glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdued  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflamed, first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnamed in heav'n ; now plenteous, as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought

Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now proved false! But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest; heav'n casts thee out  
 From all her confines: heav'n the seat of bliss  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;  
 Thou and thy wicked crew: there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

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

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeaking; 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  
 Of Godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.

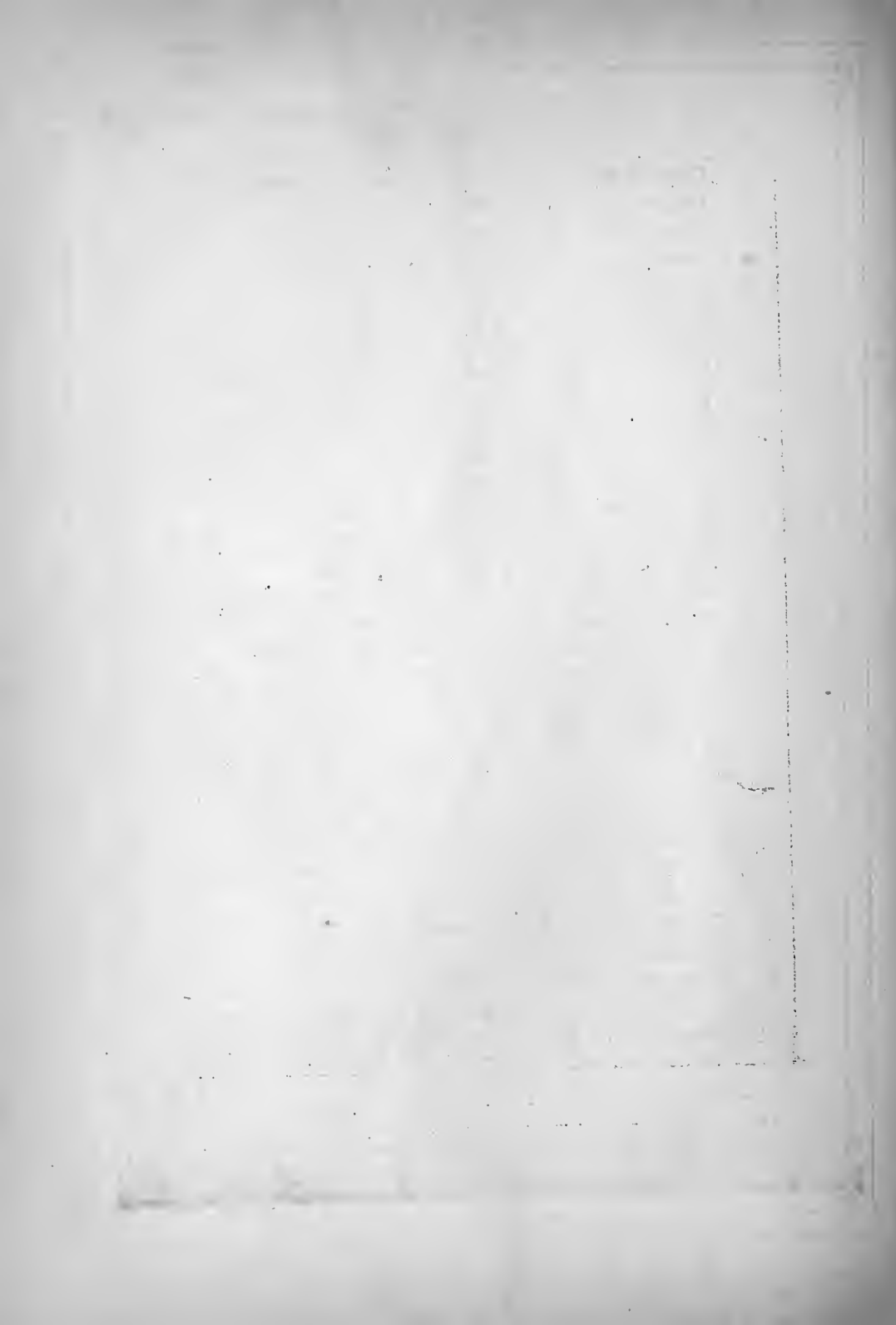
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed retired,  
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion, such as, to set forth  
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
Together both, with next to Almighty arm,  
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeat,  
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd  
In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
Of Michael from the armory of God  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared  
All his right side; then Satan first knew pain,  
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd thro' him, but th' ethereal substance closed,  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,<sup>1</sup>  
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.  
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
By angels many and strong, who interposed

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<sup>1</sup> Homer calls the blood of the gods *ichor*, and describes it as differing from human blood, as Milton does that of Satan the Archangel.



*Then Satan first knew pain,  
And writhed him to and fro.*





Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot ; where it stood retired  
 From off the files of war : there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense, and as they please  
 They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king, who him defied,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon,  
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe  
 Though huge and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd, Adrameleck<sup>1</sup> and Asmadai,<sup>2</sup>  
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy

<sup>1</sup> One of the idols of Sepharvaim. <sup>2</sup> Kings xvii. 31.

<sup>2</sup> The same as Asmodeus, the persecutor of Sara in Tobit.

The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,  
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy; yet to glory aspires  
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,  
 With many an inroad gored; deformed rout  
 Enter'd and foul disorder: all the ground  
 With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd  
 O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprized,  
 Then first with fear surprized 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 th' inviolable saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved.

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

O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
Honor, dominion, glory, and, renown ;  
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,  
(And if one day why not eternal days ?)  
What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
Against us from about His throne, and judged  
Sufficient to subdue us to His will  
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem Him, though till now  
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
Some disadvantage we endured and pain,  
Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd ;  
Since now we find this our empyreal form  
Incapable of mortal injury,  
Imperishable, and though pierced with wound  
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.  
Of evil then so small as easy think  
The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes :  
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 th' assembly next upstood  
 Nisroch,<sup>1</sup> of principalities the prime ;  
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,  
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn ;  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.

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

Whereto with look composed Satan replied.  
 Not uninvited that, which thou aright  
 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 heav'n, adorn'd

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<sup>1</sup> Nisroch was worshipped by the Assyrians. It was in his temple that Sennacherib was slain by his two sons. See 2 Kings xix. 37.

With plant, fruit, flow'r 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 touch'd  
With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light ?  
These in their dark nativity the deep  
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hollow engines long and round  
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labor ; yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;  
Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.  
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible : yet haply of thy race  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired  
With dev'lish machination, might devise  
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood ; innumerable hands  
Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath

Th' originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception : sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art  
 Concocted and adusted they reduced  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up, nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night  
 Secret, they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unespied.

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

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

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward move embattell'd; when behold  
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  
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan; and thus was heard commanding loud.

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

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended; when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retired:  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid  
On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir  
With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tipp'd with fire; while we suspense  
Collected stood within our thoughts amused;  
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds

Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscured with smoke all heav'n appear'd,  
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host  
 Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell  
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,  
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove: but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout:  
 Nor served it to relax their serried files.  
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,  
 And to their foes a laughter: for in view  
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,  
 In posture to displode their second tire  
 Of thunder; back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,  
 To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
 If our proposals once again were heard,



We should compel them to a quick result.

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

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory ; eternal might  
To match with their inventions they presumed  
So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,  
And all His host derided, while they stood  
Awhile 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 heav'n  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,  
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro  
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Up lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;  
Till on those cursed engines triple-row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories flung, which in the air

Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd ;  
 Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore ;  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;  
 Infernal noise ; war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose : and now all heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised :  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honor his anointed Son avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son  
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,  
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient ; sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,

Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found.  
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes  
 Wild work in heav'n and dangerous to the main.  
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know  
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,  
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be heir  
 Of all things, to be heir and to be king  
 By sacred unction,<sup>1</sup> thy deserved right.  
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
 From all heav'n'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 exprest  
 Ineffably into His face received,  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm xlv. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm xlv. 3. 4.

To glorify thy Son,<sup>1</sup> I always thee,  
 As is most just ; this I my glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss.  
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all,<sup>2</sup> and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :<sup>3</sup>  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down  
 To chains of darkness,<sup>4</sup> and th' undying worm ;<sup>5</sup>  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount  
 Unfain'd hallelujahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat,  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through heav'n : forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
 The chariot of paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 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,<sup>6</sup> and careering fires between ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,

<sup>1</sup> John xvii. 4, 5. <sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 28. <sup>3</sup> John xvii. 21, 23. <sup>4</sup> 2 Peter ii. 4. <sup>5</sup> Mark ix. 44.

<sup>6</sup> A beryl is a precious stone of sea-green color.—NEWTON.

<sup>7</sup> See Ezek. i.

Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant Urim<sup>1</sup> work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
 Sate eagle-winged, beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke,<sup>2</sup> and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints<sup>3</sup>  
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,  
 And twenty thousand,<sup>4</sup> I their number heard,  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime.<sup>5</sup>  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned.  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surprised,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,  
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n:<sup>6</sup>  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
 His army, circumfused on either wing,  
 Under their Head<sup>7</sup> embodied all in one.  
 Before him power diyine his way prepared:  
 At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious: Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh flow'rets 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 heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxviii. 2.<sup>2</sup> Psalm xviii. 8; 1. 3.<sup>3</sup> Jude 14.<sup>4</sup> Psalm lxviii. 17.<sup>5</sup> Psalm xviii. 10.<sup>6</sup> Matt. xxiv. 30.<sup>7</sup> Rom. xii. 5.

They harden'd more by what might most reclaim;  
 Grieving to see His glory, at the sight  
 Took envy, and, aspiring to His highth,  
 Stood reibattled 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, disdainng flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of GOD  
 To all his hosts on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,  
 Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of GOD  
 Accepted, fearless in His righteous cause,  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done  
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs;  
 Vengeance is His,<sup>1</sup> or whose He sole appoints:  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold  
 GOD's indignation on these godless pour'd  
 By Me; not you, but me they have despised,  
 Yet envied: against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to whom in heav'n supreme  
 Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,  
 Hath honor'd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
 Or I alone against them; since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who then excels;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.  
 So spake the Son, and into terror changed

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<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxii. 35. Rom. xii. 19.

His count'nance, too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four<sup>1</sup> spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shake contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on His impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night; under His burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of GOD. Full soon  
Among them He arrived, in His right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent  
Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd;  
O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads He rode  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again<sup>2</sup>  
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 light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength He put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley, for He meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n.  
The overthrown He raised, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
Drove them before Him thunder-struck, pursued

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<sup>1</sup> The four Cherubim. Ezek. i.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. vi. 16.

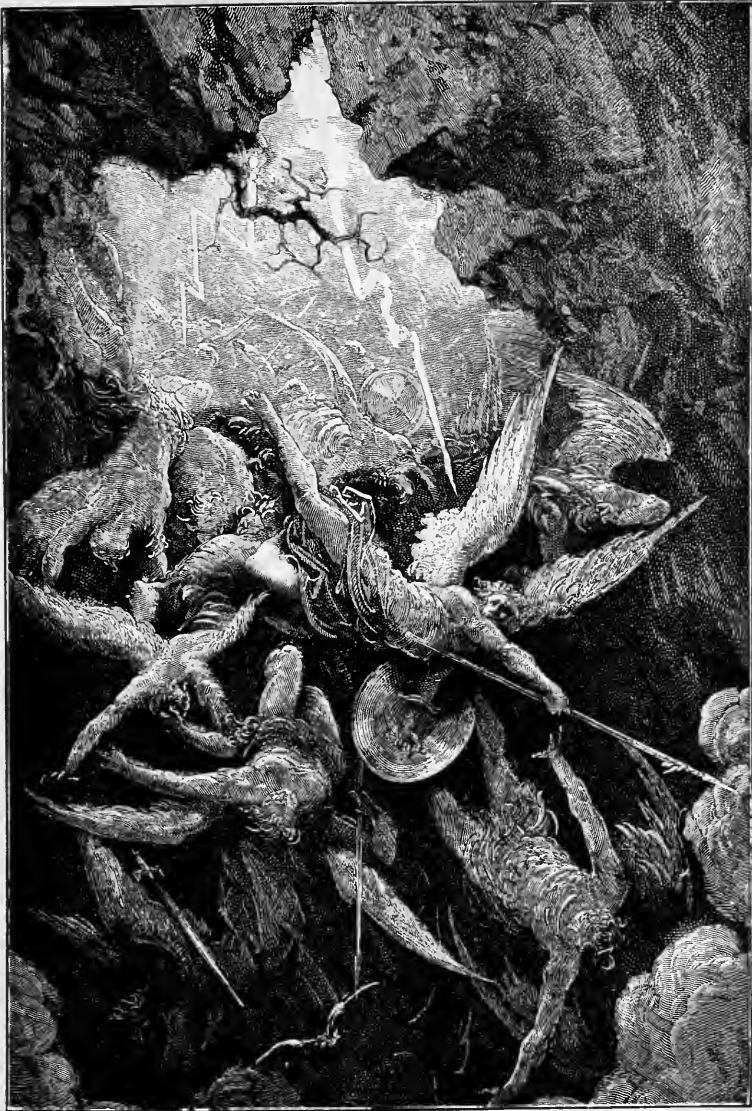
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide  
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
 Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight  
 Struck them with horror backward; but far worse  
 Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of heav'n, eternal wrath  
 Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.  
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last  
 Yawning received them whole, and on them closed;  
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Disburden'd heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes  
 Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd:  
 To meet Him all His saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of His almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright  
 Sung triumph, and Him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to Him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts  
 And temple of His mighty Father throned  
 On high; who into glory Him received,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss.

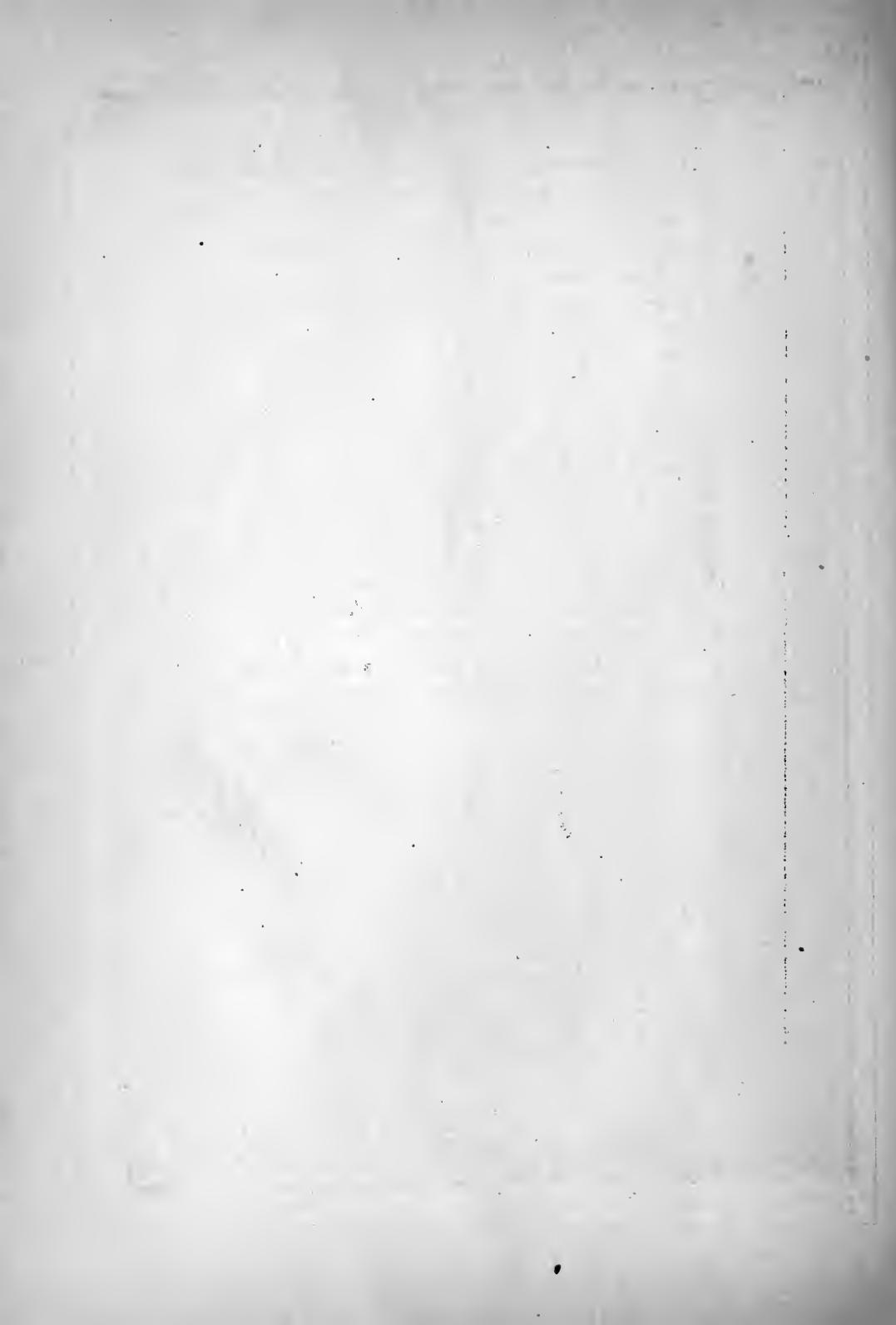
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<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. iii. 16. Heb. i. 3.





*Hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole.*



Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,  
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human race been hid :  
The discord which befell, and war in heav'n  
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With Satan, he who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
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.

## 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 heav'n, Urania,<sup>1</sup> by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing.<sup>2</sup>  
 The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou  
 Nor of the Muses nine,<sup>3</sup> nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleased  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presumed,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air  
 Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down  
 Return me to my native element:  
 Least from this flying steed unrein'd, as once  
 Bellerophon,<sup>4</sup> though from a lower clime,

<sup>1</sup> The word "Urania" signifies heavenly. Here the Poet means *Heavenly Muse*.

<sup>2</sup> The winged horse, Pegasus, said to belong to the Muses, was emblematical of flights of imagination.

<sup>3</sup> Urania, amongst the Muses, was the patroness of Astronomy.

<sup>4</sup> Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, was a beautiful youth, who was falsely accused by Sthenobœa, Queen of Argos, to her husband. Prætus, King of Argos, sent him, in consequence, into Lycia with letters commanding that he should be exposed to destruction. He escaped from many perilous enterprises forced on him; but when he attempted to mount to heaven on the winged horse, Pegasus (incited to the trial by vain-glory), he was thrown off.

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 fall'n on evil days,  
On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues ;  
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd  
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son.<sup>1</sup> So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.  
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
Adam by dire example to beware  
Apostasy, by what befell in heav'n  
To those apostates, lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd, amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite

---

and wandered on the Aleian plains for the remainder of his life. The Aleian plains were in Cilicia.

<sup>1</sup> Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace ; nor could his mother, the Muse Calliope, save him. Newton thinks that Milton here alludes to the dissolute Court of Charles II.

Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss  
With such confusion : but the evil soon  
Driven back redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose : and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him, how this world  
Of heav'n 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 allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter, by favor sent  
Down from the 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 sovereign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known ;

How first began this heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfused  
Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause  
Moved the Creator in his holy rest  
Through all eternity so late to build  
In Chaos ; and the work begun, how soon  
Absolved ; if unforbid thou 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 heav'n  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unapparent deep :  
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch ;  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;  
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request with caution ask'd  
Obtain : though to recount almighty works  
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker, and infer  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such commission from above  
I have received, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,<sup>1</sup>  
Only omniscient, hath supprest in night,  
To none communicable in earth or heav'n :  
Enough is left besides to search and know.  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temperance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain,  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

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

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of deity supreme, us dispossess,  
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, heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministries due and solemn rites.  
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race

---

<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. i. 17.



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 heav'n, and heav'n to earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Meanwhile inhabit lax,<sup>1</sup> ye powers of heav'n,  
 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 heav'n and earth ;  
 Boundless the deep, because I AM who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space ;  
 Though I uncircumscribed myself retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act, or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' 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 heav'n,  
 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 th' ungodly from His sight  
 And th' habitations of the just ; to Him,  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of spirits malign a better race to bring

---

<sup>1</sup> The meaning seems to be, "Occupy the space left by the fall of the angels."

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son  
On his great expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
Of Majesty divine, sapience and love  
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues, wingèd Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
From the armory of GOD, where stand of old  
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,  
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heav'n's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end.

Nor stay'd; but, on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode  
Far into Chaos and the world unborn;  
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train  
Followed in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses,<sup>1</sup> prepared

---

<sup>1</sup> Prov. viii. 27.—RICHARDSON.

In GOD's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things.  
 One foot he centered, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world.  
 Thus GOD the heav'n created, thus the earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void. Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' Abyss; but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of GOD outspread,<sup>1</sup>  
 And vital virtue infused and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged  
 The black, tartareous, cold infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life : then founded, then conglobed  
 Like things to like ; the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said GOD, and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. GOD saw the light was good ;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided : light the day, and darkness night,  
 He named. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn :  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
 Birth-day of heav'n and earth ; with joy and shout<sup>2</sup>  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 GOD and his works, creator him they sung,

---

<sup>1</sup> Gen. i. 1, 2.

<sup>2</sup> Job xxxviii. 4, 7.

Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again GOD said, Let there be firmament<sup>1</sup>  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters : and GOD made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round ; partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing : for as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :  
 And heav'n He named the firmament : so ev'n  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but, in the womb as yet  
 Of waters embryo immature involved,  
 Appear'd not : over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe  
 Fermented the gréat mother to conceive,  
 Satiated with genial moisture, when GOD said,  
 Be gather'd now, ye waters under heav'n,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry :  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,

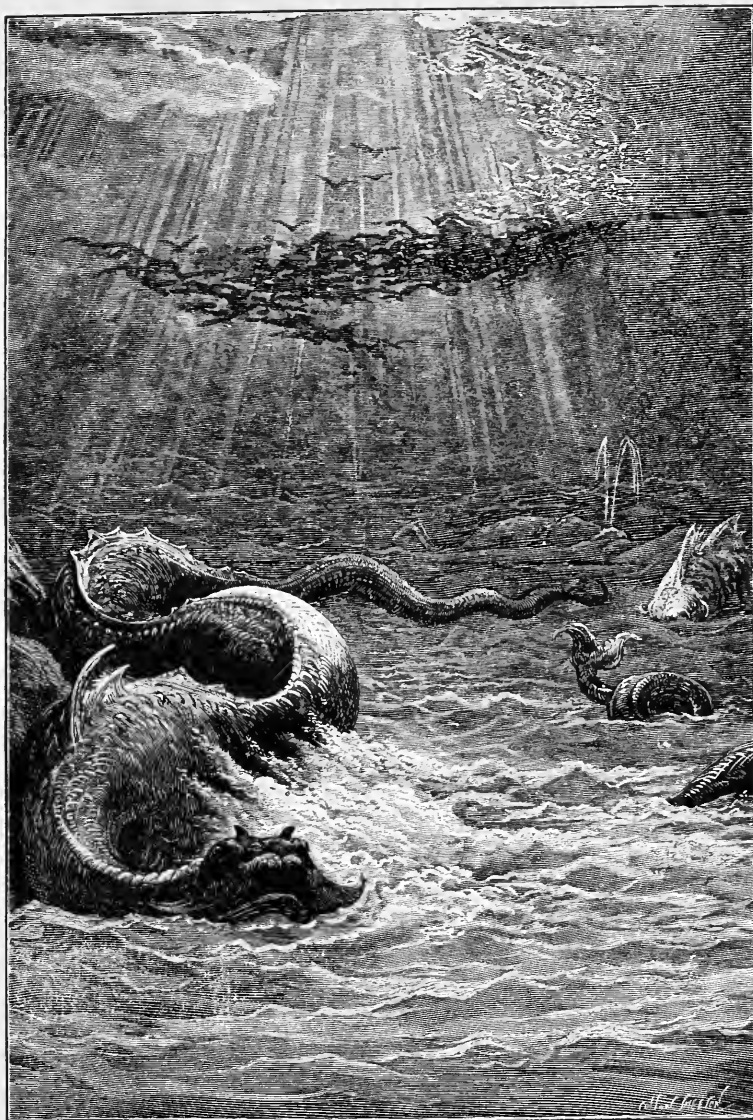
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<sup>1</sup> Firmament signifies expansion.—NEWTON.

For haste ; such flight the great command imprest  
On the swift floods : as armies at the call  
Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard,  
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found ;  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing : nor withstood them rock or hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
And on the washy oose deep channels wore,  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, earth ; and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters He call'd seas ;  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let the earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind ;  
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
Her universal face with pleasant green ;  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'd  
Opening their various colors, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,  
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
Embattled in her field ; and the humble shrub,  
And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last  
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were crown'd,  
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side :  
With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though GOD had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth,  
GOD made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem: GOD saw that it was good:  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of heaven to divide  
The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of heav'n  
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 heav'n,  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. GOD saw,  
Surveying His great work, that it was good:  
For of celestial bodies first the sun,  
A mighty sphere, He framed, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field.  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,



*And God said: Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spaxon abundant, living soul.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a long and varied one, filled with many interesting events and people. It is a story that has been told in many different ways, from ancient times to the present day. The world has changed so much over the years, and it is hard to imagine what it was like in the past. But by studying the history of the world, we can learn a lot about ourselves and our place in the world.

One of the most important things to learn about the history of the world is how it has changed over time. We can see that the world has become more and more interconnected, and that people from different parts of the world are now living and working together. This has led to many new ideas and inventions, and it has helped to make the world a better place for everyone.

Another important thing to learn about the history of the world is how it has been shaped by the actions of individual people. There have been many great leaders and thinkers who have made a difference in the world, and their ideas and actions have helped to shape the world as we know it today. We can learn a lot from their lives and their work, and we can try to emulate their good qualities.

Finally, it is important to learn about the history of the world so that we can understand the world better and so that we can make a better world for ourselves and for future generations. We can learn from the mistakes of the past and we can use that knowledge to make a better future. We can work together to solve the problems of the world and to create a world that is full of peace, justice, and happiness.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

By [Author Name]

Published by [Publisher Name]



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,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through heav'n's high road : the gray  
 Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence.<sup>1</sup> Less bright the moon,  
 But opposite in levell'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that respect ; and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,  
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate<sup>2</sup>  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
 Display'd on the open firmament of heav'n.  
 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 ;

<sup>1</sup> The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus, which, rising about the time of the vernal equinox, are called by the Latins "Vergiliæ." Milton, therefore, in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation, implies that creation began with the spring.—From NEWTON. It has been a recent idea of astronomers, that the Pleiades, or seven stars—for fixed stars *are* suns—are the centre of the universe round which the heavens revolve ; but this is not yet clearly ascertained. Job speaks of "the sweet influences of the Pleiades."—See Job xxxviii. 31.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. i. 20, 22.

