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John Milton, *The Poetical Works of John Milton* [1900]

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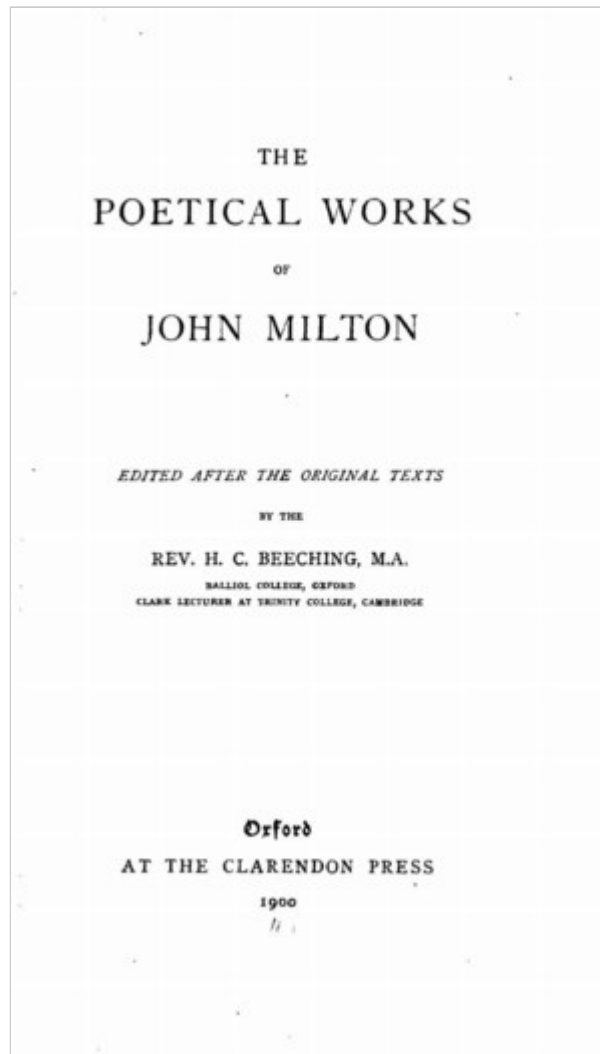
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### Edition Used:

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Author: [John Milton](#)

Editor: [Henry Charles Beeching](#)

### About This Title:

A modern edition of the major poems of Milton. It contains the shorter poems, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

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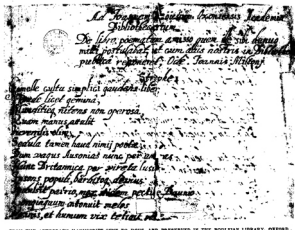
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FROM THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SENT TO ROUS, AND PRESERVED  
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## PREFACE.

This edition of Milton's Poetry is a reprint, as careful as Editor and Printers have been able to make it, from the earliest printed copies of the several poems. First the 1645 volume of the *Minor Poems* has been printed entire; then follow in order the poems added in the reissue of 1673; the *Paradise Lost*, from the edition of 1667; and the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* from the edition of 1671.

The most interesting portion of the book must be reckoned the first section of it, which reproduces for the first time the scarce small octavo of 1645. The only reprint of the *Minor Poems* in the old spelling, so far as I know, is the one edited by Mitford, but that followed the edition of 1673, which is comparatively uninteresting since it could not have had Milton's oversight as it passed through the press. We know that it was set up from a copy of the 1645 edition, because it reproduces some pointless eccentricities such as the varying form of the chorus to Psalm cxxxvi; but while it corrects the *errata* tabulated in that edition it commits many more blunders of its own. It is valuable, however, as the *editio princeps* of ten of the sonnets, and it contains one important alteration in the *Ode on the Nativity*. This and all other alterations will be found noted where they occur. I have not thought it necessary to note mere differences of spelling between the two editions, but a word may find place here upon their general character. Generally it may be said that, where the two editions differ, the later spelling is that now in use. Thus words like *goddess*, *darkness*, usually written in the first edition with one final *s*, have two, while on the other hand words like *vernall*, *youthfull*, and monosyllables like *hugg*, *farr*, lose their double letter. Many monosyllables, e. g. *som*, *cours*, *glimps*, *wher*, *vers*, *aw*, *els*, *don*, *ey*, *ly*, so written in 1645, take on in 1673 an *e* mute, while words like *harpe*, *windes*, *onely*, lose it. By a reciprocal change *ayr* and *cipress* become *air* and *cypress*; and the vowels in *daign*, *vail*, *neer*, *beleeve*, *sheild*, *boosom*, *eeven*, *battail*, *travailer*, and many other words are similarly modernized. On the other hand there are a few cases where the 1645 edition exhibits the spelling which has succeeded in fixing itself, as *travail* (1673, *travel*) in the sense of labour; and *rob'd*, *profane*, *human*, *flood* and *bloody*, *forest*, *triple*, *alas*, *huddling*, are found where the 1673 edition has *roab'd*, *prophane*, *humane*, *floud* and *bloudy*, *forrest*, *tripple*, *alass* and *hudling*. Indeed the spelling in this later edition is not untouched by seventeenth century inconsistency. It retains here and there forms like *shameles*, *cateres*, (where 1645 reads *cateress*), and occasionally reverts to the older-fashioned spelling of monosyllables without the mute *e*. In the *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, it reads—'And *som* flowers and *some* bays.' But undoubtedly the impression on the whole is of a much more modern text.

In the matter of small or capital letters I have followed the old copy, except in one or two places where a personification seemed not plainly enough marked to a modern reader without a capital. Thus in *Il Penseroso*, l. 49, I print *Leasure*, although both editions read *leasure*; and in the *Vacation Exercise*, l. 71, *Times* for *times*. Also where the employment or omission of a capital is plainly due to misprinting, as too

frequently in the 1673 edition, I silently make the correction. Examples are, *notes* for *Notes* in Sonnet xvii. l. 13; *Anointed* for *anoointed* in Psalm ii. l. 12.

In regard to punctuation I have followed the old printers except in obvious misprints, and followed them also, as far as possible, in their distribution of roman and italic type and in the grouping of words and lines in the various titles. To follow them exactly was impossible, as the books are so very different in size.

At this point the candid reader may perhaps ask what advantage is gained by presenting these poems to modern readers in the dress of a bygone age. If the question were put to me I should probably evade it by pointing out that Mr. Frowde is issuing an edition based upon this, in which the spelling is frankly that of to-day. But if the question were pressed, I think a sufficient answer might be found. To begin with, I should point out that even Prof. Masson, who in his excellent edition argues the point and decides in favour of modern spelling, allows that 'there are peculiarities of Milton's spelling which are really significant, and ought therefore to be noted or preserved.' But who is to determine exactly which words are spelt according to the poet's own instructions, and which according to the printer's whim? It is notorious that in *Paradise Lost* some words were spelt upon a deliberate system, and it may very well happen that in the volume of minor poems which the poet saw through the press in 1645, there were spellings no less systematic. Prof. Masson makes a great point of the fact that Milton's own spelling, exhibited in the autograph manuscript of some of the minor poems preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, does not correspond with that of the printed copy<sup>1</sup>. This is certainly true, as the reader may see for himself by comparing the passage from the manuscript given in the appendix with the corresponding place in the text. Milton's own spelling revels in redundant *e*'s, while the printer of the 1645 book is very sparing of them. But in cases where the spelling affects the metre, we find that the printed text and Milton's manuscript closely correspond; and it is upon its value in determining the metre, quite as much as its antiquarian interest, that I should base a justification of this reprint. Take, for instance, such a line as the eleventh of *Comus*, which Prof. Masson gives as:—

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

A reader not learned in Miltonic rhythms will certainly read this line:

Amongst th' enthronèd gods

But the 1645 edition reads:

Amongst the enthron'd gods

and so does Milton's manuscript. Again, in line 597, Prof. Masson reads:

It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness, &c.

But the 1645 text and Milton's manuscript read *self-consum'd*; after which word there is to be understood a metrical pause to mark the violent transition of the thought.

Again in the second line of the *Sonnet to a Nightingale* Prof. Masson has:

Warblest at eve when all the woods are still

but the early edition, which probably follows Milton's spelling, though in this case we have no manuscript to compare, reads 'Warbl'st.' So the original text of *Samson*, l. 670, has 'temper'st.'

The retention of the old system of punctuation may be less defensible, but I have retained it because it may now and then be of use in determining a point of syntax. The absence of a comma, for example, after the word *hearse* in the 58th line of the *Epitaph on the Marchiones of Winchester*, printed by Prof. Masson thus:—

And some flowers, and some bays  
For thy hearse, to strew thy ways,

but in the 1645 edition:—

And som Flowers, and som Bays,  
For thy Hears to strew the ways,

goes to prove that *for* here must be taken as *'fore*.

Of the *Paradise Lost* there were two editions issued during Milton's lifetime, and while the first has been taken as our text, all the variants in the second, not being simple misprints, have been recorded in the notes. In one respect, however, in the distribution of the poem into twelve books instead of ten, it has seemed best, for the sake of practical convenience, to follow the second edition. A word may be allowed here on the famous correction among the *Errata* prefixed to the first edition; 'Lib. 2. v. 414, for *we* read *wee*.' This correction shows not only that Milton had theories about spelling, but also that he found means, though his sight was gone, to ascertain whether his rules had been carried out by his printer; and in itself this fact justifies a facsimile reprint. What the principle in the use of the double vowel exactly was (and it is found to affect the other monosyllabic pronouns) it is not so easy to discover, though roughly it is clear the reduplication was intended to mark emphasis. For example, in the speech of the Divine Son after the battle in heaven (vi. 810-817) the pronouns which the voice would naturally emphasize are spelt with the double vowel:

Stand onely and behold  
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream  
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
Hath honourd me according to his will.  
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'd.



In the Son's speech offering himself as Redeemer (iii. 227-249) where the pronoun *all* through is markedly emphasized, it is printed *mee* the first four times, and afterwards *me*; but it is noticeable that these first four times the emphatic word does not stand in the stressed place of the verse, so that a careless reader might not emphasize it, unless his attention were specially called by some such sign:

Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
Account mee man.

In the *Hymn of Creation* (v. 160-209) where *ye* occurs fourteen times, the emphasis and the metrical stress six times out of seven coincide, and the pronoun is spelt *yee*; where it is unemphatic, and in an unstressed place, it is spelt *ye*. Two lines are especially instructive:

Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light

(l. 160);

and

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

(l. 195).

In v. 694 it marks, as the voice by its emphasis would mark in reading, a change of subject:

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; *hee* (*i. e.* the associate) together calls, &c.

An examination of other passages, where there is no antithesis, goes to show that the lengthened form of the pronoun is most frequent before a pause (as vii. 95); or at the end of a line (i. 245, 257); or when a foot is inverted (v. 133); or when as object it precedes its verb (v. 612; vii. 747), or as subject follows it (ix. 1109; x. 4). But as we might expect under circumstances where a purist could not correct his own proofs, there are not a few inconsistencies. There does not seem, for example, any special emphasis in the second *we* of the following passage:

Freely we serve.  
Because *wee* freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall

(v. 538).

On the other hand, in the passage (iii. 41) in which the poet speaks of his own blindness:

Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, &c.

where, if anywhere, we should expect *mee*, we do not find it, though it occurs in the speech eight lines below. It should be added that this differentiation of the pronouns is not found in any printed poem of Milton's before *Paradise Lost*, nor is it found in the Cambridge autograph. In that manuscript the constant forms are *me*, *wee*, *ye*. There is one place where there is a difference in the spelling of *she*, and it is just possible that this may not be due to accident. In the first verse of the song in *Arcades*, the MS. reads:

This, this is *shee*;

and in the third verse:

This, this is *she* alone.

This use of the double vowel is found a few times in *Paradise Regain'd*; in ii. 259 and iv. 486, 497 where *mee* begins a line, and in iv. 638 where *hee* is specially emphatic in the concluding lines of the poem. In *Samson Agonistes* it is more frequent (*e. g.* lines 124, 178, 193, 220, 252, 290, 1125). Another word the spelling of which in *Paradise Lost* will be observed to vary is the pronoun *their*, which is spelt sometimes *thir*. The spelling in the Cambridge manuscript is uniformly *thire*, except once when it is *thir*; and where *their* once occurs in the writing of an amanuensis the *e* is struck through. That the difference is not merely a printer's device to accommodate his line may be seen by a comparison of lines 358 and 363 in the First Book, where the shorter word comes in the shorter line. It is probable that the lighter form of the word was intended to be used when it was quite unemphatic. Contrast, for example, in Book iii. l. 59:

His own works and *their* works at once to view

with line 113:

*Thir* maker and *thir* making and *thir* Fate.

But the use is not consistent, and the form *thir* is not found at all till the 349th line of the First Book. The distinction is kept up in the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes*, but, if possible, with even less consistency. Such passages, however, as *Paradise Regain'd*, iii. 414-440; *Samson Agonistes*, 880-890, are certainly spelt upon a method, and it is noticeable that in the choruses the lighter form is universal.

*Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* were published in 1671, and no further edition was called for in the remaining three years of the poet's lifetime, so that in the case of these poems there are no new readings to record; and the texts were so carefully revised, that only one fault (*Paradise Regain'd*, ii. 309) was left for correction later. In these and the other poems I have corrected the misprints catalogued in the tables of *Errata*, and I have silently corrected any other unless it

might be mistaken for a various reading, when I have called attention to it in a note. Thus I have not recorded such blunders as *Letbian* for *Lesbian* in the 1645 text of *Lycidas*, line 63; or *hallow* for *hollow* in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 484; but I have noted *content* for *concent*, in *At a Solemn Musick*, line 6.

In conclusion I have to offer my sincere thanks to all who have collaborated with me in preparing this Edition; to the Delegates of the Oxford Press for allowing me to undertake it and decorate it with so many facsimiles; to the Controller of the Press for his unfailing courtesy; to the printers and printer's reader for their care and pains. I have also to thank the Curators of the Bodleian Library for their permission to reproduce a portion of Milton's autograph poem addressed to Rous, Bodley's Librarian of that day; and the Council of Trinity College, Cambridge, for leave to reproduce a page from their priceless manuscript of the *Minor Poems*. Coming nearer home I cannot but acknowledge the help I have received in looking over proof-sheets from my sister, Mrs. P. A. Barnett, who has ungrudgingly put at the service of this book both time and eyesight. In taking leave of it, I may be permitted to say that it has cost more of both these inestimable treasures than I had anticipated. The last proof reaches me just a year after the first, and the progress of the work has not in the interval been interrupted. *In tenui labor et tenuis gloria*. Nevertheless I cannot be sorry it was undertaken.

H. C. B.

Yattendon Rectory, November 8, 1899.

POEMS OF Mr. *John Milton*, BOTH ENGLISH And LATIN,  
Compos'd At Several Times.

*Printed by his true Copies.*

The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Maiesties Private Musick.

—*Baccare frontem Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro*, Virgil, Eclog. 7.

*Printed and publish'd according to ORDER.*

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POEMS,&c. upon Several Occasions.

BY Mr. *JOHN MILTON*:

Both ENGLISH and LATIN,&c.

Composed at several times.

With a small Tractate of EDUCATION *To Mr. HARTLIB*

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Dring* at the *Blew Anchor* next *Mitre Court* over against *FetterLane* in *Fleet-Street*. 1673.

THE STATIONER

TO THE READER.

*It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adays more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such Peeces both in Prose and Vers as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest Commendations and Applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestick and forrein: And amongst those of our own Countrey, the unparallel'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Wallers late choice Peeces, hath once more made me adventure into the World, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted Laurels. The Authors more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to sollicit them from him. Let the event guide it self which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art Eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.*

***Thine To Command***

Humph. Moseley.

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## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

### On The Morning Of Christs Nativity.

Compos'D 1629.

#### I

This is the Month, and this the happy morn  
Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

#### II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,  
Wherwith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,<sup>10</sup>  
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 darksom House of mortal Clay.

#### III

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strein,  
To welcom him to this his new abode,  
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,<sup>20</sup>  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

#### IV

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,

And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

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## The Hymn.

### I

It was the Winter wilde,  
While the Heav'n-born-childe,<sup>30</sup>  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in aw to him  
Had doff't her gawdy 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 woo's the gentle Air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
And on her naked shame,<sup>40</sup>  
Pollute with sinfull blame,  
The Sainly Vail of Maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Makers eyes  
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

### III

But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,  
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphear  
His ready Harbinger,  
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,<sup>50</sup>  
And waving wide her mirtle wand,  
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

### IV

No War, or Battails sound  
Was heard the World around,  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked Chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,

And Kings sate still with awfull eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.60

## V

But peacefull was the night  
Wherin the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The Windes with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,70  
Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,80  
As his inferiour flame,  
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

## VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;  
Full little thought they than,  
That the mighty *Pan*  
Was kindly com to live with them below;90  
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.



## IX

When such musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortall finger strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:  
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

## X

Nature that heard such sound<sup>101</sup>  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was don,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

## XI

At last surrounds their sight  
A Globe of circular light,<sup>110</sup>  
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,  
The helmed Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

## XII

Such Musick (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator Great<sup>120</sup>  
His constellations set,  
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

### XIII

Ring out ye Crystall spears,  
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 Heav'ns deep Organ blow, 130  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

### XIV

For if such holy Song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckl'd vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell it self will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

### XV

Yea Truth, and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Th' enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,  
And Mercy set between,  
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at som festivall,  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

143-4 Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing Mercy will sit between 1673

### XVI

But wisest Fate sayes no,  
This must not yet be so, 150  
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

## XVII

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount *Sinai* rang  
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:  
The aged Earth agast 160  
With terrour of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadfull 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  
Th'old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170  
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

## XIX

The Oracles are dumm,  
No voice or hideous humm  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
*Apollo* from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell. 180

## XX

The lonely mountains o're,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

## XXI

In consecrated Earth,  
And on the holy Hearth, 190  
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,  
In Urns, and Altars round,  
A drear, and dying sound  
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;  
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

## XXII

*Peor*, and *Baalim*,  
Forsake their Temples dim,  
With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine*,  
And mooned *Ashtaroth*, 200  
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,  
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,  
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

## XXIII

And sullen *Moloch* fled,  
Hath left in shadows dred,  
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,  
In vain with Cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismall dance about the furnace blue; 210  
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,  
*Isis* and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

## XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen  
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,  
Trampling the unshower'd Grasse with lowings loud:  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,  
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark  
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark. 220

XXV

He feels from *Juda's* Land  
The dredded Infants hand,  
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;  
Nor all the gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,  
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:  
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,  
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,<sup>230</sup>  
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale,  
Troop to th' infernall jail,  
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,  
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,  
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest,  
Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,  
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,<sup>240</sup>  
Hath fixt her polisht Car,  
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:  
And all about the Courtly Stable,  
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

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## A Paraphrase On *Psalm* 114.

This and the following *Psalm* were don by the Author at fifteen yeers old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
*Jehovah's* wonders were in *Israel* shown,  
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.  
That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.<sup>10</sup>  
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams  
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.  
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?  
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystall Fountains?  
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

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*Psalm* 136.

Let us with a gladsom mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithfull, ever sure.  
Let us blaze his Name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God;  
For, &c.  
O let us his praises tell,  
[That](#) doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.10  
For, &c.  
[That](#) with his miracles doth make  
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.  
For, &c.  
[That](#) by his wisdom did create  
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.  
For, &c.20  
[That](#) did the solid Earth ordain  
To rise above the watry plain.  
For, &c.  
[That](#) by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light.  
For, &c.  
And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,  
All the day long his cours to run.30  
For, &c.  
The horned Moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.  
For, &c.  
He with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.  
For, &c.40  
And in despight of *Pharao* fell,  
He brought from thence his *Israel*.  
For, &c.  
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,  
Of the *Erythraean* main.  
For, &c.  
The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,  
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.50  
For, &c.  
But full soon they did devour  
The Tawny King with all his power.  
For, &c.  
His chosen people he did bless

In the wastfull Wildernes.  
For, &c.60  
In bloody battail he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.  
For, &c.  
He foild bold *Seon* and his host,  
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.  
For, &c.  
And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,  
With all his over hardy crew.70  
For, &c.  
And to his Servant *Israel*,  
He gave their Land therin to dwell.  
For, &c.  
He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.  
For, &c.80  
And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.  
For, &c.  
All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.  
For, &c.  
Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty Majesty and worth.90  
For, &c.  
That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortall ey.  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithfull, ever sure.



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## The Passion.

### I

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,  
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,  
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'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 Harpe to notes of saddest wo,  
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,<sup>10</sup>  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo.  
Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

### III

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!  
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,<sup>20</sup>  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

### IV

These [latter](#) scenes confine my roving vers,  
To this Horizon is my *Phoebus* bound,  
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;  
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,  
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,<sup>30</sup>  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:  
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,  
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VI

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,  
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,  
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,  
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;<sup>40</sup>  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock  
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,  
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score  
My plaining vers 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 viewles wing,<sup>50</sup>  
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,  
And I (for grief is easily beguild)  
Might think th'infection of my sorrows loud,  
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

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## On Time.

Fly envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;  
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more then what is false and vain,  
And meerly mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,<sup>10</sup>  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine  
About the supreme Throne  
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,  
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,<sup>20</sup>  
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

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## Upon The Circumcision.

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,  
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song  
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,  
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,  
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare<sup>10</sup>  
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
Alas, how soon our sin  
Sore doth begin  
His Infancy to sease!  
O more exceeding love or law more just?  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
For we by rightfull doom remediles  
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;<sup>20</sup>  
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress  
Intirely satisfi'd,  
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 neer his heart.

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## At A Solemn Musick.

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,  
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
And to our high-rai'd phantasie present,  
That undisturbed Song of pure [content](#),  
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne  
To him that sits theron  
With Sainly shout, and solemn Jubily,  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row<sup>10</sup>  
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,  
And the Cherubick 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 natures chime, and with harsh din<sup>20</sup>  
Broke the fair musick 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 consort us unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

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## An Epitaph On The Marchioness Of *Winchester*.

This rich Marble doth enterr  
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,  
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,  
Besides what her vertues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More then 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 darknes, and with death.10  
Yet had the number of her days  
Bin as compleat as was her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The Virgin quire for her request  
The God that sits at marriage feast;  
He at their invoking came  
But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;20  
And in his Garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a Cipress bud.  
Once had the early Matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;  
But whether by mischance or blame  
*Atropos* for *Lucina* came;  
And with remorsles cruelty,  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:30  
The haples Babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languisht Mothers Womb  
Was not long a living Tomb.  
So have I seen som tender slip  
Sav'd with care from Winters nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,  
Who onely thought to crop the flowr  
New shot up from vernall showr;40  
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 hast'ning funerall.  
Gentle Lady may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have;  
After this thy travail sore  
Sweet rest sease thee evermore,<sup>50</sup>  
That to give the world encrease,  
Shortned hast thy own lives lease;  
Here besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble House doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Weept for thee in *Helicon*,  
And som Flowers, and som Bays,  
For thy Hears to strew the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,  
Devoted to thy vertuous name;<sup>60</sup>  
Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,  
Next her much like to thee in story,  
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,  
Who after yeers of barrennes,  
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore  
To him that serv'd for her before,  
And at her next birth much like thee,  
Through pangs fled to felicity,  
Far within the boosom bright  
Of blazing Majesty and Light,<sup>70</sup>  
There with thee, new welcom Saint,  
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

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## **SONG**

### **On *May* Morning.**

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The Flowry *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 welcom thee, and wish thee long.<sup>10</sup>

### **On *Shakespear*. 1630.**

What [needs](#) my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,  
The labour of an age in piled Stones,  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such [weak](#) witnes of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thy self a [live-long](#) Monument.  
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each [heart](#)<sup>10</sup>  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,  
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou our fancy of [it](#) self bereaving,  
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;  
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On Shakespear. Reprinted 1632 in the second folio Shakespeare: Title]* An epitaph on the admirable dramaticke poet W. Shakespeare

### **On The University Carrier Who**

**Sickn'D In The Time Of His Vacancy, Being Forbid To  
Go To *London*, By Reason Of The Plague.**

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,  
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,



Or els 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 yeers full,  
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.  
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;10  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journeys end was come,  
And that he had tane up his latest Inne,  
In the kind office of a Chamberlin  
Shew'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 sed,  
*Hobson* has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

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## 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 jogg on, and keep his trot,  
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay  
Untill his revolution was at stay.  
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,  
His principles being ceast, he ended strait.<sup>10</sup>  
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 hastned on his term.  
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;  
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,  
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,  
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.<sup>20</sup>  
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,  
His leasure told him that his time was com,  
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,  
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)  
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;  
But had his doings lasted as they were,  
He had bin an immortall Carrier.  
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date  
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate<sup>30</sup>  
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,  
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
Onely remains this superscription.

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### *L'Allegro.*

Hence loathed Melancholy  
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,  
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
Find out som uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-Raven sings;  
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.<sup>10</sup>  
But com thou Goddes fair and free,  
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;  
Or whether (as som Sager sing)  
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
*Zephir* with *Aurora* playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,<sup>20</sup>  
There on Beds of Violets blew,  
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;<sup>30</sup>  
Sport that wrinckled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Com, and trip it as [ye](#) go  
On the light fantastick toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crue  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free;<sup>40</sup>  
To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-towre in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to com in spight 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,<sup>50</sup>  
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn  
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Som time walking not unseen  
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
Right against the Eastern gate,  
Wher the great Sun begins his state,<sup>60</sup>  
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,  
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
While the Plowman neer at hand,  
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the Mower whets his sithe,  
And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,<sup>70</sup>  
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest:  
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.<sup>80</sup>  
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged Okes,  
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;  
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,<sup>90</sup>  
Som times with secure delight  
The up-land Hamlets will invite,

When the merry Bells ring round,  
 And the jocond rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old com forth to play  
 On a Sunshine Holyday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail,  
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,<sup>100</sup>  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,  
[And he by](#) Friars Lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,  
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
 His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.<sup>110</sup>  
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towred Cities please us then,  
 And the busie humm of men,  
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,<sup>120</sup>  
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies  
 Rain influence, and judge the prise  
 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 youthfull Poets dream  
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.<sup>130</sup>  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,  
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,  
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,  
 And ever against eating Cares,  
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,  
 Married to immortal verse  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out,<sup>140</sup>

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that ty  
The hidden soul of harmony.  
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear  
Such streins as would have won the ear  
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free  
His half regain'd *Eurydice*. 150  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

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## *Il Penseroso.*

Hence vain deluding joyes,  
The brood of folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;  
Dwell in som idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams  
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.<sup>10</sup>  
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,  
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.  
Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince *Memnon's* sister might beseem,  
Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above<sup>20</sup>  
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.  
Yet thou art higher far descended,  
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,  
To solitary *Saturn* bore;  
His daughter she (in *Saturn's* raign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain)  
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.<sup>30</sup>  
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestick train,  
And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Com, but keep thy wonted state,  
With eev'n step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:<sup>40</sup>  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thy self to Marble, till  
With a sad Leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring,  
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.  
And adde to these retired Leasure,  
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;50  
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 daign a Song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,  
Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;60  
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musicall, most melancholy!  
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,  
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
To behold the wandring Moon,  
Riding neer her highest noon,  
Like one that had bin led astray  
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;70  
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 *Curfeu* sound,  
Over som wide-water'd shoar,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
Or if the Ayr will not permit,  
Som still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing Embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,80  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the Cricket on the hearth,  
Or the Belmans drousie charm,  
To bless the dores from nightly harm:  
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,  
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,  
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear  
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold  
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold90  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:



And of those *Dæmons* that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With Planet, or with Element.  
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy  
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,  
Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,  
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.100  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.  
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,110  
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,  
And who had *Canace* to wife,  
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,  
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,  
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;  
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;  
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,  
Where more is meant then meets the ear.120  
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,  
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,  
With the Attick Boy to hunt,  
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,  
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the russling Leaves,  
With minute drops from off the Eaves.130  
And when the Sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves  
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,  
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by som Brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,140

Hide me from Day's garish eie,  
While the Bee with Honied thie,  
That at her flowry work doth sing,  
And the Waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
And let som strange mysterious dream,  
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,  
Of lively portrature display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150  
And as I wake, sweet musick breath  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,  
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.  
But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed Roof,  
With antick Pillars massy proof,  
And storied Windows richly dight,  
Casting a dimm religious light. 160  
There let the pealing Organ blow,  
To the full voic'd Quire below,  
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,  
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peacefull hermitage,  
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And every Herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like Prophetic strain.  
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

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## **SONNETS.**

### I

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray  
Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,  
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill  
Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will  
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate  
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny: 10  
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late  
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

### II

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora  
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno, 10  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
Gratia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti  
Che'l disio amoroso al cor s'invecchi.*

### III

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella*

*Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.10  
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.*

### Canzone.

*Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi  
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?  
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;  
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi  
Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde  
Nelle cui verdi sponde  
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma10  
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi  
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore  
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.*

### IV

*Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa  
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa  
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,10  
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,  
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.*

### V

*Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia*

*Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne 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  
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco<sup>10</sup>  
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;  
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

## VI

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante  
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante  
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,  
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,  
Di timori, e speranze al popol use<sup>10</sup>  
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:  
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

## VII

How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,  
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!  
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,  
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,<sup>10</sup>  
To that same lot, however mean, or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

## VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,  
[If ever deed of honour did thee 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're Lands and Seas,  
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,  
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare<sup>10</sup>  
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre  
Went to the ground: And the repeated air  
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power  
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

VIII. Camb. autograph supplies title, *When the assault was intended to the city*

## IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,  
Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,  
And with those few art eminently seen,  
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,  
The better part with *Mary* and with [Ruth,](#)  
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,  
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,<sup>10</sup>  
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X

Daughter to that good Earl, once President  
Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,  
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
And left them both, more in himself content,  
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament

X. Camb. autograph supplies title, *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Broke him, as that dishonest victory

At *Chæronéa*, fatal to liberty  
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,  
Though later born, then to have known the dayes  
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you<sup>10</sup>  
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;  
So well your words his noble vertues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

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*Arcades.*

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of *Darby* at *Harefield*, by som Noble persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of State with this Song.

