THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH NOTES,

AND

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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PARADISE LOST.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,

11 In fables old] Fables told this. *Bentl. MS.*
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20
Presenting thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And prayers, which, in this golden censer mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those 35
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days


'Detalit aura preces ad me non invia blandas.'
Number'd, though sad, till death his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that paradise to dwell
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Thro' heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not
hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw; And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bow'rs
Of Amaran tin shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where ere they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.

O Sons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him, longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
BOOK XI.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them soften'd and with tears
Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,

105 drive out] See Adamus Exsul of Grotii, p. 72.
   'Vos ergo, Cherubi Caelites! mihi quos ego
   Legi Ministros, ite! et horto pellite
   Par istud hominum! Sacra deliciis loca
   Miseri relinquant! alia telluris sola
   Glebasque querant, et parentem exerceant!'


118 And on the east] See Adamus Exsul of Grotius, p. 72.
   'Vos state in aditu memoria, ortivam ad plagam,
   Et impede flammeo versatilis
   Mucrone tali, ne quis ingitat pedem!'
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Lest paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. 125

He ceas'd; and th' archangelic pow'r prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those 130
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to 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 imbalm'd 135
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd. 140

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline his will, 145
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought

131 O[f] 'Of fabled Argus, wakeful not to drouze.' Bentl. MS.
BOOK XI.

By prayer th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear: persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.
To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.

Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare: to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far 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 rosy progress smiling; let us forth,


—— 'The heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.'

Newton.
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subscrib'd not; nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast; air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tow'r,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and, with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,

183 *Subscrib'd*] Shakespeare's *Meas. for Meas.* act ii. sc. 4.

'Admit no other way to save his life,
As I subscribe not that.' 195

*Upton.*
BOOK XI.

One way the selfsame hour? Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nylly fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In paradise, and on a hill made halt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man assassin-like had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers to seise

morning light] So in the Adamus Exsul of Grotius, p. 73.
Eve says,

'Quis subitus ardur iste? quae lux emicat?
Corripuit hortum flammas, et excelsae arbores
Ardent sine igne, fervidumque incendium
Trepide vagatur: qualibus colum nitet
Illustre facibus, integrum flagrat nemus.
Fugiamus mutus! istor divinae manus
Sunt opera, quae nos ire in exsilium jubet.'

205 draws] So D. Heinsius;
'Rubore colum previo Aurora imbuit,
Primamque purpuram nubes trahunt.' Herodes, p. 220.

215 pavilion'd] Shakespeare, Henry V. act i. sc. 2.
'And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.' Boyle.
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake. 235

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great potentate,
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiac hung the sword,

232 Or] Lord of the Thrones above. Bentl. MS.
249 Melibœan] Virg. Æn. V. 251.

'Purpuræ meandro duplici Melibœæ cucurrit.'
and Georg. ii. 506. 'Sarrœo indormist ostro.' Home.
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day

[250 inclin'd] See Spens. F. Qn. V. ix. 34.
'To whom she eke inclining her withall.' Bowle.

and Fairfax's Tasso, ix. 60.

'True from the gripe of sorrow every one.' Todd.
That must be mortal to us both. O flow’rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev’n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op’ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow’r, by me adorn’d
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter’d spirits return’d,
To Michael thus his humble words address’d.

373 O flow’rs] See Ovidii Metam. V. 399, of Proserpine.
   ‘Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
   Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
   Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.’

   Γαῖα τε, καὶ μελάθρων στίγμας
   Νυμφῳδας τε κοιτας
   Ποτφεὶς Ἰολκου.        Todd.
Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
In hospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known; and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries.
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

\(^{310}\) weary) So Hor. Od. i. ii. 26. 'Prece qua fatigent.' \(\text{Tod}d.\)
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow’rs:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall’d
To life prolong’d and promis’d race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know’st heav’n his, and all the earth,
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm’d:
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 seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th’ earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this preeminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike

325 memory] So Beaum. and Fletch. D. Marriage, act ii. sc. i.
   ‘The memory and monuments of good men
   Are more than lives.’ Todd.
344 hither] So the first ed. read,—thither most of the later.
   Newton.
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally incur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
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 drench'd her eyes,)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slep'tst, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'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 turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill

375 suffering] Virg. Æn. V. 710.
"Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est." Hume.
Of paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to the ampest 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 show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinaean kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Erco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;

BOOK XI.

Or Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranc'd:
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

412 film] See Dante II Purgat. i. 96.
   'Va' dunque, e fa', che tu costui ricinga
   D' un giunco schietto, e che gli lavi 'l viso,
   Sì ch' ogni sucidume quindi stinga.'
418 mental sight] Pulci, c. xxv. st. 308.
   'Ora all' occhio mentale è conceduto
   Di riveder ciò che tu hai veduto.' Bowle.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  430
New reap'd, the other part sheep walks and folds:  
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon  
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf, 435
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next  
More meek came with the firstlings of his flock  
Choicest and best; then sacrificing laid  
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,  
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  440
His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n  
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;  
The other's not, for his was not sincere:  
Whereat he inly rag'd, and, as they talk'd,  
Smote him into the midriff with a stone  445
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd.  
O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  450
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?  
T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.

'ran on the greene-sord.' Fenton prints 'sod;' which all succeed-  
ing editions adopted, till Newton restored the original word; except  
that Bentley printed it (very affectedly, says Newton) swer'd. Todd.  435  green] Brown. Bentl. MS.
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know

What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

1——— O quot millia mittent
Rupis inaccessae praeupta cacumina Letho.'
and the following lines.
467 many] Seneca Phœn. l. 151.
1 Ubique mors est,—
——Mille ad hanc aditus patent.' Newton.
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazaret-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Dæmoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
DIRE was the tossing, deep the groans. Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
    O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why

[Footnotes]
489 [feverous] Hor. Od. i. iii. 30. 'Fobrium cohors.' Todd.
    'But all my mother came into my eyes,
    And gave me up to tears.' Newton.
BOOK XI.

Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when them selves they vilify'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 their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by them selves defac'd,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in them selves.

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd.
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight.

537 *mature*] v. Cic. de Senectute. xix. 'Et quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, vi avelluntur: si *matura*, et cocta, decidunt.' *Newton.*
538 *attend*] In the first edition;
'Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up. Michael to him replied.' *Newton.*
539 *hate*] Martial, lib. x.
'Sumnum nec metuas diem, nec optes.' *Newton.*
554 *permit*] Permittite Divis. Hor. Od. i. ix. 9. *Newton.*
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground;) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their
seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve

'Quod superest, ea, atque aurum, ferrumque repertum est,
Et simul argenti pondus, plumbique, potestas.
Ignis ubi ingenteis sylvas ardore cremat
Montibus in magnis.' Jortin.
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, tho' grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose:
And pow of love they treat, till the ev'ning star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd;
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.
True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bless'd,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,

552 bevy. 'A dancing bevy of fair lights.' Sir G. Sherburne's Poems, p. 37.
       'Ch' all' amorosa rete il tenea involto,' Bowl.  
BOOK XI.

Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents, thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw' st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appettence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troul the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,
Erelong to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.
O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread

[laugh] Milton's own pointing of this passage was thus,

'And now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.' Newton.
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of man’s woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man’s effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th’ angel, who should better hold his place 635
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv’d.
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look’d, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow’rs, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat’ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part carb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle rang’d
Both horse and foot, nor idly must’ring stood: 645
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur’d late, now scatter’d lies
With carcasses and arms th’ ensanguin’d field,
Deserted. Others to a city strong 655
Lay siege, encamp’d, by battery, scale, and mine,

649 bold emprise] Spens. F. Qu. ii. iii. 35.
‘Is far renown’d through many a bold emprise.’ Todd.

651 makes] So altered in the second edition. It was ‘tacks a bloody fray’ in the first. Newton.
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
In factious opposition; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O! what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?

669 [heralds] Newton has pointed out several passages in Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, which Milton had in his mind, Iliad xviii. 550, &c. 587, &c. 491, &c. 527, &c. 509, &c. 503, &c.
675 Death's] 'Death's progeny, not mine.' Bentl. MS.
To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'rt;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of them-
selves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days, might only shall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd:
To overcome in battel, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph to be styl'd great conquerors,
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 he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints; him the most High

[694 done] This is considered a very difficult passage. Bentley
changed 'done' into 'won,' and 'of triumph,' into 'or triumph.' I un-
derstand it thus: 'To overcome in battle, and bring home spoils,
shall be held the highest pitch of glory; and for the glory obtained,
it shall be highest pitch of triumph to be styled conquerors,' &c. but
the distinction between 'glory' and 'triumph' does not seem suffi-
ciently strong, and 'to do glory' is a harsh expression.
BOOK XI. 31

Wrapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds 706
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death: to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment:
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold:

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs, or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off:
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,

711 Which] The syntax is remarkable, 'which' governed not by the
verb next following, but by the last in the sentence.

719 sire] See Brathwait's Honest Ghost, p. 128. 'A grave
reverend sire.'

720 Triumphs] Revels, 713, 780, 788. Bentil. MS.
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heav'n; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore, and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,

743 ceiling] Drummond in his Shadow of Judgment.
738 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large.
762 Quies, modo liberis,
BOOK XI.

All left, in one small bottom swum imbark’d.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown’d,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear’d
By th’ angel, on thy feet thou stood’st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy’d at once;
And scarce to th’ angel utter’dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv’d ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day’s lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens’d
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn; those few escap’d
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wand’ring that wat’ry desert. I had hope,

778 Famine] So Ovid Met. i. 311.
‘Maximus pars unda rapitur, quibus unda pepercit
Mea longa domant inopi jejunia victa.’ Newton.
When violence was ceas’d, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well; peace would have
crown’d
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceiv’d; for now I see
Peace to corrupt, no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end
To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou
saw’st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spill’d much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achiev’d thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer’d also and enslav’d by war
Shall with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign’d
In sharp contest of battel found no aid
Against invaders; therefore cool’d in zeal
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly, or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th’ earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try’d:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav’d,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
BOOK XI.

One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wreck.
No sooner he with them of man and beast
Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,

810 observ'd] Observations honoured. C. J.
And now the horned flood bore to our isle.'
Hor. Od. iv. 14. 25.
'Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,'
and Virg. Geo. iv. 371. Æn. viii. 77.
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root, an inland salt and bare,

The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated, for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopp'd

535 haunt] Virg. Æn. V. 128. 'Apericis statio gratissima mergis.'

Ποικόσωπος δ' ἐν ἰοίῳ θαλάμῳ φῶκαι το μελανας,
Οἰων ποιησατο ἀχρίδα.


——'Graies Aquilone fugates
Cum videre Pharon; tunc athra latius implemt
Tunc hilar clangore sonant.'

540 hull] v. Donne's Poems, p. 316. xxxi. 'A great ship overset,
or without saile hulling.' Queen Elizabeth's Tear, by C. Lever,
1607, 4to. F. 2. 'Hulling upon the river where she lay.'
Sandy's Psalms, p. 181. 'The ship hulls, as the billows flow.'

547 tripping] Drayton applies this word to the flow of rivers:
Polyolb. Song xiii. 'The Avon trips along.' xv. 'The Isis from
her source comes tripping with delight;' and xxvi. 'Darwin from
her fount comes tripping down towards Trent.' Todd.

His sluices, as the heav’n his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix’d.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav’n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok’ning peace from God, and cov’nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoic’d, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou, who 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 their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy’d, than I rejoice

298. Lucret. v. 274. ‘Liquido pede,’ with Wakefield’s Note, and
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heav'n,
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd ?
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth ?

To whom 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 their way ; yet, those remov'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,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

880 brow Fenton proposed to read 'The bow of God.'
885 late Fenton placed a comma after 'late,' but Bentley removed it, and gave the line agreeably to Milton's own editions.
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied, and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here th' 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. 5

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine

1 As one] When the last book was divided into two, in the second edition, these first five lines were added.
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd, or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy 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 equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting, (and men not beasts shall be his game,) with war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of heav'n,
Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build
A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n,
And get themselves a name, lest far disperse
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heav'n tow'rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders, each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heav'n,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

40 mouth] Type. i. 405. Bentl. MS. In this twelfth book, Bentley
says, the editor has seldom mixed his pebbles among the author's
diamonds.
'Tenarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditia.' Newton.
50 hubbub] v. F. Queen. iii. x. 43.
'And shrieking hubbub them approaching nere.' Boulle.
Where to thus Adam fatherly displeas’d.
O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp’d, from God not giv’n.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorrest
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn’d, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur’d, or not obey’d,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government

\[\text{Rational}]\text{ National. Bentl. MS.}
\[\text{thy}]\text{ So in Milton’s own edition. In Fenton’s, Bentley’s, and others, it is ‘Since by original lapse.’ Newton.}
\[\text{Twinn’d}]\text{ Some editions read ‘Twin’d.’ Newton.}\]
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords,
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex’d,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost: witness th’ irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
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 patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For Gods! yet him God the most high vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred, and false Gods, into a land
Which he will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him show'r
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be bless'd; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet 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 shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
BOOK XII.

Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills. This ponder, that all nations of the earth Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd, Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call, A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves, Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown. The grandchild with twelve sons increas'd departs From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd Egypt, divided by the river Nile; See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths Into the sea. To sojourn in that land He comes, invited by a younger son In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds Raise him to be the second in that realm Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race Growing into a nation, and now grown Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves In hospitably, and kills their infant males: Till by two brethren, (those two brethren call Moses and Aaron,) sent from God to claim His people from enthrallment, they return With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.

156 increas'd] A Latinism, as Plaut. Trucul. ii. vi. 34. "Cumque es aucta libera." Richardson.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell’d by signs and judgments dire; 175
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn’d;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath’d intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mix’d with hail,
Hail mix’d with fire, must rend th’ Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th’ earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
This river-dragon tam’d at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden’d after thaw, till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss’d, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass

177 fill] Spoil.  Bentl. MS.
180 imboss] Shakesp. K. Lear, act iv. sc. 11.

———‘Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle.’ Todd.
188 Palpable] ‘O darkness palpable.’ Marston’s Sat. ii.
189 This river-dragon] So in the first edition; in the second, it is altered to ‘The river-dragon.’ Pearce.
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattel'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Ægypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet

197 *crystal walls*] In Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 363, the Red Sea
is described with 'walls of crystall.' Todd.
207 *defends*] i. e. forbids, keeps off: so b. xi. 86. 'That defended
fruit;' and Spens. F. Q. iv. 3. 32.

'Himself to save and danger to defend.' Todd.
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them by types
And shadows of that destin'd seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd

228 what they besought] In the first edition, 'He grants them their desire.'  Newton.
BOOK XII.

Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his cov'nant, over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come
Conducted by his angel to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed. The rest
Were long to tell, how many battels fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome; so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would be-
come

Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought

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Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and so various laws are giv'n;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n

With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
BOOK XII.

Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
Safe to eternal paradise of rest.
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies,
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophesy, that of the royal stock
Of David, (so I name this king,) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
There in captivity he lets them dwell  
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
Rememb'ring mercy and his cov'nant sworn  
To David establish'd as the days of heav'n.  
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
They first re-edify, and for a while  
In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
In wealth a multitude, factious they grow:  
But first among the priests dissension springs,  
Men who attend the altar, and should most  
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
Upon the temple it self: at last they seize  
The scepter, and regard not David's sons;  
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
Anointed king Messiah might be born  
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star  
Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come;  
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:  
His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir  
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
A Virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'n's.

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most high; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil,
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blaspheim'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accrues'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins

401 appaid] i. e. 'satisfied;' the language of Chaucer and Spenser.

409 merits] Pearce, Newton, and the other critics, acknowledge the
difficulty of this passage. Mr. Todd speaks of an ingenious writer,
who reads 'merit's,' with an elision. Bentley prefers 'Do save them,'
which is justly objected to by Pearce. I propose to read

'—— and that his obedience
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits
So save them, not their own, though legal works.'
This reading appears to me to render the passage clear, without any
further alteration of the text than the substitution of S for T.
BOOK XII.

Of all mankind, with him there crucify'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
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have 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 main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death, like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation; them who shall believe

434 *Thy ransom*] The two first editions have 'Thy,' the later ones 'The.' *Pearce.*

434 *death, like sleep*] Fenton has printed 'death-like;' and Johnson has quoted this passage in his dictionary to illustrate 'death-like;' but Milton's editions do not authorize such a reading.
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
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. 445
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham’s loins
Salvation shall be preach’d, but to the sons
Of Abraham’s faith where-ever through the world:
So in his seed all nations shall be bless’d. 450
Then to the heav’n of heav’ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume 456
His seat at God’s right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav’n; and thence shall come,
When this world’s dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th’ unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heav’n or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465

So spake th’ Archangel Michael, then paus’d,
As at the world’s great period; and our sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply’d.

459 this world’s] In the later editions we have ‘the worlds,’ but the
two first have ‘this.’  Pearce.
461 judge] Damn. Bentl. MS.
BOOK XII.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our deliverer up to heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' angel; but from heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,

471 And] Nay, even, yea, i. 387. Bendl. MS.
494 against] Amidst. Bendl. MS.
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts indue, 500
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,. 505
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood. 514
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all believers; and from that pretence 520
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force

514 Spirit] I do not think that Milton, in all his writings, ever
gave a stronger proof of his enthusiasmical spirit than in this line.
Warburton.
BOOK XII.

On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve

534 Will deem] In the second edition it was printed by mistake
'Well deem;' but this reading, absurd as it is, has been followed in
all the editions till Fenton's and Bentley's, except Tickell's.
545 dissolve] An expression borrowed from Scripture, 2 Pet. iii. 11.
'Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved.' Newton.
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New heav'n, new earth, ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
'Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach:
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,

And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
BOOK XII.

Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew’st by name, and all th’ ethereal
powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature’s works,
Or works of God in heav’n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy’dst,

And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call’d charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath

To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,

By me encamp’d on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm’d
Portending good, and all her spirits 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 woman’s seed, on all mankind:

‘this specular mount.’ Richardson.
That ye may live, which will be many days, 605
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I
know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station all in bright array

615 In me] Virg. Eclog. iii. 52.
'In me mora non erit ulla.' Newton.
BOOK XII.

The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adjust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand th' hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them
soon;

630 *glides*] See Dante Il Purgat. c. v. 37.
     'Vapori accessi non vid' io si tosto
     Di prima notte mai fender sereno,
     Nè sol calando in nuvole d'Agosto.'

635 *vapour*] Hor. Epod. iii. 15.
     'Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
     Siculose Apulie.'

Richardson.

635 *air adjust*] Tasso Gier. Lib. vii. 52.
     'Qual con le chiome sanguinose horrende
     Splendor cometa sual per l' aria adusta.'

Bowle.

643 *brand*] Sword. Gen. i. 24. Blade, xi. 120. Bentl. MS.
PARADISE LOST.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

648 world] Shakep. Rich. II. act i. sc. 3.
             '——— all the world's my way.' Johnson.

648 hand] 'A small but artful paradise they walk'd,
               And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.'
See Cowley's Davideis, p. 20.

PARADISE REGAINED.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I, who ere-while the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated, and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear 'thro' highth or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

7 waste] Spens. Fairy Queen, i. i. 32.
"Far hence, quoth he, in wasteful wilderness." Dunster.

"The muse from Cambria comes, with pinions summ'd and sound." Todd.
Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry’d
Repentance, and heaven’s kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz’d: to his great baptism flock’d
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem’d,
To the flood Jordan; came, as then obscure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Desery’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
Heav’n open’d, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father’s voice
From heav’n pronoun’d him his beloved Son.
That heard the adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam’d
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, th’ exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv’n, a while survey’d
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv’d,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespoke.

‘Concilium horrendum.’ Thyer.
42 gloomy consistory] See Dante Il Paradiso, xxxix. 66.
‘Omai dintorno a questo consistoro
Puoi contemplare assai.’
BOOK I.

O ancient Powers of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have 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
Upon my head; long the decrees of heav'n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringing'd, our freedom, and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air:
For this ill news I bring, the woman's 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 youth's full flour'r, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.

57 [circling] So P. L. vi. 3. vii. 342, 'Circling years.' Dunster.
57 youth's full flour'r] Hom. II. iv. 484, ἀρετή ἔχοντος. Lucret. i. 565,
αὐτίνες τιμήσεις τοις ἀνθρώποις. Sil. Ital. xvi.
406, priusve flore juventae.
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
Purify'd 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 heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The prophet do him reverence; on him rising
Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, (whate'er it meant,)
And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I 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 father's glory shine.

*crystal*] 'Crystal' was a favourite expression among our elder poets for 'bright.' It occurs nearly twenty times in Milton. It is often used, when no allusion to 'crystal' as a substance is meant, as in Shakespeare. Hen. VI. p. i. act i. sc. 1. 'Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.' Dekker's Satiromastix, Sig. K. 4, ed. 1602, 'Bow their crystal knees.'
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
(Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,)
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and 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 their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-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 reign on earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

   Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'st her doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
O'er-shadow her: this man born, and now up-grown,
To show him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay

137 told'st] The sense 'Thou told'st her.' The language obscure,
from being comprest and Latinised, 'dixisti.'  Dunster.
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostasy; he might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverence overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance.
His weakness shall o'ercome satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the angels and æthereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns

157 rudiments] Virg. Æn. xi. 156.
'Bellique propinquu
\textit{Dura rudimenta.}'
\textit{Dunster.}
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 ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought!

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils 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 breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his god-like office now mature,
One day forth 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,

171 *hand sung*] Tibull. El. iii. 4. 41.

173 *vanquish*] Accent on the last syllable; so Shakesp. Hen. VI.

Part 1. act iii. sc. 3.

172 'Digitum cum voce locuti.' *Calton.*

180 *revolving.*] Virg. Æn. x. 890.

183 ' Multa movens animo.' *Dunster.*
BOOK I.

He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd.  195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state 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 public 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, ere 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,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:

Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart. High are thy thoughts
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, 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 heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men:
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire

     'Victorque volentes
     Per populos dat jura.' Jortin.

230 subdue] All the editions, except Tonson's, 1747, read 'destroy';
but in the errata of the first edition, the reader is desired to read
'subdue.' Newton.

     'Expressing well the Spirit within thee free.' Dunster.

241 should] Tickell and Fenton, after Tonson, read 'shall.' Newton restored the right reading. Todd.
BOOK I.

Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him; and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay’st,
For in the inn was left no better room.
A star, not seen before, in heav’n 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 heav’n,
By which they knew the king of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn’d
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, straight I again revolv’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,
Ere 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 dishearten’d or dismay’d,
The time prefixt I waited, when, behold!
The Baptist, of whose birth I oft had heard,

267 vested] Virg. Æn. xii. 169. ‘Purque in veste sacerdos.’

Dunster.
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
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim’d
Me him, (for it was shown him so from heav’n,) 274
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 heav’n.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet; perhaps, I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;

271 know] Hence all the pictures of Raphael and the great Itali
painters, representing the infant Jesus and John, are historically fal.
295 dusk] Virg. Æn. i. 165.
‘Horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.’ Dunster.
BOOK 1.

The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,

310 beasts] Giles Fletcher, in his Christ's Victorie and Triumph,
ed. 1639, p. 27, says that when the beasts, in the wilderness,
'saw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.' A. Dyce.

312 glar'd] Jul. Cæs. act i. iv. 'I met a lion
Who glar'd upon me, and went surely by.' Dunster.

314 weeds] Spens. F. Q. i. i. 29.
'An aged man in long black weeds yclad.' Dunster.
Compare Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victorie and Triumph, ed. 1639,
p 30. 32:
'At length an aged syre furre off he saw
Come slowly footing . . . . .
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, 315
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 330
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 drought. 335
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, 330
Who dwell this wild; constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.
By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here

Thus on they wand'red, but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man did cover.'
In Bale's Christ's Temptation, 1538, Satan joins our Saviour in the
disguise of a hermit. A. Dyce.

330 Perus'd] P. L. viii. 267, 'Myself I then perus'd,' and Hamlet
(act ii. sc. 1.), 'He falls to such perusal of my face.' Dunster.
BOOK I.

Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thy self and us relive
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written,
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste, the same I now.
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus answer'd 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 unconvining, 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

[339 stubs] Thyer proposes 'shrubs,' very improperly.
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 lies
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 virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar’d the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain’d what I have gain’d, and with them dwell,
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,

‘Hung still upon his melting mouth attent.’
and Hamlet, act i. sc. ii. ‘With an attent ear.’ Thyer. Dunster.
Oft my advice by presages, and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
Who boast release from hell, and leave to come
Into the heav'n of heav'n's. 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, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn


400 Nearer] 'Never' in Milton's ed. but the errata give 'nearer.' Several editions retain the error. Todd.
    'It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
    To think, their dolour others have endur'd.'
    'The power of women to make others thrall.'
    'Yet wote I not what may these wretched thralls relieve.'
To all the host of heav'n. The happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heav'n.
But thou art serviceable to heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute t' 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 liar 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,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell

won] Verb neuter; so Spens. F. Q. i. vi. 39:
' And he the stoutest knight that ever won.' Newton.
BOOK I.

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 ev'ry province? who, themselves disdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'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, and inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will,
But misery, hath wrested from me; where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,

'Delphis oracula cessant.' Dunster.
And not enforc'd oftentimes to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must, submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsa'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.
   To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid: do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

   ' ——— perque aspera duro
   Niti tur ad laudem virtus interita clivo.' Dunster.
487 atheous] Cicero, speaking of Diogoras, 'Atheos qui dictis est.'
De Nat. D. i. 23. 'Atheal' is not uncommon in old English. Dun-
st er. Todd.
BOOK I.

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear’d
Into thin air diffus’d: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch’d;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.


‘Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation.’

508 thin] Virg. Æn. iv. 278.

‘Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.’

Shakesp. Temp. act iv. sc. 2.

‘Are melted into air, into thin air.’ Dunster.

509 Night] Nonnus ends the xxvth book of his Dionysiaca thus,

Καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμῆλανεν δὲν χόνα συγαλὴ νυξ:

Αὐτὸ κὶ ἤθι καὶ ἤθη χαμαίστροφαι ἐνὶ λέγεται

‘Εσπεριῇ μετὰ δόξην ὄρειά δι κάπηκεν ἐν τῇ.


‘Duplicataque noctis imago est.’ Dunster.


‘Each gentle fair-condition’d bird and beast
Hied them unto their nests and dens . . .
Only some ominous ravens, and screech owles prest
With beasts of prey and night, thro’ the black air.’
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

Meanwhile the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus, Messiah, Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, 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 their 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 their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.

6 mean] See this expression in Harington's Ariosto, xxxi. 46.
'I mean Renaldo's House of Montalbane;' and st. 55. 'I mean the
cruel Pagan Rodomont.' 

Newton.
13 shown] Virg. Æn. vi. 870.
'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata.'
BOOK II.

Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall’d
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Persæa; 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,
Their 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 rejoice’d, but soon our joy is turn’d
Into perplexity and new amaze:

[20 broad] 'Broad' is not opposed to long, but means 'large'; in this sense it is often used by the old English poets; and thus their modern imitator, 'He knew her of broad lands the heir.' Marmion, c. ii. st. xxvii. The lake of Genezaret is eighteen miles long, and only five broad.

[25 Jordan] Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victorie and Triumph, ed. 1632, p. 49:

'Or whistling reeds, that rutty Jordan laves.' A. Dyce.

[27 no greater] Spenser in the beginning of Sheph. Cal.

'A shepherd's boy, no better do him call.' Newton.

[30 what] So first edition; in most others, 'that.' Newton.
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee. Arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
BOOK II.

"Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!"
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
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'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice,
I look'd for some great change: to honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had
seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His father's business. What he meant I mus'd,
Since understand. Much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring 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 sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath.

'Ut nemo in se se tentat descendere.' Newton.
(So may we hold our place, and these mild seats
Without new trouble;) such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens, than our expulsion down to hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion oversure
Of like succeeding here: I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.
So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
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.


162 tangled] Miltoni Eleg. i. 60.

'Quaeque fallax retia tendit amor.'

166 credulous] Hor. Od. iv. i. 30.

'Spes animi credula mutui.' Newton.

168 magnetic] Mids. N. Dream, act ii. sc. 2.

'You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron.' Todd.
BOOK II.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan? but these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellecan conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east

184 mossy] Virg. Ecl. vii. 45. 'Muscoci fontes.' Dunster.
'Where's Nimrod now, and dreadful Hannibal?
Where's that ambitious pert Pellecan lad?'
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
How he surnam'd of Africa dismiss'd  
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
How would one look from his majestick brow,  
Seated as on the top of virtue's 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  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive. Cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
BOOK II.

At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have oft test wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,

225 oftest] Milton's own edition, 'oftest; the others 'often.'

226 wide] In most editions falsely printed 'wild.' Newton.
Or God support nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet:
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought:
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper: then how, awak'd,

350 hospitable] Hor. Od. ii. 3. 9.
    'Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
    Ramias.'
357 horny] Cic. de Nat. Deor. i. 36.
    'Aves excelsae, cruribus rigidis, corneo proceroque rostro.'

Dunster.
BOOK II.

He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,
And to a superstitious eye the haunt


268 οὐδὲ τιν' ἄρχομεν
Οὐ πάσον, οὐκ ἐπάνωθε καταναγκασάντω βοήθεια
"Αὖλον, εὐχήνορ δὲ κατέλεγεν πάντα γαλήνη"

269 haunt] Lucret. iv. 584.

298 "Hec loca capripedes Satyros, Nymphasque tenere
Finittum ei fingunt"——

Dunster.
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heav'n manna; and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied.
Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
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?

300 Here] In Milton's own edition, it is 'found he relief,' perhaps an unnoticed error of the press. Todd.
BOOK II.

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,
Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey’d
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
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 boil’d,
Gris-amber steam’d; all fish from sea or shore,

336 nor] So in Milton’s own edition; in most others, ‘not.’
‘Interea gustus elementa per omnia quœrum.’ Dunster.
340 A table] ‘Then dreamt he saw a table richly spread.’ Whiting’s Albino and Bellama, p. 105, (1637.)
341 dishes pil’d] Milton’s Prose Works, vol. iv. p. 312, (a brief History of Moscovia) ‘Then followed a number more of strange, and
rare dishes pil’d, boiled, roast, and baked,’ &c.
whole pye, reckoned to my lord at ten pounds, being composed of
amber-greece, magisterial of pearl, musk.’
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or sin,
And exquisit test name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,
And all the while harmonius airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds

345 Freshet] Brown B. Past. b. ii. a. 3. (1616.)
     'Now love the freshet, and then love the sea.' Todd.
347 Lucrine] Hor. Epod. ii. 49.
     'Non me Lucrinasjuverint conchylia,'

and Sat. ii. iv. 32. Dunster.
349 diverted] In the latter sense, 'turn aside;' so Drayton's Owle,

1604.
     'Holla! thou wandering infant of my braine,
   Whither thus flingst thou; yet divert thy strayne;
   Return we back.' Todd.
353 Ganymed] 'A train of sleek, smooth, beauteous youths appear'd,
   The Ganymedes and Hylases.'

Mountford's Henry II. act iv. sc. 1.
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour, and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who 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, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend;
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?

---

335 Night's] Hamlet, act v. sc. 6.
'And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.' Newton.

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.  
   To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.  
That I have also power to give, thou seest.  
If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,  
And rather opportune in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect;  
Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet 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 allurement yields to appetite,  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,

391 *no gifts*] Sophoc. Ajax. 675,  
'Εξορσίαν ἄνωθεν ἀνωθεν κ' ὑμιν ὡρίζομαι.  
*Newton.*

401 *far-fet*] 'fet,' 'far-fetched,' used by Chaucer, Spenser, &c. see Newton's note.

402 *Harpies*] 'Hark! how the Harpies' wings resound.'  
Al. Rose Mel Heliconium, p. 64.

404 *importune*] Spenser, F. Q. i. xii. 16.  
'And often blame the too importune fate.'  
*Newton.*
High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue can'st thou gain?
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou can'st 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 Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I 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 ancient empires of the earth,
In hight of all their 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 offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What, if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous 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 than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd
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 virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
BOOK III.

Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self
The fame and glory, glory the reward
25
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?
30
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey 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.
40
To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,

27 erected] So P. L. i. 679; 'erected spirits' is a classical phrase;
34 dispose] So Shakesp. King John, act i. sc. 3.
'Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose.' Dunster.
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be 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 thro' heav'n and earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great 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 their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe’er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp’d with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform’d,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain’d
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer’d for so doing,
For truth’s sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

‘They might in brutish lusts at pleasure roll.’
Dunster has marked the conformity with expressions of Cicero, ‘in omni dedecore se stabitis es,’ &c.
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 replied.  
Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; nor content in heav'n  
By all his angels glorify'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'd, glory he exacts.  

To whom our Saviour fervently replied.  
And reason, since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest, recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits 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
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

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

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father; though thy right

[130 that] Tickell and Fenton follow the corrupt reading of Tonson's ed. 1707, 1711, 'what.' The genuine reading restored in ed. 1747.

[131 the] All the editions but the first read 'their.' Tonson's ed. 1747 restored the genuine reading: the correctness of this edition of Tonson makes it very valuable.
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms.
Judæa now and all the promis’d land,
Reduc’d a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul’d
With temperate sway: oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think’st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir’d unto the desert, but with arms;
And o’er a mighty king so oft prevail’d,
That by strong hand his family obtain’d,
Though priests, the crown, and David’s throne usurp’d,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion’s forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father’s house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour answer thus return’d.

172 move] ‘Let move thee zeal,’ a bolder Latinism than is quite consonant with English poetry. See also P. L. ii. 443, ‘what remains him less;’ and ix. 41. Dunster.
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What, if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me, than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,  
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy father's ire,  
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)  
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest both to thyself and all the world,  
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?  
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of the enterprize so hazardous and high:  
No wonder, for, though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider,  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days  
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state;
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.

With that,(such power was given him then,)he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the
hills;

Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room

238 insight] Milton's own edition, and all the earlier editions, except Tonson's, 1747, read 'in sight.'
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the tempter brought Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and, o'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples, and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible the Arabian drought:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice Judah and all thy father David's house Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

964 fountainless and dry | 'Desarts desolate, and dry.' Drayton's Moses, lib. ii. p. 1603, ed. 8vo.

'It is a fact worthy of remark, that at this moment, while all the
BOOK III.

The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel:

inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoomg, and
of the spring called Aubi-i-Hassan-Khan, the king's son alone has
the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the
Kara Soo (the Choaspes). We drank of it ourseves as we passed,
and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted
since leaving the banks of the Tigris, the draught was delicious
enough to be sweet even to the palled taste of royalty itself.'
Buckingham's Trav. in Assyria, &c. p. 119. On the delicious water
of the Nile, see Forbes's Oriental Mem. ii. p. 72; and on that of the
Ganges, 139. The Mogul Emperors travelled with it: Akber never
drank any other, and called it the 'Water of Life.'

306 [flight] Lucan. Phars. i. 229,

'Missa Parthi post terga sagitta' Dunster.
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour'd, light armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face

300 wedges, and half-moons] Virgil mentions the 'wedge,' Æn. xii. 457, 'densi cuneis se quisque coactis agglomerant:' and Stat. Theb. v. 145, the half-moon; 'lunatumque putes agmen descendere.' Dunster.

310 numbers numberless] For this expression (which was very common in old English Poets anterior to Milton) see Peele's Works, by Dyce, sec. ed. 1829, vol. i. p. 227.

'A number numberless, appointed well
For tournament.'

and Heywood's Troy, p. 203.

311 gates] Virg. Æn. xii. 121,

'——— plenis
Agmina se fundunt portis.' Dunster.


314 arrowy] Æn. xii. 284.