And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;  
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls<sup>1</sup> that oft  
 Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the seaweed 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,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean : there Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps, or swims  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed  
 Their callow young ; but feather'd soon and fledge,  
 They summ'd their pens,<sup>2</sup> 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 :<sup>3</sup>  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common ranged in figure<sup>4</sup> wedge their way,

<sup>1</sup> *Schools.* We say a "school of whales" for a shoal now. Scull comes from the Saxon *sceole*, an assembly.

<sup>2</sup> Pens are feathers. Here the meaning is, "They used their pinions as full fledged birds."

<sup>3</sup> Jeremiah xxxix. 27, 28.

<sup>4</sup> Migratory birds fly in shape of a wedge, one bird leading alternately.

Intelligent of seasons,<sup>1</sup> and set forth  
 Their aery caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd 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 bath'd  
 Their downy breast; the swan, with archèd neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower  
 The mid aërial sky. Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
 Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
 With ev'ning harps and matin; when GOD said,  
 Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of the earth  
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight  
 Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose  
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wonns<sup>2</sup>  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;

<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah viii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonne* is Saxon for to dwell, to inhabit.—See CHAUCER, *Sompnoure's Tale*, line 7745.

The cattle in the fields and meadows green :  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calved ; now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,  
 The libbard,<sup>1</sup> and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks ; the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head ; scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
 His vastness : fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm ; those waved their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green :  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
 Minims<sup>2</sup> of nature ; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored : the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,

---

<sup>1</sup> Leopard.

<sup>2</sup> Something exceedingly small, a dwarf.

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 heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand  
First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovely smiled ; air, water, earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd ;  
There wanted yet the master work, the end  
Of all yet done ; a creature, who not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but indued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing ; and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n ;  
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<sup>1</sup>  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
The breath of life : in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of GOD

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. i. 26-28.

Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of GOD,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
Variety without end; but of the tree,  
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st thou diest;  
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,  
And govern well thy appetite; lest sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.  
Here finish'd He, and all that He had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
Yet not, till the Creator from His work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode,  
Thence to behold this new-created world,  
Th' addition of His empire, how it show'd  
In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering His great idea. Up He rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heard'st;  
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,<sup>1</sup>  
Open, ye heavens, your living doors ; let in  
The great Creator, from His work return'd  
Magnificent, His six days' work, a world :  
Open, and henceforth oft ; for GOD will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his wingèd messengers  
On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
The glorious train ascending : He through heav'n,  
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
To GOD's eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
Ev'ning 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, th' imperial throne  
Of Godhead, fix'd forever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arrived, and sat Him down  
With His great Father ; for He also went  
Invisible, yet stay'd, such privilege  
Hath Omnipresence, and the work ordain'd,  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,  
As resting on that day from all His work,  
But not in silence holy kept ; the harp  
Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe  
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm xxiv. 7. This Psalm was sung by the Levites when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount Zion, and is understood as a prophecy of our Lord's ascension.—From NEWTON, and Mant's "Bible."

All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
Choral or unison : of incense, clouds  
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.  
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  
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might : his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n  
From heaven gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destined habitation ; but thou know'st  
Their seasons : among these the seat of men,  
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,  
Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom GOD hath thus advanced,  
Created in His image, there to dwell  
And worship Him ; and in reward to rule  
Over His works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just : thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright.



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

## BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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

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

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator : something yet of doubt remains  
 Which only thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world,  
 Of heav'n and earth consisting, and compute  
 Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,  
 An atom, with the firmament compared  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible, for such  
 Their distance argues, and their swift return  
 Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual<sup>1</sup> spot.  
 One day and night, in all their vast survey

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<sup>1</sup> Small as a point in punctuation.

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  
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.<sup>1</sup>

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve  
Perceiving where she sat retired in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung  
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserved,  
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;  
Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses ; from his lip  
Not words alone pleased her. O when meet now

---

<sup>1</sup> One is here reminded of the fact that Milton had held communion with Galileo, whose "Eppure si muove" is historical.

Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed  
 Benevolent and facile thus replied.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n  
 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 heav'n move or earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right;<sup>1</sup> the rest  
 From man or angel the great architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, He his fabric of the heav'n's  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive,  
 To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle,<sup>2</sup> orb in orb.  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest,  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve

<sup>1</sup> The subject was then matter of discussion, and, in the Roman Church, of persecution. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the system, and the sun and stars move round it; the Copernican made the sun the centre, and the earth move, as Galileo asserted.

<sup>2</sup> These terms were used by Ptolemaic astronomers to explain their system. *Centric* means a sphere whose centre is the same as that of the earth; *eccentric*, a sphere whose centre is quite different to that of the earth. *Cycle* is a circle; *epicycle*, a circle on another circle.

The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit. Consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth  
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful earth: there first received  
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.  
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.  
And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and His line stretch'd out so far;  
That man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,  
Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n  
Where GOD resides, and ere midday arrived  
In Eden, distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, 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 heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
Be centre to the world, and other stars,

By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest;<sup>1</sup> and what if sev'nth to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions<sup>2</sup> move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
 Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night  
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps  
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light,  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
 By living soul, desert and desolate,

<sup>1</sup> The moon and the five planets visible to Adam.

<sup>2</sup> Three motions were attributed by the Copernicans to the earth. The *diurnal*, round her own axis, causing day and night; the *annual*, round the sun; and the *motion of libration*, as it is called, whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit, as that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world."—NEWTON.

Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n  
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 ev'n,  
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; heav'n is for thee too high  
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied  
How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
Intelligence of heav'n, 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 wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,

*PARADISE LOST.*

That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;  
And day is not yet 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 heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour  
Of sweet repast : they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for GOD on thee  
Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, His image fair :  
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms.  
Nor less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,  
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of GOD with man :



For GOD we see hath honor'd thee, and set  
On man his equal love. Say therefore on ;  
For I that day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,  
Squared in full legion, such command we had,  
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while GOD was in his work,  
Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
Not that they durst without His leave attempt,  
But us He sends upon His high behests  
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong ;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light  
Ere sabbath ev'ning : so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now ; for I attend,  
Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine.

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire.  
For man to tell how human life began  
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these  
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd, or flew ;  
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigor led :  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;  
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?  
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent :  
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.  
While thus I call'd and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs  
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsèd sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.  
So saying, by the hand He took me raised  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat : whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd : here had new begun  
My wand'ring, had not He, who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at His feet I fell  
Submiss : He rear'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am,  
Said mildly, author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :  
Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :  
But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith  
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgress, inevitably thou shalt die ;  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly He pronounced  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds

Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon His clear aspect  
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of fish within their wat'ry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot change  
 Their element to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I named them, as they pass'd and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge GOD indued  
 My sudden apprehension: but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still;  
 And to the heav'nly 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,  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things? but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures and the air

Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied.  
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due,  
Given and received; but in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto the Almighty answer'd, 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 possess  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all eternity; for none I know

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

He ceased, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things,  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiencie 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,  
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 pleas'd  
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deified ;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used  
Permissive and acceptance found ; which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,  
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute ;  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

Good reason was thou freely should'st 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,  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now  
My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd,  
Which it had long stood under, strain'd 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, call'd  
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.<sup>1</sup>  
Mine eyes He closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy my internal sight, by which  
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.  
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with His hands ;  
Under His forming hands a creature grew  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
And in her looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. ii. 21.

The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark, I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable : on she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me ; woman is her name, of man  
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought.  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd ;  
 I follow'd her, she what was honor knew.  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r  
 I led her blushing like the morn : all heav'n,  
 And happy constellations on that hour



Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star  
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.

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

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

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

To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied.  
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds,  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far  
And with mysterious reverence I deem.)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
Who meet with various objects, for the sense  
Variously representing; yet still free  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:  
Love not the heav'nly 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 glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,  
 (And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars :  
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring ; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more ; the parting sun  
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and Verdant Isles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hesperean<sup>2</sup> sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey,<sup>3</sup> and keep  
 His great command ; take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will  
 Would not admit ; thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is placed ; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the blest : stand fast ; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies ;  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require,  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

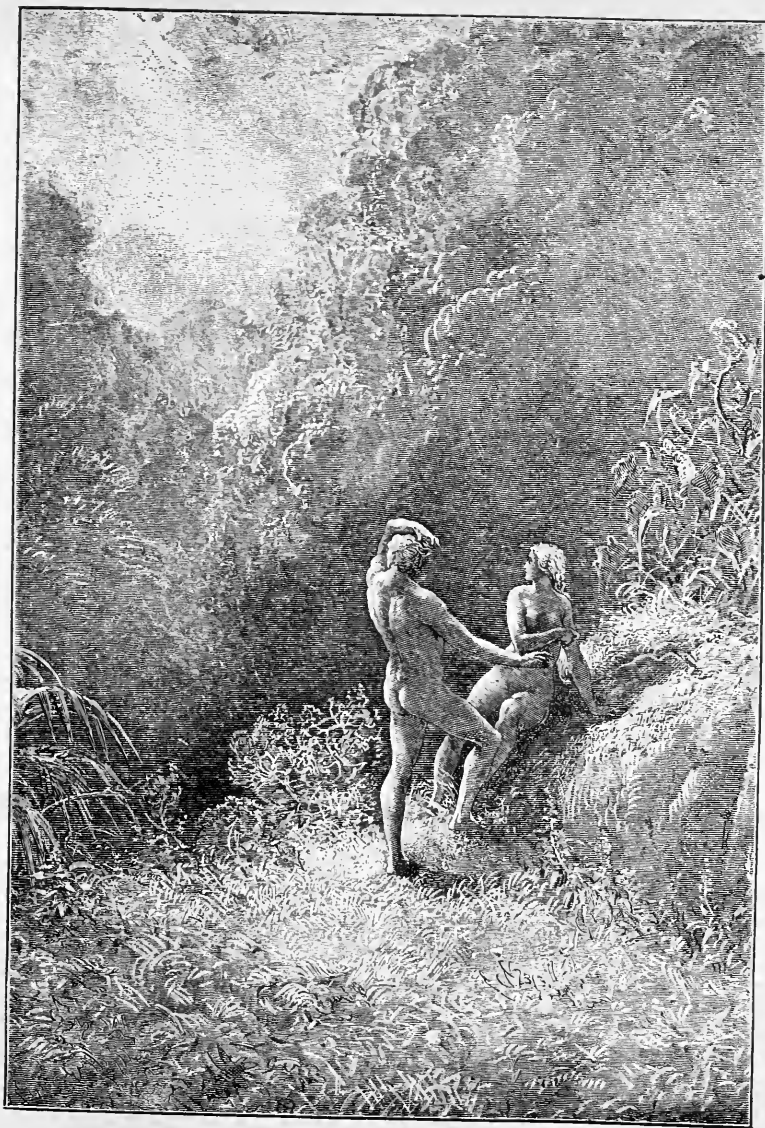
So saying, he arose ; whom Adam thus  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
 Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,  
 Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever  
 With grateful memory : thou to mankind 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

So parted they, the angel up to heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

<sup>1</sup> Cape de Verde and the Cape de Verde Islands.

<sup>2</sup> In the West, where Hesperus, the evening star, appears.—*From* NEWTON.

<sup>3</sup> 1 John v. 3.



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

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## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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

No more of talk where GOD or Angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblamed; I now must change  
 These notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: on the part of heav'n  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,  
 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<sup>1</sup> pursued

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<sup>1</sup> Hector. See *Iliad*.

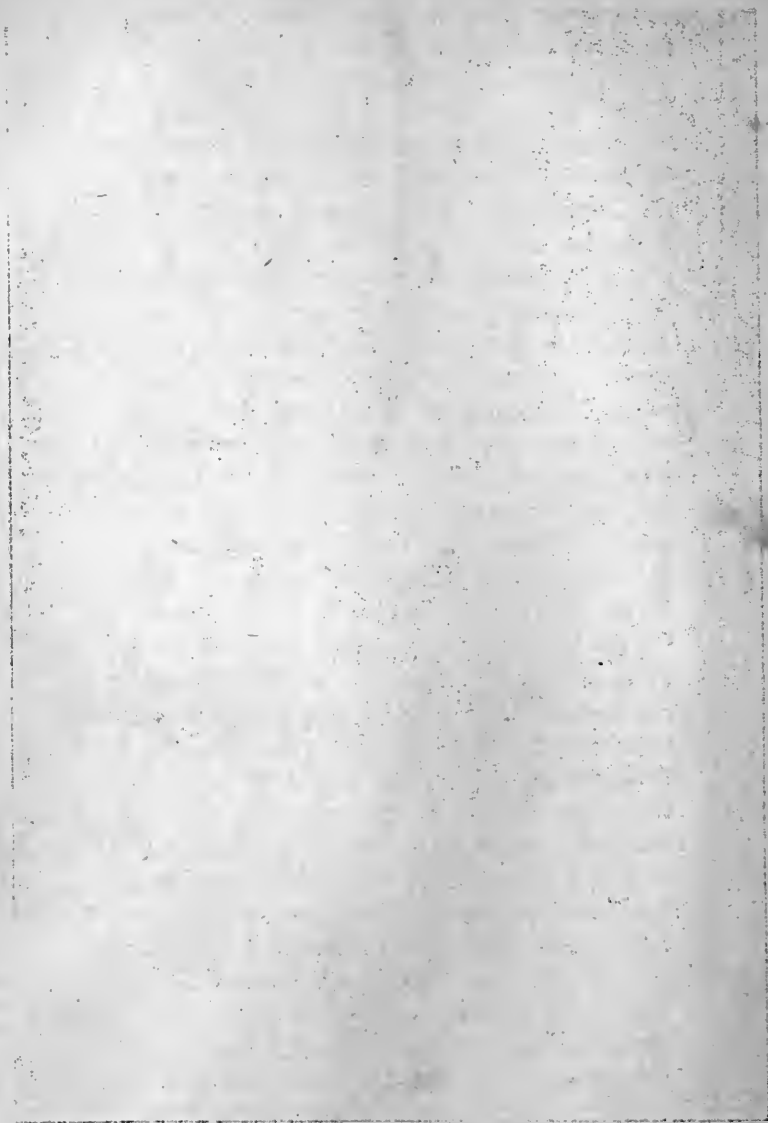
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek<sup>2</sup> and Cytherea's son :<sup>3</sup>  
 If answerable style I can obtain  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havock fabled knights  
 In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint,<sup>5</sup> caparisons and steeds ;  
 Bases<sup>6</sup> and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament ; then marshall'd feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers, and seneshals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

<sup>1</sup> See *Æneid*.<sup>2</sup> Ulysses.<sup>3</sup> Eneas.<sup>4</sup> Milton is supposed to have begun his great poem in his forty-eighth year, and finished it in his fifty-seventh. It was published in 1667, when the Poet was in his sixtieth year.<sup>5</sup> Devices on shields.<sup>6</sup> The mantles worn by knights.





*In with the river sunk, and with it rose,  
Satan.*



The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:  
 When Satan who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel regent of the sun descried  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled, four times cross'd the car of night,  
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure;<sup>1</sup>  
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic watch by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris at the foot of paradise  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life:  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involved in rising mist, then sought  
 Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land  
 From Eden over Pontus,<sup>2</sup> and the pool  
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;<sup>3</sup>  
 Downward as far Antarctic; and in length  
 West from Orontes<sup>4</sup> to the ocean barr'd

<sup>1</sup> The colures are two great imaginary circles encompassing the globe from north to south. Satan moved thus to keep in the shades of night.—From NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> The Euxine, or Black Sea. <sup>3</sup> Oby, a river of Siberia, near the pole. <sup>4</sup> A river of Syria.

At Darien :<sup>1</sup> thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus :<sup>2</sup> thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search ; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
 'The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.'<sup>3</sup>

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  
 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 pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd  
 More justly ; seat worthier of gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
 For what GOD after better worse would build ?  
 Terrestrial heav'n, danced round by other heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence. As GOD in heav'n  
 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  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,

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<sup>1</sup> The Isthmus of Panama.

<sup>2</sup> India.

<sup>3</sup> Gen. iii. 1.

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n  
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme;  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
Or woe to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;  
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.  
To me shall be the glory sole among  
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What He, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
Continued making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer than since I in one night freed  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
Of His adorers. He to be avenged,  
And to repair His numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
More angels to create, if they at least  
Are His created, or to spite us more,  
Determined to advance into our room  
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,

With heav'nly 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
 Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist  
 Of midnight vapor, glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent ! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of deity aspired ;  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to ? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils :  
 Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favorite  
 Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised  
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found,  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm civ. 4. •

Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless, unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator and His nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
 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, gard'ning so wide.  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labor still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,  
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labor grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;  
 Let us divide our labors, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The woodbine round this arbor, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I  
 In yonder spring<sup>1</sup> of roses intermix'd

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<sup>1</sup> A spring is a small coppice or thicket.

With myrtle find what to redress till noon :  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on ; which intermits  
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
How we might best fulfil the work which here  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shall pass  
Unpraised ; for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
Labor, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute denied, and are of love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us : but if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield :  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me ; for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own



Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need ;<sup>1</sup>  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from GOD, or to disturb  
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

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

Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
And from the parting angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'rs.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To GOD or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,  
As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.  
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced :  
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,

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<sup>1</sup> Eccles. iv. 9. 10.

Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear ?

To whom with healing words Adam replied,  
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe :  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonor foul, supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found : misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labor to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn ;  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels ; nor think superfluous others' aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and raised unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried ?

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

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not ended

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 dishonor on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
By us? who rather double honor gain  
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
Favor from heav'n, our witness, from th' event.  
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd  
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
Let us not then suspect our happy state  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single or combined.  
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.

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

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

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

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

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew; and like a wood-nymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's<sup>1</sup> train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought,  
 To Pales,<sup>2</sup> or Pomona,<sup>3</sup> thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled

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<sup>1</sup> A surname of Diana, because born in Delos. <sup>2</sup> Goddess of sheepfolds. <sup>3</sup> Goddess of fruits.

Vertumnus,<sup>1</sup> or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay :  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated, she to him as oft engaged  
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,  
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 flow'rs and shades  
Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawn the fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft  
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay  
Their tendance or plantation for delight,  
By fountain or by shady rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spied, so thick the roses brushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay

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<sup>1</sup> The god of orchards, who assumed many shapes to win Pomona.

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,  
 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 flow'rs  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
 Or of revived Adonis,<sup>1</sup> or renown'd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.<sup>3</sup>  
 Much he the place admired, the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass,<sup>4</sup> or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture or least action, over awed  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved

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<sup>1</sup> At the request of Venus, he was restored to life.

<sup>2</sup> Ulysses. For description of the gardens of Alcinous see the "Odyssey."

<sup>3</sup> Gardens of Solomon.    <sup>4</sup> Hay spread out.

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
That space the evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge ;  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us ? hate, not love, nor hope  
Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying : other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles ; behold alone  
The woman opportune to all attempts,  
Her husband, (for I view far round,) not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ;  
Foe not formidable ! exempt from wound,  
I not : so much hath hell debased, and pain  
Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love,  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd ;  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

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

Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed  
 Hermione and Cadmus,<sup>1</sup> or the God<sup>2</sup>  
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian<sup>3</sup> Jove or Capitoline<sup>4</sup> was seen.  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a ship by skillful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not as used  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He bolder now uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length

<sup>1</sup> Cadmus, who introduced letters into Greece, and Hermione his wife. They were changed by serpents into serpents.

<sup>2</sup> Esculapius, the god of medicine. He is said to have taken the form of a serpent when he appeared at Rome during a pestilence.—*From* WARTON.

<sup>3</sup> Lybian.

<sup>4</sup> Roman. These lines relate to the fable of Jupiter being the father of Alexander the Great, and of Scipio also. All these images picture the magnificence of the serpent's form.



The eye of Eve to mark his play ; he glad  
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm  
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admired : but here  
In this 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,  
Though at the voice much marvelling : at length  
Not unamazed she thus in answer spake.  
What may this mean? Language of man pronounced  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
The first at least of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom GOD on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound ;  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued ;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.  
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 obey'd.  
I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day roving the field, I chanced  
A goodly tree far distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mixt,  
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savory odor blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,  
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree  
All other beasts that saw with like desire,  
Longing and envying, stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At feed or fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of reason in my inward powers and speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,  
 Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ;  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly snake ; and Eve  
 Yet more amazed unwary thus replied.

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

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,  
 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 hither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift : hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest : as when a wand'ring fire  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, 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 th' amazed night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far:  
 So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve our credulous mother to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe:  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;  
 Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,  
 GOD so commanded; and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

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

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat,  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, GOD hath said, ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion moved,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act  
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence

Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue ;  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :  
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,  
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe ! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die :<sup>1</sup>  
 How should ye ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
 To knowledge : by the threatener ? look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
 Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.  
 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,  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ?  
 Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd ?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;  
 Not just, not God ; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 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

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. iii. 4.

Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as man,  
 Internal man, is but proportion meet,  
 I of brute, human, ye of human, Gods.  
 So shall ye die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods: death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.  
 And what are Gods that man may not become  
 As they, participating 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,  
 Warm'd 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  
 Th' 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 heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
 So savory of that fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise He also who forbids thy use  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it 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  
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  
The good befall'n 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?

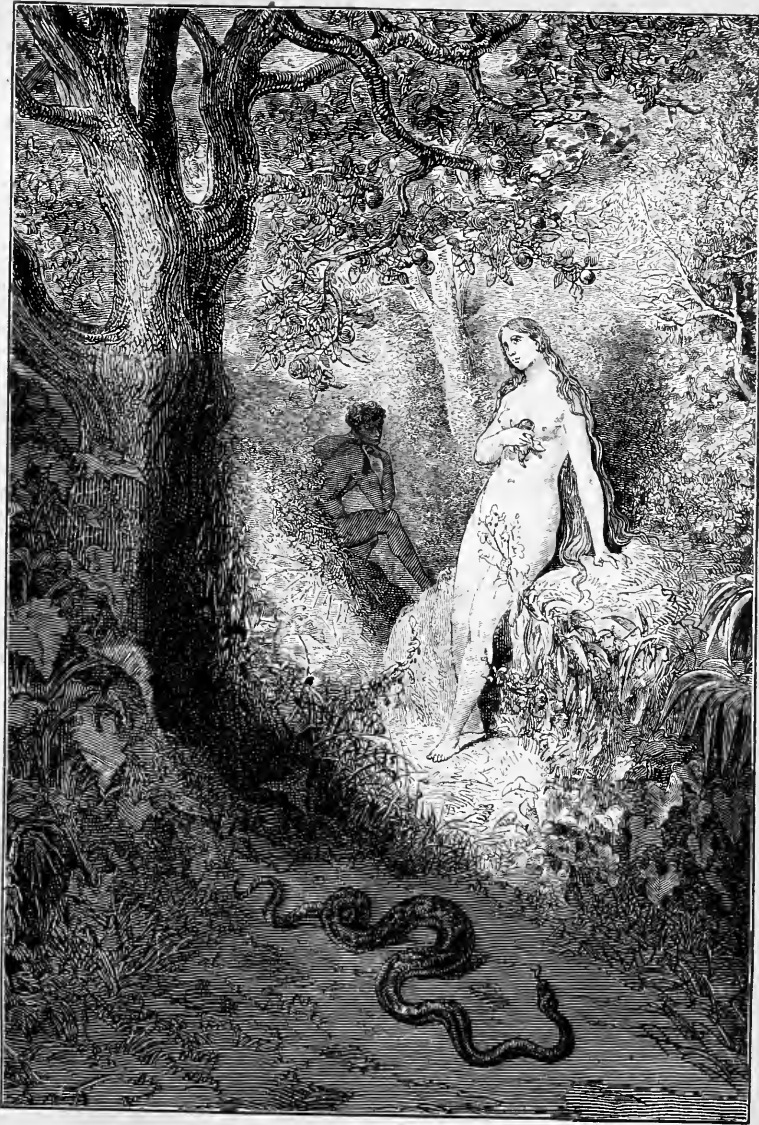
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve  
Intent now only on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.  
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,  
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created: but henceforth my early care,  
Not without song, each morning; and due praise  
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though others envy what they cannot give;  
For had the gift been theirs it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide;<sup>1</sup> not following thee I had remain'd  
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire,  
And I perhaps am secret: heav'n is high,

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<sup>1</sup> The serpent.





*Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent.*



High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
Without co-partner? so to add what wants  
In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior; for inferior who is free?  
This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
And Adam wedded to another Eve  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct:  
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure; without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,  
But first low reverence done, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
Into the plant scintial sap, derived  
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mistake him; he the faltering measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took

That morn when first they parted. By the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived  
Thy presence, agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste:  
And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become  
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
Endued with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' 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.  
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 glow'd.  
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd ;  
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
Down dropp'd, 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 excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote !  
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidden ! some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die :  
How can I live without thee ? how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?  
Should GOD create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me ; flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and other thoughts disturb'd  
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.

Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent'rous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or done undo?  
 Not GOD omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profaned first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou said'st, 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, demigods.  
 Nor can I think that GOD, Creator wise,  
 Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us His prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all His works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made; so GOD shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,  
 Not well conceived of GOD; who, though His power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph and say: Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favors, who can please Him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel

The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;  
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied.

O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high,  
Engaging me to emulate, but, short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
Rather than death or aught than death more dread  
Shall separate us link'd in love so dear,  
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds.  
Direct, or by occasion, hath presented  
This happy trial of thy love, which else  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful love unequal'd ; but I feel  
Far otherwise the event, not death but life  
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this and harsh.  
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love

Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompence, 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Sky lour'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
 Him with her loved society, that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth; but that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn;  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savor we apply,  
 And palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. ii. 14.