1.

**SONG.**

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry  
Too divine to be mistook:  
This this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
Heer our solemn search hath end.  
*Fame* that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse<sup>10</sup>  
Of detraction from her praise,  
Less then half we find exprest,  
*Envy* bid conceal the rest.  
Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threds,  
This this is she alone,  
Sitting like a Goddes bright,  
In the center of her light,  
Might she the wise *Latona* be,<sup>20</sup>  
Or the towred *Cybele*,  
Mother of a hunderd gods;  
*Juno* dare's not give her odds;  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

*Gen.* Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,  
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluse,<sup>30</sup>  
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;



And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,  
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
Was all in honour and devotion ment  
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this nights glad solemnity;  
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold<sup>40</sup>  
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;  
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr  
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,  
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 noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.  
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,<sup>50</sup>  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,  
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,  
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When Eev'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 slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,<sup>60</sup>  
But els in deep of night when drowsines  
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,  
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,  
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,  
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,<sup>70</sup>  
And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;  
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze  
The peerles 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,  
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,

I will assay, her worth to celebrate,<sup>80</sup>  
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2.

**SONG.**

O're the smooth enameld 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,<sup>90</sup>  
I will bring you where she sits  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her deity.  
Such a rural Queen  
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3.

**SONG.**

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.  
On old *Lyccæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,<sup>100</sup>  
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony *Mænalus*,  
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,  
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.  
Such a rural Queen  
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

JUST A EDOVARDO KING Naufrago, Ab Amicis  
Mœrentibus, Amoris & μνείας χά?iv.

*Sirectè calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est.* Pet. Arb.

*CANTABRIGIÆ:*

Apud *Thomam Buck, & Rogerum Daniel*, celeberrimæ *Academiae* typographos. 1638.

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## *Lycidas.*

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the *Irish Seas*, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,  
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd 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<sup>10</sup>  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not flote upon his watry bear  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of som 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 som gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,<sup>20</sup>  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.  
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a field, and both together heard  
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright<sup>30</sup>  
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.  
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;  
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our song.  
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,  
Now thou art gon, and never must return!  
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,<sup>40</sup>

And all their echoes mourn.  
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.  
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,  
 When first the White thorn blows;  
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.  
 Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?<sup>51</sup>  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,  
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:  
 Ay me, I fondly dream!  
 Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?  
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,  
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son  
 Whom Universal nature did lament,<sup>60</sup>  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.  
 Alas! What boots it with uncessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,  
 Were it not better don 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<sup>70</sup>  
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;  
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,  
*Phæbus* repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
*Fame* is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,<sup>80</sup>  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove*;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.  
 O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,  
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocall reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my Oate proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
That came in *Neptune's* plea,<sup>90</sup>  
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark<sup>100</sup>  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.  
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.  
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,  
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,<sup>110</sup>  
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)  
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least<sup>120</sup>  
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,  
But that two-handed engine at the door,<sup>130</sup>  
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 Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,

Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks  
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres, 140  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.  
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.  
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
 The glowing Violet.  
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.  
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,  
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strew the Laureat Herse 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 ere thy bones are hurld,  
 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 deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160  
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.  
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,  
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore, 170  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,  
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,  
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;  
 Hence forth 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 th'Okes 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 *Dorick* lay:  
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190  
And now was dropt into the Western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:  
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.



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A MASKE PRESENTED At Ludlow Castle, 1634:

***On Michaelmasse Night, Before The*** Right Honorable,  
***John Earle Of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord Præsident***  
***Of Wales,*** And One Of His Maiesties Most Honorable Privie  
Counsell.

*Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum Perditus* ———

LONDON

Printed for Hymphrey Robinson, at the signe of the *Three Pidgeons* in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1637.

1 To The Right Honourable, John Lord Vicount Bracly, Son  
And Heir Apparent To The Earl Of ***Bridgewater, &C.***

My Lord,

*This Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from your own Person in the performance, now returns again to make a finall Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression*

*Your faithfull, and most humble Servant*

H. Lawes.

1 The Copy Of A Letter Writt'N By Sir Henry Wootton, To The  
Author, Upon The Following Poem.

*From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638.*

SIR,

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

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipsa mollities.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. *R.* in the very close of the late *R's* Poems, Printed at *Oxford*, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of *Stationers*, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce.*

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

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of *France* to *Marseilles*, and thence by Sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage into *Tuscany* is as Diurnal as a *Gravesend* Barge: I hasten as you do to *Florence*, or *Siena*, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At *Siena* I was tabled in the House of one *Alberto Scipioni*, an old *Roman* Courtier in dangerous times, having bin Steward to the *Duca di Pagliano*, who with all his Family were strangled, save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward *Rome* (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signor Arrigo mio* (sayes he) *I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole World: Of which *Delphian* Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command as any of longer date,

*Henry Wootton.*

Postscript.

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

## The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.

*Comus* with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

*Sabrina* the Nymph.

*The cheif persons which presented, were*

The Lord *Bracly*,

Mr. *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,

The Lady *Alice Egerton*.

## A MASK

Presented At LUDLOW-Castle, 1634. &C.

The First Scene Discovers A Wilde Wood.

*The attendant Spirit descends or enters.*

SPIRIT

Before the starry threshold of *Joves* Court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aëreal Spirits live inspear'd  
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,

Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,  
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being  
 Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives  
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants<sup>10</sup>  
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.  
 Yet som there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key  
 That ope's the Palace of Eternity:  
 To such my errand is, and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,  
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.  
 But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway  
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,<sup>20</sup>  
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles  
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay  
 The unadorned boosom of the Deep,  
 Which he to grace his tributary gods  
 By course commits to severall government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,  
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile  
 The greatest, and the best of all the main  
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun<sup>30</sup>  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:  
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,  
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way  
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.  
 And here their tender age might suffer perill,<sup>40</sup>  
 But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*  
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;  
 And listen why, for I will tell [ye](#) now  
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song  
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.  
*Bacchus* that first from out the purple Grape,  
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine  
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd  
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listed,  
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*<sup>50</sup>  
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

And downward fell into a groveling Swine)  
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring 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* nam'd,  
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,  
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,<sup>60</sup>  
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,  
 Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,  
 Offring to every weary Travailer,  
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,  
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,<sup>70</sup>  
 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 then before  
 And all their friends, and native home forget  
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,  
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,  
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,<sup>80</sup>  
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,  
 And take the Weeds and likenes 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 wilde winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,  
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd<sup>90</sup>  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles 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 wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring, they com in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded Car of Day,  
 His glowing Axle doth allay  
 In the steep *Atlantick* stream,  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,  
 Pacing toward the other pole<sup>100</sup>  
 Of his Chamber in the East.  
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity.  
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine  
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.  
 Rigor now is gon to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sowre Severity,  
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly.<sup>110</sup>  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the Starry Quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,  
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.  
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove  
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,  
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,  
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;  
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,  
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,<sup>120</sup>  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
*Venus* now wakes, and wak'ns Love.  
 Com let us our rights begin,  
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin  
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.  
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport  
 Dark vaild *Cotyto*, t' whom the secret flame  
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame<sup>130</sup>  
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom  
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the ayr,  
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,  
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat*', and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,

The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep  
From her cabin'd loop hole peep, 140  
And to the tel-tale Sun discry  
Our conceal'd Solemnity.  
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
In a light fantastick round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,  
Of som chast footing neer about this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,  
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)  
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms, 150  
And to my wily trains, I shall e're long  
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd  
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl  
My dazling Spells into the spungy ayr,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,  
Which must not be, for that's against my course;  
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie  
Baited with reasons not unplaussible  
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,  
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,  
I shall appear som harmles Villager  
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,  
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, [if I may, her busines here.](#)

*The Lady enters.*

THE LADY

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound  
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,  
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unleter'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 rudenesse, and swill'd insolence

Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet<sup>180</sup>

167 omitted 1673

168, 9 order inverted 1673

In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?  
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,  
Stept as they se'd 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 Eev'n  
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.<sup>190</sup>  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest  
They had ingag'd their wandering steps too far,  
And envious darknes, e're they could return,  
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night  
Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,  
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely Travailer?<sup>200</sup>  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth  
Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,  
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory  
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names  
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound<sup>210</sup>  
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion Conscience.—  
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,  
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,  
I see ye visibly, and now beleeve  
That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were  
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.<sup>220</sup>  
Was I deceiv'd, 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 hallow to my Brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits  
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

**SONG.**

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen*<sup>230</sup>  
*Within thy airy shell*  
*By slow Meander's margent green,*  
*And in the violet imbroider'd vale*  
*Where the love-lorn Nightingale*  
*Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*  
*Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair*  
*That liketh thy Narcissus are?*  
*O if thou have*  
*Hid them in som flowry Cave,*  
*Tell me but where*<sup>240</sup>  
*Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,*  
*So maist thou be translated to the skies,*  
*And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.*

COM.

Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould  
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that brest,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testifie his hidd'n residence;  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night<sup>250</sup>  
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune  
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,  
Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*  
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull 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,<sup>260</sup>  
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,  
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss

I never heard till now. Ile speak to her  
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder  
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed  
Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine  
Dwell't here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song  
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.270

LA.

Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise  
That is adrest 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 mossie Couch.

Co.

What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

LA.

Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.

Co.

Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?

LA.

They left me weary on a grassie terf.280

Co.

By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

LA.

To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co.

And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

LA.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LA.

How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LA.

No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LA.

As smooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.290

Co.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;  
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 then human, as they stood;  
I took it for a faëry vision  
Of som gay creatures of the element  
That in the colours of the Rainbow live<sup>300</sup>  
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,  
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek  
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
To help you find them.

LA.

Gentle villager  
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LA.

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of Star-light,  
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet,310

Co.

I know each lane, and every alley green  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,  
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark  
From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise  
I can conduct you Lady to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe320  
Till further quest'.

LA.

Shepherd I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls  
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,  
And yet is most pretended: In a place  
Less warranted then this, or less secure  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall  
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.—330

*The Two Brothers.*

ELD. BRO.

Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon  
That wontst to love the travailers benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here  
In double night of darknes, and of shades;  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper  
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole  
Of som clay habitation visit us  
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,<sup>340</sup>  
And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,  
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure.

2. *BRO.*

Or if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear  
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,  
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing  
In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes.  
But O that haples virgin our lost sister<sup>350</sup>  
Where may she wander now, whether betake her  
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?  
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
Or while we speak within the direfull grasp  
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

ELD. BRO.

Peace brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;<sup>360</sup>  
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 unprincipl'd in vertues book,  
And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)370  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
Vertue could see to do what vertue would  
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon  
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings  
That in the various bussle of resort  
Were all to ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.380  
He that has light within his own cleer brest  
May sit i'th center, 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. *BRO.*

Tis most true  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a Senat house,  
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,390  
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 uninchanted eye,  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
You may as well spred out the unshun'd heaps  
Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope400  
Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.  
Of night, or lonelines it recks me not,  
I fear the dred events that dog them both,  
Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person  
Of our unowned sister.

ELD. BRO.

I do not, brother,  
Infer, as if I thought my sisters state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversie:

Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear<sup>410</sup>  
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is  
That I encline 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. *BRO.*

What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELD. BRO.

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:<sup>420</sup>  
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,  
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen  
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,  
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,  
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,  
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer  
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,  
Yea there, where very desolation dwels  
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,<sup>430</sup>  
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.  
Som say no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,  
No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,  
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.  
Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece  
To testifie the arms of Chastity?<sup>440</sup>  
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow  
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,  
Wherwith she tam'd 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 oth' Woods.  
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild  
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,  
Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?  
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,<sup>450</sup>

And noble grace that dash't brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.  
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,460  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,  
Till all be made immortal: but when lust  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp470  
Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers  
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
And link't it self by carnal [sensuality](#)  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *BRO.*

How charming is divine Philosophy!  
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfet rains.

ELD. BRO.

List, list, I hear  
Som far off hallow break the silent Air.481

2. *BRO.*

Me thought so too; what should it be?

ELD. BRO.

For certain  
Either som one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,



Som roaring Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *BRO.*

Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELD. BRO.

Ile hallow,  
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;490  
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIR.

What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. *BRO.*

O brother, 'tis my [father](#) Shepherd sure.

ELD. BRO.

*Thyrsis?* Whose artful strains have oft delaid  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,  
How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram  
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,  
Or stragling weather the pen't flock forsook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?500

SPIR.

O my lov'd masters 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 Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

ELD. BRO.

To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.510

SPIR.

Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

ELD. BRO.

What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew.

SPIR.

Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage Poëts taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal vers  
Of dire *Chimera*'s and enchanted Iles,  
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.  
Within the navil of this hideous Wood,520  
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels  
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,  
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,  
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likenes of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage  
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't530  
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 stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.  
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells  
To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late by then the chewing flocks540  
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb  
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sate me down to watch upon a bank  
With Ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began

Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy  
To [meditate](#) my rural minstrelsie,  
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,<sup>550</sup>  
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsie 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 e're she was ware, and wish't she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,<sup>560</sup>  
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 honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare!  
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast  
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,  
Till guided by mine ear I found the place<sup>570</sup>  
Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise  
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met  
Already, ere my best speed could prævent,  
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,  
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him som neighbour villager;  
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't  
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung  
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
But [further](#) know I not.

2. *BRO.*

O night and shades,<sup>580</sup>  
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot  
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin  
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me Brother?

ELD. BRO.

Yes, and keep it still,  
Lean on it safely, not a period

Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,590  
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,  
And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.  
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n600  
May never this just sword be lifted up,  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the greisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,  
*Harpyies* and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twi't *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

SPIR.

Alas good ventrous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,610  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,  
Farr other arms, and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,  
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

ELD. BRO.

Why prethee Shepherd  
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer  
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'd620  
In every vertuous plant and healing herb

That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,  
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,  
And shew 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;630  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another Countrey, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,  
And yet more med'cinal is it then 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 sov'ran use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp640  
Or gastly furies apparition;  
I purs't 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 inchanter though disguis'd,  
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 necromancers hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,650  
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,  
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground,  
But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew  
Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

ELD. BRO.

*Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,  
And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,660  
And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was  
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

LA.

Fool do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde  
Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

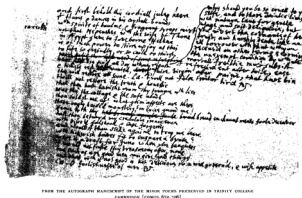
Co.

Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns670  
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 Syrops mixt.  
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,  
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to your self,  
And to those dainty limms which nature lent680  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,  
And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted, but fair *Virgin*  
This will restore all soon.

LA.

'Twill not false traitor,690  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,  
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!  
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,  
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence  
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,  
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?700  
Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none



FROM THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF THE MINOR POEMS  
PRESERVED IN TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE [COMUS, 672-706]

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.

Co.

O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears  
To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,  
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,710  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,  
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might  
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns  
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
To store her children with; if all the world720  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,  
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,  
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,

And strangl'd with her waste fertility;  
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,  
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,731  
The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds  
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,  
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below  
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last  
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.  
List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
With that same vaunted name Virginity,  
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,  
But must be currant, and the good thereof740  
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,  
Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.  
Beauty is natures 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; course complexions  
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to play750  
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.  
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 adviz'd, you are but young yet.

LA.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler  
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,  
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.  
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,760  
And vertue 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 onely to the good  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:  
If every just man that now pines with want  
Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury770  
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,  
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't  
In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,



And she no whit encomber'd with her store,  
And then the giver would be better thank't,  
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
Or have I said [enough?](#) To him that dares<sup>780</sup>  
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 Eare, nor Soul to apprehend  
The sublime notion, and high mystery  
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of Virginitie,  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
More happiness then this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick<sup>790</sup>  
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,  
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;  
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear<sup>800</sup>  
Her words set off by som superior power;  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew  
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*  
To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,  
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,  
This is meer moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
And setlings of a melancholy blood;<sup>810</sup>  
But this will cure all streight, 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 signe 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 snatcht his wand  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,  
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,820  
 Som other means I have which may be us'd,  
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt  
 The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.  
 There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
*Sabrina* is her name, a Virgin pure,  
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,  
 That had the Scepter from his father *Brute*.  
 The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,830  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,  
 The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,  
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,840  
 And underwent a quick immortal change  
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains  
 Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes  
 That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,  
 Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.  
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals  
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream850  
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.  
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,  
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self  
 In hard besetting need, this will I try  
 And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

**SONG.**

*Sabrina fair  
Listen where thou art sitting*860  
*Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,*

*Listen and save.*

Listen and appear to us  
In name of great *Oceanus*,  
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,  
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,870  
By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,  
And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,  
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,  
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,  
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,  
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,  
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,880  
Wherwith 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 rosie head  
From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.*

SABRINA

*By the rushy-fringed bank,*890  
*Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,  
My sliding Chariot stayes,  
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green  
That in the channell straves,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet*

*Thus I set my printless feet  
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread,  
Gentle swain at thy request<sup>900</sup>  
I am here.*

SPIR.

Goddess dear  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true Virgin here distrest,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unblest inchanter vile.

SAB.

Shepherd 'tis my office best  
To help insnared chastity;  
Brightest Lady look on me,<sup>910</sup>  
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest  
Drops that from my fountain pure,  
I have kept of pretious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
Next this marble venom'd seat  
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste ere morning hour<sup>920</sup>  
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

SPIR.

Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*  
Sprung of old *Anchises* line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood<sup>930</sup>  
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,  
May thy billows rowl ashoar  
The beryl, and the golden ore,

May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrass round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.  
Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the Sorcerer us intice<sup>940</sup>  
With som other new device.  
Not a waste, or needless sound  
Till we com to holier ground,  
I shall be your faithfull guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Fathers residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish't presence, and beside<sup>950</sup>  
All the Swains that there abide,  
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and chere;  
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the Presidents Castle, then com in  
Country-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the  
Lady.*

## **SONG.**

SPIR.

*Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,  
Till next Sun-shine holiday,  
Here be without duck or nod<sup>960</sup>  
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 tri'd their youth, 970  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless Praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

*The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguises.*

SPIR.

To the Ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that ly  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
There I suck the liquid ayr<sup>980</sup>  
All amidst the Gardens fair  
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree:  
Along the crisped shades and bowres  
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,  
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,  
Thither all their bounties bring,  
That there eternal Summer dwels,  
And West winds, with musky wing  
About the cedar'n alleys fling<sup>990</sup>  
*Nard*, and *Cassia*'s balmy smels.  
*Iris* there with humid bow,  
Waters the odorous banks that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hew  
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,  
And drenches with *Elysian* dew  
(List mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roses  
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound<sup>1000</sup>  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd son advanc't,  
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't  
After her wandring labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal Bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,<sup>1010</sup>  
Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly don,

I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earths 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 vertue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to clime<sup>1020</sup>  
Higher then the Spheary chime;  
Or if Vertue feeble were,  
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

*The End.*

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## POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION.

Anno Aetatis 17.

### *On The Death Of A Fair Infant Dying Of A Cough.*

#### I

O fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,  
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;  
For he being amorous on that lovely die  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss  
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

#### II

For since grim Aquilo his charioter  
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,<sup>10</sup>  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,  
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

#### III

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,  
Through middle empire of the freezing aire  
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,  
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.  
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,  
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace<sup>20</sup>  
Unhous'd 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-loved mate  
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurotas*' strand,  
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower



Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

## V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead  
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe,<sup>30</sup>  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;  
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?  
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortalitie that shew'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 e're thou hoverest  
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare  
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)<sup>40</sup>  
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

## VII

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe  
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall  
Of sheenie Heav'n, 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<sup>50</sup>  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth  
And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
[Or wert thou](#) that sweet smiling Youth!  
Or that c[r]own'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?  
Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

## IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,

Who having clad thy self in humane weed,  
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast,  
And after short abode flie back with speed,60  
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

## X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd 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.70

## XI

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd 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 off-spring give,  
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

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Anno Aetatis 19. *At A Vacation Exercise In The Colledge, Part Latin, Part English. The Latin Speeches Ended, The English Thus Began.*

Hail native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,  
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,  
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,  
Where he had mutely sate two years before:  
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:10  
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,  
And from thy wardrope bring thy chieftest treasure;  
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,20  
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 wearie of their place do only stay  
Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;  
That so they may without suspect or fears  
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;  
Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,30  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:  
Such where the deep transported mind may soare  
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore  
Look in, and see each blissful Deitie  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings  
To th'touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings  
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:  
Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,40  
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,

And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,  
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,  
In Heav'ns 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 *Hero's* old,  
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told  
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,  
While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest<sup>50</sup>  
Are held with his melodious harmonie  
In willing chains and sweet captivitie.  
But fie my wandring 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 purpos'd business come,  
That to the next I may resign my Roome.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens thus speaking, explains.*

ENS

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth  
The Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth;<sup>60</sup>  
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;  
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still  
From eyes of mortals walk invisible,  
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
That far events full wisely could presage,<sup>70</sup>  
And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass  
Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,  
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
Shall subject be to many an Accident.  
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,  
Yet every one shall make him underling,  
And those that cannot live from him asunder  
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;<sup>80</sup>  
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.  
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,

And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;  
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore  
Devouring war shall never cease to roare;  
Yea it shall be his natural property  
To harbour those that are at enmity.  
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?90

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose, then Relation was call'd by his Name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,  
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,  
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads  
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,  
Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,  
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,  
Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,  
Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hallowed *Dee*,  
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,  
Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*.100

*The rest was Prose.*

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***The Fifth Ode Of* Horace. *Lib.* I.**

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, *Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.*

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,  
*Pyrrha* for whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden Hair,  
Plain in thy neatness; O 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 alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable<sup>10</sup>  
Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
Unmindfull. Hapless they  
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern God of Sea.

[*The Latin text follows.*]

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## **SONNETS.**

### XI

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;  
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;  
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,  
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on  
A title page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek<sup>10</sup>  
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,  
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp;  
When thou taught' st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* Greek.

xi. Camb. Autograph supplies title, *On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises*.

### XII.

#### ***On The Same.***

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs  
By the known rules of antient libertie,  
When strait a barbarous noise environs me  
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.  
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs  
Raid at *Latona's* twin-born progenie  
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;  
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.<sup>10</sup>  
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;  
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
But from that mark how far they roave we see  
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

**To Mr. H. Lawes, *On His Aires.***

XIII

*Harry* whose tuneful and well measur'd Song  
First taught our English Musick how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue.  
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must [send](#) her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire<sup>10</sup>  
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.  
*Dante* shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.  
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour  
Staid 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.  
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams<sup>10</sup>  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams  
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

***On The Late Massacher In Piemont.***

XV

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old  
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes  
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold



Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd  
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans  
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they  
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow<sup>10</sup>  
O're all th'*Italian* fields where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow  
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

xiv. Camb. Autograph supplies title, *On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend, deceased 16 Decemb. 1646.*

## XVI

When I consider how my light is spent,  
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, least he returning chide,  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best<sup>10</sup>  
Bear his milde yoaik, they serve him best, his State  
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and waite.

## XVII

*Lawrence* of vertuous Father vertuous Son,  
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won  
From the hard Season gaining: time will run  
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire  
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire  
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise<sup>10</sup>  
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XVIII

*Cyriack*, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench  
Of British *Themis*, with no mean applause  
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,  
Which others at their Barr so often wrench:  
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,  
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.  
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;<sup>10</sup>  
For other things mild Heav'n 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.

## XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint  
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,  
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,  
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.  
Mine as whom washt 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 vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,<sup>10</sup>  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

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***On The New Forcers Of Conscience Under The Long  
PARLIAMENT.***

Because you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,  
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie  
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie  
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword  
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy  
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?  
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent  
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*<sup>10</sup>  
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks  
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,  
That so the Parliament  
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears  
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,  
And succour our just Fears  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge  
*New Presbyter* is but *Old Priest* writ Large.<sup>20</sup>

The four following sonnets were not published until 1694, and then in a mangled form by Phillips in his *Life of Milton*; they are here printed from the Cambridge MS., where that to Fairfax is in Milton's autograph.

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***On The Lord Gen. Fairfax At The Seige Of Colchester.***

*Fairfax*, whose name in armes 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 unshak'n vertue ever brings  
Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
Thir Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies  
Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,  
O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;  
For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed,<sup>10</sup>  
Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,  
And Public Faith clear'd from the shamefull brand  
Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed  
While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

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***To The Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652.***

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell.

*Cromwell*, our cheif of men, who through a cloud  
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude  
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,  
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,  
And *Dunbarr field* resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remains  
To conquer still; peace hath her victories<sup>10</sup>  
No less renound then warr, new foes aries  
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:  
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

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*To S<sup>R</sup> Henry Vane The Younger.*

*Vane*, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,  
Then whome a better Senatour nere held  
The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repelld  
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelld,  
Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,  
Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold  
In all her equipage; besides to know  
Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes<sup>10</sup>  
What severs each thou 'hast learnt, which few have don.  
The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow.  
Therefore on thy firme hand religion leanes  
In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son.