'Tempestas telorum, ac ferreus ingruid imber.' Dunster.
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants endors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or, where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Africam with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;


335 endors'd] B. Jonson's Epig. to W. Earl of Newcastle:
‘Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish myself a horse.’


337 Such] Lucan. Phars. iii. 288.
‘coiere nec unquam
Tam varie cultu gentes, tam dissona vulgi
Ora.’
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 virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
All this fair sight; thy kingdom, though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
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 wert possess’d of David’s throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how could’st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David’s royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
BOOK III.

Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers’d;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv’d,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.

These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer’d thus unmov’d.

Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
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 shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.

[388 instrument] 'Totius belli instrumento et apparatu.' Cic. Acad.

ii. 1. Dunster.

vol. ii. 16
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons.
But whence to thee this zeal? where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next, and Ashtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity,
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,

488 freed] The obscurity of this passage has been remarked; and
conjectures and alterations proposed by the critics. I should prefer
to read 'unto' for 'as to,' which is the slightest deviation from the
established text; and which seems to me to remove all the difficulty;
but Mr. Dunster's note should be consulted.
BOOK III.

Unhumbled, unrepentant, unrefrain'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, (time to himself best known,)
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleft the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.
PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK IV.

Perplex'd and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
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'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
BOOK IV.

Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens, and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the hight of mountains interpos'd:
(By what strange parallax or optick skill
Of vision, multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:)
And now the tempter thus his silence broke.
The city which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth

31 *septentrion*] See Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 10, p. 844, ed. 8vo.
'From the septentrion cold.'

'Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.' *Newton.*

45 *queen*] Rutilii Itin. i. 47.
'Exaudi, regina tui pulcherrima mundi.' *Dimster.*

In the Ode to Rome, falsely attributed to Erina, that city is termed
'diakophor anasa.' ver. 2. *S. Dyce.*
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou see'st
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope,) thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle; and more to west,

58 gods] Some editions read incorrectly ' God.'
65 turms] Virg. Æn. v. 560.
   'Equitum turmæ.' Newton.
   'Nilotica tellus.' Dunster.
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings and Parthian, among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd:
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly 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 shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreae, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all and hating: with what ease,
Indu'd with regal virtues as thou art,

---

\[\text{Black-moor} \text{ Hor. Od. ii. vi. 3.}
\]
\[\text{Ubi Maura sempe.}
\]
\[\text{Estust unde.}
\]
\[\text{Dumster.}
\]
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne, 100
Now made a styie, and, in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world; 105
Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.
To whom the Son of God unmov'd replied.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to
tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantick stone, 115

115 *citron tables or Atlantick stone*] Citron wood grew on Mount
Atlas, and was held by the Romans as valuable as gold. Martial
Ep. xiv. 89. 'Accipe felices *Atlantica* munera, sylvas.' Atlantick
*stone*, the Commentators say, was never heard of; nor can they
explain the meaning of the expression; had the mantle therefore
of Bentley descended on me, I should read

'—— and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic, stor'd.'

I can find no account of Atlantic marble in the learned work of Cario-
ophylus de Ant. Marmoribus.—Since writing the above, I believe
that I have detected the true meaning of *Atlantick stone*, which has
escaped the Commentators. Pliny mentions that the woods of *Atlas*
were eagerly searched by the Romans for citron wood and ivory.
Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. i. 1. vol. i. p. 366, ed. Brot. 'quàm luxuriae, cujus
efficacissima vis sentitur atque maxima, cùm *ebori* citroque *silvae*
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read,) Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne, Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold, Crystal and myrrhine cups emboss’d with gems And studs of pearl; to me should’t tell who thirst And hunger still. Then embassies thou show’st From nations far and nigh. What honour that, But tedious waste of time to sit and hear So many hollow compliments and lies, Outlandish flatteries? then proceed’st to talk Of the emperor, how easily subdued, How gloriously; I shall, thou say’st, expel

exquirantur.’ Diod. Siculus joins them, lib. v. c. xlivi. vol. iii. p. 355, ed. Bip. 1 τὰ ἐν θυρόματα τοῦ ναοῦ Θαυμαστάς ἵνα τὰς κατασκευὰς ἐξ ἀργύρου καὶ χρυσοῦ καὶ έλάφαντος, ἢ τὰ Ιερός δεεθμουργικές; so the author of the Apocalypse, xvii. 12. πᾶν ἄγαλμα θεῶν, καὶ πᾶν σκίνος ἐλαφάνινοι; Suidas and Pausanias also mention them together. We may, therefore, consider ‘Atlantick stone’ to be a learned and poetical way for naming the ‘Ebor Atlanticum,’ and Pliny also says, that the forests in Mauritania were filled with elephants, lib. v. c. i. 1. vol. i. p. 364, the same forests which afforded the citron wood. Should ‘stone’ be still thought a singular expression for ivory, it may be observed, that ‘fossil ivory’ might have been sought for; and that Pliny, lib. xxxvi. c. xxix. 18, vol. vi. p. 230, mentions a mineral ivory, which he calls a stone.


A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such?
Let his tormentor conscience find him out;
For him I was not sent; nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
But lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd;
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves 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 overshadowing all the earth;
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.
To whom the tempter impudent replied.
I see all offers made by me how slight

'Luxuriamque lucris emimus, luxuque rasinas.' Dunster.
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st;  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict.  
On the other side know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem,  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give,  
(For, giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,)  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord,  
(Easily done,) and hold them all of me:  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.  
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition;  
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written  
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,

157 the difficult] Jortin and Symson would read 'thee difficult.'
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all Supreme? if given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God?
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both angels are and men,
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown; addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,

When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the temple, there wast found
Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then

By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,

The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them? how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands

[217 wast found] In Milton's own edition and others, it was printed 'was.' Tickell made the emendation 'wast,' and Fenton adopted it.
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attick bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow’ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou 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 Dotian lyric odes.

239 pure] ‘Athenis tanue cœlum.’ Cic. de fato. v. Priscæum ad
Apulium, p. 76.
In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven.

Gorboduc, act ii. sc. 1.

ὅμολοισ κόρη, ἦ ἐν ψυχῇ λογισμῷ, τουτέστατα ’Ελλάδος ’Αθηνας. Todd.


‘Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos’—

and Od. iv. iii. 12. Newton.
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phæbus challeng'd for his own. 260
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambick, 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; 265
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heav'n descended to the low-roofit house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth

261 lofty] 'The tragical poet who wrote his Poesies with so grave
and lofty a style.' Holland's Plinie, p. 607.
269 Wielded] Sackville's Gorboduc, act ii. sc. 1.
    'Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.'
770 fulmin'd] Aristoph. Acharn. v. 530, of Pericles,
    "Ἱπτόμαστε, ἰθαράκτια, κυνεκόκκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα." Newton.
ed. Brot. and lib. vii. c. xxxi. 31. vol. ii. p. 124, 'Socrati cunctis ab
eodem deo sapientia praelato.' 'Apud Græcos Socrates, oraculo
Apollinis Pythii (sapientia) praebatus cunctis,' and Apulii Apologia,
p. 425. ed. Delph. 'Vir (Socrates) omnium sapientissimus.'
Mellifluous streams that water’d all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam’d Peripateticks, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik’st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom’s weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thy self, much more with empire join’d.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply’d.

Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true:
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess’d
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac’d felicity,
But virtue join’d with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he and careless ease;

277 water’d] Manilius, speaking of Homer, ii. 8.
Cujusque ex ore profuso
Onmis posteritas latices in carmina duxit.
and Ovid. Amor. iii. ix. 25. Dunster.
299 pleasure he] ‘He’ is here contemptuously emphatical. Dunster.
I wonder therefore that the commentators did not acknowledge the
BOOK IV.

The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call’d virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogant, 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,

emphasis of ‘Him,’ at ver. 583, instead of accusing Milton of grammati cal inaccuracy.

‘So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their pluny bows received him soft.’

That is, ‘our Saviour,’ ‘him’ πατὴρ ἐξελεύνης.

303 Equal] Newton reads ‘equals.’


‘But their opinions fail’d, by error led away.’  Dunster.

VOL. II.

18
An empty cloud. However, many books
Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?) 335
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers’d in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gath’ring pebbles on the shore. 330
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? all our law and story strewd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib’d,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 336
That pleas’d so well our victor’s ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv’d;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities and their own 340
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot’s cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345

331 books] Butler’s Rem. by Thyer, vol. ii. p. 489, ‘No man is the wiser for his books until he is above them.’
334 varnish] Hamlet, act iii. sc. i.
‘The harlot’s cheek, beautied with plast’ring art.’ Dunster.
BOOK IV.

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 virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
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.

350 Such are] This passage is considered obscure and perplexed by the commentators. Mr. Dunster's transposition (placing verse 351 and 352 after verse 345) certainly renders it clearer; but this being unauthorized by any edition, I would read thus

|——— the rest |
| Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, |
| Will far be found unworthy to compare |
| With Sion's songs; (to all true taste excelling |
| Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men, |
| The holiest of holies, and his saints, |
| Such are from God inspir'd, not sent from thee;) |
| Unless where moral virtue is express'd. |

Thus, without any alteration, I think the passage is clear.
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
Nicely or cautiously my offer’d aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David’s throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill’d.
Now contrary, if I read aught in heav’n,
Or heav’n write aught of fate, by what the stars,
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,

Kai ταῦτα μὲν ἄνδρος ἐκτείνοντα λέγην. Dumeter.
BOOK IV.

Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying he took, (for still he knew his pow’r
Not yet expir’d,) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in low’ring night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.

Our Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwin’d 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
From many a horrid rift abortive pour’d
Fierce rain with light’ning mix’d, water with fire
In ruin reconcil’d: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush’d abroad

411 rift] Virg. Æn. iii. 196.
‘Involvere diem nimbi et nox humida coelum
Abstitit; ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.’ Dunster.
and Lucret. ii. 213—5.

414 stony] Lucret. vi. 194.
‘Sphalonesque velut, saxis pendentibus structas
Cernere; quas venti quom tempestate coorta
Complerunt,’ &c. Dunster.
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 their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood’st
Unshaken! nor yet staid the terror there;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round [shriek’d,
Environ’d thee; some howl’d, some yell’d, some
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat’st unappall’d in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass’d the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still’d the roar
Of thunder, chas’d the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais’d
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer’d the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear’d up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn:

‘— a legion of foul fiends
Environ’d me and howled in my ears.’ Dunster.

420 amice] Spens. F. Qu. i. iv. 18.
‘Array’d in habit black and amice thin.’ Newton.

425 gratulate] ‘And early birds with songs congratulate.’ Marino’s
Slaught. of the Innocents, p. 126. (Trans.)
BOOK IV.

Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our 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 despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood:
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the rack
As earth and sky would mingle, but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful, and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou did'st reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told?
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means; each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threat'n'ing nigh; what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill-boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and would'st be thought my God,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
BOOK IV.

Me to thy will. Desist, (thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain,) nor me in vain molest.
To whom the fiend now swoll'n with rage replied.
Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Messiah I had heard, foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birthnight, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I 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 sense;
The Son of God I also am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect

509 I had heard] All the editions read 'have heard.' 'Had' seems absolutely requisite. *Dunster.*

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Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who,
And what he is, his wisdom, power, intent;
By parl, or composition, truce, or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.

And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre firm,
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogriph bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright

548 alabaster] From Clemens, and P. Mela, see Heber's Life of
Bishop Taylor, ii. 272. *Of Ægyptian Thebes with its houses of
alabaster.*
BOOK IV.

Will ask thee skill; I to thy father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus. Also it is written,

Tempt not the Lord thy God: he said and stood:
But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
As when earth's son Antæus, (to compare
Small things with greatest,) in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,

Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' 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 spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Isemian steep;

So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
(Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success.)

As when] P. Fletcher's Purple Island, p. 163, ed. 1633.
As when . . . . . . .
If greatest things with lease we may compare. A. Dyce.
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumpy vans receiv’d him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air;
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch’d from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh’d him wearied, and repair’d
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair’d,
Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav’nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud.

True Image of the father, whether thron’d
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light

581 globe] G. Fletcher’s Christ’s Triumph, st. xiii.
—— ‘out there flies
A globe of winged angels swift as thought.’ Todd.
583 him] This inaccuracy has been remarked; and that him must
refer to Satan; therefore I would suppose that him is used emphat-
ically—so Satan fell; but angels received him, and upbore.
587 spread] G. Fletcher’s Christ’s Triumph, &c. st. 61.
‘But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element: for well they knew
After his lenten fast he hungry grew;
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial trine.’ Dunster.
BOOK IV.

Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with god-like force indu'd
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, 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
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,
Or light'ning thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)
By this repulse 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 demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'ly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON PARADISE LOST.

B. I. ver. 46. *With hideous ruin and combustion*] So in an Order of the two Houses, &c., in 1642, apud Clarendon's Hist. of the Reb. iii. 46, ed. 1826. 'and thereby to bring the whole kingdom into utter ruin and combustion.' A. Dyce.
SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαιας, &c.
Aristot. Poet. cap.

Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, &c. per misericordiam et metum,
perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.
OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of holy scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious,
than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, (at least the best of them,) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled, Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet’s error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the
Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage, to which this work never was intended, is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act; of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets, unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.
THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and, lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson’s redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son’s deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself: wherewith the tragedy ends.
THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOAH, the Father of SAMSON.
DALILA, his Wife.
HARAPHA OF GATH.

Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Sams. (attendant leading him.) A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin’d me,
Where I, a prisoner chain’d, scarce freely draw
The air imprison’d also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav’n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm’d, no sooner found alone,

2 dark steps] Euripidis Phœnisses, 841.
3 Ἡγοῦ πάροιδε, δύατερ, δὲ τυφλὸ πόδα. Richardson.
19 swarm] Sydney’s Arcadia, p. 164, ed. 13th.
4 A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind.” Todd.
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
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'd
Lower than bondsllave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,

33 captiv'd] 'And captiv'd kings.' Ross's Mel Heliconium, p. 55.
'Israel captiv'd.' Cowley's Davideis, lib. ii. p. 84.
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ерcome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,

‘Tu vires sine mente geris.’ Jortin.
Within doors, or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
‘Let there be light, and light was over all;’
Why am I thus 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 easy to be quench’d?
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,

87 *silent*] ‘Medieaque silentia luna.’ Stat. Theb. ii. 58. ‘tacito
sub lumine Phoeben.’ Sil. Ital. xv. 566. Mr. Todd quotes Dante
Inferno, c. 1. ‘Mi ripingeva là dove l’ *sol* tace.’ Mr. Dyce cites
Shirley’s *Bird in a Cage*, act iii. sc. 2. ‘As silent as the moon.’

88 *cave*] Claudiani Cons. Stillickonis, iii. 268. ‘Concepit luna
‘—— quantum vel in orbe mearet
Luna Cava ————.’
Lucret. iv. 392. ‘Ætheris adfixa cavernis.’
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these; for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way?
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

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

100 a living death] Consult the note, in Mr. Todd's edition, for the frequent use of this expression, from Petrarch, and Shakespeare, and the old English poets.


118 diffus'd] 'Sita diffus'ad.' Heywood's Troy, p. 314. Mr. Thyer quotes Ovid ex Ponto, iii. 3. 7.

' Fusque erant toto languida membra toro.'

VOL. II.
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and flock of mail
Adamantine proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:

134 Adamantine] Johnson thinks this word peculiar to Milton.
Perhaps he coined it from Ovid, Met. vii. 104. Todd.
135 insupportably] Spens. F. Q. i. vii. 11.

'——— he gan advance
With huge force, and insupportable main.' Thyer.
Then by main force pull’d up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav’n. 150
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become, (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,)
Imprison’d now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light,
T’ incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel’d!
165
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall’n.
For him I reckon not in high estate,

147 gates of Azza] Beaumont’s Psyche, c. v. st. 71.
With statelier might his brawnie shoulders bare
Did Gaza’s gates up Hebron’s mountains wear.
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises:
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown’d with highest praises.

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

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless
in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief,
We come, thy friends and 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 tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends

179 glory] Fletcher's Pisc. Eclogues, 1633, p. 27. 'his glory late,
but now his shame.' Todd.

184 Salve to thy sores] This is one of the most common expressions
in old English poetry. See Southwell's Monasie, p. 21. Park's note
c. xiii. st. 225; and Ellis's Specimens, ii. p. 15.

184 apt words] Aesch. Prom. Vinct. ver. 377. Hor. Epist. i. i. 34.
'Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poezie, et magnum morbi deponere partem.'

Thyer and Newton.
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood;) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'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 shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal: wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
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 accomplish'd snare:
230
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!
Gave up my sort of silence to a woman.
236
CHOR. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.
240
SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd,
245
Deliverance offer'd. I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, tho' mute, spoke loud the
doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length 260
Their lords the Philistines with gather’d powers
Enter’d Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir’d;
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag’d best. 265
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis’d a welcome prey, 260
Bound with two cords: but cords to me were threads
Touch’d with the flame. On their whole host I flew
Unarm’d, and with a trivial weapon fell’d
Their choicest youth; they only liv’d who fled.
Had Judah that day join’d, or one whole tribe, 265
They had by this possess’d the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais’d
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

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

SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

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

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till, by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

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 dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

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

But, see! here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah; advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

SAMS. Aye me! another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

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

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? nay, what thing good,
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand

345 *Duell'd*] Barron's Cyprian Academy, p. 23, ed. 1648, and State Poems (by Denham), vol. i. p. 36. 'Duels the fowler.'
354 *son*] Terentii Andria, I. 1. 69.

       —— tum uno ore omnes omnia
  Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
  Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio preditum.' *Newton.*
SAMSON AGONISTES.

As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' 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'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'ny disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befal'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have 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 surpriz'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profest, carrying it straight.
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this other was there found

373 Appoint] That is, arraign, summon to answer. Warburton.
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent 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
Than undissembled hate,) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-slave; O indignity! O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!