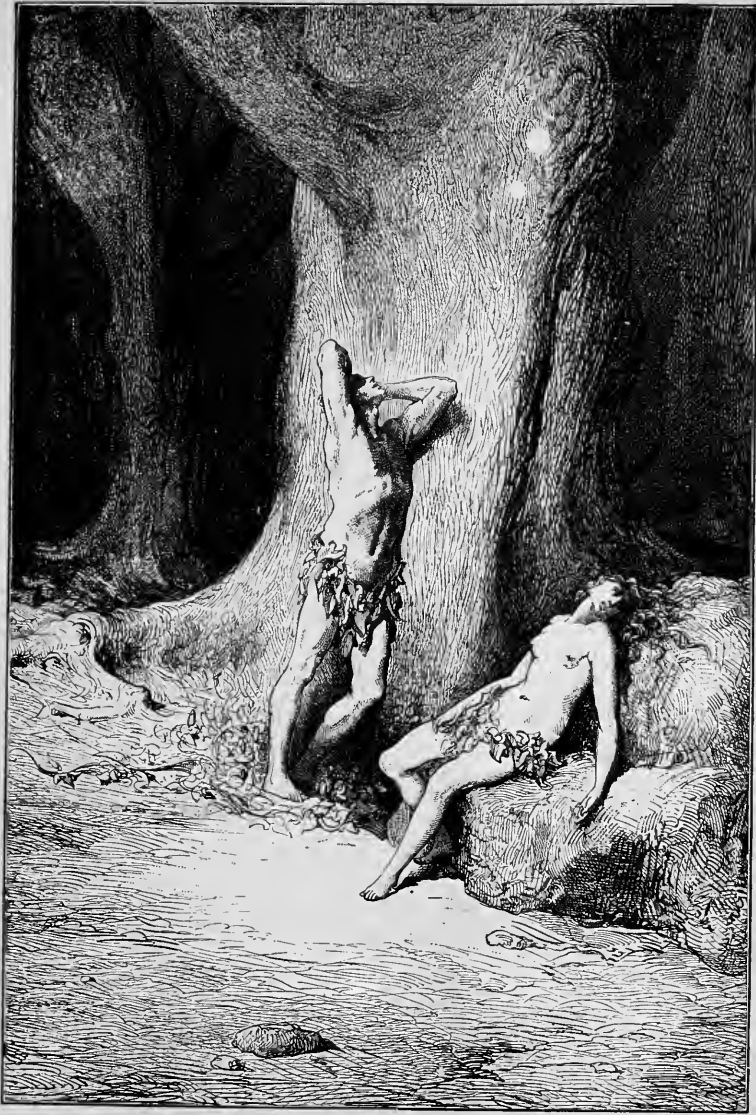


For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare ;  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

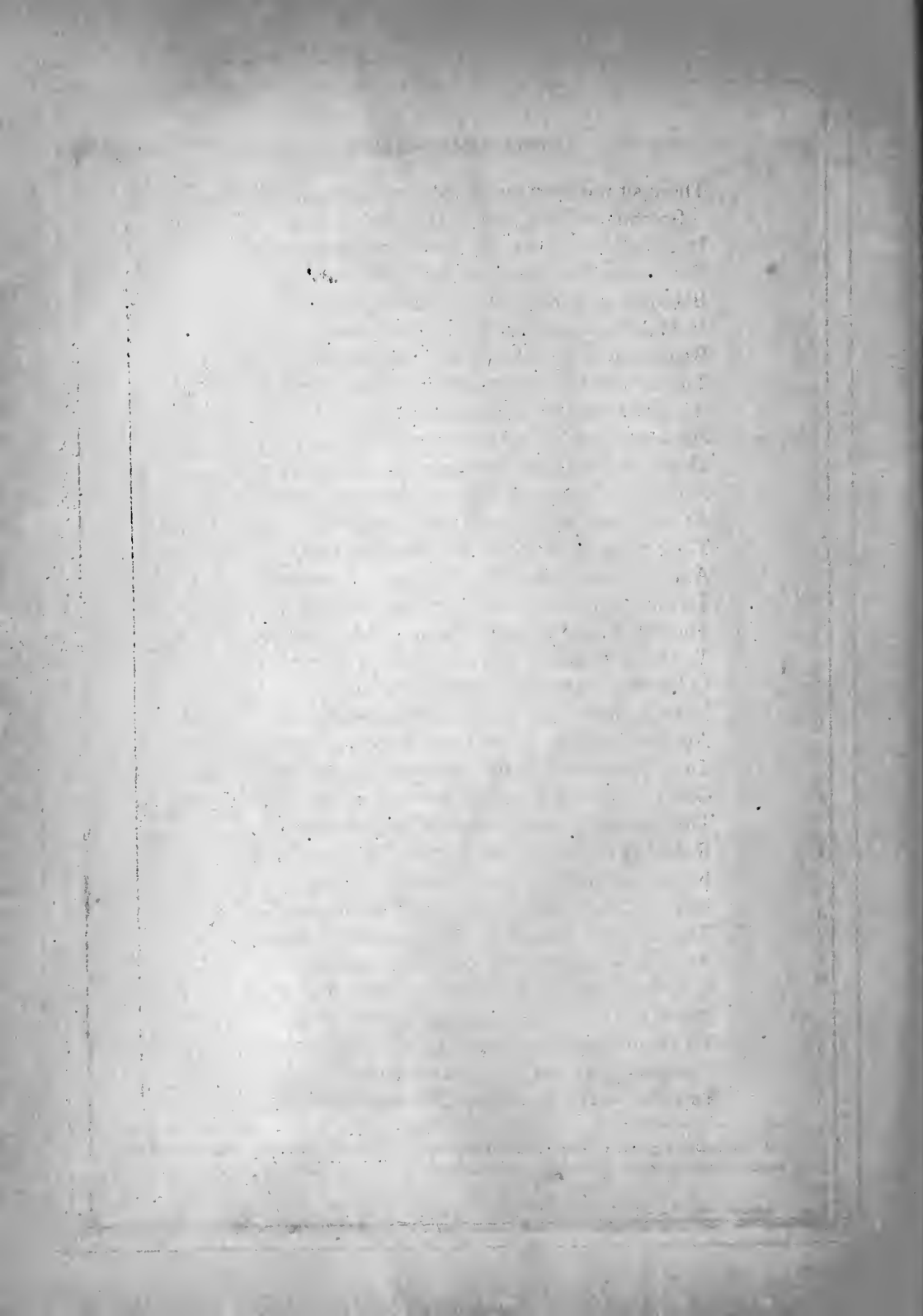
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,  
He led her nothing loth ; flowers were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapor bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
How darken'd : innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honor from about them ; naked left  
To guilty shame ; he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong  
Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked

Shorn of his strength ; they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue : silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute,  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou did'st give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall  
False in our promised rising ; since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store,  
Ev'n shame, the last of evils ; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld ? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,  
And brown as evening : cover me, ye pines,  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen ;  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd  
And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,



*Nor only tears  
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
Began to rise.*



There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose  
 The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
 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 pillar'd shade<sup>1</sup>  
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;  
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loopholes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,  
 And with what skill they had together sew'd,  
 To gird their waist, vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory ! Such of late  
 Columbus found the American so girt  
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep, nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :  
 For understanding ruled not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sov'reign reason claim'd  
 Superior sway : from thus distemper'd breast

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<sup>1</sup> The Indian fig, called *Ficus Indica* by botanists, or Banyan. The largest known nearly covers an island on the Nerbudda. It is 2,000 feet round, and has 1,300 trunks.

Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

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

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

To whom then first incensed Adam replied.  
Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd.  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?

And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait: beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue  
The error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting  
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning.  
And of their vain contest appear'd 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 heav'n; for what can scape the eye  
 Of God all seeing, or deceive His heart  
 Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of man, with strength entire, and freewill arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repulsed  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend!  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,



Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying  
Incurr'd, what could they less ? the penalty,  
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.

Up into heav'n from paradise in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man ; for of his state by this they knew.  
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
With pity violated not their bliss.  
About the new-arrived in multitudes  
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befell : they towards the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approved ; when the most high  
Eternal Father from his secret cloud  
Amidst in 'thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad errand ; man should be seduced  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, death denounced that day,

Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
 Vicegerent Son; to thee I have transferr'd<sup>1</sup>  
 All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice,<sup>2</sup> sending thee  
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destined Man himself to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand His glory, on the Son  
 Blazed forth unclouded Deity; He full  
 Resplendent all His Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will  
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
 May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,  
 Whoever judg'd, 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 judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law,

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<sup>1</sup> St. John v. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm lxxxv. 10.

Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from His radiant seat He rose  
Of high collateral glory : Him thrones and powers,  
Princedom 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, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the sun in western cadence low<sup>1</sup>  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in  
The ev'ning 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  
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till GOD  
Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam,<sup>2</sup> wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here ;  
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought :  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.  
Love was not in their looks, either to GOD  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile,  
Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. iii. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. iii. 9 and following verses.

The gracious Judge without revile replied.

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

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.

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

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus replied.

Was she thy GOD, that her thou didst obey  
Before His voice? or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein GOD set thee above her, made of thee  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Hers in all real dignity? adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, He thus to Eve in few :  
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.  
The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord GOD heard, without delay  
To judgment He proceeded on th' accused  
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer  
The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation ; justly then accursed,  
As vitiated in nature : more to know  
Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,  
Nor alter'd his offence : yet GOD at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :  
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;  
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ;  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified  
When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,<sup>1</sup>  
Prince of the air ;<sup>2</sup> then rising from His grave  
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd  
In open show, and with ascension bright

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<sup>1</sup> Luke x. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Ephes. ii. 2 ; iv. 8. Colos. ii. 15.

Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,  
 Whom He shall tread at last under our feet;  
 Ev'n He who now foretold His fatal bruise;  
 And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd.

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

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

So judg'd he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;  
 And th' instant stroke of death denounced that day  
 Removed far off; then pitying how they stood  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant<sup>1</sup> to assume,  
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet,<sup>2</sup> so now  
 As father of his family he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe His enemies.  
 Nor He their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

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<sup>1</sup> Philip. ii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> John xiii. 5.

Opprobrious, with His robe of righteousness,  
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.  
To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,  
Into His blissful bosom reassumed  
In glory as of old; to Him appeased  
All, though all-knowing, what had past with man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

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

O son, why sit we here, each other viewing  
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives  
In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven  
By his avengers, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large  
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade  
Inseparable must with me along;  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Advent'rous 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 th' infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

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

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field,  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight :  
 So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out hell gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew diverse ; and with power, their power was great,  
 Hovering upon the waters ; what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell.  
 As when the two polar winds, blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea,<sup>1</sup> together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagined way<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Northern frozen sea. --NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> The north-east passage to China, *i.e.*, Cathay.



Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
As Delos floating once ; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigor<sup>1</sup> not to move,  
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
Of length prodigious joining to the wall  
Immovable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to death : from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compared,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
And scourged with many a stroke th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art  
Pontifical,<sup>2</sup> a ridge of pendent rock  
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world : with pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable ; and now in little space  
The confines met of empyrean heav'n  
And of this world, and on the left hand hell  
With long reach interposed ; three sev'ral ways

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Medusa's power of turning people into stone.

<sup>2</sup> Pontifical, *i.e.*, the art of making bridges. The high priest of Rome derived his title, *Pontifex*, from *pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make ; perhaps because religious rites of great importance inaugurated these highly-valued works, which he always superintended.

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<sup>1</sup>  
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose :  
Disguised he came, but those his children dear  
Their parents soon discern'd, 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  
Might suddenly inflict : that past, return'd,  
By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,  
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
Not instant, but of future time with joy  
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontfice,<sup>2</sup> unhop'd  
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own ;  
Thou art their author and prime architect :

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<sup>1</sup> To avoid being seen by Uriel. Centaur and Scorpion are constellations in a different part of the heavens to Aries on the equator.—NEWTON.      <sup>2</sup> Bridge.

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

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.  
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race  
Of Satan, for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent

Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
Descend through darkness on your road with ease  
To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;  
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth  
Dominion exercise and in the air,  
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared ;  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me : on your joint vigor now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell  
No detriment need fear ; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed  
Their course through thickest constellations held  
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down  
The causey to hell gate : on either side  
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate ; for those  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
Of Pandæmonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance

Might intercept their emperor sent; so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observed.  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan over the snowy plains  
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophy<sup>1</sup> from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent<sup>2</sup> leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule<sup>3</sup> in his retreat  
 To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late  
 Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell  
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall invisible  
 Ascended his high throne, which, under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what 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 wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim.  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy,

<sup>1</sup> The Persian monarch thus named from Bactria, one of the greatest provinces of Persia.

<sup>2</sup> The ensign or emblem of Turkey.

<sup>3</sup> "Aladule," the greater Armenia, called by the Turks (under whom the greatest part of it is) Aladule, of its last King, Aladule, slain by Selymus I.; "in his retreat to Tauris," a great city in the kingdom of Persia, now called Ecbatana, sometime in the hands of the Turks, but in 1603 retaken by Abas, King of Persia; "or Casbeen," one of the greatest cities of Persia, where the Persian monarchs made their residence after the loss of Tauris, from which it is distant sixty-five German miles to the south-east.—HUME.

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention, won.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,  
For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
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 heav'n  
Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain  
Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved  
To expedite your glorious march : but I  
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride  
Th' untractable abyss, plunged in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting fate supreme ; thence how I found  
The new created world, which fame in heav'n  
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 giv'n up  
Both His belovèd man and all His world  
To Sin' and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
To rule, as over all He should have ruled.

True is, me also he hath judged, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape  
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and mankind: I am to bruise his heel;  
 His seed (when is not set)<sup>1</sup> shall bruise my head.  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
 Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more:  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs' entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power  
 Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forkèd tongue  
 To forkèd tongue, for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to serpents all as accessories  
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion, and asp, and amphibæna<sup>2</sup> dire,  
 Cerastes<sup>3</sup> horn'd, hydrus,<sup>4</sup> and elop<sup>5</sup> drear,  
 And dipsas;<sup>6</sup> not so thick swarm'd once the soil

<sup>1</sup> The time (when) is not declared.

<sup>2</sup> A serpent said to have a head at both ends of its body.

<sup>3</sup> A horned snake.

<sup>4</sup> A water snake. <sup>5</sup> A water serpent. <sup>6</sup> A snake the bite of which produces feverish thirst.

Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon<sup>1</sup> or the isle  
 Ophiusa ;<sup>2</sup> but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
 Huge Python,<sup>3</sup> and his power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain. They all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see,  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief :  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents ; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw,  
 They felt themselves now changing : down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the tempter : on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame :  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,

<sup>1</sup> Lybia, where the blood which dropped from Medusa's head produced serpents.

<sup>2</sup> An island in the Mediterranean, which was deserted on account of its serpents, from which it derived its name.—NEWTON.

<sup>3</sup> A huge serpent, sprung from the slime left after the Deucalion deluge. It was slain by Apollo.



But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra;<sup>1</sup> greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake<sup>2</sup> where Sodom flamed;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion; not as man  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they plagued  
 And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;  
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days  
 To dash their pride and joy for man seduced.  
 However, some tradition they dispersed  
 Among the heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion with Eurynome, (the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> One of the Furies.

<sup>2</sup> Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea. Milton alludes to Josephus's account of the apples of Sodom, said to have a lovely exterior, but within to be full of ashes. It is not true.

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

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon.  
To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
Alike is hell, or paradise, or heaven,  
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems<sup>1</sup>  
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.

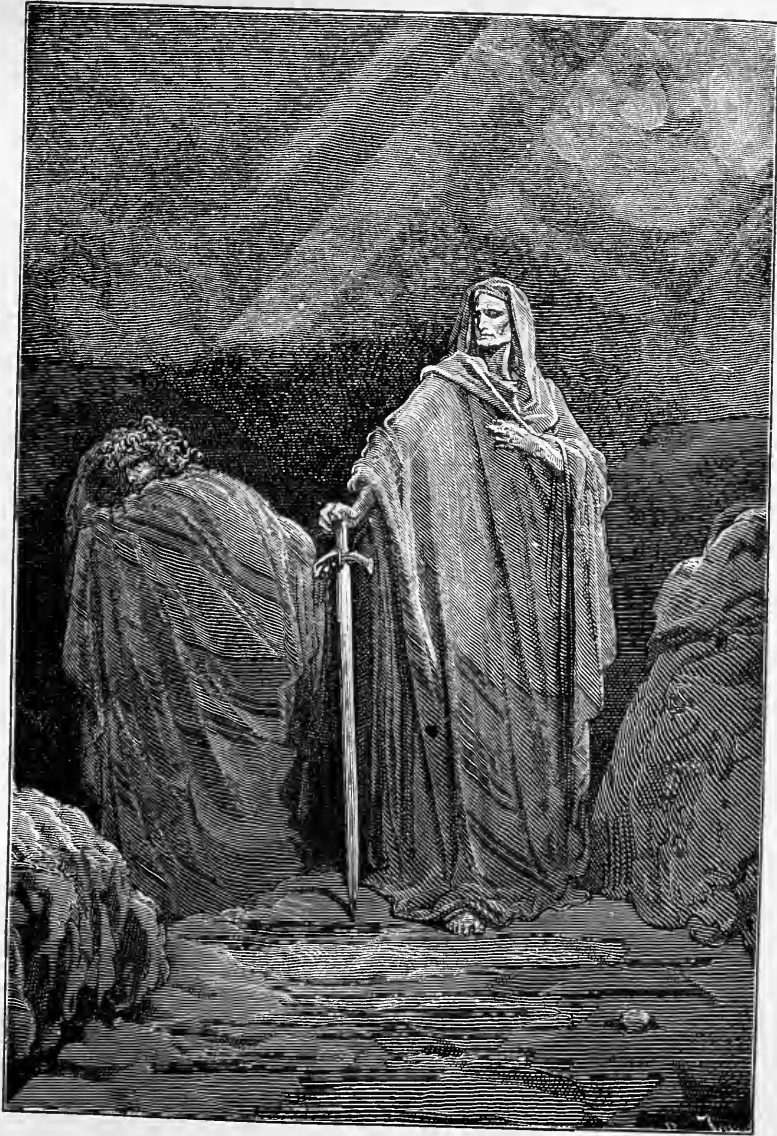
To whom th' incestuous mother thus replied.  
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers  
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;  
No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared,  
Till I in man residing through the race,  
His thoughts,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

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

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heavenly, and conniving seem

---

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xxvii. 20.



*This said, they both betook them several ways.*

1880

Journal of the  
[Illegible text]

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,  
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure ; till cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last  
 Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure  
 To sanctify that shall receive no stain :  
 Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
 Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,<sup>2</sup>  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;  
 Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,  
 Destined restorer of mankind, by whom  
 New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from heav'n descend. Such was their song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty angels gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter ; from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon<sup>3</sup>  
 Her office they prescribed, to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects

<sup>1</sup> See Dante's *Inferno*, cant. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. xv. 3 ; xvi. 7.

<sup>3</sup> Some editions printed blanc moon, *i. e.*, *white*.

In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign, and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to show'r,  
 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 æreal hall.  
 Some say, he bid his angels turn askance  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe: some say, the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n  
 Atlantic sisters,<sup>2</sup> and the Spartan twins,<sup>3</sup>  
 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 vernal flow'rs,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day

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<sup>1</sup> Terms made use of by the astrologers, and signifying the positions or aspects of the five (then known) planets. Sextile means a planet situated at a distance of two signs (the sixth of twelve) from another planet. Square, separated by four signs. Trine, separated by three signs. *Opposite* was considered a position of noxious efficacy. The period in which Milton lived explains the fact of his countenancing these superstitions, as they were universally believed. After the great Fire of London, the House of Commons called the astrologer Lilly before them, to examine him as to his foreknowledge of that calamity, and gravely received his explanation of how he obtained his foresight from the art he practised. He had foretold the fire in a hieroglyphic resembling those formerly published in Old Moore's Almanack, which might be interpreted in any manner the reader pleased. "Did you foresee the year?" asked one of the Committee. "I did not," replied Lilly, "nor was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny." The astrologer then told them, very wisely, that the fire was not of man, but of God. It was believed to have been caused by incendiaries.

<sup>2</sup> The Pleiades, daughters of Atlas. This constellation is in the neck of Taurus.

<sup>3</sup> Castor and Pollux, the Gemini.

Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun  
 To recompense his distance in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland,<sup>1</sup> and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan.<sup>2</sup> At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet,<sup>3</sup> turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produced  
 Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast,  
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north  
 Of Norumbega<sup>4</sup> and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias<sup>5</sup> rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus, and Afer black with thund'rous clouds  
 From Serraliona,<sup>6</sup> thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr<sup>7</sup> with their lateral noise  
 Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,

<sup>1</sup> A tract of land north of America, near the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay.—HUME.

<sup>2</sup> Extreme south of South America.

<sup>3</sup> Atreus, to avenge an injury, invited his brother Thyestes to a banquet, and served up for his food the flesh of his murdered children. This horrid revenge was visited on the family of Atreus for generations.

<sup>4</sup> A province of the northern Armenia. Samoieda, in the northeast of Muscovy, upon the Frozen Sea.—HUME.

<sup>5</sup> Names of the winds. Boreas, the north; Cæcias, northwest; Argestes, northeast. Thrascias, from Threce. Notus, the south wind. Afer, from Africa.—From RICHARDSON.

<sup>6</sup> The Lion Mountains, southwest of Africa, famous for storms.

<sup>7</sup> Levant and Ponent are Italian names for the east and west winds, called by the Greeks Eurus and Zephyr. Sirocco and Libecchio are the southeast and southwest winds.

Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational  
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy :  
 Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glared on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy ! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessèd ? 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, Encrease and multiply,  
 Now death to hear ! for what can I encrease  
 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  
 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  
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I received, unable to perform  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that  
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
I thus contest: then should have been refused  
These terms, whatever, when they were proposed.  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions?<sup>1</sup> and though GOD  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But natural necessity begot.  
GOD made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what His decree  
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down

---

<sup>1</sup> Job ii. 10.

As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; His dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse  
To me and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man<sup>1</sup>  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
And sin? the body properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die; let this appease  
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is His wrath also? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise  
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?  
Can He make deathless death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to GOD Himself  
Impossible is held, as argument  
Of weakness, not of power. Will He draw out,  
For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor,  
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 th' extent of their own sphere. But say,  
That death be not one stroke as I supposed,  
Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
From this day onward, which I feel begun

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. ii. 7.

Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuity :—ay me ! that fear  
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenceless head ; both death and I  
Are 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 ! O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !  
So disinherited, how would ye bless  
Me, now your curse ! Ah ! why should all mankind  
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,  
Not to do only, but to will the same  
With me ? how can they then acquitted stand  
In sight of God ? Him, after all disputes,  
Forced I absolve : all my evasions vain,  
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
But to my own conviction : first and last  
On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;  
So might the wrath ! Fond wish ! couldst thou support  
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,  
Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
With that bad woman ? Thus what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future :  
To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
O Conscience, into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driv'n 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  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,  
Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
But death comes not at call, justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs,  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song.  
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best  
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and color serpentine may show  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach; but with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a 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 heav'n  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men as angels without feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall ; innumerable  
Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex : for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse ; or if she love, withheld  
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame ;  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve  
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n  
What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceived ; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel serpent. On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable ; both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only, I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune heaven, that all  
 The sentence from thy head removed, may light  
 On me, soul cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

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

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

Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed, and by me exposed.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of love how we may lighten  
Each other's burden in our share of woe ;  
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed, O hapless seed ! derived.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.  
Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,  
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By Death at last, and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring,  
Into this cursed world a woful 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  
Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous 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  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves :  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
 That show no end but death, and have the power,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

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

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns ;  
 But self-destruction therefore sought refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.  
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
 Of misery, so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd : much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
 We are by doom to pay : rather such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live : then let us seek



Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
The serpent's head : piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived  
Against us this deceit. To crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed ; which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
Resolved, as thou proposest ; so our foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and savors only  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and His just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper He both heard and judged  
Without wrath or reviling ; we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day, when, lo ! to thee  
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth ; soon recompensed with joy,  
Fruit of thy womb : on me the curse aslope  
Glanced on the ground, with labor I must earn  
My bread ; what harm ? idleness had been worse ;  
My labor will sustain me ; and lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, His timely care  
Hath unbesought provided, and His hands  
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while He judged.  
How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear  
Be open, and His heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' 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 benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night; how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite<sup>1</sup> to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock.  
 Tine<sup>2</sup> the slant lightning whose thwart flame driv'n down  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought; ●  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching Him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By Him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than, to the place  
 Repairing where He judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before Him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly He will relent and turn  
 From His displeasure, in whose look serene,  
 When angry most He seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?  
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place

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<sup>1</sup> Worn by rubbing or friction.

<sup>2</sup> To kindle.

Repairing where He judged them prostrate fell •  
Before Him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting,<sup>1</sup> sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek.

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<sup>1</sup> Beating the air.

## 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 approaching 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  
 Preventive grace descending had removed  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed  
 Unutterable,<sup>1</sup> which the spirit of prayer  
 Inspired, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory : yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout.<sup>2</sup> To heav'n their prayers  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate : in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors ; then clad  
 With incense,<sup>3</sup> where the golden altar fumed,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne ; them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

<sup>1</sup> Romans viii. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Themis, the goddess of justice. The fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha, evidently founded on a heathen tradition of Noah's flood, is told by Ovid, *Mét.* l. fab. 3.    <sup>3</sup> Psalm cxli. 2.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs  
 And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd  
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of paradise could have produced, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication, hear his sighs though mute ;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate <sup>1</sup>  
 And propitiation ; all his works on me  
 Good or not good ingraft, my merit those  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live  
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
 Number'd, though sad, till death his doom, (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)  
 To better life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss ;  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.<sup>2</sup>

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene ;  
 All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain ; all thy request was my decree :  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids :  
 Those pure immortal elements, that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper gross, to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first

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<sup>1</sup> 1 John ii. 1, 2.

<sup>2</sup> 2 John xvii. 21, 22.

Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd, with happiness  
 And immortality: that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternize woe,  
 Till I provided death; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life  
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 Waked in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest  
 Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide  
 My judgment; how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw;  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

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

O Sons, like one of us man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended<sup>1</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup> Forbidden.

He sorrows now, repents and prays contrite,  
My motions in him, longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain  
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of GOD  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,  
From hallow'd ground the unholy, and denounce  
To them and to their progeny from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urged,  
For I behold them soften'd and with tears  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix  
My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd ;  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace :  
And on the east side of the garden place,  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life :  
Lest paradise a receptacle prove  
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude.

He ceased ; and the archangelic pow'r prepared  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim ; four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus ;<sup>1</sup> all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus,<sup>2</sup> and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 To resalute the world with sacred light  
 Leucothea<sup>3</sup> waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd  
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd ;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends ;  
 But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His will,  
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought  
 By prayer th' offended Deity to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before Him humbled all my heart,  
 Methought I saw Him placable and mild,  
 Bending His ear : persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favor ; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ;  
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. x. 12, 14.

<sup>2</sup> Argus, the spy of Juno, who had a hundred eyes, was lulled to sleep and killed by Mercury (or Hermes), by the command of Jupiter. The Caduceus of Mercury is called an "opiate rod," because with it he could charm sleep on any eyelids he pleased.

<sup>3</sup> "The white goddess," or Dawn. The same with Matuta, or early morning, in Latin. She preceded Aurora.—NEWTON.



Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
Eve <sup>1</sup> rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.  
Ill worthy I such title should belong  
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd  
A help, became thy snare : to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
The source of life ; next favorable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
Far other name deserving. But the field  
To labor calls us now with sweat imposed,  
Though after sleepless night ; for see, the morn,  
All unconcern'd, with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
Laborious, till day droop ; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?  
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve ; but fate  
Subscribed not ; nature first gave signs, impress'd  
On bird, beast, air ; air suddenly eclipsed  
After short blush of morn : nigh in her sight  
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tow'r,  
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 th' eastern gate was bent their flight.

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<sup>1</sup> Eve signifies Life.

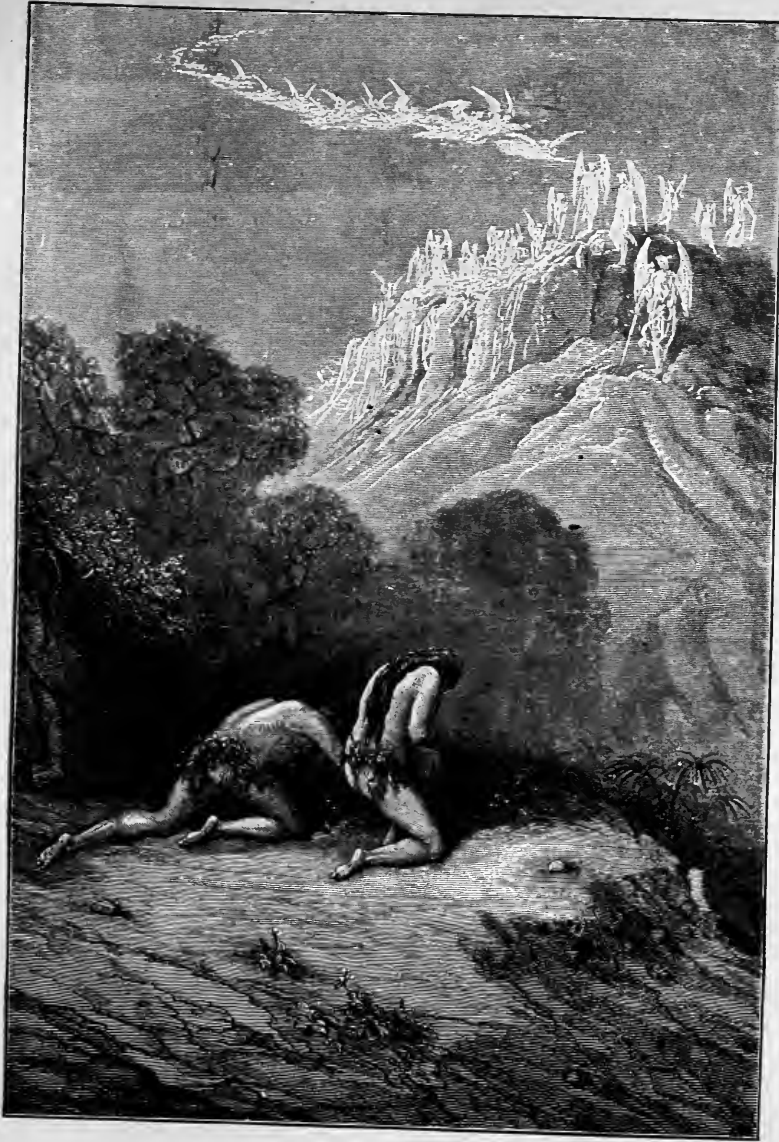
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
Which heav'n 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?  
Why else this double object in our sight  
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,  
One way the selfsame 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 heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim,<sup>1</sup> where he saw  
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,<sup>2</sup>  
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
One man assassin-like had levy'd war,  
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch  
In their bright stand there left his powers to seize  
Possession of the garden; he alone,

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the King of Syria's attempt to take the prophet Elisha captive, and to the vision the prophet vouchsafed to obtain for his servant of the angel-guards which defended him. 2 Kings vi. 17.



*The heavenly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise.*

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Main body of text, appearing as a list or series of entries, though the content is illegible due to fading.

To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
 Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed; for I descry  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill  
 One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait  
 None of the meanest: some great potentate,  
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide;  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan,<sup>1</sup> or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce; Iris<sup>2</sup> had dipp'd the woof;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear  
 Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Adam, heav'n'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  
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent

---

<sup>1</sup> Melibœa, a city of Thessaly, was famous for dyeing the noblest purple. Sarra, the dye of Tyre.—HUME. Sar was the name of the fish from which the Tyrian purple dye was extracted.

<sup>2</sup> The rainbow hues are meant.

And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeased  
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.  
O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
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 flow'rs,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:  
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;

Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named  
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound.  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
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 count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed  
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
Stood visible, among these pines His voice  
I heard, here with Him at this fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
Or monument to ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs:

In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off His steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st heav'n His, and all the earth,  
 Not this rock only; His omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea and air, and every kind that lives,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fomented by His virtual power and warm'd:  
 All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise or Eden: this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 GOD is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of His presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, His face  
 Express, and of His steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou may'st believe and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy off-spring; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear

---

<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah xxiii. 24.



And pious sorrow, equally inured  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill; let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning, to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the visions of God. It was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
 Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the tempter set  
 Our second Adam<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,<sup>3</sup>  
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings,<sup>4</sup> and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese,<sup>5</sup> or where

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 45. Matt. iv. 8.

<sup>2</sup> The principal city of Cathay.

<sup>3</sup> The chief city of Zagathian Tartary. It was the royal residence of the great conqueror Tamerlane, or "Temir."

<sup>4</sup> Paquin, or Pekin, in China, the country of the ancient Sinæ.—NEWTON.

<sup>5</sup> The golden Chersonese is Malacca.

The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,<sup>1</sup>  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus<sup>2</sup> to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almansor,<sup>4</sup> Fez, and Sus,  
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 Or Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa,<sup>5</sup> and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons<sup>6</sup>  
 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<sup>7</sup> and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
 Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Byzantium, or Constantinople. The Turks came from Turkestan, in Tartary.

<sup>2</sup> Upper Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, whose king is still styled the *Negus*. Ercoco, or Erquièò, on the Red Sea. <sup>3</sup> All on the eastern coast of Africa.

<sup>4</sup> Almansor was King of Barbary, where these states lie.

<sup>5</sup> Atahualpa, the last native Emperor or Inca, subdued by Pizarro.

<sup>6</sup> The Spaniards, so called from Geryon, an ancient King of Spain. El Dorado revives the memory of the explorers and navigators of Elizabeth's days. The whole inhabited world is summed up in this sweeping and glorious description of the vision of our Lord on the Mount.

<sup>7</sup> The herb called in English eyebright. Both it and rue were thought to have great medicinal power.

Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranced :  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin ; yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds :  
 I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy sord ;<sup>1</sup> thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper<sup>2</sup> from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Uncull'd as came to hand ; a shepherd next  
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock  
 Choicest and best ; then sacrificing laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  
 His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n  
 Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam ;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere :  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.

O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrificed ;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sward. See green-sord for green-sward in early editions of Shakespeare. <sup>2</sup> Gen. iv. 2.

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 heav'n acceptance ; but the bloody fact  
Will be avenged, and the other's faith approved  
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire :

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !  
But have I now seen death ? is this the way  
I must return to native dust ? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel !

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man ; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense  
More terrible at the entrance than within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more  
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear ; that thou may'st know  
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone, and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Dæmoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Though not of woman born ; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
The image of God in man, created once  
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
Retaining still divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villified  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
Disfiguring not GOD's likeness, but their own,  
Or if His likeness, by themselves defaced,  
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
To loathesome 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  
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  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.  
This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To wither'd, weak, and gray : thy senses then  
Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego  
To what thou hast, and for the air of youth,  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor :

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. Michael replied.

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n :  
And now prepare thee for another sight.  
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue ; by some were herds  
Of cattle grazing :<sup>1</sup> others, whence the sound  
Of instruments that made melodious chime

---

<sup>1</sup> Jabal. See Gen. iv. 20.

Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who moved  
Their stops and chords was seen : his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue,<sup>1</sup>  
In other part stood one who, at the forge<sup>2</sup>  
Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted, whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground ; the liquid ore he drain'd  
Into fit moulds prepared ; from which he form'd  
First his own tools ; then, what might else be wrought  
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,  
But on the hither side, a different sort  
From the high neighboring hills, which was their seat,  
Down to the plain descended : by their guise  
Just men they seem'd,<sup>3</sup> and all their study bent  
To worship God aright, and know His works  
Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men : they on the plain  
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
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 ev'ning star,  
Love's harbinger, appear'd ; then all in heat  
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked ;  
With feast and music all the tents resound.  
Such happy interview and fair event

---

<sup>1</sup> Jubal. See Gen. iv. 21.<sup>2</sup> Tubal-cain. Gen. iv. 22.<sup>3</sup> The descendants of Seth.

*PARADISE LOST.*

Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,  
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of nature, which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bless'd,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past ;  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler ends  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
 Those tents, thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother ; studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledged none.  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;  
 For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seem'd  
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honor and chief praise ;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
 To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the sons of GOD,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair atheists ; and now swim in joy  
 (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



Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!  
But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said the angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.

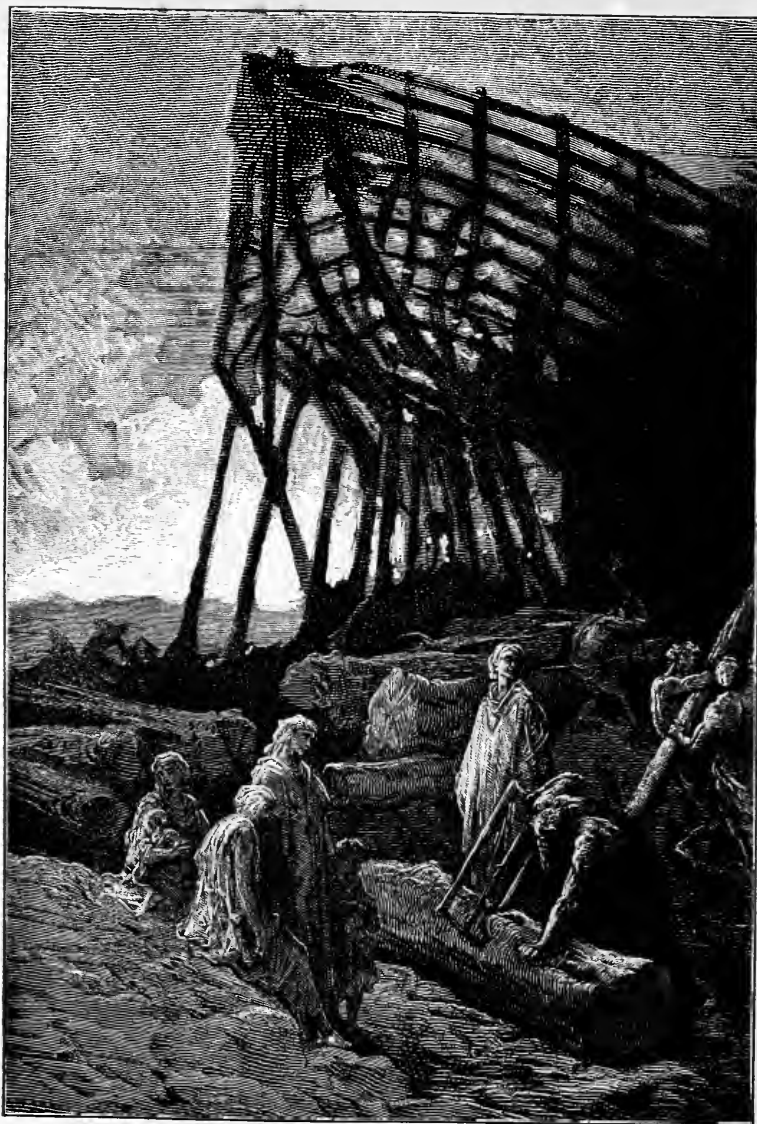
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single, or in array of battle ranged  
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring 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,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field,  
Deserted. Others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamp'd, by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd heralds call  
To council in the city gates: anon  
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon  
In factious opposition; till at last

Of middle age one rising,<sup>1</sup> 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 snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O! what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother; for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not heav'n  
 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 match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
 For in those days might only shall be admired,  
 And valor and heroic virtue call'd:  
 To overcome in battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 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 call'd and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,

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<sup>1</sup> Enoch, said to be of middle age, because he was translated when he was only 365 years old, a middle age then. Gen. v. 23.—RICHARDSON.



*Began to build a vessel of huge bulk.*

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And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints; him the most High  
Wrapt in a balmy cloud with wingèd steeds  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death : to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment :  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold :

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed,  
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar ;  
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting as befell,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allured them ; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire<sup>1</sup> among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declared,  
And testified against their ways ; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met  
Triumphs, or festivals, and to them preach'd  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison under judgments imminent :  
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceased  
Contending, and removed his tents far off :<sup>2</sup>  
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,  
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door

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<sup>1</sup> Noah. See 1 Peter iii. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Noah's removal to another land is taken from Josephus. *Antiq. Jud.* lib. i. c. 3.

Contrived, and of provisions laid in large  
For man and beast : when lo, a wonder strange !  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
Their order : last the sire and his three sons  
With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
From under heav'n ; the hills to their supply  
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist  
Sent up amain : and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen ; the floating vessel swum  
Uplifted ; and secure with beak'd prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,  
Sea without shore, and in their palaces,  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,  
All left in one small bottom swum embark'd.  
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation ! thee another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd  
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;  
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
Lived ignorant of future, so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot  
Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispensed  
The burden of many ages, on me light

At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;  
And he the future evil shall no less  
In apprehension than in substance feel,  
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  
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope  
When violence was ceased, and war on earth,  
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd  
With length of happy days the race of man;  
But I was far deceived; for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,  
And whether here the race of 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;  
Who having spill'd 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 feign'd  
In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal  
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
Worldly, or dissolute, on what their lords

*PARADISE LOST.*

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  
Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
On their impenitence ; and shall return  
Of them derided, but of God observed  
The one just man alive ; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
To save himself and household from amidst  
A world devote to universal wreck.  
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 heav'n 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  
Out of his place, push'd by the hornèd flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,  
And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang ;  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.



He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated, for the clouds were fled,  
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd ;  
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry 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 stopp'd  
His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;  
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive  
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
And after him the surer messenger,  
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign :  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends with all his train ;  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,  
Betok'ning peace from GOD, and cov'nant new.  
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad  
Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou, who future things canst represent  
As present, heav'nly instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assured that man shall live  
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice

For one man found so perfect and so just,  
That GOD vouchsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say, what mean those color'd streaks in heav'n,  
Distended as the brow of GOD appeas'd ?  
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud  
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth ?

To whom the archangel. Dext'rously thou aim'st ;  
So willingly doth GOD remit His ire,  
Though late repenting Him of man depraved,  
Grieved at His heart, when looking down He saw  
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,  
That He relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
With man therein or beast ; but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,  
And call to mind his cov'nant : day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both heav'n 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 th' archangel paused  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored;  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
And man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense:  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd, or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
Long time in peace by families and tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise

Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth ;  
 Hunting, and men not beasts shall be his game,  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous.  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled <sup>1</sup>  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of heav'n,  
 Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ;  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,<sup>2</sup>  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west,<sup>3</sup> shall find  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell :  
 Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n,  
 And get themselves a name, lest far disperst  
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But GOD, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks,  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
 Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raise  
 Quite out their native language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.

<sup>1</sup> Nimrod, who is supposed to have been the first who assumed kingly power. See Gen x. 9.

<sup>2</sup> The name Nimrod is derived from a Hebrew word that signifies to rebel.

<sup>3</sup> "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders, each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heav'n,  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
 And hear the din; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion<sup>1</sup> named.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.  
 O execrable son! so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from GOD not giv'n.  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By His donation; such title to Himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man; to GOD his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
 Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits

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<sup>1</sup> Babel signifies *confusion*, in Hebrew.

Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, GOD in judgment just  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
 Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son  
 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 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;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
 A nation from one faithful man<sup>2</sup> to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing  
 Bred up in idol-worship:<sup>3</sup> O that men,  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living GOD, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For Gods; yet him GOD the most high vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred, and false Gods, into a land

<sup>1</sup> Gen. ix. 22-25.

<sup>2</sup> Abraham.

<sup>3</sup> Terah, Abraham's father, was an idolater. See Josh. xxiv. 2. Jewish tradition represents the father and grandfather of Abraham to have been carvers of idols. Terah was born in Noah's lifetime.

Which He will show him, and from him will raise  
A mighty nation, and upon him show'r  
His benediction so, that in his seed  
All nations shall be bless'd ; 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  
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude ;  
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With GOD, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighboring plain  
Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land ;  
From Hamath northward to the desert south,  
Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed,  
From Hermon east to the great western sea,  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore  
Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream  
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed ; by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths

Into the sea. To sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth ; a son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation ; and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmafe 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  
His people from enthralment, they return  
With glory and spoil back to their promised land.  
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ;  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;  
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
Blotches and blains must all his flesh imboss,  
And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,  
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green :  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
This river-dragon<sup>1</sup> tamed at length submits

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<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the crocodile, the Egyptian animal. Ezekiel also styles Pharaoh "the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers."



To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice  
More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass  
As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:  
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
Though present in His angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
On their imbattled 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 ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found  
Their government, and their great senate choose  
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.  
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top

Shall tremble, He descending, will Himself  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound  
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain  
To civil justice; part, religious rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them by types  
And shadows of that destined seed to bruise  
The serpent, by what means He shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of GOD  
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
That Moses might report to them His will  
And terror cease; He grants what they besought,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;  
And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to His will, that He vouchsafes  
Among them to set up His tabernacle,  
The Ho'y One with mortal men to dwell.  
By His prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein  
An ark, and in the ark His testimony,  
The records of His cov'nant, 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 heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey, and at length they come  
Conducted by His angel to the land  
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest  
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;  
Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n 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 heav'n,  
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eased,  
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
Of me and all mankind; but now I see  
His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd;  
Favor unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom GOD will deign to dwell on earth  
So many and so various laws are giv'n:  
So many laws argue so many sins  
Among them; how can GOD with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was law given them to evince  
Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
Sin against law to fight; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by faith imputed they may find  
Justification towards GOD, and peace  
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.

So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n  
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 led ;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man  
Safe to eternal paradise of rest.

Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan placed  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking GOD to raise them enemies,  
From whom as oft He saves them penitent,  
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom  
The second, both for piety renown'd  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
Forever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
All prophesy, that of the royal stock  
Of David, so I name this king, shall rise  
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
But first a long succession must ensue,  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
The clouded ark of GOD, till then in tents  
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
Such follow him, as shall be register'd

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll ;  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, His temple, and His Holy ark,  
 With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
 There in captivity He lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
 Rememb'ring mercy and His cov'nant sworn  
 To David stablish'd as the days of heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom GOD disposed, the house of GOD  
 They first re-edify, and for awhile  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,<sup>1</sup>  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavor peace : their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Then lose it to a stranger,<sup>3</sup> that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star  
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come ;  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire

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<sup>1</sup> The murder of Jesus, or Joshua, in the Temple by his brother John, the high priest, is perhaps alluded to here. Bagoas, the general of Artaxerxes' army, had promised to procure Jesus the high priesthood. In confidence of the Persian's support, Jesus insulted his brother in the temple, and so provoked him that the latter slew him. Thus the Temple was polluted by fratricide, committed by the high priest himself. The old commentators suppose, however, that the passage alludes to the quarrels between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood which led to the profanation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes.

<sup>2</sup> Aristobulus, a Maccabee, or Asmonean, erected the theocratic republic of the Jews into a kingdom 481 years after the return from the Babylonian captivity.

<sup>3</sup> Herod, an Idumean or Edomite.

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 choir  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High ; he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.<sup>1</sup>

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathed.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of woman : Virgin Mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of GOD most high ; so GOD with man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhood, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from heav'n, 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,

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm ii. 8. Isaiah ix. 7. Zech. ix. 9.

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 :  
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 cursèd 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.  
For this He shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd  
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross  
By His own nation, slain for bringing life :  
But to the cross He nails thy enemies,  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with Him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this His satisfaction: so He dies,  
But soon revives, death over Him no power  
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see Him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works. This godlike act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
In sin forever lost from life ; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength  
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,

Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom He redeems, a death, like sleep  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall He stay  
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear  
 To His disciples, men who in His life  
 Still follow'd Him ; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd  
 And His salvation ; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the redeemer died.  
 All nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world :  
 So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd.  
 Then to the heav'n of heav'ns 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 heav'n ; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heav'n or earth ; for then the earth  
 Shall all be paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake the Archangel Michael, then paused,  
 As at the world's great period ; and our sire  
 Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.



O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.  
To GOD more glory, more good will to men  
From GOD, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' 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 heav'n  
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  
With spiritual armor, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit  
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts indue,  
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 heav'n: at length

Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of GOD, promised alike and giv'n  
To all believers; and from that pretence  
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind  
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
Under her own weight groaning till the day  
Appear of restoration to the just,

And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,  
The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,  
To bring forth fruits joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last replied.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,  
Measured this transient world, the race of time  
Till time stand fix'd! beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach:  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only GOD, to walk  
As in His presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on Him sole depend,  
Merciful over all His works, with good  
Still overcoming evil; and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And to the faithful death the gate of life;  
Taught this by his example, whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd.

To whom thus also th' angel last replied.  
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum

Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,  
Or works of GOD in heav'n, 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 call'd charity, the soul  
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth  
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top  
Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards,  
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;  
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
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 cheer'd  
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill :  
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked ;  
And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know ;

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
 Which He hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearing 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 heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist  
 Ris'n from a river o'er the marish<sup>1</sup> glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed  
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapor as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat  
 In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
 Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
 They looking back all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate

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<sup>1</sup> An old word for marsh.

*PARADISE LOST.*

With dreadful faces throug'd and fiery arms :  
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon ;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.



# PARADISE REGAINED.



## BOOK I.

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated, and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.  
Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, His victorious field,  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st Him thence  
By proof the undoubted Son of GOD, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds  
With prosperous wing full summ'd<sup>1</sup> to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age,  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.  
Now had the great Proclaimer,<sup>2</sup> with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptized: to his great baptism flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd

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<sup>1</sup> Full feathered, a term used in falconry.

<sup>2</sup> John the Baptist.

To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,  
 Unmark'd, unknown ; but Him the Baptist soon  
 Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
 To him his heavenly office, nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd : on Him baptized  
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove  
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
 From heav'n pronounced Him His belovèd 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, th' exalted Man, to whom  
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd  
 With wonder, then, with envy fraught and rage,  
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
 To council summons all his mighty peers,  
 Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved,  
 A gloomy consistory ; and them amidst  
 With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Powers of air<sup>1</sup> and this wide world,  
 For much more willingly I mention air,  
 This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
 Our hated habitation ; well we know  
 How many ages, as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possest, and ruled  
 In manner at our will th' 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 heav'n  
 Delay, for longest time to Him is short ;  
 And now too soon for us the circling hours

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<sup>1</sup> See Ephes. ii. 2 ; vi. 12.



This dreaded time have compast, wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,  
 At least if so we can, and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed, our freedom, and our being,  
 In this fair empire won of earth and air :  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born ;  
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying  
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
 Before him a great prophet to proclaim  
 His coming is sent harbinger, who all  
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
 Purified to receive Him pure, or rather  
 To do Him honor as their king: all come,  
 And He Himself among them was baptized,  
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
 The testimony of heav'n, that who He is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
 The prophet do him reverence, on Him, rising  
 Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on His head  
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,  
 And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I hear,  
 —This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased.  
 His mother then is mortal, but His sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n ;  
 And what will He not do to advance His Son ?  
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
 When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep ;  
 Who this is we must learn,<sup>1</sup> for man He seems

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<sup>1</sup> Milton's idea that Satan did not know that the wondrous Man baptized was the Messiah;

In all His lineaments, though in His face  
 The glimpses of His Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed,  
 Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,  
 Ere in the head of nations He appear  
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd  
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief.  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise  
 To him their gréat 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
 This man of men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on Him to try;

---

originated probably by the opinions of Ignatius, Bezu, etc., who believed that the devil did not recognize in mortal form the Son of God.—*From* NEWTON.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the habits of pretended sorcerers, who wore a girdle of snake's skin.—NEWTON. Milton also alluded to the temptation of Eve.

So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd :  
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purposed counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt  
Of the most High, who, in full frequency bright  
Of angels, thus to Gabriel<sup>1</sup> smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
Thou and all angels conversant on earth  
With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message late,  
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a son  
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of GOD ;  
Thou 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 up-grown,  
To show him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay  
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostasy ; he might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,  
Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness ;  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments

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<sup>1</sup> The rabbis say that Gabriel was the angel of mercy ; Michael, of justice.—*From NEW-TON.*

Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes  
By humiliation and strong sufferance.  
His weakness shall o'ercome satanic strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;  
That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect man, by merit called my son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heav'n  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

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

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tuned :  
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptized,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast,  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his god-like office now mature,  
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading,  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,<sup>1</sup>  
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel my self, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared.  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things: therefore, above my years,  
The law of GOD I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast  
I went into the temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own,  
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 pow'r,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:  
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Wilderness of Judea, or Ziph. It extended from the Jordan along the western side of the Dead Sea.

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart. High are thy thoughts  
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, thou 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 heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men:  
A messenger from GOD foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin;<sup>1</sup> he foretold  
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious quire  
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,<sup>2</sup>  
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 heav'n appearing  
Guided the wise men thither from the east,<sup>3</sup>  
To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,  
By which they knew the king of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
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

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<sup>1</sup> Luke i. 30-35.<sup>2</sup> Luke ii. 8, and following vs.<sup>3</sup> Matt. ii.

Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefixt I waited, when, behold!  
 The Baptist, of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight,<sup>1</sup> now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
 Which I believed was from above; but he  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me Him (for it was shown him so from heav'n),  
 Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first  
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove;  
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from heav'n pronounced me His,  
 Me His belovèd 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 heav'n.  
 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.

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<sup>1</sup> St. John was brought up in a different part of the country from Jesus, and first saw his divine cousin at his baptism. John i. 31, 32. "I knew him not."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And looking round on every side beheld  
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;  
 The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
 Under the cover of some ancient oak  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbor'd in one cave, is not reveal'd ;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd ; his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
 But now an agèd man in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan, for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought.  
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son



Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes,  
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth  
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)  
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of GOD. Who brought me hither  
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

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

He ended, and the Son of GOD replied.  
Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written,  
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,)  
Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
Proceeding from the mouth of GOD, who fed  
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount  
Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank;  
And forty days Elijah without food  
Wander'd this barren waste, the same I now.  
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd the arch fiend now undisguis'd.  
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,  
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,  
Kept not my nappy station, but was driv'n  
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;  
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
By rigor 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 heav'n of heav'ns  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of GOD, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ;  
 And when to all his angels he proposed  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies<sup>1</sup>  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge ;  
 For what He bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of GOD, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declared the Son of GOD, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds ?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind : why should I ? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence, by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages, and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xxii. 19 and following vs.

<sup>2</sup> The following passage of Cicero reflects so much light on these lines as would incline one to think that Milton had it in his mind. "Multa cernunt haruspices; multa augures provident, multa oraculis declarantur, multa vaticinationibus, multa somniis, multa portentis: quibus cognititis, multæ sæpe res hominum sententia atque utilitate partæ" (or, as Lambinus

Envy they say excites me thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be ; but long since with woe.  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :  
 This wounds me most, what can it less? that man,  
 Man fall'n shall be restored, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.  
 Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,  
 Who boast release from hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns. Thou com'st indeed,  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendor, now deposed,  
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
 To all the host of heav'n. The happy place  
 Imports 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 heav'n.  
 But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.  
 Wilt thou impute t' 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.

---

reads, " ex animi sententia atque utilitate partæ "); " multa etiam pericula depulsa sunt."  
 —*De Nat. Deor.* II. 65.—NEWTON.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
 By thee are giv'n, and what confest 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  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most,  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
 For GOD hath justly given the nations up  
 To thy delusions; justly, since they fell  
 Idolatrous. But when His purpose is  
 Among them to declare His providence  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 But from Him or His angels president  
 In every province? who, themselves disdaining  
 T' approach thy temples, give thee in command  
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ceased. *Juv. Sat. VI. 554.* "Delphis oracula cessant."

<sup>2</sup> Thus the priestess tells Appius when he wishes to consult the oracle at Delphi, and finds it dumb:

"Muto Parnassus hiatu

Conticuit pressitque Deum; seu spiritus istas

Destituit fauces mundique in devia versum.

Duxit iter."—

LUCAN, quoted by DUNSTER.

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, and inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery, hath wrested from me; where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth;  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;  
 From thee I can, and must, submiss endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable 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 vouchsafed his voice  
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
 Inspired; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.  
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st

Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low  
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin air diffused :<sup>1</sup> for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;  
And now wild beasts come forth the woods to roam.

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<sup>1</sup> " These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into *thin air*."—

SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

## BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus, Messiah, Son of GOD declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodged,<sup>1</sup> I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others though in holy writ not named,  
Now missing him their joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt:  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
And for a time caught up to GOD, as once  
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;  
And the great Thisbite,<sup>2</sup> who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.  
Therefore as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Elijah,<sup>3</sup> so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho  
The city of palms,<sup>4</sup> Ænon, and Salem old,  
Machærus,<sup>5</sup> and each town or city wall'd  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,  
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,

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<sup>1</sup> See John i. 35-40.

<sup>2</sup> Elijah.

<sup>3</sup> 2 Kings ii. 17.

<sup>4</sup> Jericho is called the city of palm trees in Deut. xxxiv. 3.

<sup>5</sup> A stronghold fortified by Herod Antipas.

Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed.  
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! 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 turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze :  
 For whither is he gone, what accident  
 Hath wrapt 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 perform'd,  
 Sent His Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
 By His great prophet pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have conversed ;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on His providence ; He will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall ;  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence ;  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :  
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,



Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honor high  
To have conceived of GOD, or that salute,  
Hail, highly favor'd, among women blest!  
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore,  
In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air! a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his: yet soon enforced to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king; but now  
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
Son own'd from heav'n by his Father's voice;  
I look'd for some great change: to honor? no,  
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very soul  
A sword shall pierce. This is my favor'd lot,  
My exaltation to afflictions high;  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
But where delays he now? some great intent  
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,  
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
He could not lose himself; but went about  
His father's business. What he meant I mused,

Since understand. Much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured ;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling :  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set ;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high :  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat ;  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,  
 Demonian spirits now from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd  
 Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,  
 So may we hold our place, and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble ; such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens, than our expulsion down to hell ;  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him,<sup>1</sup> but find  
 Far other labor to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,

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<sup>1</sup> A Grecism. See also Psalm xxxiv. 8: "O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!"

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 heav'n adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion oversure  
 Of like succeeding here: I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst  
 Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.

So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all  
 With clamor was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,  
 The sensualest, and after Asmodai<sup>1</sup>  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;  
 Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky; more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,  
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,

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<sup>1</sup> Or Asmodeus, the angel who persecuted Sara, the daughter of Raguel, and slew her husbands. See Tobit.

As the magnetic<sup>1</sup> hardest iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.  
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thyself; because of old  
 Thou thyself doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring  
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
 False titled sons of god, roaming the earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 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 way-lay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Amygone, Syrinx, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan ? but these haunts  
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent ?  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,<sup>3</sup>  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd ;  
 How he surnamed of Africa<sup>4</sup> dismiss'd

<sup>1</sup> The loadstone, or magnet.

<sup>2</sup> Women beloved by the heathen deities. Ovid relates these fables. Calisto, Semele, and Antiopa were the loves of Jupiter; Clymene and Daphne, of Apollo; Syrinx, of Pan.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander the Great. He was born at Pella, in Macedonia.

<sup>4</sup> Scipio Africanus. His generous treatment of his Spanish captive is well-known.

In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state ;  
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed :  
But He whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
Of greatest things ; what woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire ? or should she confident,  
As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;  
How would one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
Discount'nance her despised, and put to rout  
All her array ; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe ? for beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive. Cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd :  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy, with such as have more show  
Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise ;  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd ;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ;  
And now I know he hungers where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness ;  
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim :

Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons each to know his part ;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;  
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of GOD  
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

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

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet :  
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks<sup>1</sup>  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought :

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 5, 6.

He saw the prophet also how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper : then how, awaked,  
He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days ;  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.<sup>1</sup>  
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry  
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.  
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd ;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud ;  
Thither he bent his way, determined there  
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;  
Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,  
And to a superstitious eye the haunt  
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs ; he view'd it round,  
When suddenly a man before him stood,  
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.  
With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of God

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<sup>1</sup> Daniel i. 12.

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  
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel ;<sup>1</sup> all the race  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from heav'n manna ; and that prophet bold  
 Native of Thebez<sup>2</sup> wand'ring here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.<sup>3</sup>  
 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,  
 Would'st thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like  
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal ? said the subtle fiend.  
 Hast thou not right to all created things ?  
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power ? nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;  
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who  
 Would scruple that with want opprest ? behold  
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,

<sup>1</sup> Hagar and Ishmael. See Gen. xxi. 14-21. Nebaioth was Ishmael's eldest son, who gave their name to the nation descended from him, the Nebatheans.

<sup>2</sup> Thisbe was the birthplace of Elijah.

<sup>3</sup> Hagar, the Israelites, and Elijah did not suffer hunger on the identical spot where our Lord fasted ; but Milton takes in the *whole desert* at one view, not caring to distinguish different spots in one wide tract.—From NEWTON.



Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honor, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
 In ample space under the broadest shade  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry-built,<sup>1</sup> or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber<sup>2</sup> steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet<sup>3</sup> or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay,<sup>4</sup> and Afric coast.  
 Alas how simple, to these cates compared,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted<sup>5</sup> Eve!  
 And at a stately side-board by the wine  
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas,<sup>6</sup> distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of the Hesperides,<sup>7</sup> that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide

<sup>1</sup> Milton alludes to the culinary feats called "subtilities," or "sotilities"—wonderful pastry built in the shape of embattled towers, &c., to a great height.

<sup>2</sup> Ambergris, which was used in Milton's day in cookery.

<sup>3</sup> A stream of fresh water.

<sup>4</sup> Pontus is the Black Sea; the Lucrine bay in Italy.

<sup>5</sup> Diverted here means "turned aside," from the Latin *diverto*, to turn aside.

<sup>6</sup> Ganymede was the cupbearer of Jupiter; Hylas drew water for Hercules.

<sup>7</sup> The "ladies of the Hesperides" were famed for their lovely singing. The nymphs of the chase and of the water (the Naiades) appropriately attend such a feast.

By knights of Logres,<sup>1</sup> or of Lyones,<sup>2</sup>  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,<sup>3</sup>  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
 Such was the splendor; and the tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of GOD to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroy's 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's my power that right to use?  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant,  
 Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend;  
 Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,

<sup>1</sup> Logres, or Logris, is the same as *Loegria*, an ancient name for England. See Holinshed's "History of England," B. II. 4. 5. Spenser uses this name in his "Faerie Queene":—

"And Camber did possess the western quart

Which Severn now from Logris doth depart."—*From DUNSTER'S Note.*

<sup>2</sup> Lyones, or Lionesse, was an ancient name for part of Cornwall—the extreme west, towards the Land's End.

<sup>3</sup> Lancelot's name has again become a "household word," through Tennyson's exquisite "Idylls." It is scarcely necessary to say that he, Pelleas, and Pellenore were three of Arthur's knights.

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.  
 To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.  
 That I have also power to give thou see'st.  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect;  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet<sup>1</sup> spoil. With that  
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite  
 With sounds of Harpies' wings and talons heard;  
 Only the importune tempter still remained,  
 And with these words his temptations pursued.  
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd, 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 can'st thou gain?  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?

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<sup>1</sup> Far-fetched. "Far-fet" is used by Chaucer and Spenser.

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.  
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st 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 favor thrive in wealth amain,  
 While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.  
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved.  
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
 Gideon<sup>2</sup> and Jephtha,<sup>3</sup> and the shepherd lad,  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
 So many ages, and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
 Among the heathen, for throughout the world  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember  
 Quintius,<sup>4</sup> Fabricius,<sup>5</sup> Curius,<sup>6</sup> Regulus?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Josephus, B. IV. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Judges vi. 15.

<sup>3</sup> Judges xi. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Quintus Cincinnatus, twice taken from the plough to be Consul and Dictator of Rome. After subduing the enemies of his country, he refused the wealth the people would have lavished on him, and returned to his cottage and humble life.

<sup>5</sup> Fabricius refused to be bribed by all the wealth of Pyrrhus of Epirus to negotiate a peace for that King with the Romans, and died so poor that he was obliged to be buried at the public expense.

<sup>6</sup> Curius Dentatus, when offered a large sum of money by the Samnites, as he sat by the fire roasting turnips with his own hands, refused it, saying that it was not his ambition to be rich, but to command those who were so.

<sup>7</sup> The story of how Regulus kept his word to the Carthaginians, and returned to die in torture rather than break his pledged promise, is well known.

For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches though offer'd from the hands of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?  
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What, if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
For therein stands the office of a king.  
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or head strong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth,  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind,  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought

*PARADISE REGAINED.*

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 miss'd.

## BOOK III.

So spake the Son of GOD, and Satan stood  
Awhile as mûte, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift ;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;  
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old  
Infallible : or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
Affecting private life, or moré obscure  
In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive  
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory, glory the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers, all but the highest ?

Thy years are ripe,<sup>1</sup> and over-ripe; the son  
 Of Macedonian Philip<sup>2</sup> had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose; young Scipio<sup>3</sup> had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd  
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.<sup>4</sup>  
 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,<sup>5</sup> but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.  
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake by all thy argument.  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?  
 And what the people but a herd confused,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?  
 They praise and they admire they know not what,  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other:  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise

<sup>1</sup> Our Saviour was then "about thirty years of age." Luke iii. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander the Great.

<sup>3</sup> Scipio was only twenty-nine years old when he conquered the Carthaginians.

<sup>4</sup> Pompey distinguished himself in his youth; but when he conquered Mithridates he was forty years old.

<sup>5</sup> Julius Cæsar, whilst meditating over a "Life of Alexander," was seen to weep by his friends. On being asked the reason of his tears, he replied, "Do you not think I have just cause to weep, when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations, and I in all these years have done nothing memorable?"—PLUTARCH.



Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown, when GOD,  
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through heaven  
To all His angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises. Thus He did to Job,  
When, to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job ?  
Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known ;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,  
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin whereso'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice ;  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd  
Without ambition, war, or violence ;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance. I mention still  
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne  
Made famous in a land and times obscure ;

Who names not now with honor patient Job ?  
 Poor Socrates, who next more memorable ?  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffer'd ; if young African<sup>1</sup> 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,  
 And for His glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs ; nor content in heav'n  
 By all His angels glorified requires  
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption ;  
 Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift  
 Glory He requires, and glory He receives  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared :  
 From us, His foes pronounced, glory He exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied.  
 And reason, since His word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to 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

---

<sup>1</sup> Scipio Africanus.

From them who could return Him nothing else,  
 And not returning that would likeliest render  
 Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
 For so much good, so much beneficence.  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
 Who for so many benefits received  
 Turn'd recreant to GOD, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to GOD alone of right belongs:  
 Yet so much bounty is in GOD, such grace,  
 That who advance His glory, not their own,  
 Them He Himself to glory will advance.

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

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
 By 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  
 The temple,<sup>1</sup> oft the law with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once

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<sup>1</sup> Pompey, with several of his officers, entered the Holy of Holies, where none were allowed to step except the high priest once a year, on the great day of expiation.

Antiochus :<sup>1</sup> and think'st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring ?  
 So did not Maccabeus :<sup>2</sup> he indeed  
 Retired unto the desert, but with arms ;  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty ; zeal and duty are not slow ;  
 But on occasion's forelock<sup>3</sup> watchful wait.  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her heathen servitude ;  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;  
 The happier reign the sooner it begins ;  
 Reign then ; what canst thou better 'do the while ?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.  
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
 And time there is for all things, Truth had said :<sup>4</sup>  
 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 hands all times and seasons roll.<sup>5</sup>  
 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

<sup>1</sup> 2 Maccab. v.

<sup>2</sup> Judas Maccabeus. Modin was the inheritance of the Maccabees.

<sup>3</sup> The Greek and Latin poets represented Time (or Opportunity) with a single lock of hair in front. The expression of seizing Time by the forelock is proverbial.

<sup>4</sup> Eccles. iii. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Acts i. 7. Mark xii. 32.

What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd:<sup>1</sup> just trial, ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting kingdom? why art thou  
 Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?  
 To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied.  
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace: what worse?  
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can  
 I would be at the worst, worst is my port,  
 My harbor, and my ultimate repose;  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,  
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,  
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)  
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd

<sup>1</sup> "Qui bene imperat, paruerit aliquando necesse est; et qui modeste paret, videtur, qui aliquando imperet, dignus esse."—CICERO, quoted by NEWTON.

Of the enterprize so hazardous and high :  
 No wonder, for, though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider,  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem,<sup>1</sup> few days'  
 Short sojourn ; and what thence could'st thou observe ?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
 As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,<sup>2</sup>  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous :  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shall quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts  
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand.

With that (such power was given him then) he took  
 The Son of GOD up to a mountain high.<sup>3</sup>  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,

<sup>1</sup> At the Passover.

<sup>2</sup> Saul. See 1 Sam. ix. 20, 21:

<sup>3</sup> Milton is supposed to mean Mount Niphates, in the Taurus, which rises immediately above Assyria, and from whence he had made Satan survey Eden in the "Paradise Lost."  
 —See DUNSTER.

<sup>4</sup> The Euphrates—"vagus Euphrates"—and the Tigris, the course of which was very straight.—TODD.

Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea :  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills ;  
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large  
 The prospect was that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain top the tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest and field, and flood, temples, and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,  
 And inaccessible the Arabian drought :<sup>1</sup>  
 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,<sup>2</sup> whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns ;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him<sup>3</sup> 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 ;  
 Ecbactana her structure vast there shows,  
 And Hecatompylos <sup>4</sup> her hundred gates ;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

<sup>1</sup> A figure of speech for the desert.

<sup>2</sup> Shalmansar, in the reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah, carried away captive to Assyria the ten tribes of Israel.

<sup>3</sup> Nebuchadnezzar.

<sup>4</sup> Capital of Parthia, so called from its hundred gates.

The drink of none but kings;<sup>1</sup> of later fame  
 Built by Emathian,<sup>2</sup> or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis,<sup>3</sup> 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 gather'd all his host<sup>4</sup>  
 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<sup>5</sup> or in pursuit;  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel:  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings,  
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates outpour'd, light armèd 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

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<sup>1</sup> Modern research confirms this fact in a singular manner. "It is a fact worthy of remark," says Buckingham, "that at this moment, while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong, and of the spring called Aubi-i-Hassan-Khan, the *King's son alone* has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo (the Choaspes). We drank of it ourselves as we passed, and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris, the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palsied taste of royalty itself."—*Quoted in Aldine Edition.*

<sup>2</sup> Macedonian.

<sup>3</sup> Also named Antiochus.

<sup>4</sup> Ctesiphon was the place at which the Parthian kings always assembled their forces.

<sup>5</sup> They discharged their arrows as they fled.



Of many provinces from bound to bound ;  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,<sup>1</sup>  
 From Atropatia and the neighboring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's<sup>2</sup> haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers  
 Of archers, nor of laboring pioneers  
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 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<sup>3</sup> with all his northern powers  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica

<sup>1</sup> Said to be "dark" from their thick forests.

<sup>2</sup> The Persian Gulf, so called from Bussora, or Balsera, the port situated on it.

<sup>3</sup> Agricano, one of the heroes of Boiardo's "Orlando Inamorato." Angelica, his daughter, was fabled to be the most beautiful woman of the age, and, like Helen of Troy, a fair mischief, who gave rise to continual strife. She reappears in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Orlando goes mad for love of her. We must remember, when we marvel somewhat at this blending of truth and fiction, that the poems of Ariosto and Boiardo had probably been the delight of Milton's youth ; and that he is alluding to the greatest poets of his own age, not merely to romances.

His daughter, sought by many prowest<sup>1</sup> 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 Savior thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark  
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown  
 All this fair sight; thy kingdom, though foretold  
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
 Endeavor, as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,  
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.  
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
 By free consent of all, none opposite  
 Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
 Between two such enclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus<sup>2</sup> bound,  
 Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,

<sup>1</sup> Prowest is the superlative of *pro*, from the old French *preux*, valiant.—DUNSTER.

<sup>2</sup> The Parthians led Hyrcanus away captive to Seleucia when he was seventy years old.—  
 See JOSEPHUS.

Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed ;  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.

These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved.  
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou hast set ; and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
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 ;  
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
On my part aught endeavoring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons,  
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride

Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence ?<sup>1</sup> such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Egypt, Baal next, and Ashtaroth,  
And all th' idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes ;  
Nor in the land of their captivity,  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers ; but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow ; and to their gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with GOD.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste,  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promised land their fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them.  
So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

## BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
 The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve ;  
 So little here, nay lost: but Eve was Eve,  
 This far his over-match, who self-deceived  
 And rash before-hand had no better weigh'd  
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own :  
 But as a man who had been matchless held  
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
 To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
 And never cease, though to his shame the more ;  
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;  
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
 Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,  
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end ;  
 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 Savior to the western side  
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain,<sup>1</sup> long, but in breadth not wide,  
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north

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<sup>1</sup> Italy, washed by the Mediterranean.

To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,<sup>1</sup>  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men  
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens, and groves presented to his eyes,  
Above the highth of mountains interposed:  
By what strange parallax or optic skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:  
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 renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,  
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed  
My aery microscope, thou mayst behold  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,

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<sup>1</sup> The Apennines.

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<sup>1</sup> of horse and wings ;  
 Or embassies from regions far remote  
 In various habits on the Appian road,  
 Or on th' Emilian,<sup>2</sup> some from farthest south  
 Syene,<sup>3</sup> and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotic isle, and more to west.  
 The realm of Bocchus<sup>4</sup> to the Black-moor sea ;  
 From the Asian kings and Parthian, among these,  
 From India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd :  
 From Gallia, Gades,<sup>5</sup> and the British west,  
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.<sup>6</sup>  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay,  
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly 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<sup>7</sup> hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
 To Capreæ, an island small but strong

<sup>1</sup> Troops of horse, a word coined from the Latin *turma*. "Equitum turmæ."—VIRG. *Æn.* V. 360.—NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> The Appian road led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north.

<sup>3</sup> Put for the farthest point of the Roman Empire.

<sup>4</sup> Mauritania.

<sup>5</sup> Cadiz, in Spain, the extreme west of the Roman Empire.

<sup>6</sup> Palus Mæotis, or Black Sea.

<sup>7</sup> Tiberius.

On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favorite<sup>1</sup>  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all and hating: with what ease,  
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,  
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will.

To whom the Son of GOD unmoved replied.  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye.  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables<sup>2</sup> or Atlantic stone,  
 For I have also heard, perhaps have read.  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Chios, and Crete,<sup>4</sup> and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal and myrrhine cups emboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh. What honor that,

<sup>1</sup> Sejanus.

<sup>2</sup> Tables of citron-wood were very highly valued by the Romans. It grew on Mount Atlas. Atlantic stone was probably marble from Numidia. Pliny, in his *Hist. Nat.* lib. v. c. i., says that the woods of Atlas were explored for citron-wood.

<sup>3</sup> These were famous Campanian wines. Falerian was the best wine they possessed.

<sup>4</sup> Greek wines.



But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
So many hollow compliments and lies,  
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
Of the emperor, how easily subdued,  
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
A brutish monster: what if I withal  
Expel a devil who first made him such?  
Let his tormentor conscience find him out;  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
Deservedly made vassal, who, once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
But govern ill the nation under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
But 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,  
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 slave make outward free?  
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world,  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent replied.  
I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st;  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict.

On the other side know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem,  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
For, giv'n 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 Savior answer'd with disdain.  
I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition;  
But I endure the time, till which expired,  
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 accurst, now more accurst  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,  
Other donation none thou canst produce:  
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all Supreme? if given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the giver now  
Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me the Son of God,  
To me my own, on such 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 damn'd.

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied.  
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
If I, to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed  
What both from men and angels I receive,  
Tetrachs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
God of this world invoked and world beneath ;  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
Rather more honor left and more esteem ;  
Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more  
Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
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, thou wast found  
Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant  
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day. Be famous then  
By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend :  
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote ;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by nature's light ;  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st ;

Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them? how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
 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,<sup>1</sup> mother of arts  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits,  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;  
 See there the olive grove of Academe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird<sup>3</sup>  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites  
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
 His whispering stream; within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages; his<sup>4</sup> 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<sup>5</sup> and Dorian lyric odes,

<sup>1</sup> So called by Demosthenes.—NEWTON.

<sup>2</sup> "A gymnasium, or place of exercise," in the suburbs of Athens, surrounded by woods. It took its name from Academus, one of the heroes. In this Academe, or Academy, Plato taught.

<sup>3</sup> The nightingale; *i. e.*, Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, was changed into a nightingale.

<sup>4</sup> Aristotle. The Lyceum was the school of Aristotle. Stoa was the school of Zeno, whose disciples were hence called Stoics. This Stoa, or *portico* was adorned with a variety of paintings.

<sup>5</sup> Æolian charms. The poems of Alcæus and Sappho; the Dorian lyric odes were those of Pindar.—NEWTON.

And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes,<sup>1</sup> thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.  
 Thence what the the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambick, 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 democratic,  
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,  
 To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne :  
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house  
 Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics<sup>2</sup> old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics,<sup>3</sup> and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe ;  
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight ;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.  
 To whom our Saviour thus sagely 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,

<sup>1</sup> Homer was so called by his mother because he was born near the River Meles.

<sup>2</sup> The old Academic philosophers were those who followed Plato ; the new, those who followed Carneades.—See DUNSTER.

<sup>3</sup> Pupils of Aristotle, so called because they taught while walking.

No other doctrine needs, though granted true :  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all<sup>1</sup> .professed  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew ;  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits ;<sup>2</sup>  
 A third sort doubted all things,<sup>3</sup> though plain sense ;  
 Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;  
 In corporal pleasure he and careless ease ;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,  
 By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equal to GOD, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing GOD nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas ! what can they teach and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of GOD much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to GOD give none,  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
 An empty cloud.<sup>4</sup> However, many books

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<sup>1</sup> Socrates.

<sup>2</sup> Plato.

<sup>3</sup> The Pyrrhonians, or disciples of Pyrrho, who were sceptics.—NEWTON.

<sup>4</sup>An allusion to the fable of Ixion, who embraced a cloud which had the form of Juno.—NEWTON.

Wise men have said are wearisome;<sup>1</sup> who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what need 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 gath'ring pebbles on the shore.  
Or if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language can I find  
That solace? all our law and story strew'd  
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  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
Thin sown, with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where GOD is praised aright, and godlike men,  
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints:  
Such are from GOD inspired, not such from thee,  
Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
By light of nature not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extol'st, as those  
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem;

---

<sup>1</sup> Eccles. xii. 12.

But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government  
In their majestic unaffected style,  
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;  
These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of GOD ; but Satan, now,  
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.

Since neither wealth, nor honor, arms, nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
By me proposed in life contemplative  
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness  
For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee ; yet remember  
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n,  
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate,  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death ;  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric, I discern not,  
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,



Without beginning ; for no date prefixt  
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying he took, for still he knew his pow'r  
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 low'ring Night,  
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind  
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield  
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head  
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturbed his sleep: and either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds  
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with light'ning mix'd, water with fire  
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges<sup>1</sup> of the world, and fell  
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

---

<sup>1</sup> The cardinal points—north, south, east, and west. *Cardo*, from whence the word cardinal is derived, signifies a *hinge*.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised  
To tempt the Son of GOD with terrors dire.  
And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant or drooping tree ; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn :  
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Savior came,  
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,  
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood :  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night: I heard the rack  
As earth and sky would mingle, but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws,<sup>1</sup> though mortals fear them  
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,  
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 ;

---

<sup>1</sup> A sea term for a sudden gust of wind.

Yet as being oftentimes noxious where they light  
On man, beast, plant, wasteful, and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :  
This tempest at this desert most was bent :  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou did'st reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is no where told,  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;  
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means ; each act is rightliest done  
Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;  
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of GOD went on  
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm  
Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none ;  
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
And threat'ning nigh ; what they can do as signs  
Betok'ning, or ill-boding, I contemn  
As false portents, not sent from GOD, but thee ;  
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,  
Ambitious spirit! and would'st be thought my GOD,

And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will. Desist, thou art discern'd  
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend now swoll'n with rage replied.  
 Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born ;  
 For Son of GOD to me is yet in doubt :  
 Of the Messiah I had 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 birthnight, that sung thee Saviour born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;  
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
 Though not to be baptized, by voice from heav'n  
 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 call'd  
 The Son of GOD, which bears no single sense ;  
 The Son of GOD I also am, or was,  
 And if I was I am ; relation stands ;  
 All men are sons of GOD ; yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declared.  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who,  
 And what he is ; his wisdom, power, intent ;  
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can.  
 And opportunity I here have had

To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and as a centre firm,  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more ; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again :  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of GOD by voice from heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of hippogrif<sup>1</sup> bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain ;  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires :  
 There on the highest pinnacle he set  
 The Son of GOD, and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest placed ; highest is best ;  
 Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of GOD ;  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus. Also it is written,  
 Tempt not the Lord thy GOD : he said and stood :  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.  
 As when earth's son Antæus,<sup>2</sup> to compare

<sup>1</sup> A fabulous creature, on which Ariosto's heroes were borne through the air.

<sup>2</sup> A giant of Libya, son of Terra (the earth) and Neptune (the sea). Alcides (Hercules) attacked him ; and as every time the giant touched the earth he received new strength,

Small things with greatest, in Irassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell ;  
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.  
 And as that Theban monster<sup>1</sup> that proposed  
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd,  
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep ;  
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,  
 And to his crew that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans received Him soft  
 From His uneasy station, and upbore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,  
 Then in a flow'ry valley set Him down  
 On a green bank, and set before Him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the Tree of Life,  
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refresh'd Him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd  
 Or thirst ; and, as He fed, angelic quires  
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation and the tempter proud.  
 True Image of the Father, whether throned  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light

---

Hercules lifted him up into the air, and squeezed him to death in his arms. Irassa was a city in Libya.

<sup>1</sup> The Sphinx.

Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrined  
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,  
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of GOD, with god-like force indued  
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
And thief of paradise; him long of old  
Thou didst debel,<sup>1</sup> and down from heav'n cast  
With all his army, now thou has avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
A fairer paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
A Savior art come down to re-install  
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 light'ning thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down  
Under His feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
By this repulse received, and hold'st in hell  
No triumph. In all her gates Abaddon<sup>2</sup> rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of GOD: he all unarm'd  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the deep

---

<sup>1</sup> Conquer.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. ix. 11. The name is here applied to hell.

*PARADISE REGAINED.*

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.

Thus they the Son of GOD, our Saviour meek  
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.



# SAMSON AGONISTES.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR,

JOHN MILTON.

"Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας," &c.

ARISTOT. *Poet.* c. vi.

"Tragedia et imitatio actionis serice, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens  
talium affectuum lustrationem."

## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

PREFACE WRITTEN BY MILTON.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity, and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion, for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 31,<sup>1</sup> and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labored not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his "Ajax," but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled, "Christ Suffering." This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day<sup>2</sup> with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard

<sup>1</sup> "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

<sup>2</sup> The Puritans held the drama in the utmost abhorrence. It was probably on this account that the Puritan Poet wrote this defence of tragedy, to justify himself for writing a drama.

had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allœostropha*. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage, to which this work never was intended, is here omitted.

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

SAMSON AGONISTES.<sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition; where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and, lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him, Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the 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, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS.

Samson.

Manoah, the Father of Samson.

Dalila, his Wife.

Harapha of Gath.

Public Officer.

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 enjoin'd me,

<sup>1</sup> That is, *Samson an actor*; or, the fate of Samson acted in a play. "Agonistes," Dunster supposes, "is rather here *athleta*, the subject being Samson's being brought forth to exhibit as an athlete."

Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease ;  
Ease to the body some ; none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
Oh ! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold  
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His god-like presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?<sup>1</sup>  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die  
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this heav'n-gifted strength ? O glorious strength  
Put to the labor of a beast, debased  
Lower than bondslave ! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him

---

<sup>1</sup> Judges xiii. 3, 11-20.

Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction : what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
GOD, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know :  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane  
And proves the source of all my miseries,  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary. or decrepit age!  
Light the prime work of GOD to me's extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me ;  
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong.

Within doors, or without, still as a fool  
 In power of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,<sup>1</sup>  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part ; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined.  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried ; but O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Buried, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear

<sup>1</sup> *Silens luna* is the moon at or near the change, and in conjunction with the sun.—MEADOWCOURT.

The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

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,<sup>1</sup>  
With languish'd head unpropp'd,  
As one past hope, abandon'd,  
As by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'er-worn and soil'd;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,  
That heroic, that renown'd,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd  
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,  
And, weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass  
Chalybean<sup>2</sup> temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantean proof;  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanced,  
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite<sup>3</sup>  
Fled from his lion ramp,<sup>4</sup> old warriors turn'd  
Their plated backs under his heel:

<sup>1</sup> Stretched out.

<sup>2</sup> The Chalybes were famous in the old world for their skill in working iron. Hence the best tempered steel was called Chalybean. VIRG. *Georg.* I. 58. "Ad Chalybes nud ferrum."—NEWTON.

<sup>3</sup> Philistine. Ascalon was a city of Philistia.

<sup>4</sup> "Rampant," like a lion. A heraldic term.



Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine  
 In Ramath-lechi,<sup>1</sup> famous to this day :  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore  
 The gates of Azza,<sup>2</sup> post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,<sup>3</sup>  
 No journey of a Sabbath day,<sup>4</sup> and loaded so ;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.<sup>5</sup>  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become, O worst imprisonment !  
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul,  
 Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,  
 Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light,  
 T' incorporate with gloomy night !  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd !  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n,  
 For him I reckon not in high estate,  
 Whom long descent of birth

<sup>1</sup> Judges xv. 17. Ramath-lechi means the lifting up, or casting away, of the jaw-bone.

<sup>2</sup> Another name for Gaza.

<sup>3</sup> The city of the Anakims, who were giants. Judges xv. 13, 14. Num. xiii. 33.

<sup>4</sup> A Sabbath day's journey was, with the Jews, three-quarters of a geographical mile.

<sup>5</sup> Atlas.

Or the sphere of fortune raises :  
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

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 might,  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief,  
 We come, thy friends and neighbors not unknown,  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's<sup>1</sup> 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 tumors of a troubled mind,  
 And are as balm to fester'd 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  
 I would be understood;) in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O, friends,  
 How many evils have inclosed me round ;  
 Yet that which was the worse now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd  
 My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of GOD  
 To a deceitful woman? tell me friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street? do they not say, how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?

---

<sup>1</sup> Towns in the tribe of Dan. Zora was the birthplace of Samson.

Immeasurable strength they might behold,  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;  
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,  
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

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

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

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

SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd  
Deliverance offer'd. I on the other side  
Used no ambition to commend my deeds,  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;  
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
To count them things worth notice, till at length  
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers  
Entered Judea seeking me, who then  
Safe to the rock of Etham<sup>1</sup> was retired,  
Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
To set upon them what advantaged best.  
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
The harass of their land, beset me round;  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
Bound with two cords: but cords to me were threads  
Touch'd with the flame. On their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.  
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,<sup>1</sup>  
And lorded over them whom now they serve:  
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favor raised  
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last

---

<sup>1</sup> Judges xv. 8.

To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
Their great deliverer contemn'd<sup>1</sup>  
The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :  
And how ingrateful Ephraim  
Had dealt with Jephtha,<sup>2</sup> who by argument,  
Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that sore battle, when so many died  
Without reprieve adjudged to death,<sup>3</sup>  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

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

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

Yet more there be who doubt His ways not just,  
And to His own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wand'ring 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 th' Interminable,  
And tie Him to His own prescript,

<sup>1</sup> They refused Gideon provisions. See Judges viii. 4, 9.

<sup>2</sup> See Judges xi. 15-27.

<sup>3</sup> Judges xii. 1-6.

Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,  
 And hath full right to exempt  
 Whom so it pleases Him by choice  
 From national obstruction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt ;  
 For with His own laws He can best dispense.

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

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
 Though reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain, not his.

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

SAMS. Aye me ! another inward grief awaked  
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

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 inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back 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 charge ! is this the man,  
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight ; who single combatant

Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
 Himself an army, now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust  
 In mortal strength! and, oh! what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain? nay, what thing good,  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,  
 And such a son as all men hailed me happy:  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?  
 O wherefore did GOD grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
 Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
 For this did the angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
 Select and sacred, glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Ensnares, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAMS. Appoint<sup>1</sup> not heav'nly disposition, father;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned  
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge

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<sup>1</sup> That is, arraign not, summon not to answer.—WARBURTON.

Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her height  
Of nuptial love profest, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
And rivals? In this other was there found  
More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only by the scent conceived,  
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,  
And amorous approaches, to win from me,  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might know;  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly and with what impudence  
She purposed to betray me, and which was worse  
Than undissembled hate, with what contempt  
She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles  
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night  
To storm me over watch'd and wearied out,  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved  
Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
Her bond slave; O indignity! O blot  
To honor and religion! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,



These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degenerately I served.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,  
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'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  
Enough and more the burthen 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;<sup>1</sup> and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd  
Thee Samson, bound and blind into their hands.  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and GOD,  
Besides whom is no GOD, compared with idols,  
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess

---

<sup>1</sup> Judges xvi. 23.

That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
 Among the heathen round; to GOD have brought  
 Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
 Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of GOD, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbor sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end; all the contest is now  
 'TwiXt GOD and Dagon; Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with GOD,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the GOD of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
 But will arise, and His great name assert:  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite dispoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank<sup>1</sup> 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  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords with whom to treat

---

<sup>1</sup> Confound.

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,  
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front?  
But I God's counsel have not kept, His holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.<sup>1</sup>

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 th' execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all His debt,  
Who evermore approves and more accepts,  
Best pleased with humble and filial submission,  
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due  
Which argues over-just, and self displeas'd  
For self-offence, more than for God offended.

---

<sup>1</sup> Milton is supposed here to allude to the fable of Tantalus, who, for revealing the secrets of the gods, was punished in hell by an insatiable thirst, and, placed in a pool of water, could never succeed in tasting a drop.

Reject not then what offer'd means : who knows  
 But GOD hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and His sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd ?

SAMS. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
 I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded,  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,  
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shav'n and disarm'd, among mine enemies.

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-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell  
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods and men,<sup>1</sup>  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAMS. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
 With touch ethereal of heav'n's fiery rod,

---

<sup>1</sup> Judges ix. 13. "Wine which cheereth God and man."—MITFORD.

I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

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.<sup>1</sup>

SAMS. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete  
Against another object more enticing?

What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonor'd, quell'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from heav'n imposed,  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,  
Vain monument of strength, till length of years  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure?  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin or the draff<sup>2</sup> 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 giv'n thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.  
But GOD, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

<sup>1</sup> Samson was a Nazarite from his birth. See Judges xiii. 7. Num. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Refuse Draff was literally brewers' spent grains.

From the dry ground to spring,<sup>1</sup> thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can, as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

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

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

SAMS. O that torment should not be confined  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,

---

<sup>1</sup> Milton differs from our translation of the Bible. See Judges xv. 18, 19. He agrees with the Chaldee paraphrast, who understood that God made a cleft in the earth or rock at a place called *Lehi*. *Lehi* also signifies a jaw.—See NEWTON'S notes.

With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a ling'ring disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,  
Or medicinal<sup>1</sup> liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending :  
Under His special eye  
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain ;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies :  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by His appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless with the irreparable  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty and scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;

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<sup>1</sup> Milton always spells this word " medicinal."—MITFORD.

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

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

GOD of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or may I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,  
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st  
The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wand'ring loose about  
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly.  
Heads without name no more remember'd,  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft  
Amidst their height of noon,  
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard



Of highest favors past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismission.  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass of 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 ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude <sup>1</sup> old age:  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring  
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
 Of Javan<sup>2</sup> or Gadire,<sup>3</sup>  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

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<sup>1</sup> Premature.

<sup>2</sup> Greece.

<sup>3</sup> Cadiz.

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila, thy wife.

SAMS. My wife! my traitress: let her not come near me.

CHOR. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,  
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declined,  
 Like a fair flow'r surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

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 slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assured: but conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power.  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

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,  
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try

Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
His virtue or weakness which way to assail ;  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again submits ;  
That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,  
With goodness principled not to reject  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangled with a pois'nous 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 endeavor  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults :  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is, for nought,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ?  
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not ;  
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty.  
Ere I to thee' thou to thyself was cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me than in thyself was found.  
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
 Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
 No better way I saw than by impórtuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody and hold:  
 That made for me; I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
 These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMS. How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!  
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest

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

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, through to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,  
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,<sup>1</sup>  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honorable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who has destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious

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<sup>1</sup> Judges xvi. 5.

Dishonorer of Dagon. What had I  
 T' oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield with grave authority,  
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men, conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear;  
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable

To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd or fear'd.  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,  
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

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  
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
Misguided; only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost  
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
Where other senses want not their delights  
At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
With me, where my redoubled love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age,  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,  
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMS. No, no; of my condition take no care ;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain ;  
Nor think me so unwary or accurst,  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains

Though dearly to my cost; thy gins, and toils,  
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms  
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd;  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt  
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Loved, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;  
 How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected? how 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 gaol I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

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 hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:  
 Thy anger unappeasable still rages,  
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?



To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my  
 Fame if not double-faced is double-mouth'd,  
 And with contráry blasts 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 mention'd, and the blot.  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
 But in my country where I most desire,  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famousest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb  
 With odors visited and annual flowers;  
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guide  
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honor and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.  
 At this who ever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

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

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.

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<sup>1</sup> Judges v.

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

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;  
 Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life

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

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy paranymp<sup>1</sup> worthless to thee compared,  
 Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disallied  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not raised to apprehend  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long?  
 What'er it be to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure;

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<sup>1</sup> Bridegroom's-man. Judges xiv. 20.

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslaved  
 With dotage, and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favor'd of heav'n who finds  
 One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines :  
 Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth ;  
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition ;  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.  
 Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour :  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHOR. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHOR. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHOR. His fraught<sup>1</sup> 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 renown'd  
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
That Kiriathaim<sup>2</sup> held; thou know'st me now  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,  
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field:  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAMS. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought  
Gyves<sup>3</sup> and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art famed  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;  
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts: that honor  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

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,

<sup>1</sup> Freight; his purpose, with which he is freighted.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. xiv. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Fetters.

And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such usage as your honorable lords  
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass,<sup>1</sup> thy broad habergeon  
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlets, add thy spear,  
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield,  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou would'st have done  
To Samson, but shall never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantment, some magician's art,  
Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from heav'n  
Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n 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 ;

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<sup>1</sup> Coat of mail, armor for the neck and shoulders. Vant-brace is armor for the arms.  
Greaves covered the legs.

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

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

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are,  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from GOD inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of His final pardon  
 Whose ear is ever open, and His eye  
 Gracious to readmit the suppliant;  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,

By combat to decide whose God is GOD,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy GOD, in trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [these ?

SAMS. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?  
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?  
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armèd powers thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

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 threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
When I perceived all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
I used hostility, and took their spoil  
To pay my underminers in their coin.  
My nation was subjected to your lords,  
It was the force of conquest; force with force  
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
But I a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.  
I was no private, but a person raised

With strength sufficient and command from heav'n  
 To free my country; if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appelland,  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMS. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give the verdict?  
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub!<sup>1</sup> can my ears unused  
 Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,  
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

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

HAR. By Astaroth<sup>2</sup> ere long thou shalt lament  
 These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHOR. His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,

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<sup>1</sup> A deity of the Philistines; the god of flies.

<sup>2</sup> Another deity of the Philistines and Sidonians. The "Venus" of the East, or, it is thought, the Moon.



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,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;  
If they intend advantage of my labors,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous, and all such as honor truth ;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigor arm'd,

Their armories and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With wingèd expedition,  
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who surprised  
 Lose their defence distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny of fortune can inflict:  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endued  
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest  
 Laboring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

OFF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHOR. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:  
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honor this great feast and great assembly;  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,

Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMS. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them  
Our law forbids at their religious rites  
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

SAMS. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort  
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-labor'd at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

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,  
The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Join'd with extreme 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 strain'd  
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
Expect another message more imperious,

More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols ;  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon ?  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

CHOR. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor  
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,  
Not dragging ? the Philistian lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, vent'ring 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.

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 dishonor  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life

By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFF. Samson, this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Master's commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
So mutable are all the ways of men!  
Yet this be sure in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links;  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favor, 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 concern'd;  
No less the people on their holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy

Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name  
Great among the heathen round ;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that spirit that first rush'd on thee  
In the camp of Dan  
Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
For never was from heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while  
He seems; supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, breth'ren! my inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords new parted hence,  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.  
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

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 pris'ner.

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests :  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and State  
 They easily would set to sale : a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough revenged, having reduced  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

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 number'd down : much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left.  
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled,  
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :  
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,

Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service,  
 Not to sit idle, with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
 And since his strength with eyesight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

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 heav'n, what hideous noise was that?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:  
 Oh, it continues, they have slain my son.

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
 What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither  
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
 This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
 From other hands we need not much to fear.  
 What if his eyesight, for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

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 Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad ; but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

MAN. Relate by whom.

MESS. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah ! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon ;

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy agèd ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESS. Take then 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?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MESS. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes!

MESS. Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high-street. Little I had dispatch'd  
When all abroad was rumor'd, that this day  
Samson should be brought forth to show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre,  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats, where all the lords and each degree  
Of sort might sit in order to behold ;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armèd guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,<sup>1</sup> and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted,<sup>o</sup> where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission' sake they led him  
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,  
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,  
As over-tired to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support  
He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson

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<sup>1</sup> Men and horses in armor.

Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :  
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,  
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
 I have perform'd as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :  
 Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater ;  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson, with these inmixt, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

CHOR. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain, self-kill'd  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before.

1. SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,

Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo<sup>1</sup> His bright sanctuary :  
 Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men  
 Fall'n into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

2. SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an ev'ning dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perchèd roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl ;<sup>2</sup> but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So virtue giv'n for lost,  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods imbost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay ere while a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most

<sup>1</sup> Where the Ark then was.

<sup>2</sup> See PLIN. lib. xxiii. sect. 17. "Villaticas alites."—RICHARDSON.

When most unactive deem'd,  
 And though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives.<sup>1</sup>

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 son of Caphtor<sup>2</sup>  
 Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel  
 Honor hath left and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With GOD not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
 But favoring and assisting to the end.  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train  
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,

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<sup>1</sup> The Phoenix; supposed to make a funeral pile of sweet-scented woods, and fan it to a flame with her wings; from her ashes rose another phoenix, sole of its kind always. The phoenix was considered an emblem of the resurrection.

<sup>2</sup> The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they came originally from the island of Caphtor, or Crete.

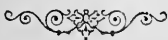
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valor and adventures high :  
The virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close  
Oft He seems to hide His face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to His faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent:  
His servants He, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.





# EARLY POEMS.



ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,<sup>1</sup> DYING OF A  
COUGH.

1625.

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo<sup>2</sup> his charioteer  
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel<sup>3</sup> got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot  
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

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<sup>1</sup> The Poet's infant niece, daughter of his sister, Mrs. Philips.

<sup>2</sup> Boreas, or the North Wind.

<sup>3</sup> Orithyia—OVID. *Metam.* 6.

## III.

So mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,  
 Through middle empire of the freezing air  
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd 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  
 Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

## IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;  
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
 Whilome did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,  
 Young Hyacinth,<sup>1</sup> born on Eurotas' strand  
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;  
     But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

## V.

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

## VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,  
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)  
 Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
 Or in th' 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.

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<sup>1</sup> A Prince of Sparta, said to have been accidentally slain by Apollo. Festivals to his honor were held annually by the Greeks at Amyclæ, a city of Laconia.

## vii.

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

## viii.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more ?  
 Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth ?  
 Or that crown'd matron sage white-robèd 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 prefixèd seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed,  
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven aspire ?

## x.

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

xi.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,  
 Her false imagined loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render Him with patience what He lent ;

This if thou do, He will an offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

—♦—  
 ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

1627.

PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began :—

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,  
 And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task :  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst ;  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The 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<sup>1</sup>  
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight,  
 But cull those richest robes and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
 And weary of their place do only stay  
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus<sup>2</sup> once told,  
 In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast,

---

<sup>1</sup> Milton alludes to the affected phraseology of the period, called *Euphuism*, which originated in Lily's *Euphuës and his England*, a book intended to refine the English language. Scott has given us a lively picture of this affected jargon in his Sir Piercie Shafton in the *Monastery*; see p. 449.

<sup>2</sup> A Greek bard. See *Odyssey*, Book VIII.

While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
 Are held with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then *Ens*<sup>1</sup> is represented as father of the *Predicaments*<sup>2</sup> 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 fairy ladies danced upon the hearth;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed  
 Strow 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,  
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;  
 Your son, said she (nor can you it prevent),  
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.<sup>3</sup>  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,

<sup>1</sup> *Ens*, a term in metaphysics signifying entity, being, existence. In this mask it is personified, as are also Substance, Quantity, Quality, and relation. "This affectation," says Warton, "will appear more excusable in Milton, if we recollect that everything in the Masks of this age appeared in a bodily shape."

<sup>2</sup> A predicament is a category in logic; that is, a series of all the predicates or attributes contained under a genus. The logic of Aristotle comprised ten categories: Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Time, Place, Situation and Habit. These were personified in the Mask.

<sup>3</sup> A pun on the logical accidents.—WARTON.

Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them ;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar ;  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbor those that are at enmity.  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot,

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 gulphy Don,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
 His thirty arms<sup>1</sup> along the indented meads,  
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame.

The rest was prose.

<sup>1</sup> It is said that there were thirty sorts of fish in this river, and thirty religious houses on its banks.

<sup>2</sup> At Mickleham, near Dorking, the River Mole, in hot summers, sinks through its sands, and finds a subterranean channel. In winter, and when heavy rains fall, it keeps its usual bed.

<sup>3</sup> Sabrina, See *Comus*, verse 827.

<sup>4</sup> Humber was a Scythian king, said to have been drowned, in this river by Lochrine, three hundred years before the Romans landed in Britain.

# ODES.

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

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<sup>1</sup> 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  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> The prophets.



## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards<sup>1</sup> haste with odors sweet ;  
 O run prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
 From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature in awe to Him  
 Had doff't her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

## II.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> The Magi. The word "wizard" meant simply wise men and is used in Sir John Cheke's translation of St. Matthew's Gospel.

## III.

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

## IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around :  
     The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
 The hookèd chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
     The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night  
 Wherein the Prince of light  
     His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
 The winds with wonder whist<sup>1</sup>  
 Smoothly the waters kist,  
     Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
     Bending one way their precious influence,  
 And will not take their flight,

---

<sup>1</sup> Silent, or hushed.

For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan<sup>1</sup>  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## IX.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> God of shepherds.

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## XII.

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

## 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 base of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
And with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

## xiv.

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

## xv.

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

## xvi.

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so,  
The babe 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 ychain'd 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 out brake :  
 The agèd earth aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
     Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

## 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,  
 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.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
     A voice of weeping<sup>1</sup> heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring, and dale

---

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the voice said to have been heard by mariners at sea, crying, "The great Pan is dead." The story is told by Plutarch.

Edgèd 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,  
 The Lars,<sup>1</sup> and Lemures<sup>2</sup> 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 foregoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,<sup>3</sup>  
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,<sup>4</sup>  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz<sup>5</sup> mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,<sup>6</sup>  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
 In vain with cymbals ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :  
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

<sup>1</sup> Household gods.<sup>2</sup> Ghosts.<sup>3</sup> Dagon.<sup>4</sup> She was called "Regina cæli" and "Mater Deum."—NEWTON.<sup>5</sup> Adonis. He was killed by a wild boar on Mount Lebanon, and was worshipped once a year by the Syrian women.<sup>6</sup> The god of the Ammonites.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris<sup>1</sup> seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
     Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest,  
     Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worship'd ark.

## 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,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
     Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
     Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;  
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

## XXVII.

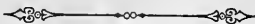
But see the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
     Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;  
 Heaven's youngest teemèd star

---

<sup>1</sup> The Egyptian ox-god.



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



## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and 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  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
     Sore doth begin  
     His infancy to seize !  
 O more exceeding love, or law more just ?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above  
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness ;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
 This day, but O ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
     Will pierce more near his heart.

## THE PASSION.

1629.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,  
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
     In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

## II.

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

## III.

He Sov'reign Priest stooping His regal head,  
 That dropp'd with odorous oil down His fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,  
 His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies:  
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
     Yet more; the stroke of death He must abide,  
 Then lies Him meekly down fast by His brethren's side.

## IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;  
 His god-like acts, and His temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings other where are found;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump<sup>1</sup> doth sound;  
     Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hieronymus Vida's *Christiad*, a fine Latin poem. Vida dwelt at Cremona.

## V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That Heaven and Earth are color'd with my woe;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;<sup>1</sup>  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood:

There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock.  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighborhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had hit 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. i. 15.

ON TIME.<sup>1</sup>

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 intomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss ;  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When everything 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 heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,  
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
 O Time.

—❖—❖—❖—

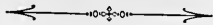
 AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturb'd song of pure concert,

---

<sup>1</sup> In Milton's MS. written with his own hand,—“On Time. To beset on a clock-case.”—  
WARTON.

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



## SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry 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.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF  
WINCHESTER.<sup>1</sup>

This rich marble doth inter  
The honor'd wife of Winchester,  
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told; alas! too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and Fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin choir for her request  
The god that sits at marriage feast;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.<sup>2</sup>  
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

---

<sup>1</sup> This lady was the wife of John, Marquis of Winchester, one of the noblest and most devoted of the adherents of Charles I. His house at Basing, in Hants, stood a two-years' siege by the rebels, and was finally levelled to the ground by them. Lord Winchester died in 1674. On his monument is an epitaph by Dryden. "It is remarkable," says Warton, "that both husband and wife should have severally received the honor of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden.

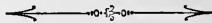
<sup>2</sup> An emblem of Death.

Atropos<sup>1</sup> for Lucina came ;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.  
So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower ;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hastening funeral.  
Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have ;  
After this thy travail sore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That to give the world increase,  
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.  
Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon,  
And some flowers, and some bays,  
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;  
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,

---

<sup>1</sup> One of the Fates.

Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favor'd Joseph bore  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:  
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.



AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET  
 W. SHAKESPEARE.<sup>2</sup> 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,  
 The labor of an age in pilèd stones?  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-y-pointing 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 live-long monument.  
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

<sup>1</sup> Rachel, the wife of Jacob.

<sup>2</sup> This Epitaph was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare, 1632, but without Milton's name. It is the first of his poems which was published.



## 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 ;<sup>1</sup> Death hath broke his girt,  
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt ;  
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;  
For he had any time this ten years full,  
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
And surely death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
In the kind office of a chamberlin  
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.



## 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

---

<sup>1</sup> This carrier gave rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice : this or none," by always obliging the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door "so every customer should have an equal chance of being well served, and every horse be used in its turn."—See *Spectator*, No. 509.

'Gäinst old truth) motion number'd out his time :  
And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;  
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."  
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
He died for heaviness, that his cart went light :  
His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)  
As he were press'd to death, he cried " more weight ;"  
But had his doings lasted as they were,  
He had been an immortal carrier.  
Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :  
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
Only remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.<sup>1</sup>

HENCE, loathed Melancholy.

Of Cerberus<sup>2</sup> and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings ;  
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert<sup>3</sup> ever dwell.  
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven y-clep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore ;  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a Maying ;  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;

<sup>1</sup> These two Poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—are supposed to have been written in Milton's youth, but were first published in 1648.

<sup>2</sup> The three-headed dog which kept the gate of Hell.

<sup>3</sup> The Cimmerians were proverbial for dwelling in dark caves.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honor due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the 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 landscape round it measures ;  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
The Cynosure<sup>1</sup> of neighb'ring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two agèd oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set,  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat handed Phillis dresses ;  
And then in haste the bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks<sup>2</sup> sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the cliquer'd shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play,  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the live-long daylight fail ;

<sup>1</sup> The Pole star—alluding to its magnetic attraction. The magnetic needle always points to it. "Your eyes are lodestars," is said by Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> A rebeck was a fiddle with three strings.

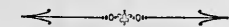
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,<sup>1</sup>  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab\*the junkets eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lanthorn<sup>2</sup> led,  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,<sup>3</sup>  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,

<sup>1</sup> The gossip's bowl, called "Lamb's wool."

<sup>2</sup> Will-o'-the-Wisp.

<sup>3</sup> Puck; the Pixie, in Devonshire—the Kobold of Germany—supposed to do household work at night for the maids, who in return, left him a bowl of cream.

If Jonson's learnèd 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<sup>1</sup>  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free,  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you bestead,  
 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 sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle pensioners<sup>2</sup> of Morpheus' train.

<sup>1</sup> Turn.

<sup>2</sup> Followers. The term was used first in this sense by a band of courtiers, who were enrolled by Queen Elizabeth under that title. They were young nobles of the highest fashion of the period.

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<sup>1</sup> sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen<sup>2</sup> that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The Sea-Nymphs; and their powers offended:  
 Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta,<sup>3</sup> long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain),  
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure;  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole<sup>4</sup> of cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,

<sup>1</sup> Memnon was King of Ethiopia, an ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles.

<sup>2</sup> Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. She boasted of being more beautiful than the Nereids, who, in anger, persuaded Neptune to send a sea-monster to devour the Ethiopians. Andromeda, her daughter, was exposed to it, but was saved by Perseus. Cassiopeia had a constellation named after her; *i.e.*, Cassiopeia's chair. Hence, Milton says "*starr'd* Ethiop queen."

<sup>3</sup> The goddess of fire. "The meaning of Milton's allegory," says Warton, "is, that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the 'bright-haired goddess of eternal fire.' Saturn, the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds."

<sup>4</sup> Stole, a veil which covered the head and shoulders, worn by Roman matrons.



With even step and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The Cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the 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  
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,

I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,<sup>1</sup>  
 With thrice-great Hermes,<sup>2</sup> or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those Demons<sup>3</sup> that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power

<sup>1</sup> Ursa Major. This constellation never sets.

<sup>2</sup> Trismegistus, *i.e.*, "the thrice-grand." He was an Egyptian priest and astronomer, who instructed his countrymen in the sciences. The works, translated and published as his, are said to be apocryphal.

<sup>3</sup> Plato believed that the elements were peopled with spirits.

<sup>4</sup> The story of Thebes, of Œdipus and his sons, and the horrid tradition of Pelops, were the subjects of the great Greek tragedies.

Might raise Musæus<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or call up him<sup>3</sup> that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
 And if aught else great bards beside<sup>4</sup>  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil suitèd Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frounced<sup>5</sup> as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy<sup>6</sup> to hunt,  
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling

<sup>1</sup> Museus and Orpheus are mentioned together in Plato's "Republic" as two of the genuine Greek poets.—T. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> Pluto, charmed by the music of Orpheus, restored to him his dead wife, Eurydice.

<sup>3</sup> Chaucer. "The Squire's Tale" is alluded to.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to Spenser's "Fairie Queen."

<sup>5</sup> "Frounced" meant an excessive or affected dressing of the hair. "It is from the French *froncer*, to curl."—T. WARTON. "Tricked" means "dressed out."

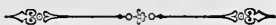
<sup>6</sup> Cephalus. Aurora, the goddess of the morning, fell in love with him.—OVID, *Met.* VII. 701.

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 hallow'd haunt,  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish<sup>1</sup> eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid.  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,<sup>2</sup>  
 And love the high embowèd roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light:  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full voiçed choir below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,

---

<sup>1</sup> Gaudy.    <sup>2</sup> Warton conjectures that the right reading is *cloister's pale*, i.e. enclosure.

And bring all heaven before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heav'n doth show,  
 And ev'ry 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,<sup>1</sup> at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song :—

## SONG I.

LOOK, nymphs, and shepherds look,  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook :  
     This, this is she  
 To whom our views and wishes bend :  
 Here our solemn search hath end.  
 Fame, that her high worth to raise,  
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse  
 Of detraction from her praise.  
     Less than half we find express'd,  
     Envy bid conceal the rest.

---

<sup>1</sup> Alice Spenser, daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe. Milton lived in the neighborhood of Harefield, which was near Uxbridge. His father lived at Horton, near Colnebrook, and held his house under the Earl of Bridgewater. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. Spenser was related to her family.

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

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

GEN. Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes ;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,  
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 Was all in honor and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low rev'ence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow searching Fame has 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

---

<sup>1</sup> A river of Arcadia, which sinks into the earth, passes under the sea, without mixing its waters with the salt waves, and rises near Syracuse, in Sicily, where it joins the Arethusa, and flows conjointly with that stream to the sea. See Shelley's exquisite poem, "Arethusa."

Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless;  
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,<sup>2</sup>  
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity  
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurgèd ear;

<sup>1</sup> The Muses.

<sup>2</sup> This is Plato's system. Fate, or Necessity, holds a spindle of adamant; and with her three daughters—Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos (the Fates)—who handle the vital web wound round about the spindle, she conducts or turns the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses, or Sirens, sit on the summit of the spheres, which, in their revolutions, produce the most ravishing musical harmony. To this harmony the three daughters of Necessity perpetually sing in correspondent tones. In the meantime, the adamantine spindle, which is placed on the lap of Necessity . . . . is also revolved.—T. WARTON.

And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glitt'ring state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## SONG II.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me as I sing,  
     And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
     Follow me,  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendor as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## SONG III.

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's<sup>1</sup> liliated banks,  
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar  
     Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
     A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;

---

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful river of Arcadia.



Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the lady of this place;  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

## COMUS, A MASK.

1634.

Presented at Ludlow Castle before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.

"Comus was suggested to the Poet by the fact that the two sons and the daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, on their return from a visit to some relations in Herefordshire, were benighted in Haywood Forest; and the Lady Alice was, for a short time, lost. The Mask was written for the Michaelmas festivities of 1634, and acted by Lord Bridgewater's children. The music composed for it was by Henry Lawes, who performed in it the part of the Spirit or Thyrsis. He was the son of Thomas Lawes, a Vicar-Choral of Salisbury Cathedral, and was at first a chorister himself. He became finally one of the Court musicians to Charles I. Masks and music fled before the stern gloom of the Commonwealth, and Lawes was compelled to gain his living by teaching the lute. His greatest friends during this period of difficulty and poverty were the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton. He lived to the Restoration, and composed the Coronation Anthem for Charles II. "Comus" was first published by Lawes, without Milton's name, in 1637, with a dedication to Lord Brackley. Masks were the fashion of the age; and Milton was probably called on by Lord Bridgewater to produce one, because he had already written the "Arcades" for Lady Bridgewater's mother, Lady Derby, at Harefield, in Middlesex.

## THE PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit	First Brother.
Comus, with his crew.	[of Thyrsis. Second Brother.
The Lady.	Sabrina, the Nymph.

## THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE—

The Lord Brackley.	Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.
	The Lady Alice Egerton.

The First Scene discovers a Wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit <sup>1</sup> descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
 Of bright aerial spirits live inspered  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughtèd care  
 Confined, and pester'd <sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> The Spirit is called "Dæmon" in the Cambridge MS.—WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> Crowded; from *pesta*, a crowd.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
 That opes the palace of eternity ;  
 To such my errand is ; and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
 That like to rich and various gems inlay  
 The unadornèd bosom of the deep ;  
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,  
 By course commits to sev'ral government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents : but this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms :<sup>1</sup>  
 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 perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove  
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Welsh.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misusèd wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell: who knows not Circe,  
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmèd 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 wreath'd, 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<sup>1</sup> named:  
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to ev'ry weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore, when any favor'd of high Jove

---

<sup>1</sup> Comus was the god of good cheer. He had appeared as a dramatic personage in one of Jonson's Masks before the Court, 1619.

Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other ; with him a rout of  
 monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women,  
 their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in  
 their hands.

COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
 Topsy Dance and Jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice<sup>1</sup> move ;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;  
 What hath night to do with sleep ?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto,<sup>2</sup> t' whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,  
 That ne'r art call'd, 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 rid'st with Hecat, and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loophole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

<sup>1</sup> The morrice, or Moorish dance, long a great favorite with our ancestors. It was introduced by John of Gaunt, it is said, in the reign of Edward III., on his return from Spain.

<sup>2</sup> The goddess of wantonness, worshipped by the ancient Greeks at night.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground  
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;  
Our number may affright : Some virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long  
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed  
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
Which must not be, for that's against my course :  
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
Baited with reasons not unplausible,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes, I fairly<sup>1</sup> step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

LADY. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,

---

<sup>1</sup> Softly.

Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ears,  
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  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentler pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!

So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

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

LAD. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
That is address'd to unattending ears;  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my sever'd company,  
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

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

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

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

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

LAD. To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring.

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

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

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit !

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

LAD. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

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

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

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd<sup>1</sup> 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 colors of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd ; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,

To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point,

LAD. To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

---

<sup>1</sup> Wearied with toil.

Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet,

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood ;  
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
From her thatch'd pallet rouse ; if otherwise  
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
And courts of princes, where it first was named,  
And yet is most pretended : in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter the two Brothers.

I BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,  
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades ;  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.<sup>1</sup>

2 BR. Or if our eyes

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

1 BR. 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,

---

<sup>1</sup> Our Greater or Lesser Bear star. Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, King of Acadia, was changed into the Greater Bear, called also Helice, and her son Arcas into the Lesser, called also Cynosura, (see p. 28,) by observing of which the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their course, as the Greek mariners did by the other.—NEWTON.

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 retirèd solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2 BR. 'Tis most true,  
 That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, 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 unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

Of our unownèd Sister.

1 BR. I do not, Brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state  
 Secure without all doubts, 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.

2 BR. What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

1 BR. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;  
 'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:  
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,  
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity,  
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
 No goblin, or swart 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?

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.  
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
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  
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,  
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 BR. How charming is divine philosophy!



Not harsh and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 BR. List, list, I hear

Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 BR. Methought so too : what should it be ?

1 BR. For certain

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

2 BR. Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near;  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 BR. I'll halloo ;

If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know, what are you ? speak ;  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

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

2 BR. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

1 BR. Thyrsis ? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd  
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How camest thou here, good swain ? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggl'ing wether the pent flock forsook ?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequest'r'd nook ?

SPIR. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf ; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

---

<sup>1</sup> A compliment to Lawes.

To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
 But, O my my virgin Lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

I BR. To tell thee sadly,<sup>1</sup> Shepherd, without blame,  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIR. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

I BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

SPIR. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
 Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,  
 What the sage poets, taught by the heav'nly Muse,  
 Storied of old, in high immortal verse,  
 Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus.  
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
 Character'd in the face: this I have learnt  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' 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 abhorrèd rites to Hecate .  
 In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.  
 Yet have they many bates and guileful spells,  
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

---

<sup>1</sup> Soberly, seriously.—NEWTON.

This ev'ning late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ;  
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep ;  
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death : but O ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.  
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,  
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
Already, ere my best speed could prevent  
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,  
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,

Supposing him some neighbor villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not.

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

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

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

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

SPIR. Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:  
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecstasy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted<sup>1</sup> shoon,  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bad me keep it as of sovereign use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,

<sup>1</sup> Clouts are thin and narrow plates of iron, affixed with hobnails to the shoes of rustics.—  
 T. WARTON.

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

I BR. 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.

COM. Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. 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.

COM. Why are you vext, Lady ? why do you frown ?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far : See, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
 And first behold this cordial julep here,

That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.  
 Not that Nepenthes,<sup>1</sup> which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
 With that which you received on other terms;  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tired all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

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

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<sup>1</sup> See Pope's *Odyssey*, IV. 301. Probably opium.

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge<sup>1</sup> doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutch'd<sup>2</sup> the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,  
 To store her children with: if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility;  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' 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 cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded

<sup>1</sup> Budge is lamb's fur, formerly an ornament of scholastic habits.

<sup>2</sup> Hoarded.



But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the 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.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store;  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?  
 Or have I said enough ? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced ;  
 Yet should I try, the 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 sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power :  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring 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 :  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

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

SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,  
Some other means I have which may be used,  
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enragèd stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearlèd wrists, and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodel,  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made Goddess of the river: still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,

Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The 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  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
     In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;  
     Listen for dear honor's sake,  
     Goddess of the silver lake,  
         Listen and save.  
 Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys<sup>1</sup> grave majestic pace.  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook<sup>2</sup>  
 By scaly Triton's<sup>3</sup> winding shell,

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<sup>1</sup> The wife of Oceanus.

<sup>2</sup> Proteus, who had a cave in Carpathus, an island of the Mediterranean. He was a wizard, a prophet, and Neptune's shepherd, and therefore held a crook.

<sup>3</sup> Neptune's trumpeter.

And old soothsaying Glaucus<sup>1</sup> spell,  
 By Leucothea's<sup>2</sup> lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,<sup>3</sup>  
 By Thetis<sup>4</sup> tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb<sup>5</sup>  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure 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.

<sup>1</sup> Glaucus, an excellent diver, was made a sea-god. He was a prophet, and is said to have taught Apollo to prophesy.

<sup>2</sup> Leucothea, *i.e.*, the white goddess. She was Ino, who, flying from her mad husband, Athamas, cast herself and her child into the sea. Neptune, at the entreaty of Venus, changed both into sea-deities, and gave her the new name of Leucothia.

<sup>3</sup> Palæmon, the infant in her arms when she sprang into the sea.

<sup>4</sup> A sea-goddess, called by Homer, *silver-footed*.

<sup>5</sup> Parthenope and Ligea were two of the Syrens.

SP. Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy pow'rful hand  
 To undo the charmèd band  
 Of true virgin here distrest,  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help insnared 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 venom'd seat,  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

SP. Virgin, daughter of Lochrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,<sup>1</sup>  
 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 crown'd

---

<sup>1</sup> Lochrine was the son of Brutus, the great-grandson of Eneas.

With many a tow'r and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
 Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursèd place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste, or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence, and beside  
 All the swains that 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.

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

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,

I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own ;  
 Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguises.

SP. To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair,  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree :<sup>1</sup>  
 Along the crisp'd shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring ;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west-winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue,  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)

---

<sup>1</sup> The daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, had gardens or orchards, which produced apples of gold.



Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;<sup>1</sup>  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,  
After her wand'ring labors long,  
Till free consent the Gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime:  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

---

<sup>1</sup> Venus; so called because she was worshipped by the Assyrians. See OVID, *Met.* IX. 636.

## LYCIDAS.

1637.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend,<sup>1</sup> 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.  
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 favor my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

---

<sup>1</sup> Edward King, the friend of Milton, whose early death is bewailed in this poem, was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland, to visit his family, his ship struck on a rock on the English coast, and he perished in the sea. He was distinguished for his piety and talents, and was a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,<sup>2</sup>  
 We drove a field, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,<sup>3</sup>  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,  
 Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old Damoetas<sup>4</sup> loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flow'rs, 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  
 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,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> King was at Cambridge with Milton.

<sup>2</sup> See marginal reading of "Neither let it see the dawning of the day." Job iii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> The trumpet-fly. Its hum is loudest at noon.

<sup>4</sup> Probably their tutor, Dr. Chappel.

<sup>5</sup> The Druids' sepulchres were at Kerig-y-Druidion, in the mountains of Denbighshire.

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :<sup>2</sup>  
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !  
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,<sup>3</sup>  
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,<sup>4</sup>  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?  
 Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon 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,"  
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;  
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glist'ring foil  
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies ;  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."

<sup>1</sup> The Isle of Anglesea.

<sup>2</sup> The Dee, said by Spenser to be the haunt of magicians. These places were all near the Irish Sea, where Lycidas embarked for Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Calliope was the mother of Orpheus.

<sup>4</sup> The Bacchanalians.

O fountain Arethuse,<sup>1</sup> and thou honor'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius,<sup>2</sup> crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beak'd promontory :  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,<sup>3</sup>  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus,<sup>4</sup> reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe.<sup>5</sup>  
 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,<sup>6</sup>  
 (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,<sup>7</sup>  
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !

<sup>1</sup> In Sicily.

<sup>2</sup> Near Mantua.

<sup>3</sup> Eolus (the East Wind) was the son of Hippotades. <sup>4</sup> The Cam.

<sup>5</sup> The Hyacinth ; supposed to bear the letters Ai-Ai, put on it by Apollo in memory of his grief for Hyacinthus.

<sup>6</sup> "The pilot of the Galilean lake" is St. Peter.

<sup>7</sup> King intended to take orders in the Church of England.

Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful 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<sup>1</sup> pipes of wretched straw ;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flow'rets 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 sparsely looks :  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

---

<sup>1</sup> "Thin, lean, meagre."—T. WARTON.

To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount<sup>2</sup>  
 Looks toward Namancos<sup>3</sup> and Bayona's hold:  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Thro' the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;

<sup>1</sup> Bellerus, a Cornish giant, from Bellerium.

<sup>2</sup> Mount St. Michael, near the Land's End, Cornwall.

<sup>3</sup> In an Atlas of 1623, and in a map of Galicia, near Cape Finisterre, is marked a place called Namancos. In this map, also, is marked the Castle of Bayona.

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

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



# SONNETS.



I.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love.<sup>1</sup> O if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foreteli 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.<sup>2</sup>

1631.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!

---

<sup>1</sup> A superstition, which originated in Chaucer's "Cuckowe and Nightingale.

" But as I lay this othir night waking,  
I thought how lovers had a tokining,  
And among 'hem it was a comerne tale  
That it were gode to here the Nightingale  
Moche rathir than the leudè Cuckowe singe."

*Cuckowe and Nightingale.* Stanza 10.

<sup>2</sup> This sonnet was written at Cambridge, and sent in a letter to a friend.

My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even,  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## III.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui be! nome onora  
 L'erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,  
 Benc 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,  
 Là onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti  
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invicchi.

## IV.

QUAL in colle aspro, all'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 bell' Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io all' altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e ' Perchè scrivi,  
 Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi!'  
 Così mi van burlando: 'altri rivi,  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad or ad or alla 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 più d'una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero  
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna ;  
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco  
 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 cela  
 Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' ingiela ;  
 Ma quanto agli 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  
 Ovè Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO  
 THE CITY.<sup>1</sup>

1642.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever climie the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror<sup>2</sup> bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r  
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet<sup>3</sup> had the pow'r  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

<sup>1</sup> Written when the King's troops had arrived at Brentford, and London expected an immediate attack.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander. He suffered the house of Pindar alone to stand untouched; and honored the family of the great lyric poet, while making frightful havoc of the Thebans. Milton claims the same favor from the royal forces.

<sup>3</sup> Euripides. When Lysander had taken Athens, Plutarch tells us that,—“Some say he really did, in the Council of the Allies, propose to reduce the Athenians to slavery; and that Erianthus, a Theban officer, gave it as his opinion that the city should be levelled with the ground, and the spot on which it stood turned to pasturage. Afterwards, however, when the general officers met at an entertainment, a musician of Phocis happened to begin a chorus in the *Electra* of Euripides, the first lines of which are these:—

## IX.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,  
 The better part with Mary<sup>1</sup> and with Ruth<sup>2</sup>  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light<sup>3</sup>  
 And hope that reaps not shame.<sup>4</sup> 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.<sup>5</sup> 1643.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl,<sup>6</sup> once President  
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,

---

'Unhappy daughter of the great Atrides,\*  
 Thy straw-crowned palace I approach.'

\* Electra.

"The whole company were greatly moved at this incident, and could not help reflecting how barbarous a thing it would be to raze that noble city, which had produced so many great and illustrious men."—PLUTARCH, *Life of Lysander*. Thus Athens was spared, but in cruel mockery. The Spartan collected all the musicians in the city, and pulled down the fortifications, and burned the Athenian ships, to the sound of their instruments.

<sup>1</sup> Luke x. 42.

<sup>2</sup> Ruth i. 14.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. xxv. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Rom. v. 5.

<sup>5</sup> Milton used frequently to visit this lady, who married Captain Hobson, of the Isle of Wight.

<sup>6</sup> Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9; he died on the 14th, but at an advanced age.—NEWTON.

Till the sad, breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.<sup>1</sup>  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

## XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY  
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

1645.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,<sup>2</sup>  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style;  
 The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,  
 Numb'ring 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?<sup>3</sup>  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

<sup>1</sup> Isocrates, the orator, who could not survive the ruin of his country. Chæronea was gained by Philip of Macedon.

<sup>2</sup> Tetrachordon means exposition on the four chief places in Scripture which mention nullities in marriage.

<sup>3</sup> Colkitto and Macdonnel are one and the same person, a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The Macdonnels of that family are styled, by way of distinction, MacCollicittok, *i.e.*, descendents of lame Colin. Galasp is George Gillespie, a Scottish writer against the Independents; for whom see Milton's verses on the "Forcers of Conscience."—WARTON.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheke,<sup>1</sup>  
 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;<sup>2</sup>  
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs<sup>3</sup>  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that must first be wise and good:  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.<sup>4</sup>

## XIII.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE  
 LONG PARLIAMENT. 1647.

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 envièd, not abhorred,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Cheke has been already named in the notes to this volume. He was the first Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and restored the original pronunciation of it. He was tutor to Edward VI.

<sup>2</sup> Milton's treatises were on the subject of "Divorce." The Presbyterian clergy were much (and justly) scandalized at them, and brought Milton before the Lords for them; but they thought the subject simply speculative, and he was discharged. He thus stigmatizes the Presbyterian clergy.

<sup>3</sup> See OVID, *Mét.* VI. fab. iv. "Latona's progeny" where Apollo and Diana, the sun god and moon goddess.

<sup>4</sup> A fine moral, coming, too, from a Republican poet.



Dare you for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Taught ye by mere A. S.<sup>2</sup> and Rutherford?<sup>3</sup>  
 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<sup>4</sup> and Scotch What-d'ye-call.<sup>5</sup>  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,<sup>6</sup>  
 That so the Parliament  
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears  
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,<sup>7</sup>  
 And succor our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge :  
 New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.<sup>8</sup>

## XIV.

TO MR. H. LAWES<sup>9</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> In classes, or classical assemblies. The Presbyterians distributed London into twelve classes; each chose two ministers and four lay elders to represent them in a Provincial Assembly.

<sup>2</sup> Adam Stuart, a Polemical writer of the times, who answered the "Independents' Plea for Toleration."

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Rutherford, one of the Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland, and an avowed enemy to the Independents, Milton's sect.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Edwards, who wrote against the Independents.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps George Gillespie, a Scotch writer against the Independents. Milton hated the Scotch, and ridiculed their names.

<sup>6</sup> The Council of Trent.

<sup>7</sup> Balk, or baulk, is to spare. The meaning is, "Your errors will be corrected, and your ears spared." Our readers will remember that the Star Chamber had inflicted the cruel punishment of loss of ears on Prynne.

<sup>8</sup> More tyrannical than of old.

<sup>9</sup> The musician who put the music to "Comus."

With Midas' ears,<sup>1</sup> committing short and long ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for envy to look wan ;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
 That with smooth air couldst humor best our tongue.  
 Thou honor'st verse, and verse must send her wing  
 To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.<sup>3</sup>  
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher  
 That his Casella,<sup>4</sup> whom he woo'd to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE  
 THOMSON,<sup>5</sup>

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16TH DECEMBER, 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

<sup>1</sup> Midas, a King of Phrygia. He decided that Pan was superior in singing and playing on the flute to Apollo; and, to punish his stupidity, Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

<sup>2</sup> A Latinism, meaning offences against *quantity*.—RICHARDSON.

<sup>3</sup> The "Story of Ariadne," set by Lawes.—WARTON.

<sup>4</sup> Amongst the souls in Purgatory, Dante recognizes his friend Casella, the musician. In the course of an affectionate conversation, Dante asks for a song to soothe him, and Casella sings, with ravishing sweetness, the poet's second Canzone. See second cant. of Dante's "Purgatorio."

<sup>5</sup> When Milton was first made Latin Secretary to Cromwell, he lodged at a Mr. Thomson's, next to the "Bull Head" Tavern, Charing Cross. Mrs. Thomson is supposed to have been the wife of his landlord.—NEWTON.

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 speak the truth of thee on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XVI.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE  
 OF COLCHESTER.<sup>1</sup>

1648.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumors loud that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league<sup>2</sup> to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war but endless war still breed ?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVII.

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,

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester. It was first printed, together with the two following sonnets, and the two to Cyriack Skinner, at the end of Phillips's "Life of Milton" 1694.—WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> The English Parliament held that the Scotch had broken their covenant by marching into England, led by Hamilton.

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream,<sup>1</sup> with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureate<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup>  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XVIII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> A small river near Preston, in Lancashire, where Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, in August, 1643.

<sup>2</sup> Dunbar and Worcester were both fought September 3—one 1650, the other 1651.

<sup>3</sup> He alludes to the Presbyterian clergy. They tried to persuade Cromwell to use the secular power against Sectaries.

<sup>4</sup> This sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was the chief of the Independents, and therefore Milton's friend. He was a most eccentric character, a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and good sense. He was beheaded after the Restoration, 1662.—WARTON.

<sup>5</sup> The States of Holland.

## XIX.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.<sup>1</sup>  
 AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers 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 all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant;<sup>2</sup> that from these may grow  
 A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.<sup>3</sup>

## XX.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide,  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

<sup>1</sup> In 1665 the duke of Savoy determined to make his reformed subjects in Piedmont return to the Roman Church. All who refused compliance with the sovereign's will were massacred. Those who escaped, concealed in their mountain fastnesses, sent to Cromwell for relief. Milton's holy indignation found expression in this fine sonnet, which was of great effect. Cromwell commanded a general fast, and a national contribution for the relief of the sufferers £40,000 were collected. He then wrote to the Duke; and so great was the terror of the English name—the Protector threatened that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia—that the persecution was stopped, and the surviving inhabitants of the valleys were restored to their homes and to freedom of worship.

<sup>2</sup> The Pope.

<sup>3</sup> The Papacy.

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."

XXI.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> re-inspire  
 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.

XXII.

## TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire<sup>3</sup> 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;

---

<sup>1</sup> Son of Henry Lawrence Member for Hertfordshire, who was active in settling the Protectorate on Cromwell. Milton's friend was the author of a work called "Of our Communion and Warre with Angels," &c., 1646. 4to.—TODD.

<sup>2</sup> The West Wind.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Coke. Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner and Bridget, daughter of Lord Coke. He had been a pupil of Milton's, and was one of the principal members of Harrington's Political Club.

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<sup>1</sup> intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXIII.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In Liberty's defence,<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, was then at war with Poland, and the French were fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands.

<sup>2</sup> When Milton was engaged to answer Salmasius one of his eyes had nearly lost its sight. The physicians predicted the loss of both, if he used them. But Milton told Du Moulin, "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

<sup>3</sup> The celebrated controversy with Salmasius originated thus: Charles II. employed that great scholar to write a "Defence of Monarchy" and to vindicate his father's memory. Salmasius was the greatest scholar of his age. Grotius only could compete with him. Selden speaks of him as "most admirable." The Council of the Commonwealth, therefore, did wisely in ordering Milton to answer him. How he did so at the price of his sight we see above.

XXIV.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.<sup>1</sup>

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis<sup>2</sup> 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. She died in giving birth to a daughter, a year after her marriage. She was Milton's second wife.

<sup>2</sup> Alcestis, being told by an oracle that her husband, Admetus, could never recover from a disease unless a friend died for him, willingly laid down her life for him. Hercules, "Jove's great son," brought her back from hell.



## 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 odors,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed 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 enata verat, 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 munditie? 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,  
 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> Gnorera.

- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy<sup>1</sup> smoking wrath, *and angry brow,*  
 Against thy people's prayer ?
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears ;  
 Their bread with tears they eat ;  
 And mak'st them largely<sup>2</sup> drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbor foe ;  
 Among themselves they<sup>3</sup> laugh, they<sup>3</sup> play,  
 And<sup>3</sup> flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And drov'st out nations *proud and haunt,*  
 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.*
- 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,

<sup>1</sup> Gnashanta.<sup>2</sup> Shalish.<sup>3</sup> Jilgnagu.

- That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
 Upturns it by the roots ;  
 Wild beast there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts ; look down  
 From Heaven, thy seat divine ;  
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*  
 And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long,*  
 And the young branch, that for thyself  
 Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
 And cut *with axes* down ;  
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid ;*  
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame ;*  
 Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
 Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe :*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.

## PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear ;*  
 Sing loud to God *our King ;*  
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
 Loud acclamations ring.

- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song ;  
 The timbrel hither bring ;  
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
 And harp *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,  
 With trumpets' *lofty sound*,  
 The appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
 For Israel *to observe*,  
 A law of Jacob's God *to hold*,  
 From whence they *might not swerve*.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained  
 In Joseph, *not to change*,  
 When as he passed through Egypt-land ;  
 The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,  
 I set his shoulder free ;  
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,  
 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,

---

<sup>1</sup> Be Sether ragnam.

- Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
 In honor bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt-land ;  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice ;  
 And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
 Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
 And to their wandering mind ;  
 Their own conceits they 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 ;*  
 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

<sup>1</sup> Bagnadath-el.<sup>2</sup> Bekerev.

- He judges and debates.  
 2 How long will ye<sup>1</sup> pervert the right  
 With<sup>1</sup> judgment false and wrong,  
 Favoring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*  
 3<sup>2</sup> Regard the<sup>2</sup> weak and fatherless;  
<sup>2</sup> Despatch the<sup>2</sup> poor man's cause;  
 And<sup>3</sup> raise the man in deep distress  
 By<sup>3</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>4</sup> moved,  
 And<sup>4</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.*  
 Rise, God; <sup>5</sup>judge thou the earth in might;  
 This *wicked* earth<sup>5</sup> redress;  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length;*  
 O God hold not thy peace:  
 Sit thou not still, O God *of strength;*  
*We cry and do not cease.*  
 2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now*<sup>6</sup> swell,  
 And<sup>6</sup> storm outrageously;  
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell,*

<sup>1</sup> Tishphetu gnavel.<sup>2</sup> Shiptudal.<sup>3</sup> Hatzdiku.<sup>4</sup> Jimmotu.<sup>5</sup> Shiphtha.<sup>6</sup> Jehemajun.

Exalt their heads full high.

- 3 Against thy people they<sup>1</sup> contrive  
<sup>2</sup> Their plots and counsels deem ;  
<sup>3</sup> Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
<sup>4</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>5</sup> with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind  
 Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
 And *hateful* Amalec,  
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot ;*  
*All these have lent their 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*  
*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.

<sup>1</sup> Jagnarimu.

<sup>2</sup> Sod.

<sup>3</sup> Jithjagnatsu gnal.

<sup>4</sup> Tsephuneca.

<sup>5</sup> Lev jachdau.



- 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 ;*  
 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 the honor due,  
 Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 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*.

## 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 !*

---

<sup>1</sup> *Neoth Elohim* bears both.

<sup>2</sup> They seek thy name: *Heb.*

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

- 11 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright* ;  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God* of Hosts *that reign'st on high*,  
 That man is *truly* blest  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favor graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
 That *wrought* thy people woe,  
 And all their sin *that did thee grieve*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy<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 ?
- 6 Wilt thou not<sup>2</sup> turn and *hear our voice*,  
 And thus again<sup>2</sup> revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice,  
 By thee preserved alive ?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.*: The burning heat of thy wrath.

<sup>2</sup> *Heb.*: Turn to quicken us.

- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord ;  
 To us thy mercy shew ;  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak  
 I will *go straight* and hear,  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear* ;  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace ;  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*
- 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 ;  
 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.*: He will set his steps to the way.

## 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>1</sup>I have trod  
Thy ways, and love the just ;  
Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call ; 4 Oh make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul ! for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good ; thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon ; thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,  
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid* ;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I 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*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.*: I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.

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

## PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast ;

*There seated in his sanctuary,  
His temple there is placed.*

- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings *fair*  
Of Jacob's *land though there be store,*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke.  
I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke ;*
- 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.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,  
That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
When he the nations doth enroll,  
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing and they who dance  
*With sacred songs are there ;*  
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry,  
And all night long before thee *weep,*  
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer,  
*With sighs devout, ascend ;*  
And to my cries that *ceaseless are,*  
Thine ear with favor bend,

- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;  
 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<sup>t</sup> the grave lie *deep ;*  
 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 ;  
<sup>2</sup>Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>2</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.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
 Shall the deceased arise

---

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.*: A man without manly strength.

<sup>2</sup> The Hebrew bears both.



- And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
 On whom the grave *hath hold?*  
 Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*  
 Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*  
 Or wondrous acts be known?  
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land  
 Of *dark* oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry  
*Ere yet my life be spent;*  
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*  
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake  
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and<sup>1</sup> shake  
 With terror sent from thee;  
 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:  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

## PSALM I.

*Done into verse 1653.*

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way

---

<sup>1</sup> *Heb.*: Præ concussionē.

Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not sat; but in the great  
 Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
 By watery streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not fall;  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which 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  
 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

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  
 Unto Jehovah ; he full soon replied,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept ; I waked again :  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ! for thou  
 Hast smote ere now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men 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?  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself apart,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choose he knows);  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin;  
 Speak to your hearts alone  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say  
 "Who yet will show us good?"  
 Talking like this world's brood;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray:  
 On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favor, of thy count'nance bright.  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie:  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

## PSALM V.

*August 12, 1653.*

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh;  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My king and God, for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah, thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear;  
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight;  
 Evil with thee no bidding makes;  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low.  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me, because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress;  
 Set thy ways right before where my step goes.  
 For in his faltering mouth unstable

## TRANSLATIONS.

No word is firm or sooth;<sup>1</sup>  
 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;  
 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 favor and good will.

## PSALM VI.

*August 13, 1653.*

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,  
 Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore;  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore  
 My soul: oh, save me, for thy goodness sake!  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days;  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping

---

<sup>1</sup> True.

The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my prayer ;  
 My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank, and 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 hastes 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 naught :

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

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

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

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

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

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

(His arrows purposely made he  
 For them that persecute.) Behold  
 He 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.

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  
 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 honor 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,  
 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 SMECTYMNUS, 1642.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1, 24.]

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

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 10, 14.]

JOKING decides great things  
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 624.]

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

## FROM 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 neighborhood,  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

## FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES."

1649.

[SENECA, *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, where 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.  
THE LATIN POEMS.

*Separate Title-Page in Edition of 1645*:—"Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley, 1645."

*Separate Title-Page in Edition of 1673*:—"Same as above, word for word, as far as to "Londini," inclusively; after which the rest runs thus; "Excudebat W. R. anno 1673."

## 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 præciaro 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 nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.*

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS NEAPOLITANUS, AD  
JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POESEOS LAURÆA CORONAN-  
DUM, GRÆCÆ NIMIRUM, LATINÆ, ATQUE HETRUSCÆ, 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.  
Sull' 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  
Danno nei 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  
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;  
Dell' Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,  
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano:  
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,  
Ch' a Ingegneri 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 gli anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale  
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;  
 Che s' opre degne di poema e storia  
 Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,  
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;  
 Il Tamigi il dirà, chè gli è concesso  
 Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,  
 Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio:

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca  
 perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehend-  
 eret:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt  
 ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea per-  
 callet ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ  
 excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in Memoriâ totus orbis; in Intellectu sapientia; in Voluntate ardor gloriæ; in Ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ duce audienti; characteres mirabilium Naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ Autorum lectione, 'exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti'

(At cur nitor in arduum?):

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiæ et Amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,  
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

### ELEGIA PRIMA.

#### AD CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multum, 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 refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles;  
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adiisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,  
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat :  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat ;  
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo ;  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;  
 Seu ferus 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.  
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;  
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heröides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem ;  
 Cedite Achæmenia turrîtâ fronte puellæ,  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon ;  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascēs submittite Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus ;  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
 Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis ;  
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse scqui.  
 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 cælo scintillant astra sereno,  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque itèrum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADÊMICI 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.  
 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.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiâ tristes,  
 Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

## ELEGIA TERTIA.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MÆSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo:  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;

Dum procerum ingressa est splendentem marmore turres  
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ;  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar :  
 “ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ?  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ;  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima 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 ? ”  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaci submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora ; membra cavo posui refovenda cubili ;  
 Condidit oculos noxque soporque meos,  
 Cum mihi visus cram lato spatiarier agro ;  
 Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent ;

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum ;  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos ;  
 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.  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat !  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos ;  
 Infula divinum cinexerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono ;  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis ;  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :  
 " Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni ;  
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia 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 subito, mea littera, pontum ;  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;

Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ.  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Christicholas pascere doctus oves ;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ ;  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
 Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;  
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
 Pieriosque hausî latices, Clioque favente  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon  
 Induxitque auro lanæ 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.  
 Invenies dulci 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:  
 "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, moxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti;  
 Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue lec.  
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mæstas 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;  
 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,  
 Fugit, io! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volàsse domos.  
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinà quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de 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 inassucto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix;  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.

Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;  
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mænibus 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,  
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 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 reducent 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 ;  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.  
 Delius ipse venit (video Penëide 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, penetralia vatum ;  
 Et mihi fana patent interora Deûm ;  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,  
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
 Veris, io ! rediere vices ; celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subbeat Musa perennis opus.  
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
 Flectit ad Arctoas 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.  
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo solo 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 effæto procubisse toro ?  
 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.  
 Exiit 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?  
 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.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramem 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  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperiiis recipit cærula mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ;  
 Huc a des; ardentem imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans  
  Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelc̃ia 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 ferre tela corusca novo.  
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 *Hymenæe* per urbes ;  
  Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ ;  
  Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
  Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.  
Votum est cuique suum ; votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
  Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.  
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
  Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
  Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
  Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
  Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
  Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis  
  Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos 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 cant:  
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo!

## 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 hand satis felicem operam  
 Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MIRRO tibi sanam non pleno ventere 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 cælifugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 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.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus *Euæ*  
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;  
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia 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.  
 Massica sæcundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Appollo, 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;  
 Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;



Liber adest elegis Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
Talibus inde licent 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 ;  
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ 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 raptam sagacem  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,  
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,  
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges :  
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.  
At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam).  
Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,  
Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris ;  
Vagiturque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto  
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit ;  
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
Et subito 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, iudicis instar eris.

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

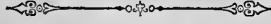
*Anno ætatis undevigesimo.*

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen, Amor.  
 "Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige columbas ;  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci :  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos ;  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros."  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem ;  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem.  
 Nec 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.  
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;  
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares ;  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
 Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," inquit ;  
 "Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.

Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi ;  
 Et, quoties meminit Penēidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venatori, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda 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 ferox ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
 Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, 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.  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.  
 Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis ;  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda fuerores ;  
 Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat  
 Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis ;  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem .  
 Findor ; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum ;  
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos ;  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et lu tu victus ? Amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et corâm tristia verba loqui !  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces !  
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit ;  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris ;  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :

Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
Cuspis amâtuos figat ut una duos.



*Hæc ego mente olim lævâ studioque supino,  
Nequitæ posui vana trophæa micæ.  
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 metuît puer ipse sagittis,  
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

## [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 Iördaniôs 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.  
 Frenuit 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 flammâ triste patebit iter."  
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis !  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutâta jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

LAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas.  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;  
 At mihi majar 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 immortalî 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 felicius 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 erantes cæcâ vertigine sensus;  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

## AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,  
 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 Dcos.

## 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 fœtus 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  
 Nessi venenatus cruore  
 Æmathia jacuisset Cætâ ;  
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, 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.  
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentûm 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,  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
 Jam præfuisse 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 !

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus

Scepra 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 cærulæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam,  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;  
 Qualia 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,  
 Densantui nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini;  
 Dextra veneficiis 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 mendicantùm series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes.  
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentùm  
 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, Melanchætēque ferocē,  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

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 silentium,  
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis;  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolos at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:  
 "Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram, venèrande, 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,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,  
 Thermo-doontêâ 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,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,

Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses ;  
 Irritus ille labor ; tu callidus utere fraude :  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ canisque verendos :  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinûs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi factique mone : quisquamne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?  
 Perculsoque 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.”  
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;  
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque 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.  
 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 penitus nostro conjungere mundo.  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareoque leves diffrentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ scelerata propago;  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."  
 Finierat: rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos  
 Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium quâ distat ab Aside terrâ  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros.  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce:  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissimâ captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis ;  
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ  
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
Lumnia 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 nostrò mēruisti carmine laudes,  
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, terræque tremente :  
“ 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 :  
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,  
Autoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
Insiidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,  
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuerè puellæ,  
Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad acres:  
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit; Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

*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 Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti et ferreis Sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore;  
 Graiusque vates parciûs  
 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 ?  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra Noctis filia,  
Erebove patrè 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 filiæ)  
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,  
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;  
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
Prætervoivi fulgidi solis globum ;  
Longèque sub pedibus deam  
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
Frænis dracones aureis.  
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui."

## NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,  
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,  
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in vicera 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  
 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  
 Terrebut 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.  
 Floridus æternum Phæbus 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.  
 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 hiemen, nimbospue 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  
 Priscus abest ; servatque suum Narcissus odorem ;  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorum,  
 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 præsidēs 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 Deum,  
 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,  
 Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet

Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

## AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alias  
 Surgat in officium 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  
 Essè 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 Clia,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.  
 Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina 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 duos Manes adamante coerces.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri

Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,  
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam, partrium tunc cum repetemus Olypnum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis per 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.  
 Carmina regale epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines  
 Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laud.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.

Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poëtam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,  
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor. Neque enim pater, ire jubepas  
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior' area lucri,  
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi;  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis  
 Jura nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
 Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
 Phæbæo 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  
 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 agitable marmor,  
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube,  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas Perüanaque 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 tiarem.  
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo ;  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Querelæ,  
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo ;  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumniâ, rictus ;  
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus  
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona repende e factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera 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 rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

## PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰαζώβου  
 Αἰγύπτου λῆπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μόνον ἔην ὄσιον γένος οὐετ' Ἰουδα  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεοῦ λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν,  
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐβρώησε θάλασσα,  
 Κόματι εἰλυμένη βοθίῳ ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν  
 Ἐκ δ' ὕρρα σαροθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέωντο,  
 Ὡς κριτὸ σφριγύωντες ἐῦτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ  
 Βαῖότεραι δ' ἄμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκήρτησαν ἐρίπναι,



Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρ' ῥώησας  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἔστουφελίχθης  
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν;  
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
 Ὄς κριὸν σφριγώνυτες ἐστραφεῖρῶ ἐν ἄλωῃ;  
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄο' ὕμμεν ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείσο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

*Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte  
 captum inscius damnauerat, tήν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.*

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὕλωσ δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρημον  
 Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιω, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αἰδοὶ νοήσεις,  
 Μαφιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,  
 Τυόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιφωμυον ἄλλαρ ὀλέσσας.

*In effigiei ejus sculptorem.*

Ἄμαθεϊ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγόνυτες, 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 flavâ Dēiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.  
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,

Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,  
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;  
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat;  
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.  
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur locos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans;  
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
Nimiùm sinistro laxis irruens loro;  
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,  
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

## MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitîâ scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemata cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi  
Risplende il Manso . . . . .

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentîâ 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  
Fierides; 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 Camcænæ,  
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.  
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  
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;  
Æmulus illius Maycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
Manse patet, 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 ubes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Quâ 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,  
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum,  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)  
 Hinc quatiens festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,  
 Carminibus lætis momorant Corinëida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter-immortale volatu.  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.  
 At non sponte dumom tamen idem et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;  
 Tantùm, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,  
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,  
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem et miti 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,  
 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 :  
 Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas ; et ego securâ pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fidas, 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.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

## ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuntur, 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  
 Lectibus 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 relictâ  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem :—

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina 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 silentium.  
 “ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigabit

Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;  
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, 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 sæta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis,  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?  
 Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora 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.  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
 Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula 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, Alphisibœus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Ægon ad flumina pulcher Amyntas :  
‘ Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zyphri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.’  
Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ud hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notârât  
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),  
‘ Thyrsi, quid hoc?’ dixit; ‘ quæ te coquit improbabilis?  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.’

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphæ, et ‘ Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis?’ aiunt: ‘ non hæc solet esse juventæ  
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:  
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.’

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,  
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;  
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:  
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

“ Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:  
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus  
Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volucrum  
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum



Farra libens 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,  
 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 ?  
 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 juventus,  
 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, populèumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum ; nec puto multùm  
 Displicui ; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ :  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis et Francinus ; erant et vocibus ambo

Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,

Dum solus teneros claudebum cratibus hœdos.

Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,

‘Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;

Vimina nunc texit 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,

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 ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim

Turgidulus; tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvæ.

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes

Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen;

Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,

Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,

Tu procul annosâ pendebis fistula, pinu

Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia non licet uni,

Non sperâsse uni licet omnia; mihi 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 lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi procula Mansus,  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.  
 In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:  
 Quis putet? hîc 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 orbis  
 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 tuâ dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus?  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub Orco;  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra.  
 Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,  
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;  
 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

DIONOTUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cælicolæ 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,  
 Lætaquæ frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
 Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos,  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos."

*Jen.* 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ Publicâ 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 σχῆσιν* partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ab libitum fecit.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditiæque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim  
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,  
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo,  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte 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  
 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,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan 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 Roüsius sui  
 Optat peculi numeroque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cuius inclyta  
 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.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos ;  
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthabitâ,  
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo ;  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

## EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,

Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentùm prava facesset ;  
 At ultimi nepotes  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Roüσιο favente.

## 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 salo,  
 Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis argentes 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.



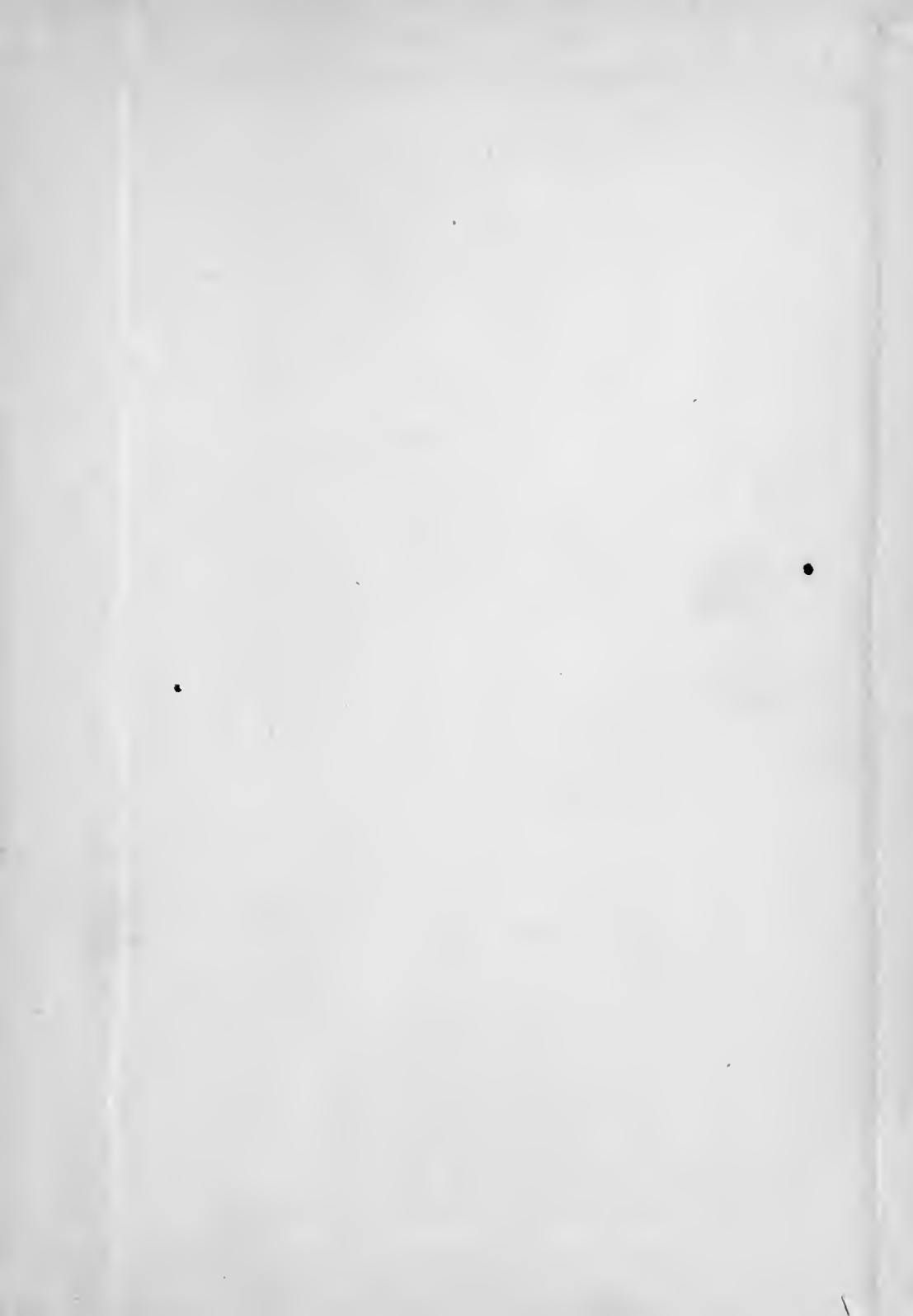




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