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***To Mr. Cyriack Skinner Upon His Blindness.***

*Cyriack*, this three years day these eys, though clear  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot;  
Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,  
Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year,  
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against heavns hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear vp and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd  
In libertyes defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

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***PSAL. I. Done Into Verse, 1653.***

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sate. But in the great  
*Jehovahs* Law is ever his delight,  
And in his Law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry 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.<sup>10</sup>  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

***PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.***

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations  
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' 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<sup>10</sup>  
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee  
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree  
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd  
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  
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse<sup>20</sup>  
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.  
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse  
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
*Jehovah* serve, and let your joy converse



With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear  
In anger and ye perish in the way  
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.  
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 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  
Th' exalter of my head I count  
Aloud I cry'd<sup>10</sup>  
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd  
And heard me from his holy mount.  
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,  
For my sustain  
Was the Lord. Of many millions  
The populous rout  
I fear not though incamping round about  
They pitch against me their Pavillions.  
Rise Lord, save me my God for thou  
Hast smote ere now<sup>20</sup>  
On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
Of men abhor'd  
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;  
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

***PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.***

Answer me when I call  
God of my righteousness;  
In straits and in distress  
Thou didst me disinthrall  
And set at large; now spare,  
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.  
Great ones how long will ye  
My glory have in scorn  
How long be thus forborn  
Still to love vanity,<sup>10</sup>  
To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?  
Yet know the Lord hath chose  
Chose to himself a part  
The good and meek of heart  
(For whom to chuse he knows)  
Jehovah from on high  
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.  
Be aw'd, and do not sin,  
Speak to your hearts alone,<sup>20</sup>  
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 shew us good?  
Talking like this worlds brood;  
But Lord, thus let me pray,  
On us lift up the light  
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.<sup>30</sup>  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put  
Then 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 ere I lie<sup>40</sup>  
As in a rocky Cell  
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

***PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653.***

Jehovah to my words give ear  
My meditation waigh  
The voyce of my complaining hear  
My King and God for unto thee I pray.  
Jehovah thou my early voyce  
Shalt in the morning hear  
Ith'morning I to thee with choyce  
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight<sup>10</sup>  
Evil with thee no biding makes  
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hat'st; and them unblest

Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly  
The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.  
But I will in thy mercies dear  
Thy numerous mercies go  
Into thy house; I in thy fear  
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.20  
Lord lead me in thy righteousness  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress,  
Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.  
For in his faltring mouth unstable  
No word is firm or sooth  
Their inside, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
God, find them guilty, let them fall  
By their own counsels quell'd;30  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
To bless the just man still,  
As with a shield thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.40

***PSAL. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.***

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me  
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
Pity me Lord for I am much deject  
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,  
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,  
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;  
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore  
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake  
For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?10  
Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,  
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;  
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie  
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.  
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.  
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r  
My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.<sup>20</sup>  
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't  
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,  
They shall return in hast the way they came  
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon The Words Of Chush The Benjamite Against Him.

Lord my God to thee I flie  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I crie  
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)  
He hast 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,<sup>10</sup>  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not fre'd my foe for naught;  
Let th'enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth and roul  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there out spread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.  
Rise Jehovah in thine ire  
Rouze thy self amidst the rage<sup>20</sup>  
Of my foes that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their furi' asswage;  
Judgment here thou didst ingage  
And command which I desire.  
So th' 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 worlds foundation.<sup>30</sup>  
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<sup>40</sup>  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of Heart at last,  
God is a just Judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If th' unjust will not forbear,  
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.  
(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold<sup>50</sup>  
He travels big with vanitie,  
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a Lie,  
He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made,  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.<sup>60</sup>  
Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise  
And sing the Name and Deitie  
Of Jehovah the most high.

***PSAL. VIII. Aug. 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 th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.  
When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,  
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,<sup>10</sup>  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,  
And think'st upon him; or of man begot  
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;  
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.  
O're 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 forrest meet.<sup>20</sup>  
Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet  
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth  
O Jehovah our Lord bow wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

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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.

**PSAL. LXXX.**

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*  
Give ear *in time of need*,  
Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
*Thy loved* Josephs seed,  
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*  
*Between their wings out-spread*  
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,  
*And on our foes thy dread.*

2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,  
And in Manasse's sight<sup>10</sup>  
Awake <sup>\*</sup> thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
*To save us by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us O God vouchsafe;*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy <sup>\*</sup> smoaking wrath, *and angry brow*  
Against thy peoples praire.<sup>20</sup>

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat,  
And mak'st them <sup>\*</sup> largely drink the tears  
*Wherwith their cheeks are wet.*

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
To every neighbour foe,  
Among themselves they <sup>\*</sup> laugh, they <sup>\*</sup> play,  
And <sup>\*</sup> flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,  
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*<sup>30</sup>  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine*,  
And drov'st out Nations *proud and haut*  
To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place

And root it deep and fast  
That it *began to grow apace*,  
*And fill'd the land at last.*40  
10 With her *green shade that cover'd all*,  
The Hills were *over-spread*  
Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*  
*Advanc'd 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 brok'n down her Fence,50  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*  
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the wood  
Up turns it by the roots,  
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food  
*Her Grapes and tender Shoots.*  
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,  
Behold *us, but without a frown*,  
And visit this *thy Vine.*60  
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long*,  
And the young branch, that for thy self  
Thou hast made firm and strong.  
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
And cut *with Axes* down,  
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.  
17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,70  
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.  
18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To wayes of sin and shame*,  
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee  
Shall call upon thy Name.  
Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe*,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.80

***PSAL. LXXXI.***

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,  
Sing loud to God *our King*,



To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*  
Loud acclamations ring.  
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song  
The Timbrel hither bring  
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along  
And Harp *with pleasant string*.  
3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon  
With Trumpets *lofty sound*,<sup>10</sup>  
Th' appointed time, the day wheron  
Our solemn Feast *comes round*.  
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*  
For Israel *to observe*  
A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*  
*From whence they might not swerve*.  
5 This he a Testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change*,  
When as he pass'd through Ægypt land;  
The Tongue I heard, was strange.<sup>20</sup>  
6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*  
I set his shoulder free;  
His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle*  
Deliver'd were *by me*.  
7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
And I to free thee *did not faile*,  
*And led thee out of thrall*.  
I answer'd thee in *\* thunder* deep  
With clouds encompass'd round;<sup>30</sup>  
I tri'd thee at the water *steep*  
Of Meriba *renown'd*.  
8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,  
I testifie to thee  
*Thou antient flock of Israel*,  
If thou wilt list to mee,  
9 Through out the land of thy abode  
No alien God shall be  
Nor shalt thou to a forein God  
In honour bend thy knee.<sup>40</sup>  
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of Ægypt 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 lov'd so dear*  
Mislik'd me for his choice.  
12 Then did I leave them to their will  
And to their wandring mind;<sup>50</sup>

Their own conceits they follow'd still  
Their own devises blind.  
13 O that my people would *be wise*  
*To serve me all their daies,*  
And O that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous waies.*  
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.*<sup>60</sup>  
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 flower of finest wheat,  
And satisfie them from the rock  
With Honey *for their Meat.*

**PSAL. LXXXII.**

1 God in the <sup>\*</sup> great <sup>\*</sup> assembly stands  
*Of Kings and lordly States,*  
Among the gods<sup>†</sup> on both his hands  
He judges and debates.  
2 How long will ye <sup>\*</sup> pervert the right  
With <sup>\*</sup> judgment false and wrong  
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*  
3 <sup>\*</sup> Regard the <sup>\*</sup> weak and fatherless  
<sup>\*</sup> Dispatch the <sup>\*</sup> poor mans cause,<sup>10</sup>  
And <sup>†</sup> raise the man in deep distress  
By <sup>†</sup> just and equal Lawes.  
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 Earths foundations all are <sup>\*</sup> mov'd  
And <sup>\*</sup> out of order gon.<sup>20</sup>  
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all  
The Sons of God most high  
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other Princes *die.*  
8 Rise God, <sup>\*</sup> judge thou the earth *in might,*  
This *wicked earth* <sup>\*</sup> redress,  
For thou art he who shalt by right

The Nations all possess.

**PSAL. LXXXIII.**

1 Be not thou silent *now at length*  
O God hold not thy peace,  
Sit not thou still O God of *strength*  
*We cry and do not cease.*

2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* \* swell  
And storm outrageously,  
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Against thy people they † contrive  
† Their Plots and Counsels deep, 10  
\* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
\* Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4 Come let us cut them off say they,  
Till they no Nation be  
That Israels name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might,  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite  
And in firm union bind. 20

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagers blood  
*That in the Desert dwell,*

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
And *hateful* Amalec,  
The Philistims, and they of Tyre  
*Whose bounds the Sea doth check.*

8 With them *great* Asshur also bands  
*And doth confirm the knot,* 30  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*  
*That wasted all the Coast.*  
To Sisera, and as *is told*  
*Thou didst to Jabins hoast,*  
*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repulst and slain,*

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd  
As dung upon the plain. 40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped  
So let their Princes speed  
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*  
So let their Princes *bleed.*

12 *For they amidst their pride* have said  
By right now shall we seize  
Gods houses, and *will now invade*  
† Their stately Palaces.  
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel  
*No quiet let them find,* 50  
Giddy and *restless* let them reel  
Like stubble from the wind.  
14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire  
*Which on a sudden straiies,*  
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier  
Till all the mountains blaze,  
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase;  
16 \* And till they \* yield thee honour due,  
Lord fill with shame their face.  
17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, 61  
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, *and scape it never.*  
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name  
Jehova is alone,  
Art the most high, *and thou the same*  
O're all the earth *art one.*

**PSAL. LXXXIV.**

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
O Lord of Hoasts, how dear  
The *pleasant* Tabernacles are!  
*Where thou do'st dwell so near.*  
2 My Soul doth long and almost die  
Thy Courts O Lord to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud do crie,  
O living God, for thee.  
3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*  
Hath found a house of *rest,* 10  
The Swallow there, to lay her young  
Hath built her *brooding* nest,  
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoasts  
*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 waies. 20  
6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,

*That dry and barren ground*  
As through a fruitfull watry Dale  
Where Springs and Showrs abound.  
7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsom cheer*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
In Sion do appear.  
8 Lord God of Hoasts hear *now* my praier  
O Jacobs God give ear,<sup>30</sup>  
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*  
Then *in the joyes of Vanity*,  
A thousand daies *at best*.  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a dore,  
Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*  
With Sin *for evermore*.<sup>40</sup>  
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield  
Gives grace and glory *bright*,  
No good from them shall be with-held  
Whose waies are just and right.  
12 Lord *God* of Hoasts *that raign'st on high*,  
That man is *truly* blest  
Who *only* on thee doth relie.  
And in thee only rest.

***PSAL. LXXXV.***

1 Thy Land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
Thou hast from *hard* Captivity  
Returned Jacob back.  
2 Th' 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 remov'd,  
And *calmly* didst return<sup>10</sup>  
From thy <sup>†</sup> fierce wrath which we had prov'd  
Far worse then fire to burn.  
4 God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore,  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, *and chide no more*.  
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us?20  
6 Wilt thou not\* turn, and *hear our voice*  
And us again\_ revive,  
That so thy people may rejoyce  
By thee preserv'd alive.  
7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew  
Thy saving health to us afford  
*And life in us renew.*  
8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak  
I will go *strait and* hear,30  
For to his people he speaks peace  
And to his Saints *full dear,*  
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*  
9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand  
And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our Land.*40  
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*  
Now *joyfully* are met  
*Sweet Peace* and Righteousness have kiss'd  
*And hand in hand are set.*  
11 Truth from the earth *like to a flowr*  
Shall bud and blossom *then,*  
And Justice from her heavenly bowr  
Look down *on mortal men.*  
12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good50  
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits *to be our food.*  
13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
*His Royal Harbinger,*  
Then\_ will he come, and not be slow  
His footsteps cannot err.

**PSAL. LXXXVI.**

1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,  
O hear me *I thee pray,*  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, *and sad decay.*  
2 Preserve my soul, for\_ I have trod  
Thy waies, and love the just,  
Save thou thy servant O my God

Who *still* in thee doth trust.  
3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee  
I call; 4 O make rejoyce<sup>10</sup>  
Thy Servants 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 crie  
Of my *incessant* praiers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.<sup>20</sup>  
7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid*;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*  
*And answer, what I pray'd*,  
8 Like thee among the gods is none  
O Lord, nor any works  
*Of all that other Gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious* works.  
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*<sup>30</sup>  
To bow them low before thee Lord,  
And glorifie thy name.  
10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*  
Remainest God alone.  
11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite  
*So shall it never slide*.<sup>40</sup>  
12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God  
*Thee honour, and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for ever more.  
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast free'd my Soul  
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free  
*From deepest darkness foul*.  
14 O God the proud against me rise  
And violent men are met<sup>50</sup>  
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 stil'd*

Most mercifull, most true.  
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy hand-maids Son.60  
17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see  
And be asham'd, because thou Lord  
Do'st help and comfort me.

**PSAL. LXXXVII.**

1 Among the holy Mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,  
*There Seated in his Sanctuary,*  
*His Temple there is plac't.*  
2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more  
Then all the dwellings *faire*  
Of Jacobs *Land*, *though there be store*,  
*And all within his care.*  
3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;10  
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke*,  
I mention Babel to my friends,  
Philistia *full of scorn*,  
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,  
Lo this man there was born:  
5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
Be said of Sion *last*  
This and this man was born in her,  
High God shall fix her fast.20  
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle  
That ne're shall be out-worn  
When he the Nations doth enrowle  
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.*

**PSAL. 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 praier  
*With sighs devout ascend*  
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,  
Thine ear with favour bend.  
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,<sup>10</sup>  
My life *at death's uncherful dore*  
Unto the grave draws nigh.  
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass  
Down to the *dismal* pit  
I am a <sup>\*</sup> man, but weak alas  
And for that name unfit.  
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
Among the dead *to sleep*,  
And like the slain *in bloody fight*  
That in the grave lie *deep*.<sup>20</sup>  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard,  
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're  
*Deaths hideous house hath barr'd*.  
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.  
7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*  
Full sore doth press on me;<sup>30</sup>  
<sup>\*</sup> Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>\*</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.<sup>40</sup>  
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,  
Shall the deceas'd arise  
And praise thee *from their loathsom 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,<sup>50</sup>  
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land  
Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry  
*E're yet my life be spent,*  
And *up to thee* my praier *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 bruis'd, and <sup>†</sup> shake  
With terror sent from thee;60  
Bruz'd, and afflicted and *so low*  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.  
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow  
Thy threatnings cut me through.  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me persue.  
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd  
And sever'd from me far.70  
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darkness are.

*Finis.*

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***Passages From Prose Writings.***

A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES TRANSLATED IN THE  
PROSE WRITINGS.

[From *Of Reformation in England*, 1641.]

Ah *Constantine*, of how much ill was cause  
Not thy Conversion, but those rich remains  
That the first wealthy *Pope* receiv'd of thee.

Dante,*Inf.* xix. 115.

Founded in chast and humble Poverty,  
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
Impudent whoore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?  
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?  
Another *Constantine* comes not in hast.

Petrarca,*Son.* 108.

And to be short, at last his guid him brings  
Into a goodly valley, where he sees  
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd  
Things that on earth were lost or were abus'd.

.....  
Then past he to a flowry 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.

Ariosto,*Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. 80.

[From *Reason of Church Government*, 1641.]

When I die, let the Earth be roul'd in flames.

[From *Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642.]

Laughing to teach the truth  
What hinders? as some teachers give to Boys  
Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.

Horace,*Sat.* 1. 24.

Jesting decides great things

Stronglier, and better oft than earnest can.

*Ibid.* i. 10. 14.

'Tis you that say it, not I: you do the deeds  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

Sophocles, *Elec.* 624.

[From *Areopagitica*, 1644.]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men,  
Having to advise the Public, may speak free,  
Which he who can, and will, deserv's high praise;  
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace,  
What can be juster in a state then this?

Euripides, *Supp.* 438.

[From *Tetrachordon*, 1645.]

Whom do we count a good man, whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the Senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood  
See his foul inside through his whited skin.

Horace, *Ep.* i. 16. 40.

[From *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, 1649.]

There can be slaine  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Than an unjust and wicked king.

Seneca, *Herc. Fur.* 922.

[From *History of Britain*, 1670.]

**Brutus *Thus Addresses Diana In The Country Of*  
Leogecia.**

Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and through the deep,  
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell  
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,  
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee

For aye, with Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

***To Whom Sleeping Before The Altar, Diana In A Vision  
That Night Thus Answer'D.***

*Brutus* far to the West, in th' 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; thether 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 dredded might  
Shall aw the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Joannis Miltoni **LONDINENSIS** POEMATATA. 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.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præsertim ut id saceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique 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 Miltonem Anglum Triplici Poeseos Laureâ  
Coronandum Græcâ Nimirum, Latinâ, Atque Hetruscâ,  
Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.***

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;

At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas  
Nam per te Milto par 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 ò Clio  
Perche 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 puo del tempo edace  
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
Non puo l' oblio rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore, 10  
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.  
Del Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.  
Alla virtù sbandita  
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta, 10  
Quella gli è sol gradita,  
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
Ridillo tu Giovanni e mostra in tanto  
Con tuo vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.  
Lungi dal Patrio lido  
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il priù raro. 30  
Cosi l' Ape Ingegnosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,*

*E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.  
Di bella gloria amante  
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;40  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu 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 sceglia  
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.  
Quanti nacquero in Flora  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,50  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.  
Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:  
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma60  
I piu profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.  
Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gl' anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;70  
Che s' opre degne di Poema o storia  
Furon gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.  
Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso  
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.  
Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro80  
So che fatico indarno,*

*E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.*

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.



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## **JOANNI MILTONI**

### **LONDINIENSI.**

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

*Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.*

*Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.*

*Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate<sup>1</sup> vocem laudatoribus adimunt.*

*Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In intellectu Sapientia: in voluntate ardor gloriæ: in ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos celestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua 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 & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.*

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

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## ELEGIARUM

### Liber Primus.

#### Elegia Prima Ad *Carolus Diodatum*.

Tandem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,  
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.  
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.10  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.20  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
Non tunc Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,30  
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,  
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;  
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,

Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:40  
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
Conscia funereo peotora torre movens,  
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, feu nobilis Ili,  
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.50  
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ  
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;  
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.60  
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.  
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,  
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
Vos etiam Danaæ fascès submitтите Nymphæ,  
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas  
Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.70  
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno  
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ  
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.80  
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
Mœnia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;  
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes

Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.90  
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Ætatis 17.  
In Obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.10  
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
Et celer à Phoebo nuntius ire tuo,  
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.  
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni  
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.20  
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,  
Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.  
In Obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,  
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago  
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures  
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;  
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,  
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.10

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, & 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, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,<sup>20</sup>  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod 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?<sup>30</sup>  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.<sup>40</sup>  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditiior 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.<sup>50</sup>  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,  
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.60  
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,  
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,  
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia Quarta. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem Suum Apud Mercatores  
Anglicos Hamburgæ Agentes Pastoris Munere Fungentem.

Curre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,  
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,  
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;  
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.10  
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;  
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.20  
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium  
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.  
Quámque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros  
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.  
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,30  
Pieriosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,  
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon  
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,  
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlora 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.<sup>40</sup>  
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte 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 paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:<sup>50</sup>  
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis  
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;  
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.  
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.<sup>60</sup>  
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
Non ferox in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.  
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.<sup>70</sup>  
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis.  
Teque tuàmque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse 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.  
Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,<sup>80</sup>

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.  
 Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis & ignoto solus inópsque solo;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates  
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria dura parens, & saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus;  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,<sup>90</sup>  
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.<sup>100</sup>  
 Talis & horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum  
 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.<sup>110</sup>  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
 Terruit & densas pavido rege cohortes,  
 Ære dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,<sup>120</sup>  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.



Elegia Quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.  
In Adventum Veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.<sup>10</sup>  
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro  
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatium,  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.<sup>20</sup>  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacér 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, & hoc subeat Musa [quotannis](#) opus.<sup>30</sup>  
Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas.  
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque Lycaonius plastrum cæleste Boötes  
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.  
Nam dolus & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,  
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.<sup>40</sup>  
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
Roscida cum primo sole rebescit humus,  
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ  
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?50  
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.  
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;  
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,  
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto  
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.60  
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
Floribus & 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.  
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.70  
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
Præbet, & 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,80  
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 ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.  
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.  
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.90  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110  
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,  
 Delphinisque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120  
 Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis  
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.  
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris  
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales  
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.  
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo. 140

Elegia Sexta.  
Ad Carolum Diodatum Ruri Commorantem.

Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quòd inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
Quâ tu distento forte carere potes.  
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,  
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,  
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas,  
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim  
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,<sup>10</sup>  
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.  
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.  
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,  
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ  
Mista Thyonêo turba novena choro.  
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
Non illic epulæ non sata vitis erat.<sup>20</sup>  
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 Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.  
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,  
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.<sup>30</sup>  
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.  
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;  
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.<sup>40</sup>

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;<sup>50</sup>  
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
Sæpius & veteri commaduisse meto.  
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cælum,  
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;<sup>60</sup>  
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,  
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,  
Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.  
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis  
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;<sup>70</sup>  
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 & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.  
At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem  
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)<sup>80</sup>  
Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,  
Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto  
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.  
Stellarumque 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.90

### Elegia Septima, Anno Ætatis Undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram,  
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.10  
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ  
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:  
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem  
Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.  
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.20  
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;  
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.  
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,  
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.30  
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;  
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.  
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille  
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
Herculeæque manus, Herculesque comes.40  
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, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.<sup>50</sup>  
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites  
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,  
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.  
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,  
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.<sup>60</sup>  
Unam forte 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,  
Solutus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.  
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:<sup>70</sup>  
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.  
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,  
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.<sup>80</sup>  
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,  
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.  
Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores  
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;  
Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,  
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.<sup>90</sup>  
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,

Ponar in exemplo primus & 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,  
Solutus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,  
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100  
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.  
Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino  
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.  
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.  
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,  
Et Diomedæam vim timet ipse Venus. 10

### *In Proditionem Bombardicam.*

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
Fallor? an & 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 Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

### *In Eandem.*

Siccine tentasti cælo donâsse Jäcobum  
Quae 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 fædos 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. 10



***In Eandem.***

Purgatorem animæ derisit Jācobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ  
Movit & horrificùm cornua dena minax.  
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,  
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.  
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.  
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!<sup>10</sup>  
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

***In Eandem.***

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,  
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

***In Inventorem Bombardæ.***

Japetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,  
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

***Ad Leonoram Romæ Canentem.***

Angelus unicuique suos (sic credite gentes)  
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,  
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum  
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli  
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.  
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.<sup>10</sup>

***Ad Eandem.***

Alterā Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtā,  
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo

Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!  
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,  
Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; 10  
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem  
Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

### ***Ad Eandem.***

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,  
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,  
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

### *Elegiarum Finis.*

[Added in Second Edition, 1673.]

### ***Apologus De Rustico & Hero.***

Rusticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus  
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
Hactenus 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 quantò satius fuit illa Coloni  
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10  
Possem Ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:  
Nunc periire mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens.

[From *Defensio pro populo anglicano*, 1651.]

### ***In Salmasii Hundredam.***

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,  
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei

Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ  
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.

[From *Defensio secunda*, 1654.]

***In Salmasium.***

Gaudete scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,  
Qui frigida hyeme 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. 10

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## SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16. In Obitum Procancellarii Medici.

Parere fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Jâpeti 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<sup>10</sup>  
Nessi venenatus cruore  
Æmathiâ jacuisset Cêtâ.  
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.<sup>20</sup>  
Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.  
Læsisset & nec te Philyreie  
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.  
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,<sup>30</sup>  
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi  
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
Horribiles barathri recessus.  
At fila rupit Persephone tua  
Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
Succoque pollenti tot atris  
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.<sup>40</sup>  
Colende præses, membra precor tua

Molli quiescant cespitem, & ex tuo  
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
Interque felices perennis  
Elysio spatium campo.

### In Quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Jäcobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia regna  
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:  
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:  
Cum ferox ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,<sup>10</sup>  
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;  
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,  
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris<sup>20</sup>  
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.  
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes  
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva  
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,  
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles  
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem  
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ.<sup>30</sup>  
At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam  
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.  
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus.  
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo

Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo<sup>40</sup>  
 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; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;  
 Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.  
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,<sup>50</sup>  
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, præeunt [summisso](#) poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium 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) fremitúsque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & 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,<sup>70</sup>  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, & 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 silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,<sup>80</sup>  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, & 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, Lybicosque leones.  
 Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu<sup>90</sup>  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,  
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, <sup>100</sup>  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperæ disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,  
 Thermodoontæa nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrenum implebit numeroso milite Pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, <sup>110</sup>  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacesses,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricos vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne <sup>120</sup>  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ.  
 Perculsosque metu subito, casûque stupentes  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. <sup>130</sup>  
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.  
 Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;

Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ  
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.  
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis  
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis  
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter cæmenta jacent [semifractaque](#) saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia [Manes](#)  
[Exululant](#), tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150  
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum  
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris  
Diffugiunt sontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,  
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.  
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo:  
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160  
Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
Et rex & 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 terra 170  
Fertilis Europe, & 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 tenuous translucent atria muros;  
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
Qualiter instrepitant circum multralia bombis  
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen 180  
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,



Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ  
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli. 190  
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.  
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli  
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente: 200  
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jäcobo:  
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,  
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;  
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.  
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210  
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes  
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat  
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,  
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem  
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220  
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis  
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;  
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;  
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

## Anno Ætatis 17. In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,

Et sicca nondum lumina  
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
Quem nuper effudi pius,  
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
Wintoniensis præsulis.  
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
Cladisque vera nuntia)  
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,  
Populosque Neptuno satos,<sup>10</sup>  
Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus  
Te generis humani decus,  
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
Graiusque vates parcius<sup>20</sup>  
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
Sponsamque Neobolen 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 & irritas minas,  
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
Subitoque ad iras percita.<sup>30</sup>  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra Noctis filia,  
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
Vastóve nata sub Chao:  
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei  
Messas ubique colligit;  
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
In lucem & auras evocat;  
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
Themidos Jovisque filiaë;<sup>40</sup>  
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 cœlum senex

Auriga currus ignei,50  
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi  
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
Non ensis Orion tuus.  
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
Longéque sub pedibus deam  
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos  
Frænis dracones aureis.  
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,  
Per lacteas vehor plagas,60  
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
Donec nitentes ad fores  
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Crystallinam, &  
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  
Ædipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni  
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.  
Ergône marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater  
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?10  
Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit  
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque  
Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus  
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto  
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu20  
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, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro<sup>30</sup>  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.  
At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
Raptat & ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.<sup>40</sup>  
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
Deveho temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,  
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua cæli,  
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.<sup>50</sup>  
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitôque fragore  
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti<sup>60</sup>  
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem  
Phœbe tuusque & 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, & vasti culmina cæli;  
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

***De Idea Platonica Quemadmodum Aristoteles Intellexit.***

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis

Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,  
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
Natura sollers finxit humanum genus,  
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?10  
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:  
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:20  
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
Atlante major portitore syderum.  
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëones nepos  
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,30  
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)  
Jam jam pöetas urbis exules tuæ  
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

## Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis

Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis<sup>10</sup>  
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio  
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.  
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,  
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.<sup>20</sup>  
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;  
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consultit, & tepidis Parcæ scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,<sup>30</sup>  
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis.  
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;  
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.<sup>40</sup>  
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
Nota gulæ, & 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, & positi latè fundamenta mundi,  
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,  
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,<sup>50</sup>  
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orpheæ cantus,  
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures  
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo  
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.  
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,

Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.60  
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam  
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:  
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.  
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,  
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:70  
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ  
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu  
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant80  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cœlo  
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,  
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,90  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.  
I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.  
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?  
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,  
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,  
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.100  
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertis,  
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;  
In me triste nihil fædissima turba potestis,  
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110  
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.  
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

**Psalm 114.**

Ἰσραὴλ ἦτε παρρηδες, ἦτ' ἠγλαὴ ἠνῶλ' ἠακωβου  
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δημον, ἠπεχθέα, βαρβαρόωνον,  
Δ' τότε μοννον ἠην ἠσιον γένος υῆες ἠονδα·  
Ἐν δ[Editor: illegible character] θεῆς λαοῆσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
Ἐῆδε, καὶ ἠντροπάδην ἠύγαδ' ἠῆῶησε θάλασσα  
Κύματι ἐλλυμύνη ἠοθί, ἠδ' ἠρ' ἠστὺελίχθη  
ἠρῆς ἠορδάνης ποτ' ἠργυροειδέα πηγῆν.  
Ἐκ δ' ἠρεα σκαρθμοῆσιν ἠπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
Ὡς κριοῆ σῆριγόντες ἠῆτραῆερω ἠν ἠλωη.  
Βαιότεραι δ' ἠμα πάσαι ἠνασκίρτησαν ἠρίπναι, 10  
Ὁα παραῆ σύριγγι ἠίλ' ἠπ' ἠμητέρι ἠρνες.  
Τίπτε σύγ' ἠνῶ θάλασσα πέλωρ ἠύγαδ' ἠῆῶησας;  
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ἠοθί; τί δ' ἠρ' ἠστὺελίχθης  
ἠρῆς ἠορδάνη ποτ' ἠργυροειδέα πηγῆν;  
Τίπτ' ἠρεα σκαρθμοῆσιν ἠπειρέσια κλονέεσθ[Editor: illegible character]  
Ὡς κριοῆ σῆριγόντες ἠῆτραῆερω ἠα ἠλωη;  
Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἠρ' ἠμμως ἠνασκίρτησατ' ἠρίπναι,  
Ὁα παραῆ σύριγγι ἠίλ' ἠπ' ἠμητέρι ἠρνες,  
Σείεο γαῆα τρέουσα θεῆν μεγάλ' ἠκτυπέοντα  
Γαῆα, θεῆν τρείουσ' ἠπατον σέβας ἠσσακίδαο 20  
ἠς τε καὶ ἠκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῆς χέε μορμύροντας,  
Κρήνηντ' ἠέναον πέτρης ἠπ' ἠδακρυοέσεως.

***Philosophus Ad Regem Quendam Qui Eum Ignotum &  
Insontem Inter Reos Forte Captum Inscius Damnaverat τῶν  
ἠπ' ἠθανάτ' ἠπορευόμενος, Hæc Subito Misit.***

Ὡ ἠνα εῆ ἠλέσης με τῶν ἠννομον, οῆδέ τιν' ἠνδρωῶν



Δεινὴν ἄλως δρᾶσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
Ρηθιδίως ἠέλοιο, τῆδ' ἴστερον ἀθι νοήσεις,  
Μαψ ἴντως δ' ἴρ' ἴπειτα χρόνω μαλα πολλὴν ἴδύρ',  
Τοιόνδ' ἴκ πόλεως περιώνυμον ἴλακα ἴλέσσας.

### In Effigiei Ejus Sculptorem.

ἴμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χεῖρ' τήνδε μ[Editor: illegible character]ν εἴκόνα  
Φαίης τάχ' ἴν, πρῆς εἶδος ἀτοῦ[Editor: illegible character]ς βλέπων·  
Τῆν δ' ἴκτυπωτῆν οἴκ ἴπιγνόντες, ἴίλοι,  
Γελαῖτε ἴαύλου 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,

4 Μαμηθιδίως δ' ἴρ' ἴπειτα τεῖν πρῆς θυμῆν ἴδνρη? 1673

Quàm cùm decentes flava Dēiope suras  
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
Adesdum & 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<sup>10</sup>  
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.<sup>20</sup>  
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 Euandri sedes,

Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.<sup>30</sup>  
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:  
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges  
Nimiùm sinistro laxis irruens loro:  
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,<sup>40</sup>  
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

### *Miscellaneous Poems.*

#### *Mansus.*

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriplus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi  
Risplende il Manso—

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ 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  
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,  
Post Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci.  
Tu quoque si nostræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis,  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,<sup>10</sup>  
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;  
Mollis & 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, & nec pia cessant

Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,  
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam<sup>20</sup>  
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;  
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos<sup>30</sup>  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)<sup>40</sup>  
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corineïda Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,<sup>50</sup>  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;  
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,<sup>60</sup>  
 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<sup>70</sup>  
Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,  
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum  
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene norit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,<sup>80</sup>  
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,  
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astartet ocellis,  
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;  
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.<sup>90</sup>  
Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.  
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus  
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
(Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenûm  
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus  
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.<sup>100</sup>

### *Epitaphium Damonis.*

#### EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

#### Argumentum.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimûm. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus

Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,  
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)  
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:  
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon; 20  
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, & 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 silentum.  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30  
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,  
Palladiásque artes, sociùmque 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, & per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster  
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.50  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque 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 & Eurus60  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quàm culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Moerent, 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,70  
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,  
 Hinc Zephyri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;  
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.80  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? ajunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem  
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Ægle  
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;90  
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum<sup>100</sup>  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, & 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<sup>110</sup>  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ite per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Roman vidisse sepultam?  
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.<sup>120</sup>  
 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, Muis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,<sup>130</sup>  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm  
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra  
 Fiscellæ, calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,  
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,<sup>140</sup>  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm 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 speraham mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat  
 Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150  
 Helleborùmque, humilésque crocos, foliùmque hyacinthi,  
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm,  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ. 160  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennùmque Arviragùmque duces, priscùmque Belinum,  
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Gorlôis arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu  
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis 170  
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitúsque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibúsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis  
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180  
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,  
 Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:  
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver  
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,  
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris  
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.



Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus; 190  
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,  
Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;  
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi  
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens  
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes  
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,  
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.  
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,  
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus? 200  
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,  
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;  
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,  
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat  
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cæli post jura recepta  
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicúnque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210  
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Letáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsos.

*Finis.*

***Ad Joannem Rousium.***

[Added in Second Edition, 1673.]

Jan. 23. 1646.

***Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium.***

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.*

***Strophe 1.***

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
Fronde licet geminâ,  
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,  
Quam manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit  
Insons populi, barbitóque devius  
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio<sup>10</sup>  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, & 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<sup>20</sup>  
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer  
Orbi notus per immensos  
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
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<sup>30</sup>  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;  
Immundasque volucres  
Unguibus imminentes  
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

***Antistrophe.***

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
Fide, vel oscitantîâ  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quis te teneat specus,<sup>40</sup>  
Seu qua te latebra, forsâ unde vili  
Callo terêris 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 Roüsîus sui  
Optat peculî, numeróque justo  
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclÿta<sup>50</sup>  
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:  
Téque adytis etiam sacris  
Voluit reponi quibus & ipse præsidet  
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,  
Quàm cui præfuit Iôn  
Clarus Erechtheides  
Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica  
Iôn Actæa genitus Creusâ.<sup>60</sup>

***Antistrophe.***

Ergo tu visere lucos  
Musarum ibis amœnos,  
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
Oxoniâ quam valle colit  
Delo posthabitâ,  
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:  
Ibis honestus,  
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
Illic legêris inter alta nomina<sup>70</sup>  
Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ  
Antiqua gentis lumina, & 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 Roÿsi,  
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
Turba legentum prava facesset;80  
At ultimi nepotes,  
Et cordatior ætas  
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
Adhibebit integro sinu.  
Tum livore sepulto,  
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
Roÿsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis unã 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 rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἠπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

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## PARADISE LOST.

Paradise Lost.

### A POEM Written In TEN BOOKS

By *JOHN MILTON*.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

*LONDON*

Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker* under *Creed Church* near *Aldgate*; And by *Robert Boulter* at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate-street*; And *Matthias Walker*, under *St. Dunstons Church* in *Fleet-street*, 1667.

Paradise Lost.

### A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

The Author *JOHN MILTON*.

The Second Edition

Revised and Augmented by the same Author.

*LONDON*, Printed by *S. Simmous* next door to the *Golden Lion* in *Aldersgate-street*, 1674.

IN Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetæ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

*Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,  
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.  
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,  
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.  
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum  
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus.  
Quæque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara cæca,*

*Quæque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.  
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,  
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus;  
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.  
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?  
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.  
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!  
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba.  
Cælestes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!  
Et quæ Cælestes pugna deceret agros!  
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!  
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!  
Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris  
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!  
Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,  
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:  
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.  
At simul in cælis Messia insignia fulgent,  
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,  
Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum  
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco  
Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:  
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis  
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.  
Ad pænas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum  
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii  
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.  
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

S. B., M. D.

## ON Paradise Lost.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,  
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song  
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)  
The World o'rewhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide Field how he his way should find  
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easie he should render vain.  
Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excell)  
Might hence presume the whole Creations day  
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.  
Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit:  
So that no room is here for Writers left,  
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.  
That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.  
And things divine thou treatst of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horroure on us seise,  
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;  
And above humane flight dost soar aloft  
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing.  
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?  
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite  
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of sight.  
Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;  
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,  
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:  
Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,  
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too transported by the Mode offend,  
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.  
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,  
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

*A. M.*

In Paradisum Amissam. On Paradise Lost] *Added in the second edition 1674.*

## ***The Printer To The Reader.***

*Courteous Reader*, there was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

*S. Simmons.*

*The Printer to the Reader]* Added in 1668 to the copies then remaining of the first edition, amended in 1669, and omitted in 1670. I have procur'd it, and . . . not 1669] us procured 1668.

## **The Verse.**

The measure is *English Heroic Verse* without Rime, as that of *Homer* in *Greek*, and of *Virgil* in *Latin*; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then 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 it self, 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.

*The Verse]* Added in 1668 to the copies then remaining of the first edition; together with the Argument. In the second edition (1674) the Argument, with the necessary adjustment to the division made in Books vii and x, was distributed through the several books of the poem, as it is here printed.



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## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*This first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: 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 past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darknesse, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, 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 Prophesie 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 Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.*

Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit  
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast  
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, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of *Chaos*: or if *Sion Hill*<sup>10</sup>  
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
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<sup>20</sup>  
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justifie the wayes of God to men.  
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off<sup>30</sup>  
From their Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
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 equal'd the most High,<sup>40</sup>  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night<sup>50</sup>  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
Reserv'd 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  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as Angels kenn he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,<sup>60</sup>  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd<sup>70</sup>  
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd<sup>80</sup>  
*Bëelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.  
If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine  
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd<sup>90</sup>  
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
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 chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along<sup>100</sup>  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That Glory never shall his wrath or might<sup>110</sup>  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power  
Who from the terrour 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 Empyrean substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
We may with more successful hope resolve<sup>120</sup>  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.  
So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despaire:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.  
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds<sup>130</sup>  
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 Heav'nly Essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,<sup>140</sup>  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Then such could have overpower'd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
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 Warr, what e're his business be<sup>150</sup>  
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 reply'd.  
Fall'n Cherube, 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,<sup>160</sup>  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,

Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which 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 recalled  
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail  
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown 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 wilde, 180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And 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, 190  
 If not what resolution from despair.  
 Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, 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 warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briarios* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast 200  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam  
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
 Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:  
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence 210  
 Had ris'n or heav'd 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 enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
 On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.220  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames  
 Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld  
 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  
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force230  
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundring *Aetna*, whose combustible  
 And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
 Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,240  
 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 hee  
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream  
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields  
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail250  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in it self  
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less then hee  
 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:260  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce  
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
 Lye thus astonisht 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  
 Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?270  
 So *Satan* spake, and him *Bēēlsebub*  
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyle,  
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lye  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,280  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.  
 He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
 Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views  
 At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,  
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,290  
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast  
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps  
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd300  
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades  
 High overarch't imbrow; or scatterd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew  
*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,

While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases<sup>310</sup>  
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can sieze  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of Battel to repose  
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find<sup>320</sup>  
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
 Cherube and Seraph rowling 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 linked Thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.<sup>330</sup>  
 They heard, and were abasht, 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 perceave the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
 Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt's* evill day  
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud<sup>340</sup>  
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;<sup>350</sup>  
 A multitude, like which the populous North  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.



Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
 Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;360  
 Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,  
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him, that made them, to transform370  
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various Names,  
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,  
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,  
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?380  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,390  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud  
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire  
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
 Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart400  
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
 His Temple right against the Temple of God  
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove

The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence  
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,  
 From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*  
 And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond  
 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,410  
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
 Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bordring flood  
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts420  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,  
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
 Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aerie purposes,430  
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
 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 Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon440  
*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, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,  
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock450  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood

Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,460  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banks  
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
 He also against the house of God was bold:470  
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods  
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek480  
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape  
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
 The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King  
 Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
 From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke  
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.  
*Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd490  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee  
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
 Turns Atheist, as did *Elys* Sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God.  
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,

And injury and outrage: And when Night<sup>500</sup>  
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 hospitable Dores  
[Yielded thir Matrons](#) to prevent 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 *Javans* Issue held  
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born<sup>510</sup>  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd  
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*  
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,<sup>520</sup>  
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
Their [fainted](#) courage, and dispel'd their fears.<sup>530</sup>  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard  
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while  
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:<sup>540</sup>  
At which the universal Host upsent  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose  
A Forrest 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>550</sup>  
 Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
 To highth of noblest temper Hero's old  
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
 Breathing united force with fixed thought<sup>560</sup>  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now  
 Advanc't 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 thir mighty Chief  
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due,  
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods,<sup>570</sup>  
 Thir number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
 Glories: For never since created man,  
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more then that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
 In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son<sup>580</sup>  
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent<sup>590</sup>  
 Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost  
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess  
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n  
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air

Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face<sup>600</sup>  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
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 amerc't  
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung<sup>610</sup>  
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last<sup>620</sup>  
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?<sup>630</sup>  
For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
Self-rai's'd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'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 custome, and his Regal State<sup>640</sup>  
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 warr, provok't; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife<sup>650</sup>  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyse  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,<sup>660</sup>  
For who can think Submission! Warr then, Warr  
Open or understood must be resolv'd.  
He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
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 griesly top<sup>670</sup>  
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands  
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd  
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
*Mammon*, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts<sup>680</sup>  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,  
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands  
Rifl'd the bowels of their mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound  
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire<sup>690</sup>  
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best

Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell  
 Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,  
 Learn how thir 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 toyle  
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous Art [founded](#) the massie Ore,  
 Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boyling 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 breaths.  
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge 710  
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,  
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat 720  
 Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove  
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores  
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendant by suttile Magic many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his [Herarchie](#), the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land



Men called him *Mulciber*; and how he fell<sup>740</sup>  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*  
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn  
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: 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 Towrs; nor did he scape  
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent<sup>750</sup>  
 With his industrious crew to build in bell.  
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
 Of Sovran 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: thir summons call'd  
 From every Band and squared Regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came<sup>760</sup>  
 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 Soldans chair  
 Defi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry  
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brusht with the hiss of rursling wings. As Bees  
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,  
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive<sup>770</sup>  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
 New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer  
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd  
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmear Race<sup>780</sup>  
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side  
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon  
 Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
 Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance  
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;

At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*

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## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophetie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several employments, as thir 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 op'nd, 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  
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displaid.<sup>10</sup>  
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial vertues rising, will appear

Argument l. 7 shall] should 1669

More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,  
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,<sup>20</sup>  
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establisht 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  
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? where there is then no good<sup>30</sup>  
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 then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper then prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,<sup>40</sup>  
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.  
He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, 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 then be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake.<sup>50</sup>  
My sentence is for open Warr: 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 lingring here  
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns  
By our delay? no, let us rather choose<sup>60</sup>  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,  
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear  
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self  
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented Torments. But perhaps<sup>70</sup>  
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 benumme 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 brok'n Rear  
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight<sup>80</sup>  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie 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  
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end  
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge<sup>90</sup>  
 Inexorably, and the torturing houre  
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus  
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier farr  
 Then miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst<sup>100</sup>  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:  
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.  
 He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more graceful and humane;  
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd<sup>110</sup>  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue  
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,  
 And with perswasive accent thus began.  
 I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd<sup>120</sup>  
 Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,

Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what Revenge? the Towers of Heav'n are fill'd  
With Armed watch, that render all access<sup>130</sup>  
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest Insurrection, to confound  
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie  
All incorruptible would on his Throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel<sup>140</sup>  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, 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 loose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,<sup>150</sup>  
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 thir wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,<sup>160</sup>  
Reserv'd and destin'd 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, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'ns 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 kindl'd those grim fires 170  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,  
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180  
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns highth  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides; 191  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
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 thir Conquerour: This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit 210  
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisf'd  
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd

In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,220  
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 our selves more woe.  
Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.  
Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n  
We warr, if warr be best, or to regain230  
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
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'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream  
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 receive240  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Fore't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits  
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd250  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easie 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're260  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,



And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile<sup>270</sup>  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms 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 chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
Of order, how in safety best we may<sup>280</sup>  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and [where](#), dismissing quite  
All thoughts of Warr; ye have what I advise.  
He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld  
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay  
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard<sup>290</sup>  
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another Field  
They dreaded worse then 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 pollicy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
Which when *Bēēlzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,  
*Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave<sup>300</sup>  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
Deliberation sat and publick care;  
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood  
With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as Night  
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.  
Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,<sup>310</sup>  
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile 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 remaine<sup>320</sup>  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
 Under th' 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 loose no part  
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?  
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss<sup>330</sup>  
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
 Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?<sup>340</sup>  
 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 som new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more<sup>350</sup>  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
 That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd<sup>360</sup>  
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantageous act may be achiev'd  
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 punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass<sup>370</sup>  
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  
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Bëelzebub*  
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,<sup>380</sup>  
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 Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.  
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,<sup>390</sup>  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms  
And opportune excursion we may chance  
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,<sup>400</sup>  
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires  
Shall [breath](#) her balme. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then<sup>410</sup>  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and wee 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 suspence, awaiting who appeer'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,<sup>420</sup>  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others count'nance red his own dismay  
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found  
 So hardie as to proffer or accept  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.  
 O Progeny of Heav'n, Emphyreal Thrones,<sup>430</sup>  
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr  
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;  
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
 These past, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential Night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being<sup>440</sup>  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape into what ever world,  
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
 Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.  
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
 And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd  
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger could deterre  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume<sup>450</sup>  
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honourd 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 tollerable; if there be cure or charm<sup>460</sup>  
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, least from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;<sup>470</sup>  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,<sup>480</sup>  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all [thir](#) vertue; least bad men should boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread  
Heavn's chearful face, the lowring Element<sup>490</sup>  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife<sup>500</sup>  
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction waite.

The *Stygian* Council thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,<sup>510</sup>  
 And God-like imitated State; him round  
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie  
 By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.<sup>520</sup>  
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplext, 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 th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;<sup>530</sup>  
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush  
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears  
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms  
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell  
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air<sup>540</sup>  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
 As when *Alcides* from [Oealia](#) 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 *Oeta* threw  
 Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate<sup>550</sup>  
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
 Thir song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)  
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,  
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,560  
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:  
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands570  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps  
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;  
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*580  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion rouples  
Her watrie 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 wilde, beat with perpetual storms  
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems590  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog  
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,  
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice600  
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine

Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt<sup>610</sup>  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands  
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,<sup>620</sup>  
 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  
 Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.  
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,<sup>630</sup>  
 Puts on swift wings, and [toward](#) the Gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight; som times  
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares  
 Up to the fiery concave touring high.  
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd  
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds  
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles  
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring  
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood<sup>640</sup>  
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd  
 Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,  
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
 Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;



The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
 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* mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these  
 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts660  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With *Laplant* Witches, while the labouring Moon  
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,670  
 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.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began.680  
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured, without leave askt 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 wrauth reply'd,  
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,  
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then690  
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons  
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?  
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doomd, 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,700  
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.  
 So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold  
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
 Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood  
 Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair710  
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
 Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
 With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;720  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat  
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
 O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
 Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
 Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;730  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 What e're 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,740  
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
 In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;  
 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 combin'd<sup>750</sup>  
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm  
 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 count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seis'd  
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign<sup>760</sup>  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout<sup>770</sup>  
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this powerful Key  
 Into my hand was 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.<sup>780</sup>  
 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 issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;  
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.  
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,<sup>790</sup>  
 Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismaid,  
 And in embraces forcible and foule

Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth<sup>800</sup>  
Afresh with conscious terrours 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 involvd; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,  
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun<sup>810</sup>  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.  
She finish'd, and the suttile Fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change<sup>820</sup>  
Befalln 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 pretenses arm'd  
Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense  
To search with wandring quest a place foretold<sup>830</sup>  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death<sup>840</sup>  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
 With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
 He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe  
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.  
 The key of this infernal Pit by due,850  
 And by command of Heav'ns 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'rematcht by living might.  
 But what ow 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 confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,860  
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamors compasst round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.870  
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie  
 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound880  
 Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate  
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,  
 That with extended wings a Bannerd Host  
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

Before thir eyes in sudden view appear<sup>890</sup>  
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,  
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise  
Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring  
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag<sup>900</sup>  
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,<sup>910</sup>  
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt  
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 warie 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 eare less peal'd<sup>920</sup>  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,  
With all her battering Engines bent to rase  
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
In mutinie had from her Axle torn  
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak  
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League  
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides<sup>930</sup>  
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuitie: all unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him

As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,  
 Quencht in a Boggie *Syrteis*, neither Sea,  
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,940  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness  
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,  
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend  
 Ore 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 flyes:950  
 At length a universal hubbub wilde  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes  
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread960  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
 Of *Demogorgon*; Rumor next and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
 T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
*Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie,970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
 Wandring this darksome desart, 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 gloomie bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course;980  
 Directed, no mean recompence 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 Standerd there of *ancient Night*;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.  
 Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,990  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'ns 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  
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend1000  
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
 Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World  
 Hung ore 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 farr;  
 So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;  
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.  
 He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,1010  
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
 Into the wilde Expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd  
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks:  
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunnd  
*Charybdis*, and by th' other whirlpool steard.1020  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;  
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way  
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf  
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length  
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe  
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse1030  
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.



But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire  
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe  
With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040  
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermind square or round,  
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd  
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat; 1050  
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr  
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews 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 seduc't. 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 dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lymbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd 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 sealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.*

Hail holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't 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 then to th' *Orphean* Lyre  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,<sup>20</sup>  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath<sup>30</sup>  
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor somtimes forget  
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,  
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
 Tunes her noctural Note. Thus with the Year<sup>40</sup>  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
 Presented with a Universal blanc  
 Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.<sup>50</sup>  
 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 Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view:  
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven<sup>60</sup>  
 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld  
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
 Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,

Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there<sup>70</sup>  
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 onely Son foreseeing spake.  
Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage<sup>80</sup>  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay<sup>90</sup>  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
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<sup>100</sup>  
And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,  
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,  
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 despoild,  
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,<sup>110</sup>  
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;  
As if Predestination over-rul'd

Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 120  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I formed them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130  
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 glorie excel,  
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.  
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
Substantially express'd, and in his face 140  
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.  
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell 160  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self

Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170  
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew  
His lapsed 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 180  
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
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 warnd  
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incens'd Deitie while offerd grace  
Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
Mine eare 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 us'd 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 hard'nd, blind be blinded more, 200  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns  
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posteritie must die,  
Die hee or Justice must; unless for him 210

Som other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?  
He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw<sup>220</sup>  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.  
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all<sup>230</sup>  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,  
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die<sup>240</sup>  
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue<sup>250</sup>  
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,

Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeemd<sup>260</sup>  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilment; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.  
His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will<sup>270</sup>  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend  
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:  
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.<sup>280</sup>  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit<sup>290</sup>  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransomd with his own dear life.  
So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate<sup>300</sup>  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
Because thou hast, though Thron'd 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 then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,310  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
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 Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:320  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge330  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,340  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, 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, & to the ground350  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life

Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn  
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;  
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect<sup>360</sup>  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine<sup>370</sup>  
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, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,<sup>380</sup>  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein<sup>390</sup>  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,<sup>400</sup>  
Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:

No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,410  
 Love no where to be found less then 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 Fathers praise disjoine.  
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd420  
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
*Satan* alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
 Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
 Though distant farr som small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.430  
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,  
 Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,  
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids  
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs  
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines  
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:  
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend440  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other Creature in this place  
 Living or liveless to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
 With vanity had filld the works of men:  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life;450

All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;  
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
 Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;  
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,460  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:  
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World those Giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:  
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:  
 Others came single; hee who to be deemd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* flames,470  
*Empedocles*, and hee who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elysium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
 Embryos, and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr 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 disguis'd;480  
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
 And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs  
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;  
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems  
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
 A violent cross wind from either Coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see  
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost490  
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft  
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,

And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste<sup>500</sup>  
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw<sup>510</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 Skie,  
 And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.  
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,<sup>520</sup>  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by farr then that of after-times  
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,<sup>530</sup>  
 Over the *Promis'd 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 *Jordans* flood  
 To *Bēersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
 Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;  
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
*Satan* from hence now on the lower stair<sup>540</sup>  
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
 Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone  
 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,

Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some forein land  
 First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis  
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd, 550  
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling Canopie  
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears  
*Andromeda* farr off *Atlantick* Seas  
 Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole 560  
 He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds,  
 Or other Worlds they seem'd, or happy Iles,  
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move  
 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The Univers, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with anght on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;

If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
 In *Aarons* Brestplate, and a stone besides  
 Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below<sup>600</sup>  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
 Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt<sup>610</sup>  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazl'd, farr 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' *Æquator*, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray<sup>620</sup>  
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings  
 Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd  
 Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope<sup>630</sup>  
 To find who might direct his wandring flight  
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
 His journies 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 Cherube he appeers,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;  
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire<sup>640</sup>  
 In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,

His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known  
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n  
 Who in God's presence, neerest to his Throne  
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes<sup>650</sup>  
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O're Sea and Land; him *Satan* thus accostes.  
*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
 In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first are wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;  
 And here art likeliest by supream decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye<sup>660</sup>  
 To visit oft this new Creation round;  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;<sup>670</sup>  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
 The Universal Maker we may praise;  
 Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happie Race of Men  
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.<sup>680</sup>  
 So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisie, 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 wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
*Uriel*, though Regent of the Sun, and held<sup>690</sup>



The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule  
 In his uprightness answer thus returnd.  
 Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
 The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps<sup>700</sup>  
 Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
 I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
 This worlds material mould, came to a heap:  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar<sup>710</sup>  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,<sup>720</sup>  
 The rest in circuit walles 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 neighbouring Moon  
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,  
 With borrowd light her countenance triform<sup>730</sup>  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,  
*Adams* abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
 Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,

Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740  
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

*The End of the Third Book.*

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## 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 despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work thir fall; overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to [find him out](#) ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, lest the evill 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 question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

O for that warning voice, which he who saw  
 Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Wo to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
 While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd  
 The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage came down,  
 The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,<sup>10</sup>  
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
 Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
 And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract

His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr  
The Hell within him, for within him Hell<sup>20</sup>  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more then from himself can fly  
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:<sup>30</sup>  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.  
O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs  
Hide thir diminisht 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 Spheare;  
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down<sup>40</sup>  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:  
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return  
From me, whom be created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less then to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher<sup>50</sup>  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;  
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd<sup>60</sup>  
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, 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'ns free Love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.<sup>70</sup>  
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?  
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?<sup>80</sup>  
None left but by submission; and that word  
*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
Under what torments inwardly I groane:  
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
With Diadem and Scepter high advancd<sup>90</sup>  
The lower still I fall, onely Supream  
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.  
But say I could repent and could obtaine  
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon  
Would highth recal 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 reconcilement grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,<sup>100</sup>  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr  
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this World.  
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;  
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least<sup>110</sup>  
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;  
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.  
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face

Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
 Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraid  
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule  
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,120  
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
 That practisd falshood under saintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
 Yet not anough had practisd to deceive  
*Uriel* once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
 The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
 He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd all unobserv'd, unseen.130  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,  
 Access deni'd; and over head up grew  
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,  
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend140  
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher then that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams150  
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd  
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile  
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past160  
*Mosambic*, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
*Sabean* Odours from the spicie shoare

Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League  
Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent<sup>170</sup>  
From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.  
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East  
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt,<sup>180</sup>  
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 Wolfe,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeven  
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,<sup>190</sup>  
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles:  
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:  
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life  
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought  
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge<sup>200</sup>  
Of immortalitie. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East  
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line<sup>210</sup>

From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towrs  
 Of Great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
 Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile  
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;  
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd 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<sup>220</sup>  
 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 chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell<sup>230</sup>  
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
 Which from his darksom passage now appeers,  
 And now divided into four main Streams,  
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme  
 And Country whereof here needs no account,  
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
 With mazie error under pendant shades  
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed<sup>240</sup>  
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade  
 Imbound the noontide Bows: Thus was this place,  
 A happy rural seat of various view:  
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,  
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde  
 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,<sup>250</sup>  
 If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:  
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap  
 Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,  
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:  
 Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves  
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine



Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall<sup>260</sup>  
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,  
 Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.  
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*  
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance  
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field  
 Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathring flours  
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*<sup>270</sup>  
 Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove  
 Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd  
*Castalian* Spring might with this Paradise  
 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile  
 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 thir issue Guard,<sup>280</sup>  
 Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd  
 True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line  
 By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,  
 A whole dayes 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 Honour clad  
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,<sup>290</sup>  
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine  
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,  
 Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;  
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd;  
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,  
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:  
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd<sup>300</sup>  
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd

As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
 Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,310  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,  
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
 So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:320  
 So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair  
 That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since born  
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
 They sat them down, and after no more toil  
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease  
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite330  
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:  
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd340  
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase  
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;  
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pardes  
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd  
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass350  
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or Bedward ruminating; for the Sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer  
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale

Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:  
 When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.  
 O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,360  
 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 formd them on thir shape hath pourd.  
 Ah gentle pair, yee 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;  
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd370  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amitie so streight, 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 Makers work; he gave it me,380  
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,  
 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 ofspring; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,390  
 By conquering this new World, compels me now  
 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.  
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
 Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
 Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
 Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd  
 To mark what of thir state he more might learn400  
 By word or action markt: about them round  
 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,

Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both  
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.410  
Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then 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 rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires  
From us no other service then to keep420  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule  
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n430  
Over all other Creatures that possesse  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
His bountie, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.  
To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom440  
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Preëminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd450

Under a shade on flours, much wondring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe  
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
 Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,460  
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
 Bending to look on me, I started back,  
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,  
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies470  
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy  
 Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare  
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,  
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,  
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,  
 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,480  
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,  
 Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, 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  
 Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelld by manly grace490  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
 So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half imbracing leand  
 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

Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds<sup>500</sup>  
That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.  
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir 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,<sup>510</sup>  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,  
Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?<sup>520</sup>  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with designe  
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 unspi'd;  
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet<sup>530</sup>  
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
Yet happie 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're hil, o're dale his roam.  
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun<sup>540</sup>  
Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
Leveld his evening Rayes: it was a Rock  
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;550  
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares  
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
 Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
 In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner  
 From what point of his Compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.560  
*Gabriel*, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n  
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in;  
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man  
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;  
 But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks570  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.  
 To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfet sight,  
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
 See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come580  
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
 But if within the circuit of these walks  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.  
 So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd590  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'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 Eevening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;  
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,600  
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament  
 With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led  
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,  
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.  
 When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour610  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,  
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;620  
 While other Animals unactive range,  
 And of thir doings God takes no account.  
 To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East  
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
 Our [walks](#) at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:  
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,630  
 That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.  
 To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adorn'd.  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike.640  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun



When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:  
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends<sup>650</sup>  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,  
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,<sup>660</sup>  
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Least total darkness should by Night regaine  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down<sup>670</sup>  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns 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 ceasless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep<sup>680</sup>  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note  
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.  
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place<sup>690</sup>

Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to mans delightful use; the rooffe  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,  
*Iris* all hues, Roses, and Gessamin  
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, 700  
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower  
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,  
*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed, 710  
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd  
 More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods  
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son  
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd  
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.  
 Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720  
 Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd  
 The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n  
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe  
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
 Which we in our appointed work imployd  
 Have finisht happie 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 730  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
 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 thir inmost bower

Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesom disguises which wee wear, 740  
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene  
*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites  
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
 Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk  
 Of puritie and place and innocence,  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source 750  
 Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,  
 In Paradise of all things common else.  
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee  
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, 760  
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chast pronounc't,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,  
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,  
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof  
 Showrd 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 measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd  
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade, 780  
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.  
*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.  
 From these, two strong and suttile Spirits he calld

That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, 790  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*, 800  
 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach  
 The Organs of her Fancie, 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 distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear 810  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820  
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;  
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.  
 Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,  
 Why satst thou like an enemie in waite  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?  
 Know ye not then said *Satan*, filld with scorn  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;  
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown, 830  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
 To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known  
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;  
 That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.840  
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.  
 So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke  
 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace  
 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd  
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd850  
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
 Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,  
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can doe  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.  
 The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;  
 But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,  
 Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie  
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd860  
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind  
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
*Gabriel* from the Front thus call'd aloud.  
 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern  
*Ithuriel* and *Zephon* through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate870  
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
 Not likely to part hence without contest;  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.  
 He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd  
 And brief related whom they brought, wher found,  
 How busied, in what form and posture coucht.  
 To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
 Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress880  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;

Imploi'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 askt  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
 Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,890  
 And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
 Torment with ease, & soonest recompence  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
 To thee no reason; who knowst only good,  
 But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object  
 His will who bound us? let him surer barr  
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say;900  
 But that implies not violence or harme.  
 Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain910  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.  
 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 then they  
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,920  
 The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.  
 To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
 The blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,930

Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
 From hard assaies and ill successes past  
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
 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 Aire;940  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.  
 To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.  
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
 Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,  
*Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,950  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?  
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope960  
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre  
 Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.  
 So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.  
 Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,970  
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the y oak, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.  
 While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
 Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes

Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field<sup>980</sup>  
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd  
Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:  
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe  
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds<sup>990</sup>  
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise  
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope  
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire<sup>1000</sup>  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
*Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then  
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now  
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,<sup>1010</sup>  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign  
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*



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## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd 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 choycest 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 Adams 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, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

Now morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,  
When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for his sleep  
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song  
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*  
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,<sup>10</sup>  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field<sup>20</sup>  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.  
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,<sup>30</sup>  
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't, or morrows next designe,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksom night; methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake<sup>40</sup>  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes  
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Natures 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<sup>50</sup>  
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:  
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd  
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;  
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?<sup>60</sup>  
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?  
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme  
He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd  
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:  
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:<sup>70</sup>  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant growes,  
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?  
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,

Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,  
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see<sup>80</sup>  
 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 pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell  
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wondring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly<sup>90</sup>  
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night  
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.  
 Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule<sup>100</sup>  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these Fancies next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, 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 Fancies wakes<sup>110</sup>  
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Som such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last Eevnings 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 unapprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,<sup>120</sup>  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do:  
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more chearful and serene

Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells  
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall<sup>130</sup>  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.  
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,<sup>140</sup>  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,<sup>150</sup>  
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.  
These are thy glorious works Parent of good,  
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitst 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 yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,<sup>160</sup>  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.<sup>170</sup>  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,

Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.  
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.  
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth<sup>180</sup>  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceasless change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,  
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,<sup>190</sup>  
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 yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk<sup>200</sup>  
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
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 onely good; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.  
So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts  
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.<sup>210</sup>  
On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dowr th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld

With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd220  
*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd  
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.  
*Raphael*, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
*Satan* from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf  
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd  
 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 Bowre or shade230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
 To respite his day-labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happie state,  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
 Yet mutable, whence warne him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall  
 His danger, and from whom, what enemie  
 Late falln himself from Heaven, is plotting now240  
 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,  
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.  
 So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
 After his charge receivd; but from among  
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light250  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide  
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd260  
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
 Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie

Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing  
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare<sup>270</sup>  
 Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
 A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.  
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest  
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair<sup>280</sup>  
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile  
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise;  
 For on som message high they guesd him bound.<sup>290</sup>  
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
 And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
 A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discern'd, as in the dore he sat  
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun<sup>300</sup>  
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme  
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs;  
 And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
 Berrie 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<sup>310</sup>  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
 This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive

Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
 Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.320  
 To whom thus *Eve. Adam*, earths hallowd mould,  
 Of God inspir'd, 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 break,  
 Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth  
 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.330  
 So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds  
 In *India* East or West, or middle shoare  
 In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where340  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,  
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes  
 From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet350  
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits  
 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long  
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
 Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low,360  
 Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,



Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
 Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre  
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.<sup>370</sup>  
 Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.  
*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 Bowre  
 Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
 They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair<sup>380</sup>  
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
 Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
 Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.  
 Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God<sup>390</sup>  
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf  
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
 And on her ample Square from side to side  
 All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd<sup>400</sup>  
 The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps  
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.  
 To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require  
 As doth your Rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower facultie<sup>410</sup>  
 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, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.420  
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.  
 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  
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
 Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here430  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist440  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
 Minister'd naked, and thir flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.450  
 Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burd'nd 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 thir being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech

Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.460  
Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?  
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.  
O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,470  
If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending  
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves480  
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure  
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit  
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fansie and understanding, whence the soule  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.490  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance; time may come when men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend  
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;500  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happie state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more.  
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.  
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
 From center to circumference, whereon<sup>510</sup>  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*  
*Obedient?* can wee want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd 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 happie, owe to God;<sup>520</sup>  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfet, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntarie service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him<sup>530</sup>  
 Finde no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By Destinie, and can no other choose?  
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve.  
 Because wee freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:<sup>540</sup>  
 And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from Heav'n 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 eare  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love<sup>550</sup>  
 Our maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst  
 Hath past in Heav'n, som 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 finisht half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.560  
 Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
 After short pause assenting, thus began.  
 High matter thou injoinst 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 perfet while they stood; how last unfould  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good570  
 This is dispenc't, 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 shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?  
 As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde  
 Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now rests  
 Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day  
 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd580  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future) on such day  
 As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host  
 Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd  
 Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
 Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,  
 Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare  
 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve590  
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;  
 Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd  
 Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 A midst as from a flaming Mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.  
 Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,600  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,  
 Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare

My onely 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  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
United as one individual Soule<sup>610</sup>  
For ever happie: him who disobeyes  
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place  
Ordaind without redemption, without end.  
So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd but were not all.  
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare<sup>620</sup>  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem:  
And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. [Eevning approachd](#)  
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn<sup>630</sup>  
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet  
<sup>636-9</sup> On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crownd,  
They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortalitie and joy, secure  
Of surfet where full measure onely bounds  
Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd <sup>1674</sup>  
Are fill'd before th' all bounteous King, who showrd  
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.  
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade<sup>640</sup>  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd  
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,

(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng  
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,650  
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course  
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
*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 favour and præeminence, yet fraught  
 With envie against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour by his great Father, and proclaimd660  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaird.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.  
 Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close670  
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
 Of Heav'ns Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;  
 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 thou680  
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The Quarters of the North, there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King  
 The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.690  
 So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
 Of his Associate; hee 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 disincumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound<sup>700</sup>  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
And from within the golden Lamps that burne<sup>710</sup>  
Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure  
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim<sup>720</sup>  
Of Deitie 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 trie  
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all imploy  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.  
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer<sup>730</sup>  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,  
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate  
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event  
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<sup>740</sup>  
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,



Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.  
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globose<sup>750</sup>  
Stretcht 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  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
Affecting all equality with God,<sup>760</sup>  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,  
If these magnific Titles yet remain<sup>770</sup>  
Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross't  
All Power, and us eclipst under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,<sup>780</sup>  
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 chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves  
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possest before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.<sup>790</sup>

Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchie over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
 In freedome equal? or can introduce  
 Law and Edict on us, who without law  
 Erre 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 farr his bold discourse without controule<sup>800</sup>  
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
 The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.  
 O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne<sup>810</sup>  
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,  
 That to his only Son by right endu'd  
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of libertie, who made<sup>820</sup>  
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
 And of our good, and of our dignitie  
 How provident he is, how farr from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happie state under one Head more neer  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,<sup>830</sup>  
 Or all Angelic Nature joind 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 thir bright degrees,  
 Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,

But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
 One of our number thus reduc't becomes, 840  
 His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
 Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,  
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.  
 So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
 That we were formd then saist thou? & the work 850  
 Of secundarie hands, by task transferd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw  
 When this creation was? rememberst 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-rai'd  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons. 860  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.  
 He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
 Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause 870  
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.  
 O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
 Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
 Determind, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
 Of Gods *Messiah*: those indulgent Laws 880  
 Will not now be voutsaf't, other Decrees  
 Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly

These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.890  
Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.  
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshak'n, uneduc'd, unterrifi'd  
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,900  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

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## BOOK VI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; But they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee 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 prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.*

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie 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 dore  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre<sup>10</sup>  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyreal, from before her vanisht Night,  
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found  
Already known what he for news had thought<sup>20</sup>  
To have reported: gladly then he mixt  
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice  
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintaind<sup>30</sup>  
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;  
 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
 Universal reproach, far worse to beare  
 Then violence: for this was all thy care  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Then scordnd thou didst depart, and to subdue<sup>40</sup>  
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
 Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
 And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;  
 Equal in number to that Godless crew  
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms<sup>50</sup>  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
 Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.  
 So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
 Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:<sup>60</sup>  
 At which command the Powers Militant,  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
 Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,  
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides<sup>70</sup>  
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground  
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
 Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind  
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
 Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
 Thir 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  
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht<sup>80</sup>  
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
 The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on  
 With furious expedition; for they weend  
 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 thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain<sup>90</sup>  
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate<sup>100</sup>  
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
 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 cloudie Van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
 Came trowing, arm'd in Adamant and Gold;<sup>110</sup>  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd 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 realtie  
 Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might  
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd<sup>120</sup>  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,

When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.  
So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.130  
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
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 rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow140  
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelmd  
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest  
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith  
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seemed in thy World erroneous to dissent  
From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.  
Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre150  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win160  
From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;  
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring Spirits, trained up in Feast and Song;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.170  
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.  
Apostat still thou errst, nor end wilt find



Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180  
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;  
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve  
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while  
 From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.  
 So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190  
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth  
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat  
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd  
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout, 200  
 Presage of Victorie and fierce desire  
 Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound  
 Th' 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 joyn'd  
 The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles 210  
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
 And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
 So under fierie Cope together rush'd  
 Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
 Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
 Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of firc encountring Angels fought 220

On either side, the least of whom could weild  
 These Elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power  
 Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
 Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;  
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
 And limited thir might; though numberd such  
 As each divided Legion might have seemd<sup>230</sup>  
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
 A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,  
 As onely in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame<sup>240</sup>  
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred  
 That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
 Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale  
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes  
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd<sup>250</sup>  
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
 A vast circumference: At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown<sup>260</sup>  
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.  
 Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime

Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright<sup>270</sup>  
 And faithful, now prov'd 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 Warr.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
 Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.<sup>280</sup>  
 So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
 The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats  
 To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,<sup>290</sup>  
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,  
 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.  
 They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth<sup>300</sup>  
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion arms  
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth<sup>310</sup>  
 Great things by small, if Natures concord broke,  
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung,  
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,  
 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.  
 Together both with next to *Almightie Arme*,

Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeate,  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd  
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword<sup>320</sup>  
 Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God  
 Was giv'n him temperd 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 sheere, nor staid,  
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd  
 All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd<sup>330</sup>  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of warr: there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame<sup>340</sup>  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr 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 Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:  
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,<sup>350</sup>  
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd  
 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
 Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,  
 And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound  
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n  
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon<sup>360</sup>  
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes  
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,

Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight,  
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.  
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy  
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow<sup>370</sup>  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence  
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men; the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.<sup>380</sup>  
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.  
And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd<sup>390</sup>  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:<sup>400</sup>  
Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,  
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.  
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:  
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field<sup>410</sup>  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;  
And in the midst thus undismai'd began.  
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes  
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,  
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,420  
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,  
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,  
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)  
What Heavens Lord had powerfulest to send  
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now  
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,430  
Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
Since now we find this our Emyreal forme  
Incapable of mortal injurie  
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
Of evil then so small as easie think  
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,440  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.  
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,  
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.450  
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 armes to fight in paine,  
Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,460

But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfet miserie, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturnes  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.  
Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright<sup>470</sup>  
Beleivst 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  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,  
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth<sup>480</sup>  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hollow Engins long and round  
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
From far with thundring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd<sup>490</sup>  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird.  
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee  
To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race<sup>501</sup>  
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With dev'lish machination might devise  
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood, innumerable hands

Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath<sup>510</sup>  
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
They found, they mingl'd, and with suttle Art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:  
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.<sup>520</sup>  
So all ere day-spring, under conscios Night  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unespi'd.  
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,  
Each quarter, to descie the distant foe,<sup>530</sup>  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow  
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
*Zophiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.  
Arme, Warriours, Arme 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 settl'd in his face I see<sup>540</sup>  
Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizling showr,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
And onward move Embattelld; when behold<sup>550</sup>  
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd



*Satan:* And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open brest<sup>560</sup>  
Stand readie 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: yee 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 retir'd.<sup>570</sup>  
Which to our eyes discoverd 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 Firr  
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,<sup>580</sup>  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscurd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar  
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail  
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host<sup>590</sup>  
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;  
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.  
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse<sup>600</sup>  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row

In posture to displace thir second tire  
Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir 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 wee,<sup>610</sup>  
To entertain them fair with open Front  
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd  
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
For joy of offerd 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 gamesom mood.<sup>620</sup>  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.  
So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might<sup>630</sup>  
To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n<sup>640</sup>  
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)  
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,  
From thir foundations loosning to and fro  
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,  
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops  
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,  
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row<sup>650</sup>  
They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence  
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,

Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
 Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,  
 Thir armor help'd their harm, crush't in and brus'd  
 Into thir 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,660  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like Armes  
 Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;  
 So Hills amid the Air encountered Hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
 Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,670  
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
 To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
 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 Glorie, Son belov'd,680  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
 Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,690  
 Save what sin hath impaired, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found:  
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,  
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes  
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr700

Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine  
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
 In Heavn and Hell thy Power above compare,  
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,<sup>710</sup>  
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles  
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
 From all Heav'ns 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 Rayes direct  
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest<sup>720</sup>  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.  
 O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
 To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd declarst thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,<sup>730</sup>  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st;  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
 To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,<sup>740</sup>  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
 Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
 Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
 So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
 And the third sacred Morn began to shine

Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-wind sound  
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, 750  
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,  
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd  
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all  
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels  
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;  
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd 760  
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,  
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770  
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:  
Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd  
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.  
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780  
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewed,  
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,  
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790  
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall

In universal ruin last, and now  
To final Battel drew, disdainning flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
To all his Host on either hand thus spake.800  
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold810  
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream  
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
Hath honourd me according to his will.  
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'd;  
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee  
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength820  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;  
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.  
So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.  
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.830  
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles  
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;  
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode840  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the Mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell

His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,850  
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
 The overthrow he rais'd, and as a Heard  
 Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd  
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,860  
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
 Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight  
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth  
 Burnt 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.870  
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall  
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last  
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.  
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes880  
*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turnd:  
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
 With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,  
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
 Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd890  
 On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth  
At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human Race bin hid:  
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld  
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,<sup>900</sup>  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake  
His punishment, Eternal miserie;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite don against the most High,  
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.  
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard  
By terrible Example the reward<sup>910</sup>  
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*



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## 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, declar'd 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 reascention into Heaven.*

Descend from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play<sup>10</sup>  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,  
Thy tempering; with like safetie guided down  
Return me to my Native Element:  
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Clime)  
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn.<sup>20</sup>  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes 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,<sup>30</sup>  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race  
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard

In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.  
 Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,<sup>40</sup>  
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware  
 Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven  
 To those Apostates, least the like befall  
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obeyd amid the choice  
 Of all tast else to please thir appetite.  
 Though wandring. He with his consorted *Eve*<sup>50</sup>  
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration, and deep Muse to heare  
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss  
 With such confusion: but the evil soon  
 Driv'n 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<sup>60</sup>  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What neerer 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 memorie, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.  
 Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,<sup>70</sup>  
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
 Divine Interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne  
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receave with solemne purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't<sup>80</sup>  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps availe us known,  
How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause<sup>90</sup>  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest  
Through all Eternitie so late to build  
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould  
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske  
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
To magnifie his works, the more we know.  
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,<sup>100</sup>  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His Generation, and the rising Birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon  
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence, and Sleep listning 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 answerd milde.<sup>110</sup>  
This also thy request with caution askt  
Obtaine: though to recount Almightye 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 glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain<sup>120</sup>  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,  
Onely Omniscient hath suppress in Night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
Anough 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 Surfet, and soon turns  
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.<sup>130</sup>

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
Into his place, and the great Son returnd  
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.  
At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deitie supream, us dispossesst,  
He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;  
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines  
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes  
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:  
But least his heart exalt him in the harme 150  
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another World, out of one man a Race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth, 160  
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:  
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 uncircumscrib'd my self retire, 170  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, 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  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,

So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180  
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just; to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, in stead  
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
On his great Expedition now appeer'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,  
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,  
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide  
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.  
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:  
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode  
Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn; 220  
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Traine  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe

This Universe, and all created things:  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,  
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,<sup>230</sup>  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter uniform'd and void: Darkness profound  
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to several place<sup>240</sup>  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.  
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
To journie through the airie gloom began,  
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere<sup>250</sup>  
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld:  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd  
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.<sup>260</sup>  
Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
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 hee the World  
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide<sup>270</sup>  
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n

And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.  
 The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth  
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,280  
 Fermented the great 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 appeer.  
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer  
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:  
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they290  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;  
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call  
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,  
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,300  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,  
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yeilding Seed,310  
 And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;  
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
 Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd  
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept320  
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
 Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,

And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit: or gemm'd  
Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,  
With tufts the vallies & each fountain side,  
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt<sup>330</sup>  
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 dewie Mist  
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide<sup>340</sup>  
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,  
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
Thir 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 thir use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,  
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day<sup>350</sup>  
In thir 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 mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd<sup>360</sup>  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds [his](#) horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
So farr remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,<sup>370</sup>



Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray  
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in level West was set  
His mirror with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keepes  
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,380  
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.  
And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
Display'd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.390  
And God created the great Whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by thir kinde,  
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
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 Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales400  
Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales  
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,  
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk410  
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge<sup>420</sup>  
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork  
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:  
 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's  
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane<sup>430</sup>  
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings  
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit<sup>440</sup>  
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.  
 The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,<sup>450</sup>  
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,  
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
 Each in thir kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
 Op'ning her fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
 Innumeros living Creatures, perfet formes,  
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:<sup>460</sup>  
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.  
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,

The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould<sup>470</sup>  
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land  
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans  
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:  
These as a line thir long dimension drew,<sup>480</sup>  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept  
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd  
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone<sup>490</sup>  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,  
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown  
The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes  
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld  
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand<sup>500</sup>  
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt  
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;  
There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect  
His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence<sup>510</sup>  
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 Supream, who made him chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (For where is not hee  
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.  
Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule<sup>520</sup>  
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee  
Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,<sup>530</sup>  
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
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 thir pleasant fruit for food<sup>540</sup>  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,  
Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish't the Sixt day:<sup>550</sup>  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
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 shew'd  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire<sup>560</sup>  
Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)  
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,

The Planets in thir [stations](#) list'ning stood,  
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
The great Creator from his work returnd  
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne  
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men<sup>570</sup>  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged 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 Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,  
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way  
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest<sup>580</sup>  
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh  
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne  
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
With his great Father, for he also went  
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,<sup>590</sup>  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
Choral or Unison; of incense Clouds  
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.<sup>600</sup>  
Creation and the Six dayes 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  
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
Is greater then created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine<sup>610</sup>

Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
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 farr, founded in view  
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's<sup>620</sup>  
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st  
Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
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<sup>630</sup>  
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.  
So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
With *Halleluiahs*: 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 memorie was don  
From the beginning, that posteritie  
Informd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.<sup>640</sup>

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

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## BOOK VIII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: 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 *Adams* Eare  
So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;  
Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.]  
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard<sup>10</sup>  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glorie attributed to the high  
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
Which onely thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,

1-4 These lines were added in the second edition, (1674), when Book VII was divided into two at line 640. Line 641 had read: 'To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.'

An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such<sup>20</sup>  
Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all thir vast survey  
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler Bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose<sup>30</sup>

Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
 That better might with farr less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
 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 swiftnesse Number failes.  
 So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*<sup>40</sup>  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd 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 Flours,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her eare  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,<sup>50</sup>  
*Adam* relating, she sole Auditress;  
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as *Queen*<sup>60</sup>  
 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 propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.  
 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 learne  
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares;  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,<sup>70</sup>  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide



Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild<sup>80</sup>  
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest  
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves  
The benefit: consider first, that Great<sup>90</sup>  
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
Though, in comparison of Heav'n so small,  
Nor glistering, may of solid good containe  
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd  
His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak<sup>100</sup>  
The Makers high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd 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 adde  
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,<sup>110</sup>  
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,<sup>120</sup>  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different Motions move?130  
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
 Travelling East, and with her part averse  
 From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light140  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night  
 This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
 Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
 Communicating Male and Female Light,150  
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in Nature unpossest  
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
 Down to this habitable, which returnes  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n160  
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou170  
 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 lowlie wise:  
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;

Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd  
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.  
To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.  
How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure<sup>180</sup>  
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 farr off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we our selves  
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.  
But apte the Mind or Fancie is to roave  
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,<sup>190</sup>  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and suttle, 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 concerne  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, 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<sup>200</sup>  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was don  
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
How suttly to detaine 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,<sup>210</sup>  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.  
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<sup>220</sup>  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace

Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'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,230  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
Or enemie, while God was in his work,  
Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut240  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.  
So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
For Man to tell how human Life began250  
Is hard: for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep  
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright260  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,  
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, [as](#) lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,270

Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
 What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
 And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power præeminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,<sup>280</sup>  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier then I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
 Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state<sup>290</sup>  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And livd: 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 prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,<sup>300</sup>  
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
 Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream<sup>310</sup>  
 Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,  
 Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
 Said mildely, 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 eate:320  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate 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 warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st therefore, my sole command  
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;330  
From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,340  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave  
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
With low subjection; understand the same  
Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
Not hither summond, since they cannot change  
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
Approaching two and two, These cowering low350  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd  
My sudden apprehension: but in these  
I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.  
O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,  
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,360  
And all this good to man, for whose well being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal  
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee  
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 bright'nd, thus repli'd.  
 What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
 With various living creatures, and the Aire<sup>370</sup>  
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.  
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.  
 Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.<sup>380</sup>  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?  
 Among unequals what societie  
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate<sup>390</sup>  
 All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce  
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
 Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
 A nice and suttile happiness I see  
 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice<sup>400</sup>  
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
 What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possest  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all Eternitie, for none I know  
 Second to mee 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 inferiour, infinite descents<sup>410</sup>  
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
 He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;

Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;<sup>420</sup>  
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 society although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy Creature to what height thou wilt<sup>430</sup>  
Of Union or Communion, deify'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacency find.  
Thus I embolden'd spoke, and freedom us'd  
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 nam'd, but of thy self,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,<sup>440</sup>  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spok'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 assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,<sup>450</sup>  
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.  
Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,  
Which it had long stood under, streind to the height  
In that celestial Colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazzl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the Cell<sup>460</sup>  
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 op'nd my left side, and took  
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd:  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,470  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:480  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: One she came,  
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd  
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.  
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.490  
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe  
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.  
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,500  
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,  
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre510

I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
And happie Constellations on that houre  
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr  
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.<sup>520</sup>  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,  
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,<sup>530</sup>  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
For well I understand in the prime end<sup>540</sup>  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuosest, discreetest, best;<sup>550</sup>  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;  
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe

About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.560  
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;  
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;570  
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
Then self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
And to realities yeild all her shows;  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight580  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findst  
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 seat590  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.  
To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.  
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,600  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;  
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.

Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free<sup>610</sup>  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
 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 thir Love  
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?  
 To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st<sup>620</sup>  
 Us happie, 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, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:  
 Easier then 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<sup>630</sup>  
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperian* sets, my Signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed least Passion sway  
 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall<sup>640</sup>  
 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 sovran goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind<sup>650</sup>  
 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 Bowre.

*The End of the Eighth Book.*

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## BOOK IX.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal 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 wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd 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 pleas'd with the taste deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amas'd, 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 thir 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 us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,<sup>10</sup>  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth  
Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage  
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,  
Or *Neptun*'s ire or *Juno*'s, that so long  
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea*'s Son;  
If answerable style I can obtaine<sup>20</sup>  
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights<sup>30</sup>  
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights  
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;  
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
Not that which justly gives Heroic name<sup>40</sup>  
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.  
The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter<sup>50</sup>  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats  
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On mans 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 descri'd<sup>60</sup>  
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
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 wraught the change,<sup>70</sup>  
 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 involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
 From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Mæotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;  
 Downward as farr Antartic; and in length  
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd<sup>80</sup>  
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flows  
*Ganges* and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found  
 The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide<sup>90</sup>  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native suttletie  
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieffe  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not prefer'd  
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built<sup>100</sup>  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers<sup>110</sup>  
 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't thee round  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
 Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,



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<sup>120</sup>  
 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 maistring Heav'ns Supream;  
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For onely in destroying I finde ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,<sup>130</sup>  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days  
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed<sup>140</sup>  
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
 More Angels to Create, if they at least  
 Are his Created or to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,<sup>150</sup>  
 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 pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
 Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde<sup>160</sup>  
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie foulds  
 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 constraind  
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,

This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last<sup>170</sup>  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.  
So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on<sup>180</sup>  
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
[Not](#) nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
With act intelligential; but his sleep<sup>190</sup>  
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne  
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd  
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,  
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair  
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:<sup>200</sup>  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.  
*Adam*, well may we labour still to dress  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.  
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,<sup>210</sup>  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise  
Or [hear](#) what to my mind first thoughts present,

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I  
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day<sup>220</sup>  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' 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 deare,  
Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd  
How we might best fulfill the work which here<sup>230</sup>  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, then to studie household good,  
And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr 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 deni'd, and are of Love the food,<sup>240</sup>  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt 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 yeild.  
For solitude somtimes is best societie,  
And short retirement urges sweet returne.<sup>250</sup>  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst  
What hath bin 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 joynd, where each  
To other speedie aide might lend at need;<sup>260</sup>  
Whether his first design be to withdraw

Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.  
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
 To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,<sup>270</sup>  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd.  
 Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe<sup>280</sup>  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
 Can either not receive, or can repell.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs  
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest,  
*Adam*, misstought of her to thee so dear?  
 To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.<sup>290</sup>  
 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 it self, intended by our Foe.  
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff  
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,<sup>300</sup>  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive

Access in every Vertue, in thy sight<sup>310</sup>  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.  
 So spake domestick *Adam* in his care  
 And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought  
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,<sup>320</sup>  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.  
 If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
 Single with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns<sup>330</sup>  
 Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard  
 By us? who rather double honour gaine  
 From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid  
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
 Let us not then suspect our happie State  
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,<sup>340</sup>  
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.  
 To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
 Against his will he can receive no harme.<sup>350</sup>  
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and missinforme the Will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,

That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet<sup>360</sup>  
 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 avoide  
 Were better, and most likeli if from mee  
 Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde<sup>370</sup>  
 Us both securer then thus warn'd thou seemst,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
 Go in thy native innocence, relie  
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
 So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*  
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.  
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd onely, that our trial, when least sought,<sup>380</sup>  
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I goe, 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 Husbands hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,  
 Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd,<sup>390</sup>  
 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,  
[Lickest](#) she seem'd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,  
 Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne  
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd<sup>400</sup>  
 To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!

Thou never from that houre in Paradise  
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back<sup>410</sup>  
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,  
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde  
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet<sup>420</sup>  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
*Eve* separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustained, them she upstaies<sup>430</sup>  
 Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:  
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd<sup>440</sup>  
*Alcinous*, host of old *Laertes* Son,  
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King  
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.  
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
 As one who long in populous City pent,  
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,<sup>450</sup>  
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,

She most, and in her looks sums all Delight.  
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*  
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
Of gesture or lest action overawd460  
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
But the hot Hell that always in him burnes,  
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 soon470  
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 alone480  
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 hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love490  
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.  
So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd  
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;500  
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect



Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd  
*Hermione* and *Cadmus*, or the God  
 In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd  
*Ammonian Jove*, or *Capitoline* was seen,  
 Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore  
*Scipio* the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique<sup>510</sup>  
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought  
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
 Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the Field,<sup>520</sup>  
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,<sup>530</sup>  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.  
 Wonder not, sovran 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 feard  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore<sup>540</sup>  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd: 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, ador'd and serv'd  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.  
 So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;

Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,550  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounce't  
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?  
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
Created mute to all articulat sound;  
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field560  
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
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 reply'd.  
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all  
What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obeyd:570  
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 roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense580  
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats  
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
For high from ground the branches would require590  
Thy utmost reach or *Adams*: 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 plentie hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd 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<sup>600</sup>  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.  
 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 Beauties heav'nly Ray  
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come<sup>610</sup>  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.  
 So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and *Eve*  
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
 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,<sup>620</sup>  
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.  
 To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.<sup>630</sup>  
 Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way<sup>640</sup>  
 To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
 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 spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.650  
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 our selves, our Reason is our Law.  
To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?  
To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,660  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.  
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act  
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.  
As when of old som Orator renound670  
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause adressd,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.  
O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power680  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
To Knowledge: By the Threatner? look on mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.690  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade  
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 shunnd?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;700  
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,710  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.  
And what are Gods that Man may not become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,720  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
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 envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly brests? these, these and many more730  
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 easie entrance won:  
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd  
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;  
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell740  
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Sollicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.  
Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,  
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,  
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use, 750  
Conceales 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 inferrs 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 binde not. But if Death 760  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us deni'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?  
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780  
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 guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fansied so, through expectation high

Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.790  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,  
 And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.  
 O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest  
 To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise800  
 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 envie what they cannot give;  
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.810  
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
 High and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
 About him. But to *Adam* in what sort  
 Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power820  
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesireable, 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,830  
*Adam* shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.  
 So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,  
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd

From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne<sup>840</sup>  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown  
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; hee the faulting 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,  
 Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand<sup>850</sup>  
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address.  
 Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
 Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,<sup>860</sup>  
 The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:  
 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 bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth<sup>870</sup>  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
 Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes  
 Dimm 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, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.<sup>880</sup>  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
 Least thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.



Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told;  
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
 On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
 The fatal Trespass done by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill<sup>890</sup>  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*  
 Down drop'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 Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,<sup>900</sup>  
 Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
 And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to Die;  
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?<sup>910</sup>  
 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 after thoughts disturbd  
 Submitting to what seemd remediless,  
 Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.<sup>920</sup>  
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,  
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first<sup>930</sup>  
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man

Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,940  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
For us created, needs with us must faile,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
Us to bolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first  
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?950  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.  
So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.960  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
*Adam*, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,970  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact980  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd

Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
 Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
 Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
 And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.  
 So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy<sup>990</sup>  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
 In recompence (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
 But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again<sup>1000</sup>  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
 Wept at compleating 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 lov'd societie, that now  
 As with new Wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel  
 Divinitie within them breeding wings<sup>1010</sup>  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
 Farr other operation first displaid,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*  
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
 Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.  
*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And Palate call judicious; I the praise<sup>1020</sup>  
 Yeild 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,  
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
 For never did thy Beautie since the day

I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd1030  
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bountie of this vertuous 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 seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd  
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,1040  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilerating vapour bland  
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscios dreams1050  
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds  
 How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong  
*Herculean Samson* from the Harlot-lap1060  
 Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
 Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.  
 O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare  
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes1070  
 Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both Good and Evil Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
 Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staid,  
 And in our Faces evident the signes

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face<sup>1080</sup>  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.<sup>1090</sup>  
 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 sowl,  
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.  
 So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose<sup>1100</sup>  
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known  
 In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes  
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;  
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate  
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves<sup>1110</sup>  
 They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,  
 And with what skill they had, together sowl,  
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* so girt  
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part  
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,<sup>1120</sup>  
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
 Rained at thir Eyes, but high Winds wo

*The End of the Ninth Book.*

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## BOOK X.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, 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 cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir 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; thir 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, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew 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 foretels 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 fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Ofspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.*

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act  
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how  
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,  
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulst<sup>10</sup>  
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 penaltie,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln<sup>20</sup>  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pitie, violated not thir bliss.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,<sup>30</sup>  
And easily approv'd; when the most High  
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.  
Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,  
Nor troubl'd 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<sup>40</sup>  
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't  
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 denounc't that day,  
Which he presumes already vain and void,<sup>50</sup>  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.  
Easie it [may](#) be seen that I intend  
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd<sup>60</sup>  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,

And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.  
So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright  
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.  
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd<sup>70</sup>  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine  
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none<sup>80</sup>  
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.  
Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
Of high collateral glorie: 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 strait; the speed of Gods<sup>90</sup>  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low  
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The Evening coole when he from wrauth more coole  
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
And from his presence his themselves among<sup>100</sup>  
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.  
Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:  
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, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd; 110  
Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.  
Whence *Adam* faulting long, thus answer'd brief.  
I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.  
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoyc't, how is it now become 120  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?  
To whom thus *Adam* sore beset repli'd.  
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
By my complaint; but strict necessitie  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Least on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.  
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;  
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.  
To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd 150  
Hers in all real dignitie: 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 beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self 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 160  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.  
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.  
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transerre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd  
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 accurst  
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed; 180  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.  
So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.  
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.  
On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof, 200  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate 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 returne.  
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day<sup>210</sup>  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now  
As Father of his Familie he clad  
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:  
Nor hee outward onely with the Skins<sup>220</sup>  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,  
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
All, though all-knowning, what had past with Man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,<sup>230</sup>  
In counterview within the Gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Farr 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 ofspring deare? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n<sup>240</sup>  
By his [Avenger](#), 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 drawes me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along:<sup>250</sup>  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe

Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
Where Satan now prevales, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,260  
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.  
Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.  
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of Death from all things there that live:  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest270  
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 Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd  
With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.  
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,280  
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.  
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark  
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive290  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on300  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge

Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
*Xerxes*, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,  
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*  
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd,310  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare  
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable; and now in little space320  
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
*Satan* in likeness of an Angel bright  
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering  
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:  
Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear330  
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, 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 thir shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd  
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth340  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire  
Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gatherd 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*, neer the foot  
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.

Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight<sup>350</sup>  
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.  
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.  
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:  
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,  
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks<sup>360</sup>  
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 atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay<sup>370</sup>  
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by th' Emphyreal bounds,<sup>380</sup>  
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.  
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.  
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,<sup>390</sup>  
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm  
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,  
You two this way, among [those](#) numerous Orbs

All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercise and in the Aire,400  
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
Penipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now  
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell  
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.  
So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed410  
Thir course through thickest Constellations held  
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,  
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips  
Then sufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down  
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side  
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,  
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those420  
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,  
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud seate  
Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,  
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.  
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand  
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance  
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.430  
As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe  
By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines  
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes  
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat  
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour thir great adventurer from the search440  
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
In shew plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which under state

Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad<sup>450</sup>  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng  
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy  
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention won.  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,<sup>460</sup>  
For in possession such, not onely of right,  
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,  
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine<sup>470</sup>  
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
Th' untractable Abyesse, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,  
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare  
Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found<sup>480</sup>  
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
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 beloved Man and all his World,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,<sup>490</sup>  
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man,  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.



True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,500  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: What remaines, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss.  
So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Thir universal shout and high applause  
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long  
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;510  
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power  
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories520  
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters, head and taile,  
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,  
*Cerastes* hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,  
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil  
Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle  
*Ophiusa*) but still greatest hee the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun  
Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime,530  
Huge *Python*, 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 thir glorious Chief;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,540  
They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,

Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,  
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that<sup>550</sup>  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*  
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or shame;  
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snakie locks  
That curld *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd<sup>560</sup>  
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
With hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell<sup>570</sup>  
Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd  
And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld<sup>580</sup>  
*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.  
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,  
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.590  
Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,  
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd  
With travail difficult, not better farr  
Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have sate watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?  
Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems600  
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.  
To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours  
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
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 wayes,610  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almightye seeing  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice.  
See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute620  
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his Adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yeilded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth630  
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last  
Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.

Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:  
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.640  
 Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud  
 Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mightie Angels gave them several charge,650  
 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 tollerable, and from the North to call  
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring  
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
 In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*,  
 Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne660  
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
 Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense  
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd670  
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun  
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
 Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n  
*Atlantick* Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins  
 Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine  
 By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,  
 As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change  
 Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those680  
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight  
 Had rounded still th' *Horison*, and not known  
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow

From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr  
 Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit  
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the World  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, 690  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,  
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
 Brusting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud  
 And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn; 700  
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
 From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libecchio*. Thus began  
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle, 710  
 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  
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.  
 O miserable of happie! is this the end? 720  
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end  
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*, 730  
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease  
 Or multiplie, 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 mee  
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
On mee as on thir natural center light<sup>740</sup>  
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
Concurd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resigne, and render back  
All I receav'd, unable to performe<sup>750</sup>  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penaltie, 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 refusd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son<sup>760</sup>  
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 returne:<sup>770</sup>  
O welcom hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse<sup>780</sup>  
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me

With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
Which God inspir'd, 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<sup>790</sup>  
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrauth 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<sup>800</sup>  
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,  
For angers sake, finite to infinite  
In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour  
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend  
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
By which all Causes else according still  
To the reception of thir matter act,  
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie<sup>810</sup>  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defensless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!<sup>820</sup>  
So disinherited how would ye bless  
Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
Not to do onely, but to will the same  
With me; how can [they acquitted](#) stand  
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes  
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain

And reasonings, though through Mazes, leads me still<sup>830</sup>  
But to my own conviction: first and last  
On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,  
Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fearest, alike destroyes all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future,<sup>840</sup>  
To *Satan* onely 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 plung'd!  
Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
Wholsom 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<sup>850</sup>  
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice Divine not hast'n 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 Bowrs,<sup>860</sup>  
With other echo late I taught your Shades  
To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,  
Desolate where she sate, 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 leagu'd, thy self as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew<sup>870</sup>  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
And wandring vanitie, when lest 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 beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather than solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890  
This noveltie 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 Femal 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, 900  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind  
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound  
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.  
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910  
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught  
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 beare thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920  
My onely 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 joyning,  
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie

Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
On me already lost, mee, then thy self  
More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou<sup>930</sup>  
Against God onely, I against god and thee,  
And to the place of judgement will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.  
She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented<sup>940</sup>  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.  
Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine<sup>950</sup>  
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,  
And my displeasure bearst 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 frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of Love, how we may light'n<sup>960</sup>  
Each others burden in our share of woe;  
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,  
A long days dying to augment our paine,  
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.  
To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.  
*Adam*, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,<sup>970</sup>  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,

Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
Tending to som 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, devourd980  
By Death at last, and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring  
Into this cursed World a woful Race,  
That after wretched Life must be at last  
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power  
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent  
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, Childless remaine:  
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two990  
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be miserie  
And torment less then none of what we dread,  
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,1000  
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply  
With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy.  
She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.  
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,1010  
To better hopes his more attentive minde  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.  
*Eve*, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee somthing more sublime  
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end1020  
Of miserie, so thinking to evade

The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death  
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
Som safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to minde with heed<sup>1030</sup>  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.<sup>1040</sup>  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely  
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 judg'd  
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee<sup>1050</sup>  
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear<sup>1060</sup>  
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish  
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr

Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams 1070  
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down  
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,  
And what may else be remedie or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080  
Hee 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, then 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 1090  
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 mercie shon?  
So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*  
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100  
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*The End of the Tenth Book.*

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## 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: Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.*

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above  
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd  
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port  
Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair<sup>10</sup>  
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine  
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers  
Flew up, nor missd the way, by envious windes  
Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they passd  
Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
By thir great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son<sup>20</sup>  
Presenting, thus to intercede began.  
See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare<sup>30</sup>  
To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee

Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
And propitiation, all his works on mee  
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me as I with thee am one.  
To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal Elements that know 50  
No gross, no unharmoneous mixture foule,  
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endowd, with Happiness  
And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,  
This other serv'd but to eternize woe; 60  
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes  
His final remedie, and after Life  
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,  
Wak't in the renovation of the just,  
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
But let us call to Synod all the Blest  
Through Heavn's wide bounds; from them I will not hide  
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70  
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.  
He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watch'd, hee blew  
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. Th' Angelic blast  
Filld all the Regions: from thir blissful Bows  
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,  
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate  
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light 80

Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream  
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will.  
O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,<sup>90</sup>  
My motions in him, longer then they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Least 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 soile.  
*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim<sup>100</sup>  
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, lest the Fiend  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
To them and to thir Progenie from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears<sup>110</sup>  
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,  
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;  
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<sup>120</sup>  
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.  
He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd  
For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each



Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape  
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than those 130  
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful than to drouze,  
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the World with sacred Light  
*Leucothea* wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*  
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd. 140  
*Eve*, easily may Faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concerne the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne  
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught  
 By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
 Home to my brest, and to my memorie  
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee  
*Eve* rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.  
 To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
 Ill worthie I such title should belong  
 To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind  
 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't  
 The sourse of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, 170  
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,

Where our days work lies, though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.180  
 So spake, so wish'd much humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest  
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,  
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
 First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;  
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.190  
*Adam* observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.  
 O *Eve*, some furdur change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penaltie, because from death releast  
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more.200  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws  
 O're the blew 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 Skie of Jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,210  
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw  
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;  
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd  
 In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
 Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize  
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,  
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch220  
 In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
 Possession of the Garden; hee alone,  
 To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,  
 Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,

While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.  
*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determin, or impose  
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie  
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate<sup>230</sup>  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie  
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' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes<sup>240</sup>  
A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
Livelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine  
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old  
In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;  
His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
As in a glistening *Zodiac* hung the Sword,  
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.  
*Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.<sup>250</sup>  
*Adam*, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seisure many dayes  
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,<sup>260</sup>  
And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.  
He added not, for *Adam* at the newes  
Heart-strook 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 then of Death!  
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave  
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,<sup>270</sup>  
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 flours,  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,  
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd  
280 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 wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?  
Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.  
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne  
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  
290 Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.  
*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 nam'd  
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
300 Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and onely consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appeer 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 wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
310 But prayer against his absolute Decree  
No more availes then breath against the winde,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
His blessed count'nance here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree  
320

Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful Altars I would reare  
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd<sup>330</sup>  
To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.  
To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.  
*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,  
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills  
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:  
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift; surmise not then<sup>340</sup>  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been  
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
But this præeminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:  
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine  
God is as here, and will be found alike<sup>350</sup>  
Present, and of his presence many a signe  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.  
Which that thou mayst beleeve, and be confirmd,  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn<sup>360</sup>  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
By moderation either state to beare,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)  
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,

As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.  
 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.370  
 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 turne  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken  
 Strecth out to amplest reach of prospect lay.380  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
 His Eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls  
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*  
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,  
 To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence390  
 To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*  
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where  
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since  
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turchestan*-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the less Maritime Kings  
*Mombaza*, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,  
 And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme400  
 Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South;  
 Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount  
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,  
*Marocco* and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;  
 On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway  
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*,  
 And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat  
 Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd  
*Guiana*, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons410  
 Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights  
*Michael* from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd  
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie 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 pierc'd,  
 Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intrans:420  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, 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  
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.  
 His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves430  
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon  
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
 First Fruits, the green Eare, 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 thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.440  
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
 Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.  
 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n450  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?  
 T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.  
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
 Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact  
 Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
 Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.460  
 Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terrour, 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 wayes that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance then within.<sup>470</sup>  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies<sup>480</sup>  
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes  
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,  
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,  
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,

484 After this line, *1674* adds:

Dæmoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholie  
And Moon struck madness, pining Atrophie,  
Marasmus, and wide wasting Pestilence,  
Dropsies, and Asthma's, 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 delaid to strike, though oft invok't  
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.<sup>490</sup>  
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
Drie-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 restraind excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.  
O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why<sup>500</sup>  
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 in peace. Can thus  
Th' Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,



To such unsightly sufferings be debas't  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,510  
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?  
Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.  
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't  
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules520  
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they  
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.  
I yeild 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 eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,530  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:  
This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To withered weak & gray; thy Senses then  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne540  
A melancholly damp of cold and dry  
To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.  
Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong  
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up, *Michael* to him repli'd.  
548 Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. *Michael* repli'd. 1674  
Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livst  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:550  
And now prepare thee for another sight.  
He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon

Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds  
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound  
Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd  
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who at the Forge<sup>560</sup>  
Labouring, two massie 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 som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind  
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd  
First his own Tooles; then, what might else be wrought  
Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these,  
But on the hether side a different sort<sup>570</sup>  
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,  
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise  
Just men they seemd, and all thir 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 walkt, when from the Tents behold  
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay  
In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung  
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:<sup>580</sup>  
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star  
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat  
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;  
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.  
Such happy interview and fair event  
Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,<sup>590</sup>  
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.  
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.  
To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,<sup>600</sup>

Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.  
Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget;  
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred onely and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.  
To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame  
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles  
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which  
The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.  
To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.  
O pittie and shame, that they who to live well  
Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe  
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.  
From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.  
But now prepare thee for another Scene.  
He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread  
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,  
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,  
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;  
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,  
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd  
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;  
One way a Band select from forage drives  
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine  
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,  
Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,  
But call in aide, which [tacks](#) a bloody Fray;  
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;

Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies  
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field<sup>650</sup>  
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong  
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,  
Assaulting; others from the Wall defend  
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last<sup>660</sup>  
Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,  
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
And Judgement from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had seiz'd 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<sup>670</sup>  
Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,  
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew  
His Brother; for of whom such massacher  
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?  
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?  
To whom thus *Michael*; These are the product  
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st;<sup>680</sup>  
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves  
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,  
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;  
To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done<sup>690</sup>  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,  
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst

The onely 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<sup>700</sup>  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.  
He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;  
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,<sup>710</sup>  
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire  
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.  
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd  
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls<sup>720</sup>  
In prison under Judgements imminent:  
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;  
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,  
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange!  
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small<sup>730</sup>  
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught  
Thir order; last the Sire, and his three Sons  
With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.  
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie  
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie  
Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth<sup>740</sup>  
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum  
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp

Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces  
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.  
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold<sup>750</sup>  
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation; thee another Floud,  
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns  
His Children, all in view destroyd at once;  
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.  
O Visions ill foreseen! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne<sup>760</sup>  
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenst  
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere thir 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 hee the future evil shall no less<sup>770</sup>  
In apprehension then in substance feel  
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't  
Famin and anguish will at last consume  
Wandring that watrie Desert: I had hope  
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,  
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd  
With length of happy days the race of man;  
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.<sup>780</sup>  
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,  
And whether here the Race of man will end.  
To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,<sup>790</sup>  
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.

The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr  
Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd  
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale  
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear<sup>800</sup>  
More than anough, that temperance may be tri'd:  
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
One Man except, the onely Son of light  
In a dark Age, against example good,  
Against allurement, custom, and a World  
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,<sup>810</sup>  
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come  
On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
Of them derided, but of God observd  
The one just Man alive; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
To save himself and houshold from amidst  
A World devote to universal rack.  
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts<sup>820</sup>  
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
Raine day and night, all fountaines 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 moovd  
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,<sup>830</sup>  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;  
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass<sup>840</sup>

Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.  
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;  
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.<sup>850</sup>  
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
And after him, the surer messenger,  
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie  
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
The second time returning, in his Bill  
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:  
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke  
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds<sup>860</sup>  
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad  
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.  
O thou [that](#) future things canst represent  
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.  
Farr less I now lament for one whole World<sup>870</sup>  
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce  
For one Man found so perfet and so just,  
That God voutsafes to raise another World  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,  
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde  
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,  
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?  
To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;<sup>880</sup>  
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,  
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,  
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<sup>890</sup>  
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings  
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'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 thir course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

*The End of the Eleventh Book.*

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## 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 Ascention; 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 compos'd 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 thir Stations to guard the Place.*

[As one who in his journey bates at Noone,  
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus'd  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
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 perceave  
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense: 10  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,

*Argument.* The Angel . . . seed] Thence from the Flood relates, and by degrees explains who that seed 1667

1-5 These five lines were added in the Second Edition (1674) when the original tenth book was divided into an eleventh and twelfth.

And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, 20  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, 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 equalitie, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)<sup>30</sup>  
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;  
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde<sup>40</sup>  
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
And get themselves a name, least far disperst  
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks  
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,<sup>50</sup>  
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower  
Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets  
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase  
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange<sup>60</sup>  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.  
O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:  
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
By his donation; but Man over men  
He made not Lord; such title to himself<sup>70</sup>  
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 Armie, where thin Aire  
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<sup>80</sup>  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,  
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie  
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
Twin'd, and from her hath no diuidual being:  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits<sup>90</sup>  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,<sup>100</sup>  
Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;<sup>110</sup>  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone

For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes<sup>120</sup>  
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
His benediction so, that in his Seed  
All Nations shall be blest; hee 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 Soile  
*Ur of Chaldæa*, passing now the Ford<sup>130</sup>  
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine  
Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receaves  
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
(Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)<sup>140</sup>  
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,  
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
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 Serpents head; whereof to thee anon<sup>150</sup>  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
From *Canaan*, to a land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile*;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes  
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a younger Son<sup>160</sup>  
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that Realme  
Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime<sup>170</sup>  
His people from enthralment, they return  
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.  
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
To know thir God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements 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 Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,  
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,<sup>180</sup>  
And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie  
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it roul's;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,  
A darksom 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 dayes;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds<sup>190</sup>  
[This](#) River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hard'nd 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 drie land between two christal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,<sup>200</sup>  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command<sup>210</sup>  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On thir imbattel'd ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect  
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance

Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd  
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life<sup>220</sup>  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untraine in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine<sup>230</sup>  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadowes, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve  
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech  
That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants [them thir desire](#),  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now<sup>240</sup>  
*Moses* in figure beares, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thir Age, the times  
Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein<sup>250</sup>  
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,  
Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest<sup>260</sup>  
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,  
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still

A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
Mans 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* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,<sup>270</sup>  
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne  
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde  
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
Erwhile perplex't with thoughts what would become  
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see  
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those<sup>280</sup>  
Among whom God will deigne 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  
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,<sup>290</sup>  
Save by those shadowie 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 finde  
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 imperfet, and but giv'n<sup>300</sup>  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God  
Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;  
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,<sup>310</sup>  
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell



The adversarie Serpent, and bring back  
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt thir public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom<sup>320</sup>  
The second, both for pietie renownd  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
A Son, the Womans 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.<sup>330</sup>  
But first a long succession must ensue,  
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,  
Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark<sup>340</sup>  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.  
There in captivitie he lets them dwell  
The space of seventie years, then brings them back,  
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn  
To *David*, stablisht as the dayes of Heav'n.  
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings  
Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
They first re-edifie, and for a while<sup>350</sup>  
In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings  
Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise  
The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons,  
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed King *Messiah* might be born

Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr<sup>360</sup>  
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,  
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.  
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign<sup>370</sup>  
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.  
He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.  
O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,  
Why our great expectation should be call'd  
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes<sup>380</sup>  
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 paine: say where and when  
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.  
To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,  
As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome<sup>390</sup>  
*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works  
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:<sup>400</sup>  
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment  
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe

In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal works.410  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd  
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross  
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;  
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives, Death over him no power420  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offered Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace  
By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength430  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors 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 then certaine times to appeer  
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'd440  
And his Salvation, them who shall beleieve  
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines  
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons  
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.450  
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the aire  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;

Then enter into glory, and resume  
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead<sup>460</sup>  
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  
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.  
So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,  
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire  
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.  
O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,<sup>470</sup>  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Then that by which creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
To God more glory, more good will to Men  
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.  
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few<sup>480</sup>  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deale  
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?  
Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n  
Hee 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 thir hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arme<sup>490</sup>  
With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
*Satans* assaults, and quench his fierie darts,  
What Man can do against them, not affraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc't,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue<sup>500</sup>  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receive

With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To thir own vile advantages shall turne<sup>510</sup>  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left onely 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 joine  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,<sup>520</sup>  
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde  
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild  
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth  
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:<sup>530</sup>  
Whence heavie persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,  
Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
Under her own waight groaning, till the day  
Appeer of respiration to the just,<sup>540</sup>  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,  
The Womans 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, purg'd and refin'd,  
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,<sup>550</sup>  
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,  
Eternitie, 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 containe;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.<sup>560</sup>  
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,  
And love with feare the onely 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 deemd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victorie,<sup>570</sup>  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.  
To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:  
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,  
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,<sup>580</sup>  
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,<sup>590</sup>  
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir 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 compos'd  
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<sup>600</sup>  
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.  
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,  
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happie end.  
He ended, and they both descend the Hill;  
Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*  
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;  
And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.  
Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;<sup>610</sup>  
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.  
This further consolation yet secure<sup>620</sup>  
I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,  
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.  
So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array  
The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,<sup>630</sup>  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.<sup>640</sup>  
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:  
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:

They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

*The End.*



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PARADISE REGAIND.

A POEM.

In IV *BOOKS*.

To which is added *SAMSON AGONISTES*.

The Author *JOHN MILTON*.

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MDCLXXI.

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### ***The First Book.***

I who e're while the happy Garden sung,  
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,  
And *Eden* rais'd in the wast Wilderness.  
Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite  
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field  
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence<sup>10</sup>  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,  
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds  
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds  
Above Heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an Age,  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.  
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice  
More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri'd  
Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand<sup>20</sup>  
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd  
With aw the Regions round, and with them came  
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd  
To the flood *Jordan*, came as then obscure,  
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
Descri'd, 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 baptiz'd  
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove<sup>30</sup>  
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice  
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.  
That heard the Adversary, who roving still  
About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
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 Councel summons all his mighty Peers,<sup>40</sup>  
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst  
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.  
O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,

For much more willingly I mention Air,  
This our old Conquest, then remember Hell  
Our hated habitation; well ye know  
How many Ages, as the years of men,  
This Universe we have possest, and rul'd  
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,<sup>50</sup>  
Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*  
Lost Paradise deceiv'd 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  
Dealy, for longest time to him is short;  
And now too soon for us the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we  
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,  
At least if so we can, and by the head<sup>60</sup>  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being  
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;  
For this ill news I bring, the Womans seed  
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born,  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
But his growth now to youths full flowr, displaying  
All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim<sup>70</sup>  
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 honour as their King; all come,  
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw  
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising<sup>80</sup>  
Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds  
Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head  
A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant,  
And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,  
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
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;<sup>90</sup>  
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face

The glimpses of his Fathers glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
Not force, but well couch't fraud, well woven snares,  
E're in the head of Nations he appear  
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook<sup>100</sup>  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruine *Adam*, and the exploit perform'd  
Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once  
Induces best to hope of like success.  
He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,  
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: <sup>110</sup>  
Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprize  
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
In *Adam*'s overthrow, and led thir 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 easie steps; girded with snaky wiles, <sup>120</sup>  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy'd:  
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt  
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright  
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.  
*Gabriel* this day by proof thou shalt behold, <sup>130</sup>  
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth  
With man or mens affairs, how I begin  
To verifie that solemn message late,  
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son  
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
Then toldst 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're-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown, <sup>140</sup>

To shew him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay  
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt  
Less over-weening, since he fail'd in *Job*,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate're his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man<sup>150</sup>  
Of female Seed, far abler to resist  
All his sollicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,  
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost  
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the Wilderness,  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, e're I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,  
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance: 160  
His weakness shall o'recome Satanic strength  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,  
They now, and men hereafter may discern,  
From what consummate vertue I have chose  
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,  
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.  
So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven  
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns  
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd, 170  
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.  
Victory and Triumph to the Son of God  
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.  
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri'd,  
Against whate're may tempt, whate're seduce,  
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.  
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
And devilish machinations come to nought.  
So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:  
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,  
Musing and much revolving in his brest,  
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 walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse<sup>190</sup>  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entred now the bordering Desert wild,  
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy Meditations thus persu'd.  
O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awakn'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 compar'd.<sup>200</sup>  
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 publick good; my self 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 e're yet my age  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast<sup>210</sup>  
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 admir'd by all, yet this not all  
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds  
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* yoke,  
Thence to subdue and quell o're all the earth  
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:<sup>220</sup>  
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make perswasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul  
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware  
Mised: the stubborn only to subdue.  
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,  
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts  
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar<sup>230</sup>  
To what highth sacred vertue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,  
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,  
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules

All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,  
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told  
Thou shouldst be great and sit on *David's* Throne,<sup>240</sup>  
And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire  
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung  
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;  
Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,  
For in the Inn was left no better room:  
A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing  
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,<sup>250</sup>  
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,  
By which they knew thee 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, strait I again revolv'd  
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ<sup>260</sup>  
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,  
E're I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,  
Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins  
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
Yet neither thus disheartn'd or dismay'd,  
The time prefixt I waited, when behold  
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,<sup>270</sup>  
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
I as all others to his Baptism came,  
Which I believ'd was from above; but he  
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heaven)  
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first  
Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won;  
But as I rose out of the laving stream,<sup>280</sup>  
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, pronounc'd me his,

Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes  
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.  
And now by some strong motion I am led<sup>290</sup>  
Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.  
So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,  
And looking round on every side beheld  
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;  
The way he came not having mark'd, return  
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come<sup>300</sup>  
Lodg'd in his brest, as well might recommend  
Such Solitude before choicest Society.  
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,  
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;  
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild,<sup>310</sup>  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,  
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.  
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,  
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,  
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve  
Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,  
To warm him wet return'd from field at Eve,  
He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perus'd him, then with words thus utt' red spake.<sup>320</sup>  
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, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?  
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* honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes<sup>330</sup>  
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth  
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)



Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
What happ'ns 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, reply'd the Swain,  
What other way I see not, for we here  
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
More then the Camel, and to drink go far,<sup>340</sup>  
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 thy self and us relieve  
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.  
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.  
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written  
(For I discern thee other then thou seem'st)  
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word  
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed<sup>350</sup>  
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount  
*Moses* was forty days, nor eat nor drank,  
And forty days *Elijah* without food  
Wandred 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 th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.  
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n<sup>360</sup>  
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,  
Or range in th' 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;<sup>370</sup>  
And when to all his Angels he propos'd  
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 lyes  
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 belov'd of God, I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire<sup>380</sup>

What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me then desire  
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like 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<sup>390</sup>  
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.  
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
Companions of my misery and wo.  
At first it may be; but long since with wo  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,<sup>400</sup>  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.  
Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn'd:  
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,  
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.  
To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.  
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes  
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
Into the Heav'n of Heavens; thou com'st indeed,<sup>410</sup>  
As a poor miserable captive thrall,  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,  
Ejected, emptyed, gaz'd, unpityed, shun'd,  
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven.<sup>420</sup>  
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
What but thy malice mov'd 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 lyer in four hundred mouths;

For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles<sup>430</sup>  
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 lyes.  
But what have been thy answers, what but dark  
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
And not well understood as good not known?  
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
To flye or follow what concern'd him most,<sup>440</sup>  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up  
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his Providence  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
But from him or his Angels President  
In every Province, who themselves disdain  
To approach thy Temples, give thee in command  
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say<sup>450</sup>  
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,  
Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;  
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth fore-told.  
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,  
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice  
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,  
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
God hath now sent his living Oracle<sup>460</sup>  
Into the World, to teach his final will,  
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle  
To all truth requisite for men to know.  
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembl'd, and this answer smooth return'd.  
Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
But misery hath rested from me; where<sup>470</sup>  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;  
If it may stand him more in stead to lye,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;  
From thee I can and must submiss endure

Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,  
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;480  
What wonder then if I delight to hear  
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
Vertue, 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 vouchsaf'd his voice490  
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet  
Inspir'd; 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 diffus'd: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade500  
The Desert, Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;  
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

*The End of the First Book.*

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## *The Second Book.*

Mean while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expresly call'd  
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,  
And on that high Authority had believ'd,  
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean  
*Andrew* and *Simon*, famous after known  
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,  
Now missing him thir joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,<sup>10</sup>  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increas'd, increas'd thir doubt:  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
*Moses* was in the Mount, and missing long;  
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.  
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care  
Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these  
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*<sup>20</sup>  
The City of Palms, *Aenon*, and *Salem* Old,  
*Machærus* and each Town or City wall'd  
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,  
Or in *Perea*, 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,  
Close in a Cottage low together got  
Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.  
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse<sup>30</sup>  
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 restor'd:  
Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
Into perplexity and new amaze:  
For whither is he gone, what accident  
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire<sup>40</sup>  
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 thir pow'r unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee, arise and vindicate  
 Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,  
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,  
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,<sup>50</sup>  
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,  
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.  
 Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
 But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw<sup>60</sup>  
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,  
 Nor left at *Jordan*, tydings of him none;  
 Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
 Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.  
 O what avails me now that honour high  
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute  
 Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot<sup>70</sup>  
 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 enforc't to flye  
 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<sup>80</sup>  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any King; but now  
 Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,  
 By *John* the Baptist, and in publick shown,  
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;  
 I look't for some great change; to Honour? no,  
 But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very Soul<sup>90</sup>  
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'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 mus'd,  
Since understand; much more his absence now<sup>100</sup>  
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.  
Thus *Mary* pondering oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts  
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:  
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,  
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,<sup>110</sup>  
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 slye preface to return  
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon  
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,  
Where all his Potentates in Council sate;  
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.<sup>120</sup>  
Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,  
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,  
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,  
So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
Without new trouble; such an Enemy  
Is ris'n to invade us, who no less  
Threat'ns then our expulsion down to Hell;  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequence was impowr'd,<sup>130</sup>  
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
Far other labour to be undergon  
Then when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,  
Though *Adam* by his Wives allurements fell,  
However to this Man inferior far,  
If he be Man by Mothers side at least,  
With more then humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,  
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.  
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence<sup>140</sup>

Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise  
Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst  
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.  
So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all  
With clamour was assur'd thir utmost aid  
At his command; when from amidst them rose  
*Belial* the dissolutes Spirit that fell 150  
The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*  
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.  
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 Skie; more like to Goddesses  
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,  
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues  
Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, 160  
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.  
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame  
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
Energie, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolute brest,  
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build, 170  
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 thy self; because of old  
Thou thy self doat'st on womankind, admiring  
Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,  
False titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180  
And coupl'd 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 mossie Fountain side,  
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay  
Some beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,  
*Daphne*, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,  
Or *Aymone*, *Syrinx*, many more



Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
*Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan*, 190  
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts  
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?  
Remember that *Pelleas* Conquerour,  
A youth, how all the Beauties of the East  
He slightly view'd, and slightly over-pass'd;  
How hee sirnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd  
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* maid. 200  
For *Solomon* he liv'd at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design then to enjoy his State;  
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Then *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 210  
Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauties 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 Majestick brow  
Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,  
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
All her array; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands 220  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Plumes  
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abasht:  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy, with such as have more shew  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
Or that which only seems to satisfie  
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230  
And now I know he hungers where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;  
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.  
He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;  
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band

Of Spirits likest to himself in guile  
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
If cause were to unfold some active Scene  
Of various persons each to know his part;240  
Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;  
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God  
After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.  
Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd  
Wandering this woody maze, and humane food  
Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that Fast  
To Vertue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,  
Or God support Nature without repast250  
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 satisfie that need some other way,  
Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
Without this bodies wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
Mee hungering more to do my Fathers will.  
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son260  
Commun'd 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, Natures refreshment sweet;  
Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood  
And saw the Ravens with thir horny beaks  
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:  
He saw the Prophet also how he fled270  
Into the Desert, and how there he slept  
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,  
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,  
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,  
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark  
Left his ground-nest, high tousing to descry280  
The morns 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 wak'd.

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;290  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade  
High roof and walks beneath, and alleys brown  
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,  
Natures 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,300  
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.  
With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of God  
In this wild solitude so long should bide  
Of all things destitute, and well I know,  
Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;  
The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son  
Out cast *Nebaioth*, yet found [he](#) relief  
By a providing Angel; all the race310  
Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God  
Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold  
Native of *Thebez* wandring here was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
Forty and more deserted here indeed.  
To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?  
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.  
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,  
Tell me if Food were now before thee set,320  
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 who330  
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold  
Nature asham'd, or better to express,

Troubl'd 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 honour, only deign to sit and eat.  
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
In ample space under the broadest shade  
A Table richly spread, in regal mode,340  
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl'd,  
Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,  
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
*Pontus* and *Lucrine Bay*, and *Afric Coast*.  
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,  
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!  
And at a stately side-board by the wine350  
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew  
Then *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, distant more  
Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood  
Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades*  
With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea's* horn,  
And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd  
Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd since  
Of Fairy Damsels met in Forest wide  
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,360  
*Lancelot* or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,  
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds  
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odors fann'd  
From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells.  
Such was the Splendour, 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,370  
Thir taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,  
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:  
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.  
To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:  
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?380

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 shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,<sup>390</sup>  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.  
To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:  
That I have also power to give thou seest,  
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose<sup>400</sup>  
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that  
Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite  
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;  
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,  
And with these words his temptation pursu'd.  
By hunger, that each other Creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;  
Thy temperance invincible besides,  
For no allurements yields to appetite,  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,<sup>410</sup>  
High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise,  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self  
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;  
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:  
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire  
To greatness? whence Authority deriv'st,  
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,  
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,<sup>420</sup>  
Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;  
What rais'd *Antipater* the *Edomite*,  
And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne;  
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?  
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,

Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,430  
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.  
To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;  
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,  
To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,  
In highth of all thir flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
*Gideon* and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,  
Whose off-spring on the Throne of *Juda* sat440  
So many Ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.  
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember  
*Quintius*, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I450  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,  
The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt  
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,  
Then 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 shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights460  
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,  
When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;  
For therein stands the office of a King,  
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,  
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;  
Which every wise and vertuous man attains:  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes,470  
Subject himself to Anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.  
But to guide Nations in the way of truth  
By saving Doctrine, and from errour 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're the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.<sup>480</sup>  
Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, then to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a Scepter, ofttest better miss't.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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### ***The Third Book.***

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinc't  
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<sup>10</sup>  
Conteins 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 battel, though against thy few in arms.<sup>20</sup>  
These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive  
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self  
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?<sup>30</sup>  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son  
Of *Macedonian Philip* had e're these  
Won *Asia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held  
At his dispose, young *Scipio* had brought down  
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd  
The *Pontic* King and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd<sup>40</sup>  
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.  
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.  
Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth



For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect  
For glories sake by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?  
And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, & 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 thir tongues and be thir talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
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 Heaven & Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,  
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job*?  
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,  
Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,  
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
Worship't with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;  
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,  
Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,  
Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death thir due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may be 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 born,  
Made famous in a Land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?  
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.  
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100  
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame  
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.  
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.  
Think not so slight of glory; therein least,  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven  
By all his Angels glorifi'd, 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 declar'd;  
From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts. 120  
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.  
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning that would likeliest render 130  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompence, unsutable 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 receiv'd  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140

That which to God alone of right belongs;  
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
 That who advance his glory, not thir own,  
 Them he himself to glory will advance.  
 So spake the Son of God; and here again  
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself  
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,  
 Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.  
 Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150  
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:  
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, 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 promis'd land  
 Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd  
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160  
 The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather, as did once  
*Antiochus*: and think'st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?  
 So did not *Machabeus*: he indeed  
 Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;  
 And o're a mighty King so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,  
 Though Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,  
 With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content. 170  
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,  
 And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;  
 But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free  
 Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;  
 So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie  
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,  
 The happier raign the sooner it begins,  
 Raign then; what canst thou better do the while? 180  
 To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.  
 All things are best fullfil'd in thir due time,  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:  
 If of my raign Prophetic Writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first

Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee when I begin  
My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou  
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction?  
To whom the Tempter inly ract reply'd.  
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 then the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,  
My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd,  
And will alike be punish'd; whether thou  
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather then aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,  
(Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell) 220  
A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summers cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be hast,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,  
That thou who worthiest art should'st be thir King?  
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;  
No wonder, for though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found, 230  
Or human nature can receive, consider  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the *Gallilean* Towns,  
And once a year *Jerusalem*, 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 thir radiant Courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever<sup>240</sup>  
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and state,  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,  
And regal Mysteries; that thou may'st know  
How best their opposition to withstand.<sup>250</sup>  
With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took  
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.  
It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain out stretch't in circuit wide  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
Th' one winding, the other strait and left between  
Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,  
Then meeting joyn'd thir tribute to the Sea:  
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,  
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,<sup>260</sup>  
Huge Cities and high tow'r'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're hill and dale,  
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers  
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
*Assyria* and her Empires antient bounds,<sup>270</sup>  
*Araxes* and the *Caspian* lake, thence on  
As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,  
And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,  
And inaccessible the *Arabian* drouth:  
Here *Ninevee*, of length within her wall  
Several days journey, built by *Ninus* old,  
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,  
And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success  
*Israel* in long captivity still mourns;  
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,<sup>280</sup>  
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
*Judah* and all thy Father *David*'s house  
Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,  
Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persepolis*

His City there thou seest, and *Bactra* there;  
*Ecbatana* her structure vast there shews,  
And *Hecatompylos* her hunderd gates,  
There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,  
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame  
Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,<sup>290</sup>  
The great *Seleucia*, *Nisibis*, and there  
*Artaxata*, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,  
Turning with easie 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>300</sup>  
Against the *Scythian*, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid  
He marches now in hast; see, though from far,  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms  
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.  
He look't and saw what numbers numberless<sup>310</sup>  
The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops  
In coats of Mail and military pride;  
In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;  
From *Arachosia*, from *Candaor* East,  
And *Margiana* to the *Hyrceanian* cliffs  
Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,  
From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains  
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South<sup>320</sup>  
Of *Susiana* to *Balsara*'s hav'n.  
He saw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,  
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowie showers against the face  
Of thir 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 endorst with Towers  
Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners<sup>330</sup>  
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,

Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,  
And Waggon fraught with Utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When *Agrican* with all his Northern powers  
Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;  
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win<sup>340</sup>  
The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*  
His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,  
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.  
Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;  
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.  
That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy Vertue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn<sup>350</sup>  
All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold  
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,  
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means,  
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
But say thou wer't 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,<sup>360</sup>  
Between two such enclosing enemies  
*Roman* and *Parthian*? therefore one of these  
Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first  
By my advice, as nearer and of late  
Found able by invasion to annoy  
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings  
*Antigonus*, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,  
Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task  
To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;  
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league<sup>370</sup>  
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
In *David's* royal seat, his true Successour,  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes  
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve  
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers't,  
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph* lost  
Thus long from *Israel*; serving as of old  
Thir Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.<sup>380</sup>

These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To thir 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 unmov'd.  
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<sup>390</sup>  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.  
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else  
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:  
My time I told thee, (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;  
When that comes think not thou to find me slack  
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome<sup>400</sup>  
Luggage of war there shewn 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 Scepter 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 numbring *Israel*, which cost the lives<sup>410</sup>  
Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*  
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal  
To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship Calves, the Deities  
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,  
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,  
Besides thir other worse than heathenish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity<sup>420</sup>  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy'd  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,  
And God with Idols in their worship joyn'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,



Unhumb'l'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps<sup>430</sup>  
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them serve  
Thir enemies, who serve Idols with God.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Remembering *Abraham* by some wond'rous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the *Assyrian* flood,  
While to their native land with joy they hast,  
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,  
When to the promis'd land thir Fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them.<sup>440</sup>  
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 falshood contends.

*The End of the Third Book.*

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### ***The Fourth Book.***

Perplex'd and troubl'd 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 perswasive Rhetoric  
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*,  
So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,  
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd  
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<sup>10</sup>  
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spight  
Still will be tempting him who foys 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 moust is powr'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew,  
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end:<sup>20</sup>  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;  
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men<sup>30</sup>  
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 Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,  
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,  
Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.  
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill<sup>40</sup>  
Of vision multiplyed 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

Then great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth  
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich  
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel  
Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*<sup>50</sup>  
The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high  
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.  
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like  
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd  
My Aerie Microscope) thou may'st behold  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers  
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.<sup>60</sup>  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,  
Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces  
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;  
Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,  
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:  
Or Embassies from Regions far remote  
In various habits on the *Appian* road,  
Or on the *Æmilian*, some from farthest South,  
*Syene*, and where the shadow both way falls,<sup>70</sup>  
*Meroe*, *Nilotic* Isle, and more to West,  
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;  
From the *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,  
From *India* and the golden *Chersoness*,  
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,  
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:  
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Brittish* West,  
*Germans* and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North  
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.  
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,<sup>80</sup>  
To *Rome*'s great Emperour, 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,  
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;  
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.  
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old,<sup>90</sup>  
Old, and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd  
To *Capreæ* an Island small but strong

On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there  
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
Committing to a wicked Favourite  
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease  
Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,  
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne<sup>100</sup>  
Now made a stye, 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 then 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 prophecied what will.  
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.  
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show<sup>110</sup>  
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
More then of arms before, allure mine eye,  
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* stone;  
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,  
*Chios* and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,  
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems  
And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst<sup>120</sup>  
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st  
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
But tedious wast of time to sit and hear  
So many hollow complements and lies,  
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
Of the Emperour, how easily subdu'd,  
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 tormenter Conscience find him out,<sup>130</sup>  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people victor once, now vile and base,  
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,  
Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph that insulting vanity;  
Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur'd  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,<sup>140</sup>

Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily Scene effeminate.  
What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
Know therefore when my season comes to sit  
On *David's* Throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All Monarchies besides throughout the world, 150  
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.  
To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.  
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 then still to contradict:  
On the other side know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
For 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 Saviour answer'd with disdain. 170  
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition;  
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
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 then that on *Eve*, 180  
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,  
Other donation none thou canst produce:  
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,  
God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost

Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me the Son of God, 190  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.  
To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.  
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  
Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200  
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
God of this world invoc't and world beneath;  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210  
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.  
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute,  
As by that early action may be judg'd,  
When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st  
Alone into the Temple; there was found  
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant  
On points and questions fitting *Moses* Chair,  
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man, 220  
As morning shews the day. Be famous then  
By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o're all the world,  
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,  
All knowledge is not couch't in *Moses* Law,  
The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,  
The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Natures light;  
And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean'st, 230  
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinc't.  
Look once more e're we leave this specular Mount

Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold  
Where on the *Ægean* shore a City stands  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
*Athens* the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts<sup>240</sup>  
And Eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;  
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,  
*Plato's* retirement, where the *Attic* Bird  
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,  
There flowrie hill *Hymettus* with the sound  
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rouls  
His whispering stream; within the walls then view<sup>250</sup>  
The schools of antient Sages; his who bred  
Great *Alexander* to subdue the world,  
*Lyceum* there, and painted *Stoa* next:  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,  
*Æolian* charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,  
Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own.<sup>260</sup>  
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught  
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
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 antient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,  
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,<sup>270</sup>  
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;  
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house  
Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,  
Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth  
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect  
*Epicurean*, and the *Stoic* severe;<sup>280</sup>  
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's waight;  
These rules will render thee a King compleat  
Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli'd.  
Think not but that I know these things, or think  
I know them not; not therefore am I short  
Of knowing what I aught: he who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;290  
But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,  
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sence;  
Others in vertue plac'd felicity,  
But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,  
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,  
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,300  
By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,  
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,310  
And how the world began, and how man fell  
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,  
And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,320  
An empty cloud. However many books  
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)  
Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains,  
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
As Children gathering pibles on the shore.330  
Or if I would delight my private hours  
With Music or with Poem, where so soon



As in our native Language can I find  
That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd  
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,  
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,  
That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare  
That rather *Greece* from us these Arts deriv'd;  
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own<sup>340</sup>  
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating  
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid  
As varnish on a Harlots 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 taste excelling,  
Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,  
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;  
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;<sup>350</sup>  
Unless where moral vertue is express't  
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.  
Thir Orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,  
And lovers of thir Country, as may seem;  
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of Civil Government  
In thir majestic unaffected stile  
Then all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.<sup>360</sup>  
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 reply'd.  
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,  
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught  
By me propos'd in life contemplative,<sup>370</sup>  
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,<sup>380</sup>

When Prophecies of thee are best fullfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,  
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In thir conjunction met, give me to spell,  
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,  
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,  
Real or Allegoric I discern not,<sup>390</sup>  
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefix  
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.  
So saying he took (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night  
Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,  
Privation meer of light and absent day.<sup>400</sup>  
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind  
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades  
Whose branching arms thick interwind 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  
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds<sup>410</sup>  
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire  
In ruine reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
Within thir stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks  
Bow'd thir Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood<sup>420</sup>  
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 thir fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.  
Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair  
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar

Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd430  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
And now the Sun with more effectual beams  
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;  
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,440  
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,  
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,  
And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood,  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;  
And in a careless mood thus to him said.450  
Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,  
After a dismal night; I heard the rack  
As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my self  
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,  
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable,  
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze  
To mans less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light460  
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:  
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfet season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way470  
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,  
E're thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold;480  
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd 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.  
Mee worse then 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 threatning nigh; what they can do as signs  
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn490  
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 power of thee,  
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie  
Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd  
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.  
To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:  
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;500  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length  
Announc't by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,  
And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,  
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all510  
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n  
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
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 sence;  
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 thought520  
In some respect far higher so declar'd.  
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour  
And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild;  
Where by all best conjectures I collect

Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
Good reason then, if I before-hand 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.530  
And opportunity I here have had  
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
Proof against all temptation as a rock  
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm  
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,  
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory  
Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:  
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,  
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,  
Another method I must now begin.540  
So saying he caught him up, and without wing  
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air sublime  
Over the Wilderness and o're 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, top't with golden Spires:  
There on the highest Pinnacle he set  
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:550  
There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house  
Have brought thee, and highest plac't, highest is best,  
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,  
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:  
For it is written, He will give command  
Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands  
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.  
To whom thus Jesus: also it is written,560  
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.  
But Satan smitten with amazement fell  
As when Earths Son *Antæus* (to compare  
Small things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove  
With *Joves Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose,  
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn'd,  
Throttl'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;  
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride570  
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.  
And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd

Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;  
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight  
Cast her self headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep,  
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.580  
So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe  
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft  
From his uneasie station, and upbore  
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,  
Then in a flowry valley set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,  
Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,  
And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink,590  
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,  
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires  
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory  
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.  
True Image of the Father whether thron'd  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd  
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,  
Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place,600  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd  
Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,  
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old  
Thou didst debase, and down from Heav'n cast  
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd  
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot610  
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 Saviour 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 Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down620

Under his feet: for proof, e're this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates *Abaddon* rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
From thy Demoniack holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,<sup>630</sup>  
Lest he command them down into the deep  
Bound, and to torment sent before thir 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 Heavenly Feast refresht  
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv'd  
Home to his Mothers house private return'd.

*The End.*

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## SAMSON AGONISTES, A DRAMATIC POEM.

The Author *JOHN MILTON*.

*Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.*

Τε[Editor: illegible character]γωδία μίμοσ πρίξιωσ σπ[Editor: illegible character]δαίας, &c.

*Tragœdia estimatio actionis seriæ, &c. Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum instrationem.*

LONDON, Printed by *J. M.* for *John Starkey* at the *Mitre* in *Fleetstreet*, near *Temple-Bar*.

MDCLXXI.

### ***Of That Sort Of Dramatic Poem Which Is Call'D Tragedy.***

Tragedy, as it was antiently compos'd, 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, stirr'd 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 us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse. The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, *1 Cor. 15. 33.* and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, then 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 lest the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or



introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient 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 antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Antients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fift Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschulus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragic Poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the*

*midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

## The Persons.

Samson.

Manoa *the Father of Samson.*

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of Danites.*

*The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.*

## AGONISTES.

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 toyl,  
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,  
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,<sup>10</sup>  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn Feast the people hold  
To *Dagon* thir Sea-Idol, and forbid  
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
Thir 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,<sup>20</sup>  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended  
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His Godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd<sup>30</sup>  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must dye  
Betray'd, Captiv'd, 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 labour of a Beast, debas't  
Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I  
Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him<sup>40</sup>  
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 fulfilld but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but my self?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the Seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it<sup>50</sup>  
O'recome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensom,  
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 shew withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will<sup>60</sup>  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Happ'ly 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 then chains,  
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!  
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,<sup>70</sup>

And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferiour to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
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 then half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,<sup>80</sup>  
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 bereav'd thy prime decree?  
The Sun to me is dark  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,<sup>90</sup>  
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 confin'd?  
So obvious and so easie to be quench't,  
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;  
As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,<sup>100</sup>  
And buried; but O yet more miserable!  
My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,  
Buried, yet not exempt  
By priviledge 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>110</sup>  
The tread of many feet stearing this way;  
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
Thir 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 diffus'd,  
With languish't head unpropt,  
As one past hope, abandon'd<sup>120</sup>  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O're worn and soild;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,  
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 embattelld Armies clad in Iron,  
And weaponless himself,<sup>130</sup>  
Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,  
*Chalybean* temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantean Proof;  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanc't,  
In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*  
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd  
Thir plated backs under his heel;<sup>140</sup>  
Or grovling soild thir 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 *Palestin*  
In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day:  
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore  
The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar  
Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, seat of Giants old,  
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;  
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.<sup>150</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 thy self; 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<sup>160</sup>  
To incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light alas  
Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,  
Since man on earth unparallel'd!  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
Strongest of mortal men,  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.  
For him I reckon not in high estate<sup>170</sup>  
Whom long descent of birth  
Or the spear of fortune raises;  
But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate  
Might have subdu'd the Earth,  
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAM.

I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

CHOR.

Hee speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief;  
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown<sup>180</sup>  
From *Eshtaol* and *Zora*'s fruitful Vale  
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
Counsel or Consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage  
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,  
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

SAM.

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<sup>190</sup>  
I would be understood) in prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head  
Not to be found, though sought. Yee see, O friends,  
How many evils have enclos'd me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,  
My Vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,<sup>200</sup>  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,

Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool  
In every street, do they not say, how well  
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,  
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHOR.

Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men<sup>210</sup>  
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;  
And shall again, pretend they ne're so wise.  
Deject not then so overmuch thy self,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;  
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* women rather  
Then of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

SAM.

The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd  
Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed,<sup>220</sup>  
The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not  
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
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 accomplisht snare.<sup>230</sup>  
I thought it lawful from my former act,  
And the same end; still watching to oppress  
*Israel's* oppressours: of what now I suffer  
She was not the prime cause, but I my self,  
Who vanquisht 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 Countries Enemy,  
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.<sup>240</sup>

SAM.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
On *Israel's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,  
Who seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their Conquerours  
Acknowldg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
Deliverance offerd: I on th' other side  
Us'd 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<sup>250</sup>  
Thir Lords the *Philistines* with gather'd powers  
Enterd *Judea* seeking mee, who then  
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,  
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
To set upon them, what advantag'd best;  
Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent  
The harrass of thir Land, beset me round;  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,<sup>260</sup>  
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds  
Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Thir choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.  
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the Towers of *Gath*,  
And lorded over them whom now they serve;  
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,  
And by thir vices brought to servitude,  
Then to love Bondage more then Liberty,<sup>270</sup>  
Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHOR.

Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*  
Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit<sup>280</sup>  
Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings:  
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*  
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,



Not worse then by his shield and spear  
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,  
Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride  
In that sore battel when so many dy'd  
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

SAM.

Of such examples adde mee to the roul,<sup>290</sup>  
Mee easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But Gods propos'd 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,<sup>300</sup>  
As to his own edicts, found contradicting,  
Then give the rains to wandring thought,  
Regardless of his glories diminution;  
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd  
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.  
As if they would confine th' interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to exempt<sup>310</sup>  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From National obstriction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt;  
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.  
He would not else who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*,  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,<sup>320</sup>  
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 doune,  
Old *Manoah*: advise  
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAM.

Ay me, another inward grief awak't, 330  
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 earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

MAN.

O miserable change! is this the man, 340  
That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd,  
The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,  
Himself an Army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spears length. O ever failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,  
And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;  
Who would be now a Father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand  
As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360  
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  
Ensnar'd, 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'rewhelm, and as a thrall<sup>370</sup>  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

SAM.

Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father,  
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
But justly; I my self have brought them on,  
Sole Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy.<sup>380</sup>  
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her highth  
Of Nuptial Love profest, carrying it strait  
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 sent conceiv'd<sup>390</sup>  
Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stor'd 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 purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt<sup>400</sup>  
She sought to make me Traytor to my self;  
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,  
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
To storm me over-watch't, 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 resolv'd  
Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yok't<sup>410</sup>  
Her Bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
To Honour and Religion! servil mind  
Rewarded well with servil 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 then this,  
That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd.

MAN.

I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son,<sup>420</sup>  
Rather approv'd 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  
Thir Captive, and thir 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<sup>430</sup>  
Enough, and more the burden of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast  
Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim  
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud  
To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd  
Thee *Samson* bound and blind into thir hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God,<sup>440</sup>  
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,  
Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir 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 Fathers house.

SAM.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess

That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high<sup>450</sup>  
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought  
Dishonour, obloquie, and op't 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 joyn with Idols:  
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not  
Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife<sup>460</sup>  
With me hath end; all the contest is now  
'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath presum'd,  
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 provok'd,  
But will arise and his great name assert:  
*Dagon* must stoop, and shall e're long receive  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,<sup>470</sup>  
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

MAN.

With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words  
I as a Prophecy receive: for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,  
Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?  
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
Lie in this miserable loathsom plight<sup>480</sup>  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom: well they may by this  
Have satisfi'd thir utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM.

Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble  
Of that sollicitation; let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime,<sup>490</sup>

Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How hainous 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 Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully: A sin  
That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn<sup>500</sup>  
To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

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 thy self; perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
Who evermore approves and more accepts<sup>510</sup>  
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
Then who self-rigorous chooses death as due;  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
For self-offence, more then for God offended.  
Reject not then what offerd means, who knows  
But God hath set before us, to return thee  
Home to thy countrey and his sacred house,  
Where thou mayst bring thy off'rings, to avert  
His further ire, with praiers and vows renew'd.<sup>520</sup>

SAM.

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 *Anac*, famous now and blaz'd,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded<sup>530</sup>  
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Softn'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 Weather, all my precious fleece,  
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shav'n, and disarm'd among my enemies.540

CHOR.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous Warriour overturns,  
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Rubie  
Sparkling, out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

SAM.

Where ever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
With touch ætherial of Heav'ns fiery rod  
I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying550  
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd 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 forbid'n made choice to rear  
His mighty Champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAM.

But what avail'd this temperance, not compleat  
Against another object more enticing?  
What boots it at one gate to make defence,560  
And at another to let in the foe  
Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
But to sit idle on the houshold hearth,  
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object, these redundant locks

Robustious to no purpose clustring down,  
Vain monument of strength; till length of years<sup>570</sup>  
And sedentary numness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure.  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin or the draff of servil food  
Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains.

MAN.

Wilt thou then serve the *Philistines* with that gift  
Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.<sup>580</sup>  
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
After the brunt of battel, can as easie  
Cause light again within thy eies to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast;  
And I perswade me so; why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
His might continues in thee not for naught,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAM.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,<sup>590</sup>  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN.

Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
From anguish of the mind and humours black,<sup>600</sup>  
That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
Must not omit a Fathers timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.



SAM.

O that torment should not be confin'd  
To the bodies wounds and sores  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, brest, and reins;  
But must secret passage find<sup>610</sup>  
To th' inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.  
My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingring disease,  
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less then wounds immedicable<sup>620</sup>  
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can asswage,  
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*.  
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're  
To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure.<sup>630</sup>  
Thence faintings, swounings of despair,  
And sense of Heav'ns desertion.  
I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eie  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies.<sup>640</sup>  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,<sup>650</sup>  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHOR.

Many are the sayings of the wise  
In antient and in modern books enroll'd;  
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to mans frail life  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much perswasion sought  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,  
But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound<sup>660</sup>  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
Unless he feel within  
Some sourse of consolation from above;  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.  
God of our Fathers, what is man!  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temperst thy providence through his short course,<sup>670</sup>  
Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wandring loose about  
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
Heds without name no more rememberd,  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
To some great work, thy glory,<sup>680</sup>  
And peoples safety, which in part they effect:  
Yet toward these thus dignifi'd, thou oft  
Amidst thir highth of noon,  
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard  
Of highest favours past  
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high,  
Unseemly falls in human eie,<sup>690</sup>  
Too grievous for the trespass or omission,  
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkasses  
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd:  
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 old age;700  
Though not disordinate, yet causless suffring  
The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,  
Just or unjust, seem alike miserable,  
For oft alike, both come to evil end.  
So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,  
The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.  
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?710  
Femal of sex it seems,  
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately Ship  
Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles  
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,  
An Amber sent of odorous perfume720  
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.

SAM.

My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me.

CHO.

Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,  
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd  
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps  
And words adrest seem into tears dissolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:730  
But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,  
Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew

In the perverse event then I foresaw)  
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon  
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt<sup>740</sup>  
Hath led me on desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.  
If aught in my ability may serve  
To light'n 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.

SAM.

Out, out *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,  
And arts of every woman false like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,<sup>750</sup>  
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,  
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
His vertue 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 beguil'd  
With goodness principl'd not to reject<sup>760</sup>  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

DAL.

Yet hear me *Samson*; not that I endeavour  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd<sup>770</sup>  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults:  
Was it not weakness also to make known

For importunity, that is for naught,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?<sup>780</sup>  
To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty  
E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl  
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, then in thy self was found.  
And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,<sup>790</sup>  
The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, feard lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at *Timna*, sought by all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
No better way I saw then by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those<sup>800</sup>  
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 sate full of cares and fears  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;  
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
Mine and Loves prisoner, not the *Philistines*,  
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.<sup>810</sup>  
These reasons in Loves law have past for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:  
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,  
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.

SAM.

How cunningly the sorceress displays  
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!<sup>820</sup>  
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 my self was false e're 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<sup>830</sup>  
*Philistian* gold: if weakness may excuse,  
What Murtherer, what Traytor, 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 satisfie thy lust: Love seeks to have Love;  
My love how couldst thou hope, who tookst the way  
To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?<sup>840</sup>  
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

DAL.

Since thou determinst weakness for no plea  
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
What sieges girt me round, e're I consented;  
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd 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<sup>850</sup>  
And Princes of my countrey came in person,  
Sollicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,  
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty  
And of Religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honourable, how glorious to entrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to ensnare an irreligious<sup>860</sup>  
Dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I  
To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
Only my love of thee held long debate;  
And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim  
So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men; that to the public good  
Private respects must yield; with grave authority

Took full possession of me and prevail'd;  
Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning.870

SAM.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;  
In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
Bin, 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, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but over-powr'd880  
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?  
Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest:  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and countrey; nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection but my own,  
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life  
Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations,890  
No more thy countrey, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold thir state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our countrey is a name so dear;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd 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 pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd,900  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL.

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

SAM.

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 shew what recompence<sup>910</sup>  
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdome,  
Misguided: only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
To afflict thy self 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  
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting<sup>920</sup>  
Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsom prison-house, to abide  
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age  
With all things grateful chear'd, and so suppli'd,  
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAM.

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<sup>930</sup>  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains  
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toyls;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,  
So much of Adders wisdom I have learn't  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me  
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me;<sup>940</sup>  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceiveable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfet thraldom, 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.950

DAL.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAM.

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 falshood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:  
Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold  
Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DAL.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf960  
To prayers, then winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounc't?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.970  
Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,  
On both his wings, one black, th' other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.  
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd  
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't.  
But in my countrey where I most desire,980  
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*  
I shall be nam'd among the famousest  
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who to save  
Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
With odours visited and annual flowers.  
Not less renown'd then in Mount *Ephraim*,

*Jael*, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.990  
Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy  
The public marks of honour and reward  
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn.  
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.

SAM.

So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
And aggravate my folly who committed 1000  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secresie, my safety, and my life.

CHOR.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possest, nor can be easily  
Repuls't, without much inward passion felt  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAM.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-trechery endangering life.

CHOR.

It is not vertue, wisdom, valour, wit,1010  
Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit  
That womans 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, worthless to thee compar'd,1020

Successour in thy bed,  
Nor both so loosly disally'd  
Thir nuptials, nor this last so trecherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavish't on thir Sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for hast unfinish't, judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
Or value what is best  
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?1030  
Or was too much of self-love mixt,  
Of constancy no root infixt,  
That either they love nothing, or not long?  
What e're it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestin, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to vertue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms1040  
Draws him awry enslav'd  
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Embarqu'd with such a Stears-mate at the Helm?  
Favour'd of Heav'n who finds  
One vertuous rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines:  
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
But vertue which breaks through all opposition,1050  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines and most is acceptable above.  
Therefore Gods 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 lowre:  
So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.1060  
But had we best retire, I see a storm?

SAM.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHOR.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAM.

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<sup>1071</sup>  
The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAM.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHOR.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HAR.

I come not *Samson*, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,  
Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd  
As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old<sup>1080</sup>  
That *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowst 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 tri'd  
Each others 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.<sup>1090</sup>

SAM.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR.

Dost thou already single me; I thought  
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw;  
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carkass where the Ass lay thrown:  
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd  
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistine*  
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAM.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

HAR.

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

SAM.

Such usage as your honourable Lords  
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with thir whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes  
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet  
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,  
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear  
A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,  
I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,  
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,

Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,  
That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

HAR.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms<sup>1130</sup>  
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,  
Thir ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some Magicians Art  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven  
Feigndst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf't wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

SAM.

I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;  
My trust is in the living God who gave me<sup>1140</sup>  
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Then thine, while I preserv'd 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<sup>1150</sup>  
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,  
Offering 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, what e're he be,  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up  
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee<sup>1160</sup>  
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 boyst'rous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,  
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

SAM.

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

HAR.

Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.<sup>1180</sup>

SAM.

Tongue-doubtie Giant, how dost thou prove me these?

HAR.

Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?  
Thir Magistrates confest 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 *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a Robber stripdst them of thir robes?  
The *Philistines*, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,<sup>1190</sup>  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAM.

Among the Daughters of the *Philistines*  
I chose a Wife, which argu'd 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 threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200  
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,  
I us'd hostility, and took thir spoil  
To pay my underminers in thir 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 Countrey  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210  
I was no private but a person rais'd  
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n  
To free my Countrey; if their servile minds  
Me their Deliverer sent would not receive,  
But to thir 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 disabl'd me, not all your force:  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220  
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 enrol'd,  
Due by the Law to capital punishment?  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAM.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

HAR.

O *Baal-zebul*! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?



SAM.

No man with-holds 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.

SAM.

Go baffl'd 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<sup>1240</sup>  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR.

By *Astaroth* e're long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

CHOR.

His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,  
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultrie chafe.

SAM.

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,<sup>1250</sup>  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAM.

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 then already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping<sup>1260</sup>  
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 thir end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR.

Oh how comely it is and how reviving  
To the Spirits of just men long opprest!  
When God into the hands of thir deliverer<sup>1270</sup>  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,  
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 honour Truth;  
He all thir Ammunition  
And feats of War defeats  
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd,<sup>1280</sup>  
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.  
But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,  
Making them each his own Deliverer,  
And Victor over all<sup>1290</sup>  
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,  
Either of these is in thy lot,  
*Samson*, with might endu'd  
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom Patience finally must crown.  
This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest,  
Labouring thy mind  
More then the working day thy hands,  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.<sup>1300</sup>  
For I descry this way

Some other tending, in his hand  
A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on a main, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now  
A Public Officer, and now at hand.  
His message will be short and voluble.

OFF.

*Ebrews*, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

CHOR.

His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF.

*Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say; 1310  
This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,  
With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;  
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad  
To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

SAM.

Thou knowst I am an *Ebrew*, therefore tell them,  
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF.

This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

SAM.

Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort  
Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,  
Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,  
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330

Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

OFF.

Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

SAM.

My self? my conscience and internal peace.  
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jester,  
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
To shew them feats, and play before thir god, 1340  
The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

OFF.

My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAM.

So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFF.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAM.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

CHOR.

Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd  
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
Expect another message more imperious,  
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

SAM.

Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression, so requite  
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to Idols;  
A *Nazarite* in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to thir *Dagon*? 1360  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

CHOR.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistines*,  
Idoltrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAM.

Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those who have me in thir civil power.

CHOR.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAM.

Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;  
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*, 1370  
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely; venturing to displease  
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
Present in Temples at Idoltrous Rites  
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

CHOR.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAM.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel<sup>1381</sup>  
Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this Messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR.

In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.<sup>1390</sup>

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 fastn'd then a rock.

SAM.

I could be well content to try thir Art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.<sup>1400</sup>  
Yet knowing thir advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through thir streets  
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.  
Masters commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF.

I praise thy resolution, doff these links:<sup>1410</sup>  
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAM.

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 thir wine;  
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd  
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:1420  
No less the people on thir Holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable;  
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,  
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, & spread his name  
Great among the Heathen round:1430  
Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy Fathers field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht 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 wond'rous actions hath been seen.1440  
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such hast  
With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while  
He seems: supposing here to find his Son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN.

Peace with you brethren; my inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my Son,  
By order of the Lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at thir Feast.  
I heard all as I came, the City rings  
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,1450  
Lest I should see him forc't 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 rejoyce 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 Fathers tears  
To accept of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner, 1460  
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his Priests,  
Others more moderate seeming, but thir 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 anough reveng'd, having reduc't  
Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

CHOR.

Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Thir once great dread, captive, & 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 numberd down: much rather I shall chuse  
To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480  
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my Patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.



CHOR.

Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,  
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;  
Sons wont to nurse thir Parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,  
Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490  
And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd  
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
And I perswade me God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp  
Of faithful Souldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service,  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHOR.

Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers 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. 1510

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?1520

CHOR.

Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into dangers 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 eye-sight (for to *Israels* God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?1530

MAN.

That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHOR.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MAN.

He can I know, but doubt to think he will;  
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHOR.

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An *Ebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe.1540

MESS.

O whither shall I run, or which way flie  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle  
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold;  
For dire imagination still persues 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 *Manoa*, and to these  
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horreur,1550  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MAN.

The accident was loud, & 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 knowst to *Israelites* not saddest1560  
The desolation of a Hostile City.

MESS.

Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.

MAN.

Relate by whom.

MESS.

By *Samson*.

MAN.

That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS.

Ah *Manoa* I refrain, too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN.

Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESS.

Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead.1570

MAN.

The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost.  
Yet e're I give the rains to grief, say first,  
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,1580  
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths 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 thir heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN.

O lastly over-strong against thy self! 1590  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

MESS.

Occasions drew me early to this City,  
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,  
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600  
*Samson* should be brought forth to shew 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 op'n, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand; 1610

I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice  
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high cheer, & wine,  
When to thir sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was *Samson* as a public servant brought,  
In thir state Livery clad; before him Pipes  
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot before him and behind  
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout<sup>1620</sup>  
Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,  
Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him  
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendious force,  
None daring to appear Antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested<sup>1630</sup>  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massie Pillars  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*  
Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,  
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.  
At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,  
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd<sup>1640</sup>  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld.  
Now of my own accord such other tryal  
I mean to shew 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 massie Pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro,  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew<sup>1650</sup>  
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,  
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,  
Thir choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this but each *Philistian* City round  
Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.  
*Samson* with these immixt, inevitably  
Pulld down the same destruction on himself;

The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHOR.

O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!1660  
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious  
Among thy slain self-kill'd  
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold  
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
Then all thy life had slain before.

SEMICHOR.

While thir hearts were jocund and sublime,  
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,1670  
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,  
Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring  
Before our living Dread who dwells  
In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:  
Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,  
Who hurt thir minds,  
And urg'd them on with mad desire  
To call in hast for thir destroyer;  
They only set on sport and play  
Unweetingly importun'd1680  
Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men  
Fall'n into wrath divine,  
As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

SEMICHOR.

But he though blind of sight,  
Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated  
His fierie vertue rouz'd1690  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an ev'ning Dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts,  
And nests in order rang'd  
Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.  
So vertue giv'n for lost,

Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begott'n bird  
In the *Arabian* woods embost, 1700  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay e're while a Holocaust,  
From out her ashie womb now teem'd  
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd,  
And though her body die, her fame survives,  
A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself  
Like *Samson*, and heroicy hath finish'd 1710  
A life Heroic, on his Enemies  
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*  
Through all *Philistian* bounds. To *Israel*  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,  
To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;  
And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was feard,  
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730  
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequie and funeral train  
Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him  
A Monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,  
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd  
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame thir breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740  
The Virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing



His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHOR.

All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What 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<sup>1750</sup>  
And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent,  
His servants he with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
And calm of mind all passion spent.

*The End.*

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## APPENDIX.

(A)

### Specimen Of Milton'S Spelling, From The Cambridge Autograph Manuscript.

#### On Time

##### Set On A Clock Case

Fly envious Time till thou run out thy race  
call on the lazie leaden-stepping howres  
whose speed is but the heavie plummets pace  
& glut thy selfe w<sup>th</sup> what thy womb devoures  
w<sup>ch</sup> is no more then what is false & vaine  
& meerly mortall drosse  
so little is our losse  
so little is thy gaine  
for when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd  
& last of all thy greedie selfe consum'd  
then long Æternity shall greet our blisse  
w<sup>th</sup> an individuall kisse  
and Joy shall overtake us as a flood  
when every thing y<sup>t</sup> is sincerely good  
& pfectly divine  
with Truth, & Peace, & Love shall ever shine  
about the supreme throne  
of him t' whose happy-making sight alone  
when once our heav'nly-guided soule shall clime  
then all this earthie grossnesse quit  
attir'd w<sup>th</sup> starres wee shall for ever sit  
Triumphing over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

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(B)

## Note Of A Few Readings In The Same Manuscript.

### At A Solemn Musick.

line 6. *content*. Manuscript reads *concent* as does the Second Edition; so that *content* is probably a misprint.

### Arcades.

line 22. *hunderd*. Milton's own spelling here is *hundred* But in the *Errata* to *Paradise Lost* (i. 760) he corrects *hundred* to *hunderd*.

### Lycidas.

line 64. *uncessant*. Manuscript reads *incessant*, so that *uncessant* is probably a misprint; though that spelling is retained in the Second Edition.

line 82. *perfet*. So in *A Maske*, line 203. In both these places the manuscript has *perfect*, as elsewhere where the word occurs. In the *Solemn Music*, line 23, where the First Edition reads *perfect*, the second reads *perfet*.

### A Mask.

lines 168, 169. Manuscript reads—

*but heere she comes I fairly step aside  
& hearken, if I may, her buisnesse heere.*

line 474. *sensualty*. Manuscript also reads *sensualtie*, as the metre requires.

line 493. *father*. Manuscript reads *father's*.

line 553. *drowsie frighted*. Manuscript reads *drowsie flighted*.

line 743. In the manuscript, which reads—

*If you let slip time like an neglected rose*

a circle has been drawn round the *an*, but probably not by Milton.

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(C)

*Paradise Lost*, vii. 451. Bentley's emendation of *soul* for *fowl* should have been noted at the foot of the page. See Genesis i. 30 A. V. margin.

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[\[1\]](#)This manuscript, invaluable to all students of Milton, has lately been facsimiled under the superintendence of Dr. Aldis Wright, and published at the Cambridge University Press.

[\[\[\]\]](#)Psalm 136. 10, 13 That] who 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)17, 21, 25 That] who 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)22 latter] latest 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)6 content] concent 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)1 needs] neede

[\[\[\]\]](#)6 weak] dull

[\[\[\]\]](#)8 live-long] lasting

[\[\[\]\]](#)10 heart] part

[\[\[\]\]](#)13 it] her

[\[\[\]\]](#)33 ye] you 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)104 And he by] And by the 1673

[\[\[\]\]](#)3 If deed of honour did thee ever please, 1673.

[\[\[\]\]](#)IX. 5 with *Ruth*] the *Ruth* 1645.

[\[\[\]\]](#)149 Amaranthus] Amaranthus 1673

[\[1\]](#)Omitted in 1673

[1] Omitted in 1673

[[]] 43 ye] you 1673

[[]] 169 If I may, her busines here] If I may her business hear 1673 *Errata*.

[[]] 474 sensuality] sensuality 1673

[[]] 493 father] *So also 1673 for father's*

[[]] 547 meditate] meditate upon 1673

[[]] 556 steam] stream 1673

[[]] 580 furder] further 1673

[[]] 780 anough] anow 1673

[[]] 53 Or wert thou] Or wert thou Mercy *conjectured by John Heskin of Ch. Ch. Oxon. from Ode on Nativity, st. 15.*

[[]] 9 send] lend *Cambridge Autograph MS.*

[\*] G[*Editor: illegible character*]orera.

[\*] Gnashanta.

[\*] Shalish.

[\*] Jilgnagu.

[\*] Jilgnagu.

[\*] Jilgnagu.

[\*] Be Sether ragnam.

[\*] Bagnadathel.

[†] Bekerev.

[\*] Tishphetu gnavel.

[\*] Shiphtu-dal.

[†] Hatzdiku.

[\*] Jimmotu.

[\*] Shiphta.

[•] *Jehemajun.*

[†] *Jagnarimu.*

[†] *Sod.*

[\*] *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*

[\*] *Tsephuneca.*

[†] *Lev jachdau.*

[†] *Neoth Elohim bears both.*

[\*] *They seek thy Name. Heb.*

[\*] *They seek thy Name. Heb.*

[†] *Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.*

[\*] *Heb. Turn to quicken us.*

[\*] *Heb. Turn to quicken us.*

[\*] *Heb He will set his steps to the way.*

[†] *Heb. I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

[\*] *Heb. A man without manly strength.*

[\*] *The Heb. bears both.*

[\*] *The Heb. bears both.*

[†] *Heb. Prae Concussione*

[1] *vastitate] venustate 1673*

[[]] *30 quotannis] perennis 1673*

[[]] *57 Summisso] submisso 1673*

[[]] *143 semifractaque] præruptaque 1673*

[[]] *149, 150 Manes Exululant,] Manes, Exululat 1673 Errata.*

[[]] *504,5 hospitable Does Yielded thir Matrons] the hospitable door  
Expos'd a Matron 1674*

[[]] *530 fainted] fa(i)nting 1674*

- [\[ \]703](#) founded] found out *1674*
- [\[ \]737](#) Herarchie] Hierarchie *1674*
- [\[ \]282](#) where] were *1674*
- [\[ \]402](#) breath] *misprint for breathe.*
- [\[ \]483](#) thir] her *1674*
- [\[ \]527](#) his] this *1674*
- [\[ \]542](#) *Oealia*] *Oechalia* *1674*
- [\[ \]631](#) toward] towards *1674*
- [\[ \]18](#) find him out] find him *1674*
- [\[ \]627](#) walks] walk *1674*
- [\[ \]928](#) The] Thy *1674*
- [\[ \]627](#) Eevning approachd] Eevning now approachd *1674*
- [\[ \]366](#) his] her *1674*
- [\[ \]563](#) stations] station *1674*
- [\[ \]269](#) as] and *1674*
- [\[ \]186](#) not] nor *1674*
- [\[ \]213](#) hear] bear *1674*
- [\[ \]394](#) Likest] likeliest *1674*
- [\[ \]922](#) hast] hath *1674*
- [\[ \]58](#) may] might *1674*
- [\[ \]241](#) Avenger] Avengers *1674*
- [\[ \]397](#) those] these *1674*
- [\[ \]827](#) they acquitted] they then acquitted *1674*
- [\[ \]647](#) tacks] makes *1674*
- [\[ \]866](#) that] who *1674*

[\[\[\[\]\]\]](#)191 This] The *1674*

[\[\[\[\]\]\]](#)238 them thir desire] what they besaught *1674*

[\[\[\[\]\]\]](#)309 he] here *1695*