"I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me," &c. Todd.
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, 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
Their captive and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st
Enough and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,

Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorified, †slasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall’n thee and thy father’s house.

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
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, obloquy, and op’d the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
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 ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

471) [blank] Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2.
‘Each opposite that blanks the face of joy.’ Todd.
MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and
I as a prophecy receive: for God, [these words
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation: let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal’d
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God’s counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish’d, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin’d.
MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids,
Or th’ execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; 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,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas’d
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer’d means: who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may’st bring thy off’rings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew’d?
SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell’d, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav’n foretold, and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anack, 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.
SAMSON AGONISTES. 177

Then swoll’n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow’d pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn’d me out ridiculous, despoil’d,
Shav’n, and disarm’d, among mine enemies.

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

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow’d
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heav’n’s fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh’d; nor envied them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear

‘——— laying his head disarm’d
In her loose lap ————.’ Todd.
545 cheers] Judges ix. 13. ‘Wine which cheereth God and man.’
540 touch] Lucr. iv. 409. ‘Contingens servidus igne.’ Hor. Od.
iii. xiii. 9. ‘Aura cuniculis nescit tangere.’ Sid. Apoll. xxiii. 94.
‘fulminei tactus.’
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sams. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, 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 burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength, till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft invoked death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains. [that gift

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

580 *Robustious*] Drayton's Baron's Wars, 1627. c. v. st. 85.
"Cast from my seat, in some robustious course." Todd.
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

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

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

Sams. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable

'My race of life, and glory is not run.'


\[\textit{Ei\textit{\i}n & \textit{\i}n\textit{\i}d\textit{\i}d\textit{\i}d, kai \textit{\i}y\textit{\i}o\textit{\i} i\textit{\i}o\textit{\i} o\textit{\i} o\textit{\i} a\textit{\i} o\textit{\i} h\textiquote{\textit{\i}r\textit{\i}h\textiquote. Todd.} \]
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
Or medicinal liquor can asswage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.
I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heavenly message twice descending:
Under his special eye

617 Medicinal] Milton always spells this word 'Medcinal.'
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,

'Sens that the goddess ben contrarious to me.' Todd.
676 summer-fly] Hen. VI. P. iii., act ii. sc. vi.
'The common people swarm like summer flies.' Todd.
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else 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 causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing

700 crude] Premature, coming before its time, as 'Cruda funera'
710 who is this]
'Sed hic quis est, quem huc advenientem conspicor,
Suam qui undantem chlamydem quassando facit?'
Pausi Epid. act iii. sc. 3.
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

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

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,

714 a stately ship] This passage may be well illustrated by a quotation from a Sermon called Wilkinson's 'Merchant Royall,' preached at the nuptials of the Lord Hay, in 1607, 4to. The text is from Proverbs, xxxi. 14. She is like a merchant shippe, she bringeth her foode from a farre! "But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is, too much rigging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under sail, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops, and her top-gallants, with her upper deckes, and her nether deckes, and so bedeckt with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when hee lookes upon her, shall hardlie know her, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffle like a saile, yea, a ruffle like a rainebow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the winde will blowe." p. 15.

'Soft carpet knights all senting musk and amber.' Todd.
About t' have spoke; but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

**Dal.** With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw,)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way 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 lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

**Samson.** Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try

Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  755
His virtue or weakness which way to assail;
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject  760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.  765

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 itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  775
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  780
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel. 784
Let weakness than with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore 795
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,

Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd; weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold; if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love:
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have 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
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I
T' oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority,
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining. 870

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880
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 country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations; 890
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men, conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be 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.
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.

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

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
No more on me have power; their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? how would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect 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.

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

Sil. Ital. xv. 34.
SAMSON AGONISTES. 193

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that,
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives!
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are 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 myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumsic'd,
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot

979 'By virtue of a clean contrary gale.' Todd.

Vol. II. 25
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country 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 country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
At this who ever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHOR. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

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

CHOR. Yet beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.
SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

CHOR. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amolest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
- Harder to hit,
  (Which way soever men refer it,) 1015
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be to wisest men and best

1008 *Love*] Terence, And. iii. 3. 23.

' *Amanantium irae, amoris integratio est.*' Neustoe.
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil, 1035
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
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,
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045
Favour'd of heav'n who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth;
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition, 1050
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe, 1055
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and
rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
CHOR. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

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

SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
CHOR. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

—δειχου δὲ μὴ πρὸς ἄθος ἔνθα φωνής. Todd.
1066 honied] Withers' Fidelia, 1622.
"His honied words, his bitter lamentations." Todd.
"As the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught."
And Othello, act iii. sc. 3. "Swell, bosom, with thy fraught." Todd.
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

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

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves 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 ass's jaw!
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts: that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

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

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Sams. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with her whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir’d a woman with their gold,  
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115
Therefore without feign’d shifts let be assign’d  
Some narrow place inclos’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 tabardgeon, 1120
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,  
A weaver’s beam, and seven-times-folded shield,  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clatter’d iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,1125
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To Samson, but shall never see Gath more.  

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious  
arms, 1130
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantment, some magician’s art,  
Arm’d thee, or charm’d thee strong, which thou  
from heav’n  
Feign’dst at thy birth was giv’n thee in thy hair, 1135
Where strength can least abide, tho’ all thy hairs  
Where bristles rang’d like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf’d wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

1131 [Vant-brass] Fairfax’s Tasso, B. xx. st. 139.
1132 ‘His shield was pierc’d, his vant-brace cleft and split.’ Newton.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts; 1140
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,
Than thine, while I preserv’d these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, 1145
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel’s God 1150
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Off’ring to combat thee his champion bold,
With th’ utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate’er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver’d up
Into thy enemies’ hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter’d send thee 1160
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrâdes,
As good for nothing else; no better service
With those thy boist’rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber’s razor best subdued.

   ‘And his comrâdes that daft the world aside.’ Newton.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

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

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in

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

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou

prove me these?

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess’d it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver’d bound
Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp’dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,

To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords.
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
I was no private, but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from heav'n
To free my country; if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthy they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprize of small enforce.
Har. With thee! a man condemn'd, a slave in-
roll'd,
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

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

HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy
hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down

To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee. [fall'n,

CHOR. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath 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.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my 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 their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless; while
SAMSON AGONISTES.

With winged expedition,
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict:
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.
Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;

'Be swift like lightning in the execution.' Todd.
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; 1315
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore
tell them,
Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320
My presence; for that cause I cannot come. [them.

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

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their God, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join’d with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos’d on me with speed,
Brooks no delay. Is this thy resolution? [needs.
Sams. So take it with what speed thy message
Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.
Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow
indeed.

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

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
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 their Dagon!
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv’st the
Idolatrous, uncircumcis’d, unclean. [Philistines,
Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not.
Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sen-
tence holds.
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistine lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
1375
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.
Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts
my reach.
Sams. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
1395
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.

προφανής θυμός δε τι προσάμα. Todd.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men.)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

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

Sams. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;

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And the well feasted priest then soonest fir’d
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern’d;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father’s field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit that first rush’d on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.

But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, brethren! my inducement
hither

[shield] See T. Warton’s Note on Comus, ver. 653.
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty. [take

CHOR. That hope would much rejoice us to par-
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'n'er.
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 their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.
MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled,
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me, God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And since his strength with eyesight was not lost,
God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

'Crinis inherebat magni fiducia regni.' Todd.
CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv’d, agreeable to a father’s love,
In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O what
Mercy of heav’n, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish’d!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh! it continues, they have slain my son.

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them; that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger’s mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall’n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eyesight, (for to Israel’s God
Nothing is hard,) by miracle restor’d,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter’d walk his way?

*Α εν τω δασω των δια των των γονιων,
τελευτα χειλουν, κηλον βοας στονεις, &c.*
MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.
CHOR. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?
MAN. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.
CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.  1540
MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  1545
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,  1550
So in the sad event too much concern'd.
MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.
MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

[1554 needs] 'Needs' is a neuter verb. See P. L. x. 80, and note.
Newton.
SAMSON AGONISTES.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.
MAN. Sad; but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.
MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.
MAN. Relate by whom.
MESS. By Samson.
MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.
MESS. Ah! 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. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MAN. The worst indeed. O all my hope's de-
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 winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.

1568 [feated

1573

1589 Feed] Two Gent. of Verona, act iii. sc. 1.
'I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.' Todd.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he? 1580
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.
Mess. By his own hands.
Man. Self-violence? what cause 1586
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?
Mess. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but, while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct. 1595
Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high-street. Little I had dispatch'd
When all abroad was rumour'd, that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded

1581 death's wound] Æn. xii. 322.
'Presse est insignis gloria facti,
Nec sese Æneas jactavit vulnera quisquam.'
SAMSON AGONISTES.

Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these afoof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill’d their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
wine,
When to their sports they turn’d. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went 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 their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay’d,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform’d
All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard,)
As over-tir’d to let him lean awhile

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With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicous led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclin'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 cried 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 trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.
    Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain, self kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and
sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminate,

'Our impard eyes that they be nothing bright.'
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'n'ing 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 their heads.
So virtue given for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imbost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, refloresces, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically 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.

1695 villatic] Plin. lib. xxiii. sect. 17. 'Villaticas alites.'

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Honour hath left and freedom, but let them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But 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
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days

    'Home to his mother's house private return'd.'
1740 High] Hawes's Past. of Pleasure, 1554. ch. xxxii.
    'Right high adventures unto you shall fall.' Todd.
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.


Note] It was the custom of the scholars who lived in the age just previous to that of Milton, and who possessed a command of poetical language, to form dramas in Latin verse from scripture histories. Besides the two volumes of the 'Dramata Sacra,' there is the 'Abramus' of Th. Beza, the 'Parabata Vinctus' of Thuanus, the 'Christus Patiens,' the 'Sophom-paneas,' and the 'Adamus Exsul,' of Grotius, the 'Jepthas,' and 'Baptistes' of Buchanan, the 'Herodes Infanticida' of Dan. Heinsius. These I have read; probably there are others with which I am not acquainted; there are also many Italian dramas formed on the sacred history, and our old mysteries. The Greek translation of this play, by G. H. Glasse, has been pronounced to be 'a work constructed with such precision, and expressed with such elegance, as never appeared in Europe since the revival of learning.' Parr's Letters, i. p. 637.
COMUS, A MASK.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE.
THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of TERSAS.
Comus with his crew.
The Lady.
First Brother.
Second Brother.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented, were

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.
COMUS, A MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspcred
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth; and with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sainted seats.


1 starry] 'Who calls Minerva from the starry court.' Sharpe's Noble Stranger, p. 48. 'In that high starry court.' Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, p. 130; and Cupid's Whirligig, p. 1. (1611.)

'And thus with wings, and bowe came I
Newly from Jove's high courte in skie.'


a. 7. Todd.

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Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
COMUS.

But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.  45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhenian shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring 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 frolic of his, full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black, shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller

50 who knows] Spenser's Britian's Ida, c. i. st. l.
'In Ida's vale (who knows not Ida's vale). Todd.
58 Comus] Consult Warton's and Todd's note on the subject of
Comus: from which we find, that though he had appeared as a
dramatic personage before, Milton first raised him into poetical
celebrity.
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phæbus; which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'rance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
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 sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-distilled song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.
Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire

93 star] Chapman's Homer's Hymn to Pan. 'When Hesperus calls to fold the flocks of men.'
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end

128 [Night] —— 'They soone bring night,
Other sweets to waite thee then.'

Donne's Poems, p. 121.

And see Seven Champions of Christendom, p. 55. 4to. 1638.
129 rights] 'Rites.' Fenton, Newton, Warton, (ed. 1).
131 spits] 'Spits.' Fenton, Tickell, Newton, wrongly.
COMUS.

Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with bleary illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place

130 steep]
'\textit{Aurora rose with ruddy face upon the Indian Heaven.}'

140 loophole] See note on \textit{Lallah Rookh}, p. 393, ed. 8vo.

154 spungy] G. Peele's Works, by Dyce, ii. 382, ed. 1829. 'Not clouds cast from this \textit{spungy element}.' This word is used in N. Richards's \textit{Messalina}, Sig. B 7, 'shall squeeze their \textit{spungy virtue into vice}.'
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'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unpleausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

**THE LADY enters.**

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,

161 *glozing*] See Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 92.
163 *Wind*] Win. Tickell, Fenton.
165 *magic dust*] This referred to ver. 154, 'my dazzling spells,'
which originally stood 'powdered spells.'
168 *I shall appear*] The ed. of 1673,
'I shall appear some harmless villager,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.'
Where, besides the transposition, the line, 'Whom thrift,' &c. is
omitted. *Warton.*
168 *fairly*] softly. Hurd.
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and still’d insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp’d, as they said, to the next thicket side
185
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer’s weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus’ wain. 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; ’tis likeliest
They had engag’d their wand’ring steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night, 195
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heav’n, and fill’d their lamps

179 inform] Sams. Agon. 335. ‘inform’d your younger feet.’
Warton.
180 votarist] Benlowe’s Theopile, p. 39 and p. 60.
’Sad votariste! thy Earth of late o’ergrown
With weeds,’ &c.
185 thievish] P. Fletcher’s Pisc. Eclog. p. 34, ed. 1633,
‘The thievish night steals on the world.’ Warton.
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring 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:

291 *Was I deceiv'd*] Ov. Fast. v. 545.
  *Hurd.*
I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

**SONG.**

_Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen_
  _Within thy airy shell,_
_By slow Meander's margent green,_
_And in the violet-embroider'd vale,_
  _Where the love-lorn nightingale_
_Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;_
_Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair_
  _That likest thy Narcissus are?_
  _O, if thou have_
  _Hid them in some flow'ry cave,_
  _Tell me but where,_
  _Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!_
_So mayst thou be translated to the skies,_
_And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies._

*Enter Comus.*

**Com.** Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,

231 *shell* The margin of the Cambridge MS. 'Cell.' Hurd and Warburton observe that 'shell' means the horizon, the hollow circumference of the heavens.
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil’d! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow’ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison’d soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur’d soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull’d the sense,
And in sweet madness robb’d it of itself;
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I’ll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell’st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song

233 Circe] On Milton’s having intermix’d the ‘Sirens’ with ‘Circe,’
T. Warton’s note may be consulted, p. 283.
233 barking] Giles Fletcher’s Christ’s Victorie and Triumph, 1633,
p. 55.
     ‘And more in heaps the barking surges band.’ A. Dyce.
     ‘Scyllai tacuere canes, stetit astra Charybdis.’ Warton.
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lad. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lad. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.
Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lad. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.
Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

"In rustic armour, as in extream shift." Todd.
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of you small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
LAD. To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,

_loose]_ Benlowe's Theophila, p. 247. 'The tired oxe sent in loose traces home.' _Medio die interjuxerunt._ Seneca de Tranq. Animi, Cap. ult. vol. i. p. 385. See Lipsius's note on the force of this word. See too Arati Diosem. ver. 93.

_human]_ The editions vary in pointing, either after 'human,' or after 'they stood.'

_plighted]_ Folded. Milton's H. of England, b. ii. 'she wore a plighted garment of divers colours.' Todd.

_plighted clouds_ Euripides Orest. 1647. _εν διδάφεις πνευμᾶς._

_A. Dyce._
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter The Two Brothers.

1 Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,

'Unmuffle, ye dim clouds, and disinherit
From black usurping mists.'
Shirley's Young Admiral, act ii. sc. 2.
'—— not a star
Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud.'
Shepherd's Pipe, vol. iii. p. 41. 129. Thorney Abbey, p. 48, for the
use of this word.
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damn'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-level'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 Br. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,

   '——- air had best
    Confine himself to his three regions,
    Or else I'll disinherit him.'
240 cock] Benlouwe's Theophila, p. 199,
   'Before the cock, light herald, day-break sings
    To his feathery dames.'———
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 Br. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!

I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

361 For grant] This line obscures the thought, and loads the ex-
pression: it had been better out. Warburton.
378 seeks to] This expression, 'seeks to,' common in our transla-
tion of the Bible. Isaiah xi. 10. Deut. xii. 5. 1 Kings x. 24. Eccles-
378 plumes] I believe the true reading to be 'prunes.' Warton.
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass

390 all-to] So read as in editions 1637, 1645, 1673, not 'too ruffled;
'all-to' is 'entirely.' See Tyrwhitt's Gloss. Chauc. v. To.
Upton's Gloss. Spens. v. 'all.' Warton.

390 ruffled] Benbowes's Theophila, p. 222. 'Retreating to sweet
shades our shattered thoughts we piece.'

399 senate] See Tooke's Div. of Purley, i. p. 90, ed. 4to.
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

1 Br. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left,
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

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

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unhabour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg’d with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench’d majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn un laid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o’er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver Shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam’d the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, and set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
Fear’d her stern frown, and she was queen o’ th’ woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer’d virgin,
Wherewith she freez’d her foes to congeal’d stone,

439 shagg’d] Benlowes’s Theophilus, p. 226.
‘Emboast with trees, with bushes shagg’d.’
438 Some say] Hamlet, act 1, sc. 1. ‘But then, they say, no spirit
walks abroad.’
433 fog] Milton here had his eye on Fletcher’s F. Shepherdess, act 1.
‘I have heard, (my mother told it me),’ &c. Newton.
440 freez’d] Dante Inferno, c. ix. Che se 1 Gorgon si mostra.
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

455 liveried] Nabbes's Microcosmus, p. 22.
469 divine] Hor. Sat. ii. ii. 79.

"Atque affligt humo divinas partículam suas?" Todd.
2 Br. 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 surfeit reigns.

1 B. List, list, I hear Some far off hallow break the silent air.

2 B. Methought so too; what should it be?

1 B. For certain Either some one like us night-founder’d here, Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst, Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 B. Heav’n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near! Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 B. I’ll hallow; If he be friendly, he comes well; if not, Defence is a good cause, and Heav’n be for us.

Enter the Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

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

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

2 B. O brother, ’tis my father’s shepherd, sure.

478 Apollo’s] Love’s Lab. Lost, act iv. sc. iii.

—- ‘as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo’s lute—’ Bowd.
COMUS.

1 B. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
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'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIR. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
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?

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

SPIR. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

SPIR. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
Charácter'd in the face: this I have learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade, whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
COMUS.

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'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most 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 near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,

553 *drowsy frighted* So eds. 1637, 1645, 1673. Cant. MS. and Newton, *drowsy-frighted.*
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2 Br. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthral'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's
on.
Against the opposing will and arm of heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs’d as his life.

SPIR. Alas! good vent’rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BR. Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPIR. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill’d
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to 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 e’en to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,

604 sooty flag] P. Fletcher’s Locusts, p. 58. (1627.)
‘All hell run out, and sooty flagges display.’ Todd.
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he call'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it haemony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd 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 necromancer's hall;

4 —— a whyght
Faire flowre, whose roote is blake, and of the Gods it moly hyght.
Assurde by this, and heavenly hestes, he entred Cirese's bowre,' &c.
129. Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 83.
4 —— This precious sovereign herbe
That Mercury to wise Ulysses gave.' Todd.
COMUS. 253

Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

1 Br. Thyrisis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with
all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables
spread with all dainties. Comus appears with
his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted
chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts
by, and goes about to rise.

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

LAD. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heav'n sees good.


Inrat
Ille domum Circes, et ad insidiosa vocatus
Pocula, conantem virga mulcere capillos
Repulit; et stricto pavidiam deterruit ense. Warton.
Com. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition 685
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,

672 julep] Llewellyn's Poems, p. iii.
   'There no cold Julep can relieve
   Those who in eternal fevers grieve.'
   'I'll fetch a Julep for to cool your blood.'
674 cruel] Shakesp. Son. i.
   'Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self so cruel.' Todd.
COMUS.

And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish’d from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew’d enchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betray’d my credulous innocence
With visor’d falsehood and base forgery?
And would’st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?

Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern’d and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,

707 budge] Skeltons Magnificence, 4to. p. 13. 'In the stede of a
budge furre.' Rump Songs (1662) p. 211. 'With Presbyterian
budge.' Rowland's Satires, Sat. 2, p. C. 3. 'His Jacket fac’d with
moth eaten budge.' Bugg, Buge, Budge, is lamb's fur.—Budge
Batchlors, a company of poor old men clothed in long gowns lined
with lamb's fur, who attend on the Lord Mayor the first day he
enters on his office. Cullum's H. of Haustead, p. 11.

707 fur] Shirley's Triumph of Peace, p. 2. 'a grim philosophical-
fac’d fellow in his gowne fur’rd.' Brome's Love-sick Court, p. 141.
'He clothes his words in furres and hoods.' P. Plowman, p. 35. 'That
Physicke shall his fur’rd hood for his rude sell.' And Censura
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Throngsing the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th' all-worship'd ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be unthank'd, 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 Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur’d to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen’d
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature’s coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th’ enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish’d head.
Beauty is nature’s brag, and must be shown
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife’s wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur’d lip for that,

748 *homely*] The same turn of expression in the opening of the
Two Gent. of Verona:

‘Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.’ *Neu ton.*

Middleton’s Mich. Terme, p. 14,

‘Let coarser beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh.’

748 *keep home*] so Plauti Menciohm. act 1. sc. i. 29. ‘Domiftus fui.’


752 *vermeil-tinctur’d*] Lucr. ii. 500. ‘Concharum tincta colore.’

Vol. II. 33
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store;

Benlowes’s Theophilus, p. 2. ‘Crouch low! Oh, vermeil tinctur'd cheek!’—The last mention of this ‘word’ vermeil, as applied to the cheek, I know, is in Fielding's Love in Several Masques, act i. sc. 5. Lord Formal says, ‘It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of vermeille,’ &c.


‘She whose loosely flowing hair
Scatter'd like the beams o' the morn.'
And then the giver would be better thank’d,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne’er looks to heav’n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow’r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter’d to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc’d;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt 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 magic structures rear’d so high,
Were shatter’d into heaps o’er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power:
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd’ring dew

[797 bruta] Hor. Od. i. xxxiv. 9. ‘Bruta tellus.’ Warton.
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the cannon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all strait; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his
glass out of his hand, and break it against the
ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are
all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.

SPIR. What, have you let the false inchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,

lees I like the MS. reading best,
'This is mere moral stuff, the very lees.'
Yet' is bad. 'But' very inaccurate. Hurd.
revers'd] Ov. Metam. xiv. 300. 'Conversæ verbæ virgæ.'
This Sandys translates, 'her wand revers.' Warton.
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soonest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their 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 strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;

[Notes: She] So ed. 1645, and MS. Eds. 1637, and 1695, 'The.'
Tickell, Fenton, Ed. 1713, and Warton, 'She.'
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

**SONG.**

Sabrina fair,
   Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
   In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
   Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
   Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
COMUS

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,

My sliding chariot stays,

i. 317.
rushy] I would read 'rush-yfringed.' Warton.
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
    That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
    That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
    I am here.
Sr. Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
    SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;

803  azurn] Ital. 'azzurino.' Todd.
807  printless] Shakep. Temp. act v. a. 1. 'And ye, that on the sands with printless foot.' Warton.
807  inchanter] Faer. Q. iii. 12, 31. 'And her before the vile enchanter sate.' Todd.
815  rubied] Wither. Mist. of Philarete, (Percy's Rel. iii. 264.) 'Wanton eye or lip of ruby.' Todd.
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

S{A}B{R}{I}{N}{A} descends, and the LAD{Y} rises out of her seat.

Sr. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
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 October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd

918 moist] 'The moone though moist and cold she be.'
Randolph's Poems, p. 49.
994 brimmed] 'brined,' Warburton; a wrong and tasteless alteration: 'brimmed' is connected with the two following lines. Lucret. ii. 362,
999 dirty mudds
'Defil'd the crystal of smooth sliding floods.' Dunster.
With many a tow'rl and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the Two Brothers, and the Lady.

[351 there] So Milton's own edition, the MS. 'near.'
SONG.

Sr. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heavn hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O’er sensual folly, and intemperance.

960 duck] K. Richard III. act i. sc. 3. ‘Duck with French node,’
Warton.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Sr. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air.
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
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'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb

1002 Assyrian] Tickell and Fenton read 'the Cyprian Queen.'
1017 corners] Macbeth, a. 3. s. 5. 'Upon the corner of the moon.'
Warton.
Higher than the sphyry chime:
Or, if Virtue seeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1021 sphyry] 'sphyry chime' is the chime or music of the spheres. Mids. N. Dream, act ii. sc. 7, 'Hermia's sphyry eyne.' Machin's Dumbe Knight, (Reed's Old Pl. iv. 447), 'It was as silver as the chime of spheres.' Herrick's Hesp. p. 116, 'Fall down from those thy chiming spheres.' Warton and Todd.

1023 stoop] 'bow.' MS.
LYCIDAS.

In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with 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 rhime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

2 myrtles brown] Hor. Od. i. 25. 17. 'Pulla magis atque myrtt.'
Warton.

8 dead] 'Phillisides is dead.' Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death,
by L. B. v. 8. (Todd's Spenser, viii. 76), and v. 71.
'Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs, and lawrel faire.'


Gaulm.

14 Melodious] Cleveland's Obsequy on Mr. King, 'I like not tears
in tune.' Todd.
LYCIDAS.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin’d urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nurs’d upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear’d
Under the opening eyelids 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 evening, bright,
Toward heav’n’s descent had slop’d his west’ring
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, [wheel.
Temper’d to th’ eaten flute;

17 sweep] ‘E qui Calliopea alquanto surgit.’ Dante Purg. i. 9.
19 Muse] ‘Gentle Muse—he passes.’ See Jortin’s Tracts, i. p. 341.
23 nurs’d] Compare Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney’s death, by L. B. ver. 85.

‘Through many a hill and dale,’ &c.

‘——— Like a pearl,
Dropp’d from the opening eyelids of the morn.’
And Crashaw’s Translation of Marino, ‘The lids of day.’ Warton, Todd.


‘Their battering flocks on grassie leas to hold.’ Warton.
33 Temper’d] On this word see P. Fletcher’s Purple Isl. c. ix. st

Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætus lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!

37 thou art gone] Browne's Sheph. Pipe (ccl. 4). 'But he is gone.'
50 Where] Spenser's Astrophel, st. 22,
Ah, where were ye the while his shepheard peares, &c.
Warton.
55 wisard] On the wisard stream of Deva, consult Warton's note.
vol. ii. 35
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?  

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,

---

53 *swift* Vir. Æn. 1. 321.  
'Volucrumque fuga prævertitur Hebrum.' *Warton.*

59 *tangles* Benlowes's Theopha, p. 2.  
'Entangled thoughts in the trammels of their ambush hair.'

Greene's never too late, 'Entangle men in their tresses,' p. 58.  
Shirley's Doubtful Heir, p. 36.  

70 *Fame* "Quasi hic subesset ingens Cupido gloria quae etiam sapientibus novissima exuitur." 

74 *blaze* So P. Reg. iii. 47.  
'For what is glory but the blaze of fame.' *Warton.*

75 *blind* Spenser's *R. of Rome.* st. xxiv. 'If the blind Furie which warres breedeth oft.' *Warton.*
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch’d my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist’ring foil
Set off to th’ world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav’n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour’d flood,
Smooth-sliding Minicius, crown’d with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune’s plea;
He ask’d the waves, and ask’d the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom’d this gentle swain?
And question’d every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

77 touch’d] Virg. Ecl. vi. 3.
——Cynthiae aurem
Vellit, et admonuit. Peck.


87 higher] ‘I’ll tune my reed unto a higher key.’ Browne’s Brit. Past. iv. 41.
93 question’d] ‘And question’d each wind that came that way.’ Beaumont’s Psyche, C. xviii. st. 56.

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r 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 keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake;
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake

100 reverend] 'One brought a reverend eyre.' Whitting's Albino
   and Bellama, p. 5.
101 Galilean] 'Who on the troubled Galilean Lake.'
110 Two]
   'In either hand she held a massie key, . . .
The one of beaten burnish'd gold, . . .
That in her left of swarthy iron is.'
   Beaumont's Psyche, c. xvi. st. 140, and 141.
110 keys] Fletcher's Purple Island, c. vii. 62.
   'Not in his lips, but hands two keys he bore,
   Heaven's doors and Hell's to shut and open wide.'
and Dante Paradiso, v. 57. 'E della chiave.'
LYCIDAS.

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

115 climb] 'Crept into the fold.' Prose Works, ii. 381, ed. Symmons.
121 herdman's] Milton writes it 'herdsman,' in his MS. 'Herdmn,'
is used in our transl. of the Bible, Amos i. 1. Todd.

Stridenti miserum stipulâ dispendere carmen.' Newton.


'Unhappie flock! that wander scattered now,
What marvell if through grief ye woen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.'

130 two-handed] 'Yet, maie the ax stando next the dore.' Sir T.
Smith's Psalms. Restituta. iv. 189.
LYCIDAS.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparingly looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate 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

135 use] i. e. frequent, inhabit. Spens. F. Q. Introd. b. vi. st. 2.
136 swart] See Warton's note on this word

'When our fond thoughts are wearied with the sports
O th' earth, we dally in the watry coasts.'
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,

158 monstrous] The sea, the world of monsters. Hor. Od. i. 3. 18. 
Virg. ÄEn. vi. 729.

160 'Quae narmoreo furt monstra sub aquae pondus.' Warton.

167 watery floor] Dante Purg. ii. 15. 'Sovra l'isuo marino.'
Davison's Poet. Rhapsodie, p. 78.

169 repairs] Lidgate's Troy, p. 13, 'Long ere Titan gan make his
repair.' Browne's Brit. Past. p. 88, 'Breathes to the sullen night a
soft repaire.' See Fletcher's Christ's Victory, ii. 12; and the
Adamus Exul Grotii, p. 28, 35; and Marino’s Slaugh. of the Innoc.
p. 45, 'His light immortal doth repair.' And Lucret. v. 733.

171 forehead] 'Oft seen in forehead of the frowning skies.'
Sylvest. Du Bartas, p. 25.
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

177 *bless*] Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. ver. 135.
"Philisides is dead! Oh happy sprite
That now in heaven with blessed souls dost abide;
Looke down awhile from where thou sitst above,' &c.

180 See Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. ver. 159.
"The sun, lo! hastned hath his face to steep
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres,
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise ———.'

183 *To-morrow*] Fletcher's P. Island, c. vi. a. 77.
"To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new." *Warton.*
IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
    The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,
    Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
    And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
    As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
    The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;

13 *too bright*] Hor. Od. i. xix. 5. 'Nimium lubricus aspici.'
19 *Ethiop*] 'Noctem Æthiopissam.' Miltoni Prolus. p. 73.

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Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain).  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cyprus lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commencing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

35 cypruss] Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 3.  
't Cypruss black as e'er was crow.' Warton.  
37 keep] 'State in wonted manner keep.' Jonson’s Cynth. Rev. act  
v. a. 6. Warton.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along, 55
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,

58 *Smoothing*] Shakesp. Sonnets, 51.
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,

75 wide-water'd] Constable's Son. Ellis's Spec. ii. p. 305.
'Or like the echo of a passing bell,
Which, sounding on the water, seems to howl.'

98 sceptred] Miltoni Eleg. i. 37.
'Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia sceptrum
Quassat.'
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

110 Cambuscan] In the Squier's Tale of Chaucer, see Tyrwhitt's notes, vol. ii. p. 466, ed. 1798. Todd.
119 civil] Rom. and Juliet, act iii. sc. 4.
    '— come, civil night,
    Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.' Warton.
But kerchef'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe 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,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.

141 eye] Son. i. 5.
‘Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.’ Warton.
150 Wave] Consult Warton’s note on the structure of these lines.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
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 cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic’d quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
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
Of every star that heav’n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

155 pale] Warton conjectures that the right reading may be ‘the studious cloister’s pale,’ i. e. enclosure.
L'ALEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
    Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
    'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
    Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
    There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
    In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'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 some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

\[1 \text{Hence}] \text{Compare Marston's Scourge of Villanie, b. iii. s. 10. (ed. 1596.) 'Sleepe grim reproof,' &c. Warton.}
\[5 \text{uncouth}] \text{'Searcht out the uncouth cell of thy abode.' Val. Welshman, 1615, act iv. s. 6. Todd.}
\[10 \text{Cimmerian}] \text{Miltoni Prolus. 'Dignus qui Cimmerius oculus tenebris longam, et perosam vitam transigit.' Warton.}
\[15 \text{two}] \text{Meat and Drink, the two sisters of Mirth. Warburton.}
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violets blew,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;

[Notes and footnotes at the bottom of the page]
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglandine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveryes dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

49 dull] K. Hen. V. act iv. chorus,
   'Piercing the night's dull ear.'  Steevens.
45 good morrow] Browne's Brit. Past. iii. 2.
   'Twice bid good morrow to the nether world.'
50 Scatters] 'Gallum noctem explodentibus alis.' Lucret. iv. 714.
54 morn] Habington's Castora, p. 8, ed. 1640.
   '—— rouse the morn,
With the shrill musick of the borne.'  Warton.
L'ALLEGRO.

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neigh'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyris met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'rr she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,

{'Yielding more holesom food then all the messes,
That now taste-curious wanton Plenty dresses.' Warton.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,
And he by friars' lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail bath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

110 lubber] 'There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a gyaunt to her son, that was called Lod-lye-by-the-fire.' Knight of the B. Peatel, act iii. sc. 1. Warton.
Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throats of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  

There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  

And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,

130 *weeds*] Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 3.  
'Great Hector in his *weeds of peace.*' Todd.  
129 *Rain*] From the Messaggierto of Tasso. 'Piovan quaggiu della lor virtu.' Black's Life of Tasso, ii. 476.
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed.
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

147 Elysian flowers] See Par. Lost, iii. ver. 359.
ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Haresfield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.

SONG I.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook;
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

5 This] Jonson's Ent. at Altope, 1603.
	'This is shee,
	This is shee,
In whose world of grace,' &c. Warton.
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
    Sitting like a Goddess bright,
    In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower’d Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dares not give her odds;
    Who had thought this clime had held
    A deity so unparallel’d?

_As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and turning 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 Alphéus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin’d Nymphs, as great and good,

32 _give_] Too lightly expressed for the occasion. _Hard._
30 _Alphéus_] Virg. _En._ iii. 694.
   ‘Alpheum, fama est, hac Elidis amnem
   Occultus egisse visas subter mare, qui nunc
   Ora, Arethusa, tuæ,’ &c. _Newton._
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame has left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;

[Notes]
'When was old Sherwood's head more quaintly curl'd.' Warton.
69 brush] Tempest, act i. sc. 4.
'As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd.' Warton.
'And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven.' Warton.
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
But else, in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit

73 gross] Compare Shakesp. Merchant of Venice, act v. sc. 1.
   'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
   But in his motion like an angel sings,
   Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
   Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
   But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
   Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.'
Shakesp. Mid. N. D. act iii. sc. 1.
   'And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,' &c. Warton.
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

SONG II.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG III.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's liled banks;

\[99 \text{star}] \text{ 'Sun-proof arbours.' Sylvester's Du Bartas, 171, and G.}
\[99 \text{Peele's David and Bethsabe, 1599.}
\[99 \text{This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee.'}
\[99 \text{Warton and Todd.}

\[97 \text{By sandy Ladon's liled banks] Giles Fletcher's Christ's}
\[97 \text{Victorie and Triumph, 1632. 'To Ladon snda,' p. 14. and 'On}
\[97 \text{either side bank't with a lily wall,' p. 49. A. Dyes.}
\[97 \text{sandy] Browne's Brit. Past. ii. st. iv. p. 107.}
\[97 \text{The silver Ladon on his sandy shore.'}
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar
    Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
    A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
    Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ANNO ETATIS 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 timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,

1 O] Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim.
'Swet Rose, fair flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearle, alack, too timely shaded,
Fair Creature, kild too soone by Death's sharpe sting.'

6 kiss] Shakesp. Venus and Adonis,
'He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.' Newton.
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach
was held.

III.
So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
     But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Un hous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.
Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeding 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 persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,

13 infamous] The common accentuation of our elder poetry.
Drummond's Urania, 1616,
     'On this infamous stage of woe to die.' Todd.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS: 303

Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav’n for pity thee so strictly doom?
   Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show’d thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where’er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th’ Elysian fields, (if such there were,) 40
   Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin’d roof
Of shak’d Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature’s true behoof
   Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth’s sons besiege the wall
   Of sheeny 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,

31 wormy] Shakesp. Mid. N. Dr. act iii. sc. ult.
   ‘Already to their wormy beds are gone.’ Warton.
40 were] He should have said ‘are,’ if the rhyme had permitted.
Hard.
And can'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
  Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
  As if to show 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.

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;

55 Or wert] In this line a dissyllable word is wanting. Mr. J.
Hoskin conjectured 'Or wert thou Mercy,' &c.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name
to live.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

At a Vacation Exercise in the College, 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 trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst;


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And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiepest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasies with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,

30 graver] An anticipation of the subject of Par. Lost, if we substitute Christian for Pagan ideas. Warton.
38 thunderous] Jortin proposed 'thunderer's throne;' but see P. L. x. 702, 'thunderous clouds;' and Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 420, 'rushing with thundrous roar.' Warton and Todd.
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told,
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest, 50
Are held with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

37 unshorn] Hor. Od. i. xxi. 2. 'Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium.'
40 watchful] 'Vigiles flammas.' Ov. Art. Am. iii. 463. 'Vigil
flamma.' Trist. iii. v. 4. Warton.
50 sweet] Tasso, Gier. Lib. c. vi. st. 84. 'Giogo di servitu dolce e
leggiero.' Du Bartas, p. 997. 'The willing chains of my captivitie.'
Warton and Todd.
Then Ens is represented as father of the Predica-
ments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for
Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speak-
ing, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Straw all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she (nor can you it prevent),
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spoke in prose;
then Relation was called by his name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulph y Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose.]

'Our silver Medway which doth deepe indent
The flowerie meadowes of my native Kent.' Warton.

95 hallow'd] 'holy Dee.' Randolph's Poems, p. 48, ed. 1640.
Todd.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

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

II.
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.
Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,

10 sun's team] Henry IV. P. I. act iii. sc. 4. 'heavenly-harness'd team.' Todd.
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

iv.
See how from far upon the eastern road  
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 join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touch’d with hallow’d fire.

THE HYMN.

1.
It was the winter wild,  
While the heav’n-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doff’d her gaudy trim,

When wise magicians wandered far awide  
To find the place of our Messiah’s birth.’

25 wisards] Spenser’s F. Q. iv. xii. 2. ‘antique wisards’ i. iv. 12.  
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
   To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
   The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
   She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
   With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's 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 sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

[64 whist] Nash's Dido, 1594. 'The ayre is cleere, and southerne windes are whist.' Todd. Golding's Ovid, p. 63. 'The waters whist.' 'Winds whist.' Aylest's Divine Poems, p. 65. 'If the winde be whist.' Marlowe's Hero and Leander, p. 13. 'Far from the toure, when all is whist and still.' And see S. Hardinge's Com. Verses to W. Browne, from MS. in Beloe's Anecd. vi. 68.

'The winds that erst were whist
Beginne to roare,
Each tree, your songs beinge mist,
Shreeks as before.

Each sproutinge panacie in the meade
For grieues begins to hang a head.

The weeping brookes in growling tunes glide umbliinge doun,
Dimples its own sleeke cheeks, and thanks you with a browne.' And Quarles's Divine Poems, p. 23. 'The winde were whist.'
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
   Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.
And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
   The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
   The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.
The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
   Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;

77 This stanza copied from Spenser's April.
   'I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden bede
      Upon her to gaze:
      But when he saw how broade her beames did spred, It did him amaze.
      Hee blussht to see another sunne belowe,
      Ne durst againe his fiorie face outshowe.' &c. Warton.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

89 Pan] Spenser's July. 'The flockes of mightie Pan.' Warton.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres, 125
Once bless our human ears,

If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,

---

115 unexpressive] This word was, perhaps, coined by Shakespeare. As you like it, act iii. sc. 2.

'The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she!' Warton.

125 crystal] 'Heaven's hard crystal.' Marlowe's Hero and Leander, p. 90.

126 silver] Machin's Dume Knight, 1608.

'It was as silver as the chime of spheres.' Todd.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

xiv.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

xv.

Yea Truth and Justice then,
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:

135 gold] 'See listening Time run back to fetch the age of gold.'
Benlowes's Theophilus, st. xcvi. p. 248.

140 leave] Virg. Æn. viii. 245.

'—— regna reclusat
Pallida, dis invisa; superque immane barathrem
Cernatur, trepidentque immissae lumine Manes.' Warton.

142 Orb'd] In ed. 1645.

'Th' enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing;
And Mercy set between,' &c.
And heav’n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychain’d in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world’s last session, [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

xix.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

xx.

The lonely mountains o'er,
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 flow'r-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

'Pectora tum longe percellit verbere caudae.'
153 weeping] Matthew, ii. 18. 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping.' Warton.
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 Flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

xxii.

Peor and Ba'alim
Forsake their temples dim,

    With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,

    Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

xxiii.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread

    His burning idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with cymbals' ring
They call-the grisly king,

191 *Lars*] 'Lemures, et Larvas, et Empusae.' Miltoni Proems, p. 80
197 *Peor*] See B. Martini Var. Lectiones, p. 131, 132.
200 *mooned*] Milton added this word to our language. *Todd.*
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings [loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoiled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true, [crew.
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

215 Trampling'] Benlowes's Theoplia, p. 237.
'Of wide hornd oxen trampling grass with lowings loud.'
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
    Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several 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'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
    Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

331 chin] T. Warton has not remarked the use of this word in old poetry; when it brought with it no associations of familiarity or burlesque. Chapman's Hom. II. p. 113, 'Both goddesses let fall their chins.'  
Odys. p. 303. 310, 'Jove shook his sable chin.'  
The Ballad of Gil Morrice, 158, 'And kiss'd baith mouth and chin,' 169, 'And synce she kiss'd his bluidy cheeke, and synce his bluidy chin.'  
And Percy's Reliques, iii. 57, 'Our Lady bore up her chinne.'

    'And yonder shines,' &c.

334 harness'd] Exodus, xiii. 18. 'The children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.'  
Newton.
THE PASSION.

I.
Erewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav’nly Infant’s birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten’d light
Soon swallow’d up in dark and long out-living night.

II.
For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.
He, sovereign priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropp’d with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,

4 divide] Spens. F. Queen. iii. i. 40.
‘And all the while sweet music did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony.’
Hor. Od. i. xv. 15.
‘Imbelli cithara carmina divides.’ Warton.
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies:
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

iv.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump 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,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white.

vi.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,

\[36\] Cremona's trump] Vida's Christiad.
\[30\] Over] So P. L. iv. 609.
\[35\] 'And o'er the dark her silver mantle throw.' Steevens.
To bear me where the tow’rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow’rs, now sunk in guiltless blood:
  There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.
Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav’n’s richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften’d quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
  For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order’d characters.

VIII.
Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil’d)
  Might think th’ infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when
he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it
unfinished.

51 a weeping] Jeremiah, ix. 10. ‘For the mountains will I take
up a weeping,’ &c. Warton.
ON TIME.*

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
Time.

* In Milton's MS. written with his own hand,—'On Time. To be
set on a clock-case.' Warton.

2 leaden-stepping hours] Carew's Poems, p. 78, ed. 1642.
'They [the hours] move with leaden feet.' A. Dyce.
UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Pow’rs, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds’ ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list’ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heav’n’s heraldry whilere
Enter’d the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileless
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 covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,

1 flaming] So P. Loest, ix. 156. xi. 101. Warton.
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
This day, but O ere long,  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near his heart.

**AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.**

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav’n’s joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mix’d pow’r employ  
Dead things with imbreath’d sense able to pierce;  
And to our high-rais’d phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour’d throne  
To him that sits thereon  
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,  
And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly:

* There are three copies of this ode, all in Milton’s own hand writing.


*19 ‘And Cherubim, sweet winged Squires.’ So Cant. MS. Todd.
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion’d sin
Jarr’d against nature’s chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway’d
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav’n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth inter
The honour’d wife of Winchester,
A Viscount’s daughter, an Earl’s heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.

‘To do their offices in nature’s chime.’ Warton.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypris bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil’d at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish’d mother’s womb
Was not long a living tomb.

19 He] See Ov. Metam. x. 4.
‘Adfuit ille quidem: sed nec solennia verba,
Nec laetos vultus, nec felix attulit omen:
Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrymoso stridula fumo,
Usque fuit, nulloque inventum motibus ignea.’ Jortin.

‘Where never plowshare ript his mother’s wombe
To give an aged seede a living tombe.’ Todd.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav’d with care from winter’s nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck’d up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow’r
New shot up from vernal show’r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten’d hast thy own life’s lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;

47 Lady] Cymbeline, act iv. sc. 2.
    ‘Quiet consummation have,
    And renowned be thy grave!’ Warton.
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly 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 bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

1 star] 'Of the bright morning star.' Hen. More's Poems, p. 322.
   'And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.' Warton.
2 dancing] Spenser's F. Q. i. v. 2.
   'At last the golden oriental gate
   Of greatest heaven gan to open faire;
   And Phoebus fresh as bridgrome to his mate,
   Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair.' Warton.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET
W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare 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-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,

10 welcome] Chaucer's Knight's Tale, ver. 1511.
'O Maye! with all thy figures and thy greene,
Right welcome be thou, faire fresh May.' Todd.
* These lines were prefixed to the folio ed. of Shakespeare's Plays
in 1632, but without Milton's name or initials. It is, therefore, the
first of his pieces that was published. Warton.
'Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.' Todd.
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to Lon-
don, by reason of the Plague.

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;

15 sepulchred] So accented in Shakesp. Rape of Lucrece.
'May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade.' Malone.

1 Hobson] Seven Champions of Christendom, p. 50. 'Is Hobson 'there, or Dawson, or Tom Long?' Ellis's Lett. on Engl. History,
1st Ser. iii. 207. 'Our Hobson and the rest should have been forbid-
den.' Taylor's (W. Poet.) Works, fol. part ii. p. 188. 'Oh! quoth hee, I could have gone thither with my neighbour Hobson on foot,
like a foole as I was, and I might have rid backe upon my neighbour
Hobson's mare, like an asse as I am.'
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.  20
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness, that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
As he were press'd to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate  30
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Court's 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 5
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
   Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
T' 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.

GEORGE MIDDLETON.

BRUTUS thus addresses DIANA in the country of LEUCESIA.

Goddess of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the
depth;
On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidd'st me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd, and virgin quires.

To whom, sleeping before the altar, Diana answers in a vision the
same night.

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: thither bend

9 rowling spheres] Tickell and Fenton read 'lowring spheres.'
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

DANTE.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope receiv'd of thee.

DANTE.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

ARIOSTO.

Then past he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

HORACE.

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

HORACE.

The power that did create can change the scene
Of things, make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest glory can eclipse with might,
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

HORACE.

All barbarous people and their princes too,
All purple tyrants honour you,
The very wandering Scythians do.
Support the pillar of the Roman state,
Lest all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in wealth and state,
Let wars and tumults ever cease.

CATULLUS.

The worst of poets I myself declare,
By how much you the best of poets are.

OVID.

Abstain, as manhood you esteem,
From Salmacis' pernicious stream;
If but one moment there you stay,
Too dear you'll for your bathing pay.—
Depart nor man, nor woman, but a sight
Disgracing both, a loath'd Hermaphrodite.

EURIPIDES.

This is true liberty, when freeborn men
Having t' advise the public may speak free:
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace,
What can be a juster in a state than this?

VIRGIL.

No eastern nation ever did adore
The majesty of sovereign princes more.

VIRGIL.

And Britons interwove held the purple hangings.

HORACE.

—— Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

HORACE.

—— Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SOPHOCLES.

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

SENeca.

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

TERENCE.

In silence now and with attention wait,
That ye may know what th' Eunuch has to prate.

HOMER.

GLAUCUS, in Lycia we're ador'd as gods;
What makes 'twixt us and others so great odds?

EPIGRAM ON SALMASIUS'S HUNDREDA.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pye
To aim at English, and HUNDREDA cry?
The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred
English Jacobusses, HUNDREDA blunder'd:
An outlaw'd king's last stock. A hundred more
Would make him pimp for th' antichristian whore;
And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
Who threaten'd once to stink the pope to death.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER
THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?

* The note of Warton on this sonnet appears to me to be ex-
tremely unjust and severe. Milton denoted his indignation against
the Presbyterians because they had deserted their own principles,
continued many of the supposed abuses, and usurped much of the
power of the church which they had overthrown: in fact, the new
Presbyter was more tyrannical than the old priest.

8 A. S.] A polemical writer of the times, named 'Adam Steuart.'
See the notes of Warton and Todd. Rotherford was one of the
Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland; also sat with the
Assembly at Westminster. He was Professor of Divinity in the
University of St. Andrew's; wrote many Calvinistic tracts; and was
an avowed enemy of the Independents. T. Edwards had attacked
Milton's Plan of Independency in his Antapologia, 1644. On Rother-
ford. See Heber's Life of I. Taylor, ii. 203.
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam’d and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d’ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament 15
May with their wholesome 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. 20

17 Clip] In the MS. the lines stand thus:
Crop ye as close as marginal P—’s ears;—that is,
Prynne’s. Warton.
17 bauk] i. e. spare. Warton.
SONNETS.

1. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hast no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuera

5 close] Crashaw's Poems, The Weeper, st. xxiii. "Does day close
his eyes?" Todd.
De' suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'inflora.

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 trova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, innanti
Che'1 disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Destà il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

1 *imbrunir*] Petrarch Canz. xxxvii. 'Imbrunir veggio la sera.'
CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perché scrivi,
Perché tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggia d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de' pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perché alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa é lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggier soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,

\[\text{vermiglia}\] Tasso Aminta, act i. sc. 2, 'A le guance vermiglie, come rosa,' and Comus, 752, 'vermeil-tinctured lip.' \(\text{Warton}\).
SONNETS.

Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d’amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d’una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l’hemispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l’incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr’ occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l’arene di Libia chi s’invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n’uscendo poco
Quivi d’ attorno o s’agghiaccia, o s’ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e simplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono;

8 Portamenti] Petrarch. Son. 229.
   ‘Ohime, il portamento leggiadro altiero.’ Warton.
3 percuoton] See Warton’s note, and Par. Lost, iv. 244.
VII. ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Hea-
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye.
VIII. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,

1 Knight] K. Richard II. act i. sc. 3, 'Ask yonder knight in arms.'
Warton.

5 requite] Beaumont's Psyche, xvii. 108, 'Who will requite thy lays.' Dante Il Inferno, c. xxxi. ver. 197, 'Ancor ti può nel mondo render fama.'

'Forest, and field, and flood, temples, and towers.' Warton.
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,

5 with] In ed. 1645, 'and the Ruth.' Todd.
8 pity] Spenser's F. Q. i. vi. 12, 'And won with pity, and un-

wonted ruth.' Todd. Marlowe and Nash's Dido, p. 40, ed. 1825,
'reuth and compassion;' and G. Peele's Works, by Dyce, vol. i. p. 112,
178, ed. 1829.
1 Earl] Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord
President of the Council to King James I. Parliament was dissolved
the 10th of March, 1628-29; he died on the 14th. Newton.
SONNETS.

Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.*

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring 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 false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,

* This is the Sonnet which Dr. Johnson selected in his Dictionary, as a specimen of this species of Verse in English. Todd.

9 Colkitto] Colkitto and Macdonnel are one and the same person, an officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The Macdonals of that family are styled, by way of distinction Mac Colcittok, i.e. descendants of lame Colin. Galasp is George Gillespie, a Scottish writer against the Independents. Warton.
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward Greek.

XII. ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:  
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
License they mean when they cry Liberty;  
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. TO MR. H. LAWES ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
SONNETS.

Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan; 6
To after age thou shalt be writ the man, tongue.
That with smooth air couldst humour best our
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phæbus' quire, 10
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV. ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS.
CATHARINE THOMSON,

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16TH DEC. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod; 6
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

5 exempted Hor. Od. i. i. 32, 'Secernunt populo.' Richardson.
7 write Hor. Od. i. vi. 1, 'Scribere Vario fortiis,' &c. Newton.
9 honour'd So Browne's Brit. Past. B. ii. s. 11, of Lord Brooke,

'These honor'd by thy verse, and it by thee.' Todd.
6 Stay'd] Orig. line in MS.
'straight follow'd thee the path that saints have trod.' Warton.

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Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.*

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)

14 drink] Epitaph. Damonis. 206. 'Æthereos haurit latices.'

* This Sonnet, as appears from Milton's MS. was addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester, 1648. It was first printed, together with the two following sonnets, and the two to Cyriac Skinner, at the end of Philips's Life of Milton, 1694. Warton.

5 Filling] So the MS.: before, it was 'And fills each mouth.' Todd.
6 virtue] So the MS.: before, 'valour.' In the next line 'though' is admitted from the MS. instead of 'while.' Todd.
8 their] So the MS.: before, 'her.' Todd.

This and the following lines were thus in the printed copies:

'For what can war, but acts of war still breed,
Till injured truth from violence be freed,
And public faith be rescued from the brand.' Newton.
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear’d from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough’d,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear’d God’s trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-brued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester’s laureat wreath. Yet much remains

* See Hollis’s Memoirs, p. 511.
1 *who, &c.* In the printed copy thus:

‘—— that through a crowd
Not of war only, but distractions rude.’

But a ‘cloud of war’ is a classical expression. Virg. Æn. x. 809.
‘Nubem belli.’ Newton.

5 This and the following line were contracted in the printed copies of Philips, Toland, Tonson, Tickell, and Fenton, into

‘And fought God’s battles, and his works pursued.’ Warton.

7 Darwen] In the printed copies, ‘Darwent.’ Newton.

9 And Worcester’s laureat wreath.] This expression, though beautiful, is inaccurate; for a ‘laureat wreath’ cannot, with propriety, be said to ‘resound his praises loud;’ but the inaccuracy arose from the alteration. The hemistich originally stood, ‘And twenty battles more,’ which was flat enough.
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.*

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:

10 peace, &c.] In the printed copies, before Newton's edition,
'peace has her victories, no less than those of war;' and afterwards,
* This Sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Indepen-
dents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was beheaded in 1662. Warton.

1 counsel] The printed copies, 'counsel.' Newton.
7 Then, &c.] In the printed copies,
'Then to advise how war may be best upheld
Mann'd by her two main nerves,' &c. Newton.

SONNETS.

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

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 worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

13 Therefore, &c.] In the printed copies:
'Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her eldest son.' Newton.

2 Alpine] Fairfax's Tasso, B. xiii. s. 60.
'Distill'd from tops of Alpine mountains cold.' Warton.
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, lest he returning chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

XX. TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow’d nor spun.

10 man’s work, or his own gifts] Free will, or grace. Warburton.
13 post] P. L. iv. 171,
   ‘With a vengeance sent,
   From Media post to Egypt.’ Warton.

* Lawrence published a work called ‘Of our Communion and Warre with Angels’, &c. 1646, 4to. Todd. See British Bibliographer, vol. i. p. 352.
SONNETS.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
   Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
   To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI. TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench
   Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
   In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
   Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild 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.

8 And what the Swede intends] So the Ms. The first ed. 'And what the Swede intend,' which in others is altered to, 'And what the Swedes intend.' Newton.
XXII. TO THE SAME.

Cyrilac, this three years day these eyes, tho’ clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav’n’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, t’ have lost them overplied
In liberty’s defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world’s
vain mask
. Content though blind, had I no better guide.

3 Beret, &c.] In the printed copies,
‘Bereft of sight their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth day appear,
Or sun or moon.’ Newton.

7 a] In the printed copies, ‘one.’ Newton.

12 rings] So the printed copies before Newton’s edition, in which
talks’ is substituted from the MS. instead of rings. The Sonnet
thus concluded before Newton’s ed.
‘Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through this world’s vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no other guide.’ Todd.
XXIII. ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
   Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
   Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
   'Rescued from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
MINE, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
   Purification in the old Law did save,
   And such, as yet once more I trust to have
   Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
CAME, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
   Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
   Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
   So clear, as in no face with more delight.
   But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
   I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.*

* The original various readings to the sonnets from the Cambridge MS. may be seen in Mr. Todd's edition of Milton's Poet. Works, (1809,) vol. vi. p. 500—3.

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PSALMS.

PSALM I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations  
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
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 heav'n 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 he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
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
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse;
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth, with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in them their stay.

18 Heathen] Warton in both editions reads 'The Heaven.' Todd.
PSALM 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 cried

Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied
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 encamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALMS.

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1633.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthral
And set at large; now spare,
   Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
   Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart;
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
   Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be 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 show us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
On us lift up the light,  
    Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put,  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth overcloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds  
    With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep,  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where'er I lie;  
As in a rocky cell  
    Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
    My meditation weigh,  
The voice of my complaining hear,  
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.  
Jehovah, thou my early voice  
    Shalt in the morning hear,  
P' th' morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.  
For thou art not a God that takes  
    In wickedness delight;  
Evil with thee no biding makes,  
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
   Thou hast; and them unblest
   Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
  15
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
   But I will in thy mercies dear,
   Thy numerous mercies, go
   Into thy house; I in thy fear
  20
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
   Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
   Lead me because of those
   That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
   For in his faint'ring mouth unstable
  25
   No word is firm or sooth;
   Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
   God, find them guilty, let them fall
   By their own counsels quell'd;
  30
   Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
   Then all who trust in thee shall bring
   Their joy, while thou from blame
   Defend'st them; they shall ever sing
  35
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
   For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
   To bless the just man still;
   As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.   40

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that e'en with anguish ache,
Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

[blank] Comus, 452.
‘that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe.’ Warton.
PSALM VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
'Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

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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 world's foundation.

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

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

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
PSALMS.

He travels big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'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 ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSALM VIII. 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 birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

7 stint th' enemy] A violent censure in the last syllable of 'enemy.' See above, Ps. v. 16. Ps. vii. 22. Warton. But perhaps it should be pronounced en'my.
When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
    The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
   O what is man that thou remember'st yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
    That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
   With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
    Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
   All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
Fowl of the Heavens, and fish that through the wet
    Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
   And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a
different character, are the very words of the text, translated from
the original.

Psalm LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel keep
   Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
   Thy loved Joseph's seed,
PSALMS.

That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright,
   Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
   And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
   And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and be seen
   To save us by thy might.

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

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
   How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow
   Against thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
   Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
   Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
   To every 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,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
   And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
   Thy free love made it thine,
And drov’st out nations, **proud and haut**,  
To plant this **lovely** vine.  
9 Thou 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.  
10 With her **green** shade that cover’d all,  
The hills were **over-spread**,  
Her boughs 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 broken down her fence,  
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.

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‘Ill and haut.’ Barclay’s Ship of Foose, p. 214. 240.  
‘Strife hatching haut ambition.’ Sylvester’s Du Bartas, p. 135.
15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
    Hath set, and planted long,
    And the young branch, that for thyself
    Thou hast made firm and strong.
16 But now it is consum’d with fire,
    And cut with axes down,
    They perish at thy dreadful ire,
    At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
    Let thy good hand be laid,
    Upon the son of man, whom thou
    Strong for thyself hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
    To ways of sin and shame;
    Quicken us thou, then gladly we
    Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, and thy grace divine,
    Lord God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
    Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
    And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,
    Sing loud to God our King,
    To Jacob’s God, that all may hear,
    Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
    The timbrel hither bring,
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

3 Blow, as is wont, in the new moon
With trumpets' lofty sound,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.

4 This was a statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe,
A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, and from slavish toil
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, and miry soil,
Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meribah renown'd.

8 Hear, O my people, hearken well,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,
9 Throughout the land of thy abode
   No alien God shall be,
   Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
   In honour bend thy knee. 40
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
    Thee out of Egypt land;
    Ask large enough, and I, besought,
    Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not hear,
    Nor hearken to my voice;
    And Israel, whom I lov'd so dear,
    Mislik'd me for his choice. 45
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
    And to their wand'ring mind;
    Their own conceits they follow'd still,
    Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would be wise,
    To serve me all their days,
    And O that Israel would advise
    To walk my righteous ways. 50
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. 55
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. 60
16 And he would feed them from the shock
    With flow'r of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands
   Of kings and lordly states,
Among the Gods, on both his hands
   He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye pervert the right
   With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked by your might,
   Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
   Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
   By just and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
   And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
   Of him that help demands.
5 They know not, nor will understand,
   In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
   And out of order gone.
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
   The sons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
   As other princes die.
PSALMS.

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

PSALM LXXXIII.

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

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

3  Against thy people they contrive
    Their plots and counsels deep,
    Them to insnare they chieflly strive,
    Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4  Come, let us cut them off, say they,
    Till they no nation be,
    That Israel's name 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,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8 With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed.
12 For they amidst their pride have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
Their stately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
PSALMS.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire
   Which on a sudden strays,
   The greedy flame runs higher and higher
   Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
   And with thy tempest chase;
16 And till they yield thee honour due,
   Lord, fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
   Troubled and sham'd for ever,
   Ever confounded, and so die
   With shame, and scape it never.
18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
   Jehovah is alone,
   Art the most high, and thou the same
   O'er all the earth art one.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
   O Lord of Hosts, how dear
   The pleasant tabernacles are,
   Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My soul doth long and almost die
   Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
   My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
   O living God, for thee.
3 There 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 Hosts,
  They find their safe abode,
  And home they fly from round the coasts
  Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
   Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
   And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
   That dry and barren ground,
   As through a fruitful watry dale
   Where springs and show'r's abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength
   With joy and gladsome cheer,
   Till all before our God at length
   In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer,
   O Jacob's God, give ear,
9 Thou God our shield, look on the face
   Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy courts to be
   Is better, and more blest,
   Than in the joys of vanity
   A thousand days at best.
   I in the temple of my God
   Had rather keep a door,
   Than dwell in tents, and rich abode
   With sin for evermore.
11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
    Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from them shall be withheld
    Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
    That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
    And in thee only rest.
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
   From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our voice,
   And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
   By thee preserv'd alive?
7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
   To us thy mercy show,
Thy saving health to us afford,
   And life in us renew.
8 And now what God the Lord will speak,
   I will go straight and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
   And to his saints full dear,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
   But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
   To trespass as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
   Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall ere long appear
   To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth, that long were 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 flow'r,
   Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heav'ly bow'r
   Look down on mortal men.
PSALMS.

12 The Lord will also then bestow Whatever thing is good,
    Our land shall forth in plenty throw Her fruits to be our food.
13 Before him righteousness shall go, His royal harbinger,
    Then will he come, and not be slow, His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline, O hear me, I thee pray,
    For I am poor, and almost pine With need, and sad decay.
2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod Thy ways, and love the just, Save thou thy servant, O my God, Who still in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee I call; 4. O make rejoice Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee I lift my soul and voice.
4 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.
5 Unto my supplication, Lord, Give ear, and to the cry

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Of my *incessant* pray'rs 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
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

19 *incessant*] P. Lost, xi. 307.

'*And if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will,*' &c. Todd.
For great thy mercy is toward me, And thou hast freed my soul, Ev'n from the lowest hell set free, From deepest darkness soul. O God, the proud against me rise, And violent men are met To seek my life, and in their eyes No fear of thee have set. But thou, Lord, art the God most mild, Readiest thy grace to show, Slow to be angry, and art styl'd Most merciful, most true. O turn to me thy face at length, And me have mercy on, Unto thy servant give thy strength, And save thy handmaid's son. Some sign of good to me afford, And let my foes then see, And be ash'nd, because thou, Lord, Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

Among the holy mountains high Is his foundation fast, There seated is his sanctuary, His temple there is plac'd. Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more Than all the dwellings fair
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PSALMS.

Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
Lo this man there was born:
5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last,
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie.
PSALMS.

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
   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 uncheerful door
   Unto the grave draws nigh.

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

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
   Among the dead to sleep,
   And like the slain in bloody fight
   That in the grave lie deep.
   Whom thou rememberest no more,
   Dost never more regard,
   Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
   Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
   Hast set me all forlorn,
   Where thickest darkness hovers round,
   In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
   Full sore doth press on me,
   Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
   And all thy waves break me.

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

9 Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise,
And praise thee from their loathsome bed
*With pale and hollow eyes?*

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold,*
Or they who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
*Or wondrous acts be known,*
Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
Of *dark oblivion?*

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
*Ere yet my life be spent,*
And *up to thee my pray'r 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?*
Bruis'd and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
PSALMS.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
   Thy threat’nings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
   Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov’d,
   And sever’d from me far:
   They fly me now whom I have lov’d,
   And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.*

When the blest seed of Terah’s faithful son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty’s hand,
Jehovah’s wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan’s clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv’d the foil.

The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?

* This and the following Psalm are Milton’s earliest performances.
Warton.

9 recoil] The rhymes probably from Sylvester’s Du Bartas, p. 337.
   ‘Ay Satan aims our constant faith to foil,
   But God doth seal it, never to recoil.’ Dunster.
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

**PSALM CXXXVI.**

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God:
For his, &c.
O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:
For his, &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake:
For his, &c.
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
For his, &c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:
For his, &c.

'And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearls do gush.' Dunster.

20 watery plain] P. L. i. 396.
' Rabbe, and her watery plain!' Todd.
PSALMS.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light:
    For his, &c.
And caus’d the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run:
    For his, &c.
The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
    For his, &c.
He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land:
    For his, &c.
And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel:
    For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythrean main:
    For his, &c.

32 golden-tressed] Buchanan’s trans. of this psalm.
    ‘Qui solen auricomum jussit dare jura disi.’ Todd.
    ‘The golden-tressed sun.’ Benlowes’s Theophila, p. 42.
41 fell] Mr. Dunster refers to Sylvester’s Du Bartas, for these rhymes, pp. 357, 377, 438, 478. At p. 361 ‘Pharaoh’ is called ‘fell.’
    ‘His dreadful voice to save his antient sheep,
    Did cleave the bottom of th’ Erythrean deep.’
And p. 967. ‘The Erythrean ruddy billows roar.’ Dunster.
The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass:
   For his, &c.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power:
   For his, &c.
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
   For his, &c.
In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown:
   For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorlean coast:
   For his, &c.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew:
   For his, &c.
And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell:
   For his, &c.

   'Think how waves like walls of glass,
      Stood fix'd while Hebrew troops did pass.'
54 tawny] Fairfax's Tasso, ed. 1600, p. 47.
   'All hot Affrick's tawny kings.' Todd.
65 Amorren] Buchanan's trans. of this psalm.
   'Stravit Amorhæum valida virtute Seonem.' Todd.
69 Og] 'And huge-limb'd Og, who Bashan's crown enjoy'd.' Sir P. Sidney's Psalms, p. 260.
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery:
   For his, &c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy:
   For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
   For his, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
   For his, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye:
   For his mercies aye endure,
   Ever faithful, ever sure.

"warble forth] In the first page of Sylvester's Du Bartas,
   'Grant I sweetly warble forth.' Dunster."
JOANNIS MILTONI LONDINENSI\S
POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tamet-
si 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 cupidè affingant, no-
luit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse
notam; cum aliis præsertim ut id faceret magnopere
suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab
se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non
attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum
cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honorì
ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolita-
tanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.
Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem.
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.


ODE.

Ergimi all’ Etra o 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 può del tempo edace
Rimaner prada, eterno alto valore
Non può l’ oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l’ arco di mia cëtra un dardo forte
Virtù m’ adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l’ umano eccede:
Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch’ hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l’ industre ardente brama;
Ch’ udio d’Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l’Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregìato.
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 piu degni.

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

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

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

I piu profondi arcani
Ch’ occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppa 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 fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
 Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,

Gentilhuomo Fiorentino.
JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,
Vīro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis
terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia
ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic
reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus
infusenda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et
plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatus in-
telligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admi-
rationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique au-
erunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venus-
tate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia;
in voluntate ardor gloriae; in ore eloquentia; harmo-
nicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce
audienti; characteres mirabilia naturae, per quos
Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia le-
genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eru-
ditionis amages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti:
At eur nihil in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non
sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est,
reverentiae et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum
admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patri-
cius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.
ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tue mihi pervenere tabellae,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit, occidua Devae Cestrensis ab ora
Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
Mультum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinquaque sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
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;
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minus perferre Magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,

9 reflu] Buchanan’s Ps. xxvii. 3. ‘Quas vagus oceanus refluis complectitur undis.’ Todd. Lucan. Phars. vi. 810. ‘Quem Tibridis abluat unda.’ Tibull. iii. 5. Lotichii El. i. 1. ‘Me tenet hiberno sub sidere Mænalis Ursae.’ Sannazar. lib. i. El. i.
17 hoc] No authority for ‘hoc’ being short.
ELEGARIUM LIBER.

Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortem ve recuso,
Lætus et exili conditio fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu proesus, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali tæcundus lité patronus
Detonat inculto barbaræ 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 sceprum
Quassat, et effusis crinis ora rotat;
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest;
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;

24 Neve] Tickell and Fenton read ‘Victorie foret.’ Todd.
25 garroula] The vowel made short before sc.
29 barbaræ] He probably means the play of ‘Ignoramus.’ Warton.
41 puer] ‘Puer infelix’ is perhaps Shakespeare’s ‘Romeo.’ The ‘ferus ultor,’ either ‘Hamlet,’ or ‘Richard the Third.’ Warton.
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ультор,  
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopœia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpìus hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammás
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupuí miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot volvít uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque flút puro nectare tintæ via;
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui florís, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepti amica Jovem:

44 torre] The allusion is to Ate in the old play of 'Locrîn.'
Skeæens.

49 ulmo] The gods had their favourite trees. So had the poets.  
Milton's is the elm. See L'Allegro, 57. Arcades, 354.
'Testor ipse lucos, et flamína, et diletæ villarum ulmos.' Warton.

53 stupui] This change from the plural (noe quoque) to the singular,  
and contrarywise, is authorized by the usage of the Latin poets.

55 Quæque] Consult Warton's note on this passage, the structure  
of which he illustrates by Virg. Æn. i. 573. Ter. Eun. iv. 3. 11.
ELEGIIARUM LIBER.

Cedite Achaemenæ turrita fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliaca, Romuleæque nurus:
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit femina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot caelo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymionæ turba ministra-deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicue formaque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse inventa columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quam subito linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malesfisæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,

69 Pompeianæ] Propert. ii. 32. 11.
Scilicet umbrosis sordet Pompeia columnis. Warton.
Endymionæ invadit Cynthia noctes. Todd.
Atque iterum raucæ murmure adire Scholæ.  
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II. ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADÆNICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo;  
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem.

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis  
Arte Corinides, sæpe rogante dea:

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
Et celer a Phebo nuntius ire tuo,  
Talis in Iliaca stabat Cylenius aula  
Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris:

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
Rettulit Atride jussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulcrorum regina, satelles Averni,

90 adire\] The vowel made short before sc.
6 delituisse\] Ov. Ep. Her. viii. 68.
‘Nec querar in plumis delituisse Jovem.’ Warton.
10 Coronides\] Coronides is Æsculapius, the son of Apollo by
17 regina\] See Eleg. iii. 16.
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeïa tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEG. III. ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRESULIS WINTONIENSIS.

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

21 Academia] The penultimate syllable shortened against the best authorities, and so at the conclusion of his Eleg. Liber (see p. 428), 'umbrosa Academia rivis.'
9 clarique] 'Clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi.' See A. Gill's Tillii Epitaphium (p. 91), for an explanation of the persons meant.
4 Quem nec Mansfeltus, quem nec Brunonis heros,
Arma nec annorum quem dognuere decem.'
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces:
At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuae;
Deliciu fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:

"Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa;
Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus præterentis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima coelo
Evenitur pennis, quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisset sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugasse sua?"

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,

20 Cypridi] Cypris pro 'Venus' verbum Latinitatis deterioris. v.
vii. 48, Milton has 'Cyprido.' The word is common among the
modern Latin poets.
Warton.
'Hesperus et fusco roscidus ibat equo.' Warton.'
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phæbus, ab Eoö littore mensus iter:
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro:
Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum:
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
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.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,


50 domus] 'Luciferi domus' is the palace of the Sun (see Proclusions, p. 120), and not, as T. Warton conjectured, the abode of Satan.
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tuba.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquid placido misit ab ore sonos:
"Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ;
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos:
Talia contingent somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEG. IV. ANNOÆTATIS 18.

Ad THOMAM JUNIUM preceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos
Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum;
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros:
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcerè ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatum Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
Aut tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

5 Sicanio] The two first syllables of 'Sicanius' are used either long or short.
5 frænantem] Ov. Met. xiv. 294,
Æolon Hippotaden frænantem carcerè ventos.' Warton.
.Vector quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Gratas Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quae ductere nomen ab Hama,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci:
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est anima plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt alia parte careere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Graium,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quamque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumnus,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo, praeeunte, recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta judi;
Pieriosque hausi latices; Clioque favente,
Castalia sparsi laeta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lana terga novo;
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem

34 Cliniadi] Alcibiades, the son of Clinias, descended from a son of the Telamonian Ajax. Warton.
35 viderat] Some editions 'vidit,' as Tonson's, in 1695, and 1727. Todd.
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eorum praeverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa, vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo.
Forsitan aut veterem praelarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei:
Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas;
Grande salutiferae religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hae quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor loqui:—
Hae tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recept
Icaris a lento Penelopea viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.

‘Illa oculos humum dejecta modestos.’ Warton.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad møestas deliciere preces:
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans jam desflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parenst, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,

Et sinis ut terris quaerant 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,
Æternaque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus:
Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathia pelлитur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolorossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cupis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionæœ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,

100 Sidon[i] Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Sidonians. Warton.
ELEGARUM LIBER.

Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V. ANNO AETATIS 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juvemam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeat?
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;

133 Et] For many obvious reasons, 'At' is likely to be the true reading. Warton.
6 mihi] This change of person from 'Nobis' in the former line, again occurs.
9 Castalis] Buchanan, El. 1. 2. p. 31. 'Grataque Phoënæ Castalis
unda choro.' Warton.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
   Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus 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 penetralia vatum,
   Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
   Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
   Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
   Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
   Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,
   Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
   Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
   Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
   Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plastrum cœleste Bootes
   Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via;

\textit{perennis} \textsuperscript{\textit{30}} \textquoteleft Quotannis,' ed. 1645; and so Tickell and Fenton. \textit{Salmesius} observed the false quantity. \textit{See Salm. Respons. p. 5. ed. Lond. Warton.}

\textit{aurea} \textsuperscript{\textit{32}} \textit{Ov. Art. Am. i. 549, ‘aurea lora dabat.’ Warton.}
ELEGIIARUM LIBER.

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
  Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
Nam dolus, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
  Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
  Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella,
  Phoebæ, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
  Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
  Officium fieri tam breve fratrís ope.
Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos, Aurora, seniles,
  Quid juvat effecto pro-cubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba:
  Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
  Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
  Et cupit amplexus, Phoebæ, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illa,
  Pandit ut omníferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
  Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
  Cingit ut Idæam pinae turrís Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,


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ELEGIARUM LIBER.

Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice, Phœbe, tibi facilest hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces:
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quàrit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egna toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos:
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (numeribus sæpe coemptus amor)
illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas praecipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lympha?
Dia quid immundo perlus ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans

63 Tethy] Casimir constantly gives the wrong quantity to this word.
ELEGIIARUM LIBER.

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas:
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelēia fata,
Nec Phaetonteō fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phæbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni:
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt:
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque sovet solis ab igne faces.
Insoneuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam teñitatem superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido créditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymeneae per urbes,
Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus:
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
unum,
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
    Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
    Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
    Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
    Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
    Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes;
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
    Et fugit, et fugiens pervelt ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo praeponere sylvas,
    Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
    Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
    Sæcla: quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
    Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
    Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

---

130 latef] See Hor. Od. i. ix. 21, and Virg. Ecl. iii. 84. Bowle.
ELEG. VI.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lauitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, hanc satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camoenam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redememque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes epulas, hila remque Decembrem,
Festaque celifugam quae coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse Corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suæ.
Seepius Aonis clamavit collibus Euae
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:

5 Carminis] The vowel made short before sc.
15 Et carmen venâ pauperiore fluit. Warton.
Non illic epulae, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyœum,
Cantavit brevibus Tεia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fœvet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pacula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula 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,

[20 epulae] Ov. Ep. Pont. i. x. 31. 'Non epulis oneror.' i. iii 51.
'Non ager his pomum, non dulces porrigit uvas.' Warton.
ELEGARIUM LIBER.

Irruit in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
   Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
   Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
   Sæpius et veteri commaduisses mero:
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum,
   Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
   Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
   Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
   Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
   Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus:
Qualis veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
   Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisses ferunt post rapta sagacem
   Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
   Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
   Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseia Phæbados aulam,
   Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro

73 Perseia] Circe was the daughter of the sun, and, as some say,
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisset greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
At tu siiquid agam scitabere (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siiquid agam)
80
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elios ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicitis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris. 90

ELEG. VII. ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu, puer, imuelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
Convenient tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militæ digna trophæa tue.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

And Trist. iv. i. 18. Warton.
ELEGIIARUM LIBER.

Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
Non tuit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summae radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.  
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olymo
Miscet amatorì pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit:
Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:

91 Talis] The line is from Tibullus, iv. ii. 13.
93 Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olymo. Warton.
94 Naide] Wrongly printed 'Naide.'
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuae poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat: 55
Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor:
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Æn. xii. 852. Warton. There is no authority for lengthening the
first syllable of 'Cydonius.' Virg. Eclog. x. 39; but see Heinsius's
note on Ovid. Art. Am. i. 293.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
   Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
   Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit; multaeque sagittae,
   Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus:
Nec mora: nunc ciliis haestit, nunc virginis ori,
   Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genus:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
   Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerne ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
   Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat,
   Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progridior tacite querebundus, et excors,
   Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.
Findor, et haec remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
   Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
   Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos:
Talis et abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
   Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
   Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
   Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan et duro non est adamannte creata,
   Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!

   *Notus humo meruit Amphiarus equis.* Warton.
Crede mihi, nullus sic infelciter arsit,
  Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
  Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,
  Nata dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
  Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores,
  Nesio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
  Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego, mente olim læva, studioque supino,
  Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
  Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
  Praebuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
  Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metnit puer ipse sagittis,
  Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

1. IN PRODITIOEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es inandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluist ex parte videri,
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad aatria coeli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis:
Qualiter ille, seris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanios turbinie raptus agros.

II. IN EANDEM.

Sic sine tentasti coelo donasse Iacobum,
Quae septemgemino Bellua monte latet?
Ni meliosa tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fædos in cœlum pelle cuculos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos:

1 Iacobus: In this poem, and in the Quint. Novembr. ver. 1, and 203, the two first syllables of Iacobus are made short, and the third long. In Ep. iii. ver. 1, the second syllable is long, and the third short.
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, caeli vix bene scandet iter.

II. IN EANDEM.

Purgatorem animae derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Freunduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horribicum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne:
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammis triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV. IN EANDEM.

Quem modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et styge damnarat, Tænarioque sinu;
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

V. IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDAE.

Iapetionideum laudavit caeca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et tridium fulmen surripuisse Jovi.
VI. AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
Obgit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cæli
Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII. AD EANDEM.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ filæ movere lyræ:
Quamvis Diræo torsiisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæca vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituissesibi.

6 filæ] Buchanan Eleg. vii. p. 44,
    'Aureaque Orphei filæ fuisse lyræ.' Todd.
19 sibi] 'Sibi' is certainly wrong. 'Illa' had preceded, ver. 3.
VIII. AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloïados;
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naida ripa,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

IX. IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.*

QUIS expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi spes refusserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Pape
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit utro Cardinalitium melos.

X. IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!

* Naida] In all the editions wrongly ‘Naiada.’
+ vivitque] The position of ‘que’ is wrong. See Burman’s Virgil, Æn. vi. 395.
* This epigram against Salmiasus is in imitation of part of the Prologue to the Satires of Persius. Warton.
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.

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

XII. APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus arret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fetus, et ipse parens.

10 CUBITO] 'Quoties ego vidi patrem tuum cubito emungentem.'
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XIII. AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM Reginam, Nomine Cromwelli.

Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum, Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,

1 regina] There is a close resemblance between the two first lines of this address, and the opening of Nic. Heinsius's Verses to Christina, p. 53.

' Belligeros virgo qua temperas alma Triones,' &c.
and 'Sidus inocciduum, septem Regina Trionum
Faxque Lycaonis clarior igne facis.' p. 139.
and p. 140, 'Regina victrix, germen acre Bellone,
Arctoa Pallas!

2 pol] Resembles a line in his tutor A. Gill's verses, p. 91.
Inclyta Carolides, qui nunc moderatur Adolphus,
Pene sub Arctoi sidere regna poli.'

4 Utque] Var. Lect. 'sicque.' 'ora fero.' ver. 7, at tibi. Todd.—Toland first printed these lines in his Life of Milton, p. 123, and ascribes them indecisively to Milton or Marvell; consult Warton's note, ed. Todd. vi. 267. I wish Mr. Warton had, by a few minutes' application of his fine poetical genius, secured these lines against the attempt of other versifiers; but as he has passed them unnoticed, I shall venture to give my translation.

Christina! warrior-maid, who ru'lest alone;
Thou star-bright queen of all the Polar zone!
Mark, how the helm has press'd this wrinkled brow,
How these gray hairs their ancient toils avow!
Onward through Fate's untrodden paths I go,
Where'er the people's mandate points the foe.
Yet this stern brow to thee submits itsrown,
Not always cruel to the monarch's crown.
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

Anno ætatis 17.

Parere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iapeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relictum mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocavit flebilis, heu, moræ
Tentantur incassum, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatum pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathiæ jacuisset Oetâ:
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut

12 'Atro delibatus Hercules
Nessi cruore.' Warton.
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta:
Læsisset et nec te, Philyrie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer geniticis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis;
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria;
Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.

19 Telegoni] Ov. Ep. Pont. iii. i. 123. 'Telegonis parens.'
Absyrus is called 'Ægialis' by Justin. H. Lib. xlii. c. 3. 'Verba Hecateia' is from Ov. Metam. xiv. 44. 'Hecateia carmina miscet.'
Warton, Todd.
20 Tuque, O alumno] The 'O' is wrongly left open in this verse.
29 Apolline] Certainly read 'Apollinis.' Warton.
31 Cirrha] The third line of the Alcaic ends with two dissyllables, 'Cirrha luget,' which can be defended but by very few examples from Horace. The accent ought also to be on the fifth or sixth syllable.
SYLVARUM LIBER.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cum te viderit artibus,
Succoque pollenti, tot atri
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescent roseæ calthæque busto,
Purpuroæque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina;
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBERIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,
Teucrigenas populos, lateque potentia regna
Albionum tenuit; jamque, inviolabile fædus,
Sceptrum Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum serus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensus terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera moesta futuros.

43 caltha] See Prolusiones, p. 76.
4 Anglica] Vowel made short before Sc.
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace:
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos·cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris:
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles;
Amphitryoniaten qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna.

   'Primus olivifera Romam deductus ab arvis.' Warton.
   'Opibusque et festa pace virentem.' Warton.
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymable mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitura fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines: a parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appennis erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm series longissima fratum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia ceci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

48 Alpes Lucan. i. 183.
‘Jam gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes.’ Steevens.
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more pæreactis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque feroxem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus,
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis fingens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

71 Typhlonta] I believe Milton is the first poet who has given
names to the horses of Night. Spenser describes their colour. F.
Q. i. v. 26. Warton.

85 fenestratus calceis] Sandals tied with thongs. See Buchanani
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 barbar a nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati sernunt tua jura Britannii:
Surge, age; surge piger, Latius quem Cæs ar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacril egique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontēâ nuper regnante puellâ.
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 et aperto Marte laces ses,
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticus disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris

100 Sacrilègeque] Vowel made short before Sc.
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
Grandævosque patres, trabea canisque verendos;  
Hos tu membratim poteris conspargere in auras,  
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.  
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquamne tuorum  
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,  
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
Secula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
Accipe, quoque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
Dixit, et adscitos ponens malesidus amictus,  
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.  
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,  
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,  
Irrigat ambrosiiis montana cacumina guttis:  
Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,  
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.  
Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,  
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  

138 revolvens] Newton conjectures 'resolvens.'
Sylvarum Liber. 443

Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ mortendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per an-

Antrum, horrens, scopolosum, atrum feralibus umbri,
Diffugiunt santes, et retro lumina vortunt:
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuscum incolit æquor
Pan exosa mihi; prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat; rigidi cupide paruere gemelli. 165

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos
Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbae,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas; 171

140 muta] Buchan. Silv. p. 49. 'Tacita per muta silentia sylvam.' Todd.
165 paruere] The first syllable in 'paruere' is long. Warton.
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ, 179
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astra
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atra 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. 180
 Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet elli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremism patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immittit volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli: 190
Millenisque loquax auditæque visaque linguæ
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo conflictis 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 silicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus Æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,

179 Titanidos Famæ] Fame is the sister of two of the Titans. En.
iv. 179. Warcom.
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama, siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iācobo?
Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex aere sonoram.
Nec mora: jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres praevertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit:
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Prodigionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoræque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effoctique senes pariter; tantæque ruine
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti poenas raptantur ad acres:
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita ëæta focis genialibus omnia fuman;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies tuto occurrît celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
   Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquoris imbre turgebant salis,
   Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum maesta charo justa persolvi rogo
   Wintoniensis Præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama, proh! semper mali
   Cladisque vera nuntia,
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
   Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
   Te, generis humani decus,
Qui Rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
   Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
   Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentem sepe devowns deam:
   Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
   Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
   Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

14 Anguillæ] 'Ely,' so called from its abundance of eels. Warton.
29 Neobolen] This word is without authority; the right name is 'Neobule.'
SYLVARUM LIBER. 447

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
   Et impecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
   Leni, sub aura, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
   Bilemque, et irritas minas:
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
   Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
   Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
   Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa, coelo missa stellato, Dei
   Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carnea reconditas
   In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horœ diem,
   Themidos Jovisque filiœ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
   At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
   Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
   Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
   Ad astra sublimis feror:

39 temere] The last syllable of 'temere' always elided by Virgil, and the best writers; no authority for making it long, as by many modern Latin poets. Tertullian cannot be quoted with propriety on such a question.
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
    Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Boötes terruere lucidi
    Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
    Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
    Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebant suos
    Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
    Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
    Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
    Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
    Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
    Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.*

Heu, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,

58 * dracones*] II. Pens. 59, 'While Cynthia checks her *dragon yoke.*' Comus, v. 131; and Shaks. M. N. Dream, act iii. sc. 2, 'The *dragons of the night.*' Todd.

* This poem is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions. It has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, rarely found in very young writers. Warton.
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Oedipodium volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæculo
Consilium fati perituri alligat horis.

Ergone marcescit sulcantibus obsita rugis
Nature facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum steriles et ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem, male certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

Heu potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympus aula
Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli?
Tu quoque, Phebe, tui casus imitabere nati;
Precipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

vol. ii. 57
At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astra,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvit hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec foveat effuetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amica
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympe,
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi dixerberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrept æquora concha
Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæclii vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
SYLVARUM LIBER. 451

Phoebæ, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
INTELLEXIT.

Dicit, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas;
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deùm:
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes

15 sempiternum] The second syllable of 'sempiternus' is long.
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citiumve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silente nocte Pleiones 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,
(Haec monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuae,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabris foras.

50 Lethes] Virg. Æn. vi. 713.
‘——— Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam,
Æternos latices et longa oblivia potant.’ — Warton.
v. 63, 663. Warton.
AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irrigas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.

Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptius a nobis quae possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat originem mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flamme.

Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara car-

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet:
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllæ:

Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templà coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabant.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit.onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non cithara; simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes. 55

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quorum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres. 60

Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phæbus se dispersire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus. 65

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronia area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,

54 functa] Ov. Met. x. 14,
  'Simulachraque functa sepulchris.' Warton.

65 Dividuumque] Ov. Am. i. v. 10, 'Candida dividit colla tegente
  comâ.' Ib. ii. x. 10. Metam. ii. 682. Warton.

71 leges] Ov. Amor. i. xv. 5.
  'Non me verbosas leges ediscere, nec me
  Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro,' &c. Warton.

See Black's Life of Tasso, i. p. 94.
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum. Officium chari taceo commune parentis; Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ, Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis, Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores; Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus; Queque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates. Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cælo Terra parentis, terræque et cælo interflus aer, Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor, Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit: Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube, Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus, Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.


Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima caterva,
Sylvarum Liber.

Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo; Jamque nec obscurus populo misccebor inerti, Vitabantque oculos vestigia nostra profanos. Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelas, 105 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo, Saeva nec anguiseros extende, calumnia, rictus; In me triste nihil, faedissima turba, potestis, Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, charae pater, postquam non aequa merenti Posse referre datur, nec doa rependere factis, Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato Percensere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos, Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri, Nec spissio rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco; Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis aev. 120

Psalm cxiv.*

Ἰσραήλ δει παιδες, ὃν ἄγλα ἀφιλ 'Ιακόβου Αἰγυπτίων λίπε δήμον, ἀπεχθα, βαφθαφθωνον,

105 Nec vestri sum juris ego] The last syllable of 'ego' is short; though it is occasionally made long in some of the modern Latin poets, in the poems of Dan. Heinsius, (ed. 1649) p. 209, 276, 304, also in the fifth line of Joseph Scaliