



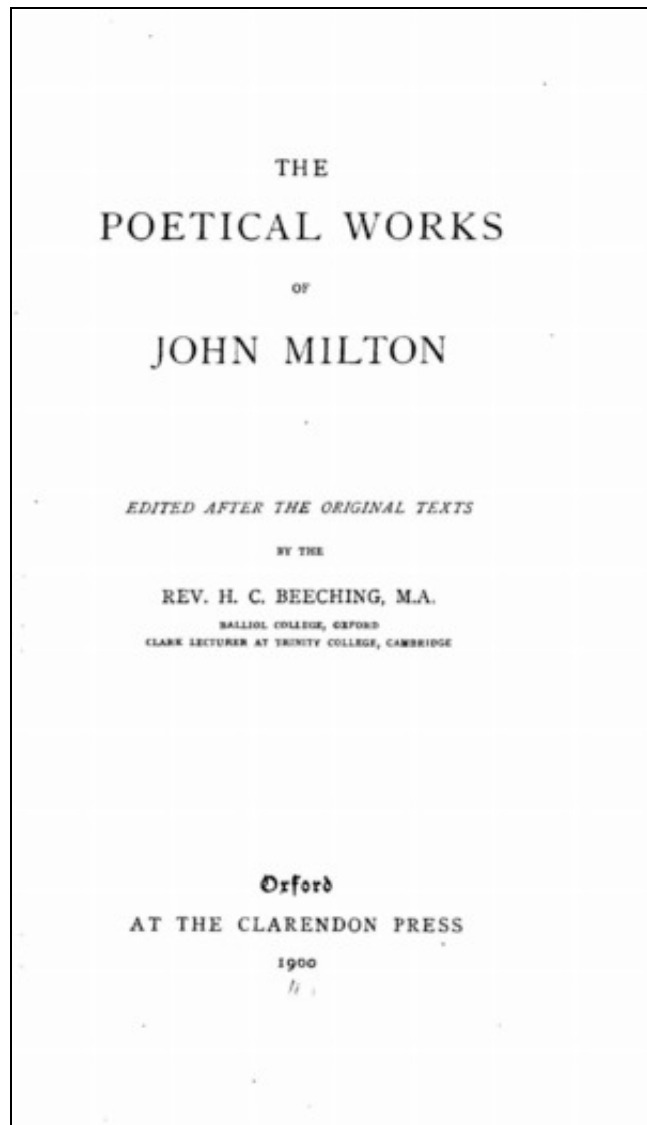
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JOHN MILTON, *THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON (17THC)*

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Milton ranks among the greatest poets of the English language. He is best known for the epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), but he also wrote prose works on history, religion, and contemporary politics. Although his academic talents marked him for a career in the Anglican church, Milton turned away from the Church of England at an early age and was a consistent supporter of the Puritan cause. He spent most of his life in academia or as a civil servant working for the Puritan Commonwealth.

ABOUT THE BOOK

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

THE EDITION USED

The Poetical Works of John Milton, edited after the Original Texts by the Rev. H.C. Beeching M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1900).

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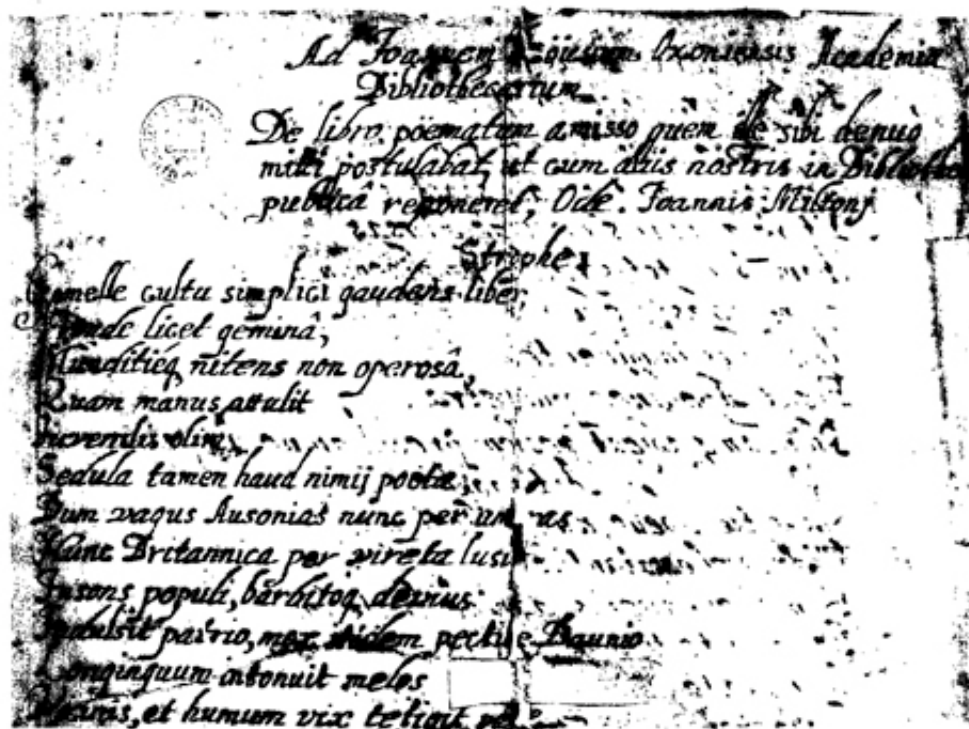
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JOHN MILTON, THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON (17THC)



FROM THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SENT TO ROUS, AND PRESERVED IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD

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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 copy¹. 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 Marchioness 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.*

Endnotes

[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.

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 *Fetter Lane* 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.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

On the Morning of CHRIST'S 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,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
 And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

10

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,

20

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.

The Hymn.

I

It was the Winter wilde,
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 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.

30

II

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle Air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinfull blame,
 The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Makers eyes
 Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

40

III

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
 She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphear

His ready Harbinger,
 With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

50

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,
 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.

70

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,
 As his inferiour flame,

80

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;
 Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

90

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
 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.

101

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
 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.

110

XII

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

120

XIII

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
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,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony.

130

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,
 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,

150

XVII

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount *Sinai* rang
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
 The aged Earth agast
 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.

160

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,
 And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

170

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,
 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.

190

XXII

Peor, and *Baalim*,
 Forsake their Temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine*,

And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
 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.

200

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;
 The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

210

XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
 Trampling the unshowr'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,

230

Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 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,
 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.

240

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

This and the following *Psalm* were don by the Author at fifteen
 years 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 Almightyes 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.
 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.

10

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. 20
For, &c.

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. 40
For, &c.

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* 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. 60
For, &c.

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. 80
For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enimy.
For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For, &c.

Let us therfore 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.

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,
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.

10

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,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

20

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, 30
 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, 40
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;
 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, 50
 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 yeers he had, when he wrote it,
 and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinisht.*

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, 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime, 20
 Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

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
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His Infancy to sease!

10

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;
 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.

20

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-rais'd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure [content](#),
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits theron
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 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

10

20

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.

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.
 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;
 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:
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

10

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30

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;
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,
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;
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,
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.

40

50

60

70

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.

10

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
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.

10

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;
 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.

10

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.
 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.
 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;

10

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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
 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.

30

L'Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, 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.
 But com thou Goddess 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,
 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;
 Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

10

20

30

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; 40
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, 50
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
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, 60
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
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 70
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
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, 80
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
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 *Thestylys* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead 90
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
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, 100
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
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, 110
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
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, 120
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 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 130
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
 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 140
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out,
 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 150
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

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.

10

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 *Memnons* sister might beseem,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.

20

Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturns* 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*.

30

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 gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 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,

40

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, 60
Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;
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 70
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off *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 80
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
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 hold 90
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, 100
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.

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 110
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
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, 120
Where more is meant then meets the ear.

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 Goddess 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 some Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the Bee with honeyed 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 some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
And as I wake, sweet music breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some 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 antique Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, 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 peaceful 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.

SONNETS.

I

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eeve, 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:
 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.

10

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,
 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 cuor s'invecchi.*

10

III

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E' bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e' duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.*

10

Canzone.

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

10

IV

*Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne 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,
 E' 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.*

10

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 sentì 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
 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.*

10

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
 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.*

10

VII

How soon hath Time the suttler thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
 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,
 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.

10

VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
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 spred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 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.

10

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,
 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.

10

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
 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*.

10

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
Of detraction from her praise,
 Less then half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

10

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 Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light,

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
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?

20

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,
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

30

To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40
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, 50
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, 60
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*, 70
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
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, 80

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,
 I will bring you where she sits
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

90

3.

SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
 On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
 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.

100

JUST A EDOVARDO KING naufrago,
ab Amicis mœrentibus, amoris & μνείας χάριτιν.

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

CANTABRIGIÆ:

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

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
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.

10

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may som gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
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.

20

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

30

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 *Damœtas* 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,
 And all their echoes mourn.

40

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*?

51

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,
 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.

60

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
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;

70

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,
 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.

80

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,
 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 fatall and perfidious Bark
 Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

90

100

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower 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,
 (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,

110

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 mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 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,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

120

130

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 terf suck the honied showres,
 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.

140

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,
 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*,

150

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,
 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.

160

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

170

There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
 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.

180

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,
 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.

190

A MASKE PRESENTED At Ludlow
Castle, 1634:
On Michaelmasse night, before the

**RIGHT HONORABLE, IOHN 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.

**To the Right Honourable, John Lord
Vicount Bracly, Son and Heir
apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater,
&c. ¹**

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.

**The Copy of a Letter writt'n by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author,
upon the following Poem.¹**

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

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of *France* to *Marseilles*, and thence by Sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage into *Tuscany* is as Diurnal as a *Gravesend* Barge: I hasten as you do to *Florence*, or *Siena*, the rather to tell 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 won 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* (says 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.

Endnotes

[\[\[\]\]](#) 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.

[\[\[1 \]\]](#) 149 Amaranthus] Amaranthus 1673

[\[1 \]](#) Omitted in 1673

[\[1 \]](#) Omitted in 1673

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 insphear'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

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*,
 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
 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,
 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*
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

20

30

40

50

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, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offering to every weary Travailer,
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
 To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd 70
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely 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, 80
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 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, 90
 Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd
 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 gole 100
 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, 110
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
 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, 120
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and 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 Goddesses of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vaild *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame 130

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,
 And to the tel-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round.

140

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,
 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,
 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.](#)

150

160

The Lady enters.

The Lady

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 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

170

180

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 *Phœbus* wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had ingag'd their wandring 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?
 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

190

200

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
 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 beleieve
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistening Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 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.

210

220

SONG.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 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 likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in som flowry Cave,
 Tell me but where
 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.*

230

240

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
 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,
 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'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

250

260

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
 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.

300

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 safe
 Till further quest'.

320

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,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian* Cynosure.

340

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 innumerable bowes.
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister
 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.

350

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; 360
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 370
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
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 380
Were all to ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
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, 390
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?

But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unincharmed eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unshun'd heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
 Of night, or lonelines it reckes me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

400

Eld. Bro.

I do not, brother,
 Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
 Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

410

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:
 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

420

Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades, 430
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
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 440
To testifie the arms of Chastity?
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? 450
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Sainly 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 460
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
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 damp
 Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
 Lingerin, 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.

470

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 raigns.

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 roaving 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;
 Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

490

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 straggl'g 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.

520

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
 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't
 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*

530

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.

540

This evening late by then the chewing flocks
 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,
 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

550

Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,
 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
 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.

560

570

2. *Bro.*

O night and shades,
 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?

580

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,
 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

590

Gather'd like scum, and set'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'n
 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
 Twixt *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.

600

Spir.

Alas good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
 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.

610

Eld. Bro.

Why prethee Shepherd
 How durst thou then thy self approach so near
 As to make this relation?

Spir.

Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every 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

620

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another 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 inchantments, mildew blast, or damp
 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,
 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.

630

640

650

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 spred 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 Alablaster,

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.

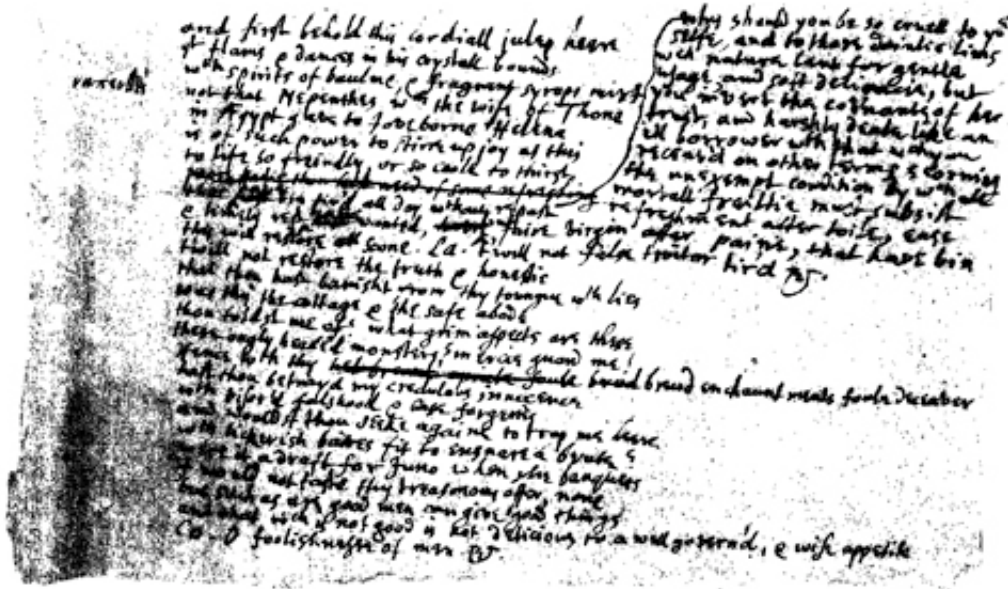
Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant 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 lent 680
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?
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none

700



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

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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,
 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?

710

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 world 720
 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 thereof 740
 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 play 750
 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.

760

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
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 Luxury
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't

770

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're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?

780

Or have I said [enough?](#) To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I somthing 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.

790

Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick
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 800
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 810
And settlings of a melancholy blood;
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 *Melibœus* 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,
 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 stream
 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.

840

850

SONG.

Sabrina fair

Listen where thou art sitting
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,

860

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,
 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.

880

Listen and save.

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

Sabrina

By the rushy-fringed bank,
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 strayes,
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
I am here.

890

900

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,
 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
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

910

920

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
 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
 With som other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound

930

940

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
 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.

950

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the Presidents Castle, then com in Countrey-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
 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.*

960

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,
 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*

970

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: 980
 There I suck the liquid ayr
 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 990
 About the cedar'n alleys fling
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, 1000
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 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 1010
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 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
 Higher then the Spheary chime;
 Or if Vertue feeble were,
 Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

1020

The End.

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-lasting
 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,
 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.

10

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
 Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair bidding place.

20

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,
 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.

30

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.)
 Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

40

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 50
 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.

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:
 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 chiefest treasure;
 Not those new fangled toys, and triming slight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And 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,
 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,

10

20

30

Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th'touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire: 40
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,
 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, 50
 While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest
 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 60
 The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth;
 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, 70
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 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;
 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?

80

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.

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 always vacant, always amiable
 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.

10

[*The Latin text follows.*]

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
 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.

10

x1. 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
 Raild 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.
 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.

10

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 *Phæbus* Quire
 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.

10

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
 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.

10

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
 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.

10

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
 Bear his milde yোক, they serve him best, his State

10

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
 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.

10

XVIII

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
 Of Brittish *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;
 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.

10

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,
 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.

10

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*
 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.

10

20

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.

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,
 Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
 And Public Faith cleared from the shamefull brand
 Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
 While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

10

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
 No less renownd 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.

10

To S^r 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 spell'd,
 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
 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.

10

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.

10

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 scorners 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.
 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,

10

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 10
 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 20
 With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
 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 10
 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 20
 Hast smote ere now
 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 10
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to himself 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,
 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. 30
 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 40
 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 10
 Evil with thee no bidding makes
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a 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 30
 By their own counsels quell'd;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround 40
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

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; 10
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 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.
 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.

20

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,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not fre'd my foe for naught;

10

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
 Of my foes that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their furi' asswage;
 Judgment here thou didst ingage
 And command which I desire.

20

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.

30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last,

40

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
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,

50

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.

60

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, 10
 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, 20
 All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no
 dearth
 O Jehovah our Lord bow wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the
 earth.

April, 1648. J. M.

**Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a
 different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated
 from the Original.**

PSAL. LXXX.

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
 Give ear *in time of need,*
 Who leadest 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 10
 Awake^{*} thy strength, come, and *be seen*
 To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
 To us O God vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy ^{*}smoaking wrath, *and angry brow*
 Against thy peoples praire. 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them^{*} 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 ^{*}laugh, they ^{*}play,
 And ^{*}flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe* 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from 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,* 10
 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. 20
- 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; 30
 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. 40
- 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;
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind.

50

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.

60

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 ^{*}great ^{*} assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
Among the gods[†] on both his hands
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye ^{*}pervert the right
With ^{*} judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 ^{*}Regard the ^{*} weak and fatherless
^{*}Dispatch the ^{*} poor mans cause,
And [†]raise the man in deep distress
By [†]just and equal Lawes.

10

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 ^{*}mov'd
 And ^{*} out of order gon.

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The Sons of God most high
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other Princes *die*.

8 Rise God, ^{*}judge thou the earth *in might*,
 This *wicked* earth ^{*} redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The Nations all possess.

20

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,
^{*}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.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,

10

20

Moab, with them of Hagar's 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,
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.
 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,
 Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
 Like stubble from the wind.
 14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden straiest,
 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,
 Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*

30

40

50

61

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*,
 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.

10

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,

30

9 Thou God our shield look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear*.

10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest*
 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*.

40

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 rain'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
 From thy[†] 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?
 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

10

20

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 good

50

Our Land shall forth in plenty throw

Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His Royal Harbinger,

Then ^{*} 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
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. 20
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, what I 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* 30
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. 40
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 50
To seek my life, and in their eyes

No fear of thee have set.
 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
 Readiest thy grace to 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.
 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.

60

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;
 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 *twise that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last*
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a 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,

10

20

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,
 My life *at death's uncherful dore*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

10

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit
 I am a *_**man, but weak alas
 And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead *to sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep*.

20

Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand 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;

30

_Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
_And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great

Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread. 40
 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, 50
 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 [†] 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.

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 demains
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 POEMATA. Quorum Pleraque Intra
 Annum Ætatis Vigesimali 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 nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

**Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad
 Joannem Miltonium Anglum.**

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
 Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

**Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laureâ
 coronandum Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ,
 Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.**

CEDERE 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,
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,
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*

10

10

*Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il priù raro.*

30

*Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.*

40

*Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

50

*Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su' l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma*

60

*I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegneri 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;
Che s' opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

70

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

80

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

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 idiomata 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 vastitate¹
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.

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad Carolum 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.
 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.
 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 Muis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

10

20

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, 40
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
 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 50
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 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, 60
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite 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 cœlo 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 linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

Tε, 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 Phoebō 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.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,
 Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

20

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.
In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

MÆSTUS 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 turre
 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.
 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,
 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?

10

20

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ? 30
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pellucentes 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 Philyræus Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

30

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:

Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,

Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum praelarga 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, 50
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat & 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, 60
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mæstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi, 70
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 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 virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva, 80
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 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,
 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.
 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.
 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,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,

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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. 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penëide 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 penetrabilia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid 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 30
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctöas 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. 40
 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.
 Cinnamonê 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 90
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 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, 100
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris 110
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua 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,
 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.
 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 senior umbra polo.

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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,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.

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Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec pudivit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
 Mista Thyonêo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris: 20
 Non illic epulæ non sata vitis erat.
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu, 30
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
 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;
 Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum, 40
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegía levis multorum cura deorum est, 50
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & 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; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha 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 70
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem 80
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris. 90

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia 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.
 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.
 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.
 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, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,

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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. 50
 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. 60
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & 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: 70
 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 tàm subito gaudia flere juvat. 80
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus 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. 90
 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,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores, 100
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.
 HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitiaë 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 Diomedéam 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 fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

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In eandem.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Jäcobus 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 flammis triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

10

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 suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

10

Ad eandem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
 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 poteris composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteris ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituere sibi.

10

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!
 Possem Ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens.

10

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

In Salmasii Hundredam.

QUIS expeditiv 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

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Jæpeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassùm dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Cætâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique 20
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, 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, 30
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 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 40
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Jäcobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Scepra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 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
 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 expugnatae crudelia sæcula Troiæ.
 At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam

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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
 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.

40

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt [summisso](#) poplite reges,
 Et mendicantum 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 tremat attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

50

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

70

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & 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.

80

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontéa nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite Pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 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;

90

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Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

120

Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâmne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ.
 Perculsosque metu subito, casúque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

130

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,
 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.

140

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

150

Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffrentur 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.

160

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

170

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros;
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.

180

Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque 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,

190

Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
 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:
 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,
 Effæti que senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focus genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

200

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Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis præsulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,

10

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 parciùs 20
 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. 30
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao:
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ; 40
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror:
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex
 Auriga currus ignei, 50
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 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.

60

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & 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 ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas.
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati

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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
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

30

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.

40

Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua cæli,
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.

50

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.

60

Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 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 præsidēs 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?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimûmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
 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
 Dircaeus 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,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam pöetas urbis exules tuæ

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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
Exiguam meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

10

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos 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 Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
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;

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Torrída dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40

Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & 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 fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro. 50
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea 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 60
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri, 70
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que 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 decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

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I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fædissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

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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 obliviam nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

120

Psalm 114.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακωβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα·
Εν δ[Editor: illegible character] θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων
βασίλευεν.

Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐξέβωσσε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ἑοθίφ, ὁδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν.

Εκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες ἐὔτραφερῶ ἐν ἄλωῃ.

Βαιοτέρα δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Ὅῖα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.

Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐξέβωσσε;

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ἑοθίφ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστνφελίχθης

Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν;

Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθ[Editor: illegible character]

Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες ἐὔτραφερῶ ἐν ἄλωῃ;

Βαιοτέρα τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμμως ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,

Ὅῖα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες,

Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα

Γαῖα, θεὸν τρείουσ' ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο

Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῦς χέε μορμύροντας,

Κρήνηντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσης.

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Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & insontem

inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat

τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.

Ὡ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν

Δεινὸν ὄλωσ δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἕσθι κάρηνον

Ρηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸδ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,

Μαψ ἄντως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χρόνω μαλα πολλὸν ὀδύρῃ,

Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλεως περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἄμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μ[Editor: illegible character]ν εἰ
κόνα

Φαίῳς τάχ' ἔν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοῦ[Editor: illegible character]ς
 βλέπων·
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπῶν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
 Γελάετε Φάουλου 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 Μασιδίως δ' ἄρ ἔπειτα τερὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὄδνρ ἦ 1673

Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope 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
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm 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.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.

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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,
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

40

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 benevolentiam 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,
 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.

10

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges: 20
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
 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. 30
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 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, 40
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 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 quacunquē per orbem 50
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 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 clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces. 70
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 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, 80
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 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 90
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 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 serenùm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

Epitaphium Damonis.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Argumentum.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimùm. 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,
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 sedítque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

10

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linqvis, 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 silentium.

20

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque 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, piúmque,
 Palladiásque artes, sociúmque 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 foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

40

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.

50

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiásque 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 & Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

60

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,
 Híc gelidi fontes, híc illita gramina musco,

70

Hîc Zephyri, hîc 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;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

90

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & 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.

100

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
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

110

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.
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

120

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
 Pastores Thusci, Musis 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,
 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.

130

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;
 Et quæ tum facili 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,
 Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque 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

140

150

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,
 Brennûmque Arviragûmque duces, priscûmque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, & poter Alauni,
 Vorticibûsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

170

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 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.

180

Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus;
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

190

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctáque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse 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 cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicúnque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 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.

200

210

Finis.

Ad Joannem Rousium.

[Added in Second Edition, 1673.]

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis Academiæ 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
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

10

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum;

20

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

30

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ

Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

40

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
 Optat peculî, numeróque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi quibus & ipse præsidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
 Iön Actæa genitus Creusâ.

50

60

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

70

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava facesset;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roüsio favente.

80

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis unä 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 ὀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Endnotes

[\[1\]](#) 43 ye] you 1673

[\[1\]](#) 169 If I may, her busines here] If I may her business hear 1673 *Errata*.

[\[1\]](#) 474 sensuality] sensuality 1673

[\[1\]](#) 493 father] *So also 1673 for father's*

[\[1\]](#) 547 meditate] meditate upon 1673

[\[1\]](#) 556 steam] stream 1673

[\[1\]](#) 580 furder] further 1673

[\[1\]](#) 780 anough] anow 1673

[\[1\]](#) 53 Or wert thou] Or wert thou Mercy *conjectured by John Heskin of 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] prærupaque 1673

[[]] 149, 150 Manes Exululant,] Manes, Exululat 1673 *Errata.*

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 *Bishoplgate-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 pugnæ non superesse suæ.
 At simul in cælis Messiæ 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 quicunque 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'whelm'g 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 horreur 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.*

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
 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
 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 justify the wayes of God to men.

10

20

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 30
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, 40
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
Hurd 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. 50
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
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 60
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
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: 70
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
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
Bëëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

80

 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
 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
 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
 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

90

100

110

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't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 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.

120

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare:
 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
 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,
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

130

But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Then such could hav'orepow'rd 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
 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 undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?

140

150

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,

160

As being the contrary to his high will

Whom we resist. If then his Providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,

Our labour must be to pervert that end,

And out of good still to find means of evil;

Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb

His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.

But see the angry Victor hath recall'd

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 receiv'd 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, voyd 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 despare.

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 200
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast
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 210
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
 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 220
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 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; 230
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundring *Ætna*, 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,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

240

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, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.

250

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 *Bëëlsebub*
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extrems, 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,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,

280

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,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.

290

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'd
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 imbowr; 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,

300

While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

310

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, 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
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

320

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.

330

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

340

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 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;
 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.

350

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;
 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,

360

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 transform 370
 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 390
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,
 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 400
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant 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 parts 420
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompound'd 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; 440
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, 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 Rock
 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,
 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 fertil Banks
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 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 seek
 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 lewd
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love

450

460

470

480

490

Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smook'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
 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
 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 *Creet*
 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,
 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.
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
 His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd

500

510

520

530

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: 540
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 550
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
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 560
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, 570
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: For never since created man,
Met such imbodied 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
 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
 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
 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
 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

580

590

600

610

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
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

620

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

630

As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
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-rais'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
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

640

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.

650

Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should 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' Abyesse
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
 For who can think Submission! Warr then, Warr
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

660

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.

670

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top
 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
 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
 Riff'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
 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,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire

680

690

700

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
 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
 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
 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
 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,

710

720

730

740

A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* 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
 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
 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
 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
 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

750

760

770

780

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,
 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.

790

The End of the First Book.

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
 Showrs 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.

10

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,
 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
 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,
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

20

30

40

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 than 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.

50

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
 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

60

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
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.

70

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
 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;

80

Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd 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
 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.

90

100

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
 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.

110

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
 Did not disswade 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 Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd

120

130
With Armed watch, that render all access
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
140
Incapable of stain would soon expel
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,
150
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
160
Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
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.
170
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
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
 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'n's highth
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
 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 trampil'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
 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
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
 With what is punish't; whence these raging fires

180

191

200

210

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,
 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.

220

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 regain
 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 receive
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'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'd
 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

230

240

250

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're
 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
 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
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and [where](#), dismissing quite
 All thoughts of Warr; ye have what I advise.

260

270

280

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
 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,

290

In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
 Which when *B ělzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
 Deliberation sat and 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.

300

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,
 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'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine
 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.

310

What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
 Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss
 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

320

330

In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
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 350
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'ns 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'ns high Arbitrator sit secure 360
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious 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 370
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
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 *Bëëlzebub*
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd 380
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great 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,
 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,
 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
 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,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance red his own dismay
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime

390

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410

420

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.

430

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones,
 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
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into what ever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape.
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
 And this Imperial Sov'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
 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
 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

440

450

460

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;
 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,
 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
 Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element
 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
 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.

470

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490

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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, 510
 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. 520
 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, 530
 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;
 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 540
 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
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 Bands 570
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 580
Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses
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 seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,

A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs 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 Ice 600
 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 610
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, 620
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
 A Universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 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, 630
 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 640
 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 660
 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
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 *Lapland* 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 vally'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 then
 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,
 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.

690

700

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 hair
 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

710

To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;
 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 Snake Sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

720

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;
 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.

730

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

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal 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.

740

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 deemd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns 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

750

At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
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
Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout
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.
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 enemie
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,
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
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,

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800

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
 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.

810

She finish'd, and the suttile Fiend his lore
 Soon learnd, 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
 Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come noemie, 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
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the Purlieues 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
 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

820

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840

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.

850

The key of this infernal Pit by due,
 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,
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass't 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.

860

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 sound
 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 Banner'd Host

880

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
 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
 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,
 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
 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

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He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie: all unawares
 Fluttring 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 *Syrtis*, 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 flies: 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 nearest coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 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,
 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;
 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.

970

980

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 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 defend
 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.

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He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,

1010

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.
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 perverse
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,
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;
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.

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Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

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 than 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,
 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
 Clear Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
 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 nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 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;

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40

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.
 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.

50

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Emphyrean 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
 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
 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.

60

70

Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 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

80

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, 90
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay
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. 100
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
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, 110
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
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. 120
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,
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
 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.

130

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
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

140

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.

150

For should Man finally be lost, should Man
 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
 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.

160

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
 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' incensed 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.
 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,
 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
 Som other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

180

190

200

210

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
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.

220

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
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
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
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

230

240

250

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
 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.

260

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
 Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
 Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

270

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.
 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.

280

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
 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

290

His Brethren, ransomed 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 300
 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 judge 330
 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 350

Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
 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; 360
 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect
 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; 370
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
 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, 380

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
 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,
 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,
 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.

390

400

410

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'd
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off

420

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 Waggon light:
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
 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 *Ætna* flames,
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;
 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 tost
 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
 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

470

480

490

500

Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.

510

The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
 Dreaming by night under the open 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,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.

520

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

530

Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
 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 *Bëersaba*, 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.

540

Satan from hence now on the lower stair
 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 adornd, 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 seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales, 570
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
 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 turnd
 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 informd
 With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
 If mettal, 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
 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
 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
 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
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,

600

610

620

630

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
 In curls 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 turnd,
 Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his Throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O're Sea and Land; him *Satan* thus accostes.

640

650

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
 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;
 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;

660

670

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 ways.

680

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
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
 In his uprightness answer thus returnd.

690

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
 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.

700

I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
 This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
 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

710

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,
 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
 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.

720

730

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,
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

740

The End of the Third Book.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and 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,
 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
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

10

20

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:
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

30

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
 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
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
 Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return

40

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
 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?

50

O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
 Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
 Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 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

60

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'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

70

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?
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
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.

80

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.

90

For never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
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

100

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
 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.

110

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,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first

120

That practisd falshood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
 Yet not enough 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 ascend
 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,

140

Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt: 150
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
 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 160
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
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 enamourd, from the Spouse 170
 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent
 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 180
 Due entrance he disdained, and in contempt,
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
 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, 190
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 200
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
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 210
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line
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 220
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor 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 230
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,

Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 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 240
 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 250
 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,
 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
 Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps 260
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
 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 270
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
 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,
 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,
 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
 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
 Disshemeld, 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,
 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

280

290

300

310

With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitee 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 appetite

330

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,

340

Alone as they. About them frisking playd
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 grass
Cought, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
Or Bedward ruminating; for the Sun

350

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,
 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'd
 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,
 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,
 By conquering this new World, compels me now
 To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.

360

370

380

390

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 unespí'd

To mark what of thir state he more might learn
 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.

400

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 keep
 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
 Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
 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.

420

430

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,

440

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'd
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 unexperient 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,
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 staies
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,
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

450

460

470

480

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 grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

490

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing 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
 That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plained.

500

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,
 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?
 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

510

520

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
 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.

530

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
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
 Leveld his eevning 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.

540

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
 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.

550

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

560

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 looks
 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.

570

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:
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 come
 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.

580

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 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 Eevning on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
 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.

590

600

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour
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;
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,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

610

620

630

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.
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,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertil 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
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun

640

650

On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering 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*,
 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
 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
 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
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to mans delightful use; the roofe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

660

670

680

690

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*,
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,
 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.

700

710

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 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
 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.

720

730

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? 750
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source
 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, 760
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
 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 770
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 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,
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

780

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 suttler 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,
 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.

790

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*;
 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.

800

Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
 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.

810

Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King;
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

820

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,
 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 undiminisht 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.
 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.

830

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 lovly, saw, and pin'd
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observd
 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd
 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.

840

850

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 quelld
 His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh

860

The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joint
 Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus calld 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 gate
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest;
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

870

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
 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 disturbd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

880

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,
 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;
 But that implies not violence or harme.

890

900

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 pain
 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,
 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.

910

920

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,
 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;
 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.

930

940

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,
 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 hope
 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.

950

960

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

970

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
 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
 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:

980

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 990
 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 1000
 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 doubld now 1010
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
 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.

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 choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at 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 custom'd, 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,
 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
 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.

10

20

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,

30

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
 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
 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?
 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:
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant growes,

40

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70

The Author not impair'd, but honour'd 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 confin'd,
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had 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
 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.

80

90

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
 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
 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

100

110

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 abhorr to dream, 120
 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 130
 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, 140
 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, 150
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; 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: 160
 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,
 Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoicing, 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 Circler, praise him in thy Spheare 170
 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.
 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 gaine'd, & when thou fallst.
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit'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. 180
 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless 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 uncolour'd skie, 190
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains and 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
 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.

200

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
 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'd
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

210

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 designes
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.

220

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respit 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 now

230

240

The fall of others from like state of bliss;
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 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 light
 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.

250

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'd
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes

260

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
 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.

270

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
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold

280

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. 290
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flouing 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 discernd, as in the dore he sat 300
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
 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 310
 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 fertil 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 where
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 meet
 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,

340

350

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 shade 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.

370

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
 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
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

380

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
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
 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
 The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

390

400

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 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind 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
Supps 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 here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to 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 Alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Ministerd 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' Empyrean 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'n's 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,
 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 leaves
 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.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,

470

480

490

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;
 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.

500

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
 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?

510

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
 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
 Findes 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?

520

530

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:
 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!

540

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
 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.

550

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 good
 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?

570

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'd
 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 avanc'd,
 Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve
 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.

580

590

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, 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
 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.

600

610

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
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervold, 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
 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

620

630

636-9 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 1674

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
 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,
 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

640

650

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'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
 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.

660

Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
 Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 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 thou
 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.

670

680

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
 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
 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.

700

710

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
 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.

720

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
 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

730

Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
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.

740

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
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North

750

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,

760

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
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,

770

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,

780

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 possess before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.

790

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?

800

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
 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
 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
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?

810

820

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,
 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,
 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.

830

840

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
 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-rais'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.
 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

850

860

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
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.

870

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
 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.
 Then who created thee lamenting learne,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

880

890

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
 Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshak'n, uneduc'd, untterrifi'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,
 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.

900

The End of the Fifth Book.

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 Council, 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 horreur 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
 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
 Emyreal, 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
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt

10

20

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

30

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

40

Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue

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

50

Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms

Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n

Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,

Into 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:

60

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 70
 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 80
 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 90
 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 100
 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, armd in Adamant and Gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

110

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
 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.

120

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 blow
 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

140

How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance

Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre

150

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 win

160

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,

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.

180

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 recoil'd; 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 firce 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 230
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
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread
 That Warr and various; sometimes 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
 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
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

240

250

260

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
 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

270

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.

280

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,
 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.

290

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
 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
 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.

300

310

Together both with next to Almighty 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
 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
 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
 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,
 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,

320

330

340

350

And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
 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 learnd 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
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
 Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 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.

360

370

380

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
 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,

390

Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
 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.

400

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
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.

410

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
 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 powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
 Since now we find this our Emypreal 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,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,

420

430

440

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, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 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. 470
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright
 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'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth 480
 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 disarmd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt. 490
 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 501
 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 turnd
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with suttile 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. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious 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,
 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.

530

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
 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 drizzling showr,
 But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.

540

So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold
 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.

550

Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open brest
 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.

560

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
 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,
 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 outragious 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
 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
 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 displode 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.

570

580

590

600

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?

Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
 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
 Somwhat 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.

610

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood.
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceiv 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.

620

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
 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
 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
 They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence

630

640

650

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,
 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.

670

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
 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,
 Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last

680

690

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 farr
 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,
 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.

700

710

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

720

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,
 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,

730

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, 740
 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 750
 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,
 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. 760
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
 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) 770
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
 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;
 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?
 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.

780

790

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 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;
 That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
 In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,

810

Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

820

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 rode
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

840

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
 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,
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

850

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 overthrown 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,
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd

860

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.

880

Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
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'd
 On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

890

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,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake

900

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
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

910

The End of the Sixth Book.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, 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 dayes: 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
 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 Empyreal Aire,
 Thy tempring; 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)

10

Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne. 20
 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 hoarce 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, 30
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. 40
 Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,
 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 tasts else to please thir appetite. 50
 Though wandring. He with his consorted *Eve*
 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 60

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,
 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 voutsaft
 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 adornd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
 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,
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth

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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. 110
 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 120
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,
 Onely Omniscient hath supprest 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 130
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

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 140
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 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 retains
 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
 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,
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
 Mean while inhabit laxe, 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,
 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' Almightye, 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
 When such was heard declar'd the Almightye'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

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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, 200
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
 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. 210
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 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 220
 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
 For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then 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,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.

230

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'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
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

240

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
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.

250

260

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

270

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,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sate 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 they
 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,
 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,
 And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.

280

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310

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 crept
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
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.

320

330

Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide
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
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

340

350

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
 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.

360

First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
 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 leveld West was set
 His mirror with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
 Revolvd 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 crownd the fourth day.

370

380

And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 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

390

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 Shoales 400
 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 bulk 410
 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 420
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
 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 Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing 430
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane
 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
 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.

440

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,
 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 fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable 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;

450

Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
 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

460

Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
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.

470

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,

480

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
 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 suddl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

490

Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
 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
 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.

500

510

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,

520

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,
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
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:
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
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.

530

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560

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 570
 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 580
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
 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 590
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 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 600
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
 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
 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
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destind 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
 Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

610

620

630

So sung they, and the Emyrean 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.

640

The End of the Seventh Book.

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 condescention to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
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,

10

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
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
Such restless revolution day by day

20

30

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 receaves,
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve* 40
 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 50
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
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 60
 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, 70
 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
 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
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n so small,
 Nor glistening, 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
 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,
 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

80

90

100

110

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, 120
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, 130
Insensibly three different Motions move?
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 140
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
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 150
Communicating Male and Female Light,
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'n
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 thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair *Eve*: Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be 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.

160

170

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell 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,
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

180

190

Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 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 suddly 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,
 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.

200

210

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
 Inward and outward both, his image 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,
 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 shut
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;

220

230

240

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 began

250

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 upright

260

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,

280

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

290

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.

300

So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 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
 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

310

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:
 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,

320

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;
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,
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 low
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.

330

340

350

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,
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,

360

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
 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.

370

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these 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
 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.

380

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and suttle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
 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

390

400

To me inferiour, infinite descents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee? 410
 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 perfet, and in thee
Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite; 420
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
Thou in thy secresie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt 430
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.
 Thus farr to try thee *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self, 440
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such companie as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial onely 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, 450
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell 460
 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a transe 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 lovly 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 480
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 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 uninform'd
 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,
 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

500

My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
 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.

510

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,
 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,

520

530

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.

540

For well I understand in the prime end
 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, vertuousest, discreetest, best;
 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.

550

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;
 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

570

Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other, think the same 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.

580

What higher in her societie thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

590

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.
 Neither her out-side form'd 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,
 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.

600

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
 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?

610

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
 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
 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
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

620

630

640

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
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

650

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
 From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

The End of the Eighth Book.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compast 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,
 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 20
 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 30
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
 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, gorgeous 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 40
 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 50
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
 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 60
 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, 70
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,
 Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose
 Satan 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 80
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
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 90
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 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 grieve
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd 100
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!

For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, 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 appears
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walk'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
 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,
 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
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,

110

120

130

140

And to reaire 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, 150
 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 160
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie 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 170
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
 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, 180
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 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
 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:
 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.

190

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,
 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
 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.

200

210

220

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 230
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, then to studie houshold 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, 240
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. 250
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; 260
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*,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

270

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
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

280

His violence thou fearest 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.

290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 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,
 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.

300

I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were

310

Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach't
 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,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

320

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
 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 sustain'd?
 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,
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

330

340

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd 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.
 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,

350

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
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likelie 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
 Us both securer then thus warnd 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.

360

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

370

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
 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 armd,
 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,

380

390

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 400
 To be returnd 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 410
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 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 420
 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 430
 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 renown'd
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapiant 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,
 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 summs 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 overaw'd
 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 remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that alwayes 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 soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

440

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470

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying, other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass

Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
 Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.

480

Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
 Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
 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.

490

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;
 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 transformd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
 Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but feard
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.

500

As when a Ship by skilful Steersman 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,
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,

510

520

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,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

530

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
 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.

540

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
 Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marveling; at length
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'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 appears.
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

550

560

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 sense
 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.

580

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 require
 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.

590

Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind.
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
 I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;

600

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
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

610

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,
 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.

620

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.

630

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
 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.

640

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,
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.

660

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 renound
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause adrest,
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.

670

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
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

680

Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless 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;
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,
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,
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 more
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.

690

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730

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 smell 740
 So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
 Sollicitd 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: 750
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
 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? 760
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death
 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 770
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
 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?

780

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
 The 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.
 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.

790

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 praise
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil 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.
 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

800

810

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 power
 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,
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.

820

830

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
 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 somthing ill,
 Misgave him; hee the faultring 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
 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 adrest.

840

850

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,
 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 restrained as wee, or not obeying,
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
 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.
 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.

860

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880

Thus *Eve* with Countnance 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
 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.

890

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,
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeilded 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?
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.

900

910

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.

920

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
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,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

930

940

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?
 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.

950

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,
 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 fact
 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel

970

980

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
 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
 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
 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
 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,

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1020

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'd
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

1030

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.

1040

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 exhilarating vapour bland
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 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

1050

Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap
 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.

1060

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 Eyes 1070
 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 staind,
 And in our Faces evident the signes
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first 1080
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
 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 1090
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together 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 1100
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known
 In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her 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
 They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 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,
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore
 Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneathe
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
 Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

1110

1120

1130

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
 To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.
 What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe,
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
 No ground of enmitie between us known,

1140

1150

Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

1160

To whom then first incenst *Adam* repli'd.
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?

1170

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking *Enemie*
 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
 And force upon free Will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure
 Either to meet no danger, or to finde
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring
 What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
 That errour now, which is become my crime,
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him who to worth in *Women* overtrusting
 Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,
 And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
 Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

1180

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
 And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.

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 deceive 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 10
 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, 20
 Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln
 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 30
 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
 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 dismayd,
 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. 40
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 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,
 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
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

50

60

So spake the Father, and unfouling 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
 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
 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.

70

80

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.

90

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
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

100

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertaind 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;
 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* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

110

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
 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?

120

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
 By my complaint; but strict necessitie
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Least on my head both sin and punishment,

130

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,
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

140

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 resign thy Manhood, and the Place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd
 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.

150

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few:
 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

160

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 transferre
 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)
 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.

170

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;
 Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

180

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 ascention bright
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,
 The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

190

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,
 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.

200

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day
 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,

210

Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
 And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
 Nor hee outward onely with the Skins 220
 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, 230
 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
 Idlely, 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, 240
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
 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 250
 Inseparable must with mee along:
 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 prevailes, a Monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,

Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
 Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

260

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 enterprisest
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

270

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,
 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 drive
 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 on
 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge

280

290

300

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,
 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 space
 The Confines met of Emphyrean 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 dear
 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 wrauth
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,

310

320

330

340

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
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

350

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
 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
 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' Empyreal bounds,
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
 Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

360

370

380

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)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 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,
 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
 Plenipotent 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.

390

400

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
 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 those
 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

410

420

In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
 Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
 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 search
 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 spred, 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
 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.

430

440

450

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 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

460

What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
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
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,
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,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remaines, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss.

470

480

490

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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;
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,

510

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 accessories 520
 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, 540
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
 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 550
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that
 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 560
 That curld *Megæra*: greedily they pluck'd
 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 570
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 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, 580
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
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 Hels 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 seems
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

600

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.

610

This said, they both betook them several wayes,
 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 impute
 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 filth
 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.

620

630

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

650

His mightie Angels gave them several charge,
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce 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 joyne
 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.

660

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'd
 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,

670

Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
 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,
 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;
 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,
 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
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late

680

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720

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,*
 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
 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
 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
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee

730

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760

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:
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
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
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
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,

770

780

790

800

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 810
 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 820
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
 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 830
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, leads me still
 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 fearst, alike destroyes all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable 840
 Beyond all past example and future,
 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 850
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. 860
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowsrs,
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, 870
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew
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 880
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then 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
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,
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, already linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

890

900

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

910

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,
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
Against God onely, I against god and thee,

920

930

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 940
 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 950
 His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure bearest 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 960
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n
 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, 970
 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, devourd
 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 two
 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,
 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 wayes to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.

980

990

1000

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,
 To better hopes his more attentive minde
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

1010

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. 1020
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 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 1030
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed
 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 1040
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
 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 1050
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
 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 unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
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 1070
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
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 1080
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
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 1090
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and 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
 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.

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
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
 The Race of Mankind drownd, 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

10

20

Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, 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
 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 Mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I
 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.

30

40

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.

All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture 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;
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
 His final remedie, and after Life

50

60

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;
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.

70

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
 Fild 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
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will.

80

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 prayes contrite,
 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.

90

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God

100

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
 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
 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.

110

120

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
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then 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.

130

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,
 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
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

150

160

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,
 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 enjoind
 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.

170

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 210
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
 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 Hierarch 220
 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 230

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
 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 glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd.

240

250

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,
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

260

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,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day

270

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 adornd
 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, accustomd to immortal Fruits?

280

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
 Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

290

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
 To *Michael* thus his humble words addressd.

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
 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:
 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.

300

310

This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
 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
 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
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

320

330

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
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
 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
 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 beleieve, and be confirmd,
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent

340

350

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
 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.

360

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
 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
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.
 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.

370

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 thence
 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

380

390

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme 400
 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* Sons 410
 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 Sheaves 430
 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'n
 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.

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.

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
 Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
 Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,

450

460

470

480

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 invoc't
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope. 490
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 restrain'd 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 500
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 rules
 To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
 Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

520

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,
 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 reigne
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

530

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.

540

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:
 And now prepare thee for another sight.

550

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. 560
 In other part stood one who at the Forge
 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, 570
 But on the hether side a different sort
 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 580
 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
 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 590
 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
 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 600
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,

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.

610

620

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.

630

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 spred
 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 mustering stood;
 One way a Band select from forage drives

640

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
 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.

650

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
 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.

660

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 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?

670

To whom thus *Michael*; These are the product
 Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st;
 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;

680

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
 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
 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.

690

700

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,
 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
 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,

710

720

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
 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
 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
 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.

730

740

750

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
 Enough 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,

760

Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil shall no less 770
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 780
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste.
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, 790
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
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 800
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
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 810
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,

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 household 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
 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 fload,
 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,
 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 fload,
 Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decal'd;
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass
 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.
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,

820

830

840

850

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
 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.

860

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
 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?

870

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
 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
 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,

880

890

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.

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:
 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second sours of Men, while yet but few,

10

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, 20
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
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; 30
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
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, 40
Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde
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 50
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,
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
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

60

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
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Stayes 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?

70

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st

That Son, who on the quiet state of men
 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
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual 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
 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,

80

90

But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
 Deprives them of thir outward libertie, 100
 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 110
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;
 And one peculiar Nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invok'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 120
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 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 130
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the Ford
 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 140
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)

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-founded stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveald. 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 160
 He comes invited by a younger Son
 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 170
 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 turnd,
 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, 180
 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 rouls;
 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
[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 dismissd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on drie land between two cristal 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,
 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
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On thir imbattelld 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
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by thir delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found

190

200

210

220

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
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind 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
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
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
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*,

230

240

250

260

Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third
 From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

270

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
 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 perplext with thoughts what would becom
 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.

280

This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 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,
 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.

290

So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
 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

300

Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call, 310
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 320
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
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 330
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom 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, 340
Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
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 350

In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not *Davids 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
 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
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

360

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.

370

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steddier 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
 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.

380

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
 Thyemie; nor so is overcome
 Satan , whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:

390

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:
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,
Proclaming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be 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 power
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 strength
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,

400

410

420

430

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'd
 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.
 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
 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.

440

450

460

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,
 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,

470

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
 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?

480

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,

490

To guide them in all truth, and also arme
 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
 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
 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

500

510

The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense, 520
 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: 530
 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, 540
 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 reveald
 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, 550
 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. 560

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,
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

570

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,
 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.

580

Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of Speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
 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
 (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
 That ye may live, which will be many dayes,

590

600

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.

610

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know;
 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
 I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

620

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,
 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.
 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:

630

640

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.

Endnotes

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 504,5 hospitable Does Yielded thir Matrons] the hospitable door Expos'd a Matron 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 530 fainted] fa(i)nting 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 703 founded] found out 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 737 Herarchie] Hierarchie 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 282 where] were 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 402 breath] *misprint for breathe.*

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 483 thir] her 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 527 his] this 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 542 *Oealia]* *Oechalia* 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 631 toward] towards 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 18 find him out] find him 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 627 walks] walk 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 928 The] Thy 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 627 Eevning approachd] Eevning now approachd 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 366 his] her 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 563 stations] station 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 269 as] and 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 186 not] nor 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 213 hear] bear 1674

[\[\[1\]\]](#) 394 Likest] likeliest 1674

[\[\]](#) 922 hast] hath 1674

[\[\]](#) 58 may] might 1674

[\[\]](#) 241 Avenger] Avengers 1674

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[\[\]](#) 191 This] The 1674

[\[\]](#) 238 them thir desire] what they besought 1674

PARADISE REGAIND.

A POEM.

In IV BOOKS.

To which is added *SAMSON AGONISTES*.

The Author *JOHN MILTON*.

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

MDCLXXI.

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
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
 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
 The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

20

30

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,
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
 A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

40

O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention Air,
 This our old Conquest, 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,
 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*

50

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
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
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
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;
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,

60

70

80

90

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
 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.

100

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:
 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,
 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.

110

120

Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 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

130

The Holy Ghost, and the power of the highest
 O're-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown, 140
 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. 150
 He now shall know I can produce a man
 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 170
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd,
 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. 180
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,

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
 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.

190

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.
 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
 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:
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

200

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And make perswasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
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
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,
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,
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 resolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,

230

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260

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,
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,
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
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

270

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290

So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having 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
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,

300

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,
 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.

310

320

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In Troop or Caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His Carcass, 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
 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.

330

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,
 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.

340

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
 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
 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;
 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
 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

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,
 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.

400

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,
 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.
 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
 By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
 Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,

410

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430

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,
 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 disdaining
 To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
 To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;
 Then to 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
 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.

440

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460

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
 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?

470

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;
 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 voice
 To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

480

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.

490

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-shade
 The Desert, Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;
 And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

500

The End of the First Book.

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,

10

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*
 The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall'd
 On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
 Or in *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
 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
 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,
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;

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Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:
 But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at *Jordan*, 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.

60

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
 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
 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
 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.

70

80

90

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
 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.

100

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,
 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.

110

120

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,
 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,

130

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
 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.

140

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
 The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

150

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,
 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,
 Eneve, 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,
 And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

160

170

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, 190
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
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 *Pellean* 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 200
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* maid. 210
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;
 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.

230

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;
 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 hungry first, and to himself thus said.

240

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd
 Wandring 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 repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares,
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can 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 hungry more to do my Fathers will.

250

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh

260

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 fled
 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.

270

Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
 Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry
 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.

280

Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
 But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
 With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade
 High rooft 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,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

290

300

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 race
 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.

310

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,
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
 Hast thou not right to all Created things,
 Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power? nor mention I
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
 Nature 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.

320

330

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 spred, in regal mode,
 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

340

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 wine
 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*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
 And all the while Harmonious Aires 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.

350

360

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure,
 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.

370

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?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, assoon 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,

380

And with my hunger what hast thou to do? 390
 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
 That I have also power to give thou 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; 400
 Of these things others quickly will dispose
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
 Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
 Only the 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, 410
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 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, 420
 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,

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; 430
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,

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* sat
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.

440

Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?

For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon

450

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 nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,

460

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,
Subject himself to Anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.

470

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.
 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.

480

The End of the Second Book.

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
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, those oraculous gems
 On *Aaron's* breast: or tongue of Seers old
 Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms.
 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

10

20

The fame and glory, glory the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame
 Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe, 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
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

30

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,

40

50

60

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. 70
 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
 Than those thir Conquerours, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove, 80
 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 90
 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. 100
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
 His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
 The deed becomes 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?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

200

To whom the Tempter inly rackt 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,
 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)
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summers cloud.

210

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,
 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

220

230

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, unexperient, will be ever

240

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.

250

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,
 Huge Cities and high towr'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.

260

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,
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,

270

Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
 And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
 As 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,
 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
 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
 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,

280

290

300

310

From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains
 Of *Adiabene, Media*, and the South 320
 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 330
 Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners
 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 Waggons 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; 340
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*
 His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charleman*.
 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 350
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn
 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 360
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,

Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
 By my advice, as nearer and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antionus, and old *Hyrceanus* 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
 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.
 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.

370

380

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
 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
 Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.

390

400

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
 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 *Ashtaroath*,
 And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides thir other worse then heathenish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity
 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,
 Unhumbld, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps
 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,
 Remembring *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.

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.

410

420

430

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The End of the Third Book.

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
 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:
 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
 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

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40

Of vision multiplied through air, or glass
 Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem
 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*
 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.

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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,
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.

70

80

All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
 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,
 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
 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.

90

100

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 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 *Falerno*,
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
 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,

110

120

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,
 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,
 Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.

130

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,
 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.

140

150

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,
 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,

160

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

180

For this attempt bolder then that on *Eve*,
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'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,
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.

190

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,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'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.

200

Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not. 210
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, 220
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
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, 230
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean'st,
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, 240
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
There flowrie hill *Hymettus* with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rous 250
His whispering stream; within the walls then view

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.
 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
 Wiielded at will that fierce Democratie,
 Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
 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;
 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.

260

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280

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;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

290

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,
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,
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,
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.
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

300

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330

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
 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 tastes 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;
 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*.
 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.

340

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360

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,
 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

370

Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On *David's* Throne; or Throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
 When Prophesies of thee are best fullfill'd. 380
 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, 390
 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. 400
 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 410
 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 stoodst 420
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'd 430
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 440
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront 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 light 460

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 way
 Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
 E're thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

470

480

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 contemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who knowing I shall raign 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.

490

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
 Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold

500

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 all
 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 thought
 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.
 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.

510

520

530

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.

560

To whom thus Jesus: also it is written,
 Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell
 As when 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,
 Thrott'l'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
 And as that *Theban* Monster 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.
 So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plumy 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

570

580

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,
 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.

590

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 fleshy Tabernacle, and human form,
 Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place,
 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 foot
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re-install.

600

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 down
 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,

610

620

Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
 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.

Endnotes

[] 309 he] here 1695

SAMSON AGONISTES, A DRAMATIC POEM.

The Author *JOHN MILTON.*

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τε[Editor: illegible character]γωδία μίμοπ 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 unfinisht. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at lesth 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 unequall'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,

10

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

20

Of Hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
From off the Altar, where an 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?

30

Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
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
Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt

40

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 50
 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 suttleties, 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. 60
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 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 sourse 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! 70
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have 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. 80
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus 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,
 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,
 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
 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.

90

100

110

Chor.

This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish't head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd
 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,

120

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 embattel'd Armies clad in Iron,
 And weaponless himself,
 Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot 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;
 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.
 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
 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,

130

140

150

160

Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth
 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.

170

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
 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.

180

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
 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,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverbd for a Fool

190

200

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 then mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have paird,
 These two proportiond ill drove me transverse.

Chor.

Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men
 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.

210

Sam.

The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd
 Mee, not my Parents, that I sought to wed,
 The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore 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.
 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.

220

230

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.

240

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
 Acknowledg'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
 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,
 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,
 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?

250

260

270

Chor.

Thy words to my remembrance bring

How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
 Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit
 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*.

280

Sam.

Of such examples adde mee to the roul,
 Mee easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But Gods propos'd deliverance not so.

290

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.

300

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 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
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From National obstruction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt;
 For with his own Laws he can best dispence.

310

He would not else who never wanted means,

Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.

320

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though Reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend Sire
 With careful step, Locks white as doune,
 Old *Manoah*: advise
 Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Sam.

Ay me, another inward grief awak't,
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

330

Man.

Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
 My Son now Captive, hither hath 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,
 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

340

In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
 And such a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest Prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind?
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men: then in an hour
 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'whelm, and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honours sake of former deeds.

350

360

370

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.
 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,

380

Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd
 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
 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
 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.

390

400

410

Man.

I cannot praise thy Marriage choises, Son,
 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

420

Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee *Samson* bound and blind into thir hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God,
 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.

430

440

Sam.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high
 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 anough 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
 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

450

460

Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

470

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
 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.

480

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,
 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
 To thir abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

490

500

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
 (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 praiera and vows renew'd.

510

520

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
 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.

530

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 allaying
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

550

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,
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 household 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
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.

560

570

Man.

Wilt thou then serve the *Philistines* with that gift
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
 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.

580

Sam.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 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.

590

Man.

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

600

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
 To th' inmost mind,

610

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
 Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.

620

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
 Or medcinal 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.
 Thence faintings, swounings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

630

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.
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,

640

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,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

650

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
 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.

660

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,
 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,
 Heads 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,
 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.

670

680

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,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkasses

690

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;
 Though not disordinate, yet causless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
 Just or unjust, seem alike miserable,
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.

700

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.

710

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
 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,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An Amber sent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than *Dalila* thy wife.

720

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 addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:
 But now again she makes address to speak.

730

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
 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.

740

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,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconcilment 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
 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.

750

760

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, 770
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd
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, 780
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
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. 790
And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,
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, 800
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home 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.
 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.

810

Sam.

How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,
 I to 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
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What Murderer, 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?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more.

820

830

840

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 850
 And Princes of my countrey came in person,
 Solicited, 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 860
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 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, 880
 Not out of levity, but over-powr'd
 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 country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal 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 910
 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 920
 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
 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;
 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.

930

940

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 deaf
 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.
 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 cuntry where I most desire,
 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 cuntry 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.
 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 cuntry I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this who ever envies or repines
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

960

970

980

990

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
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecie, my safety, and my life.

1000

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,
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;

1010

 If any of these or all, the *Timnian* bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
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.

1020

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 charms
 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?

1040

 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,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

1050

 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 then when first I saw
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

1071

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
 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.

1080

1090

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 unforeskinn'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.

1100

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.

1110

1120

Har.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
 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.

1130

Sam.

I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
 My trust is in the living God who gave me
 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
 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.

1140

1150

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
 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.

1160

Sam.

All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open; and his eye
 Gracious to 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.

1170

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.

1180

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,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

1190

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: 1220
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat
 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-zebub!* 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
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

1240

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,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

1250

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
 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.

1260

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
 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,
 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.

1270

1280

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all
 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

1290

More then the working day thy hands,
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A Public Officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

1300

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;
 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.

1310

Sam.

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

1320

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

1330

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,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.

1340

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
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.

1350

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*?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

1360

Chor.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistines*,
Idolatrous, 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*,
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely; venturing to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

1370

Chor.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sam.

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

1381

Chor.

In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

1390

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.
 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.

1400

Off.

I praise thy resolution, doff these links:
 By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

1410

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:
 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.

1420

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:
 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.
 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?

1430

1440

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,
 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.

1450

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,
 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 enough reveng'd, having reduc't
 Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

1460

1470

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.
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my Patrimony,

1480

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, 1500
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
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,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

1550

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 saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

1560

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,
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?

1580

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!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than anough 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.

1590

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
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;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high chear, & wine,

1600

1610

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
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
(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
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
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

1620

1630

1640

1650

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, 1670
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
 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 1680
 Unweetingly importun'd
 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 1690
 His fierie vertue rouz'd
 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,
 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.

1700

Man.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroicly hath finish'd
 A life Heroic, on his Enemies
 Fully 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.
 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
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend

1710

1720

1730

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 1750
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent,
 His servants he with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

The End.

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 wth what thy womb devoures
 w^{ch} 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
 wth an individuall kisse
 and Joy shall overtake us as a flood
 when every thing y^t 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 wth starres wee shall for ever sit
 Triumphant over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

(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. *sensuality*. 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.

(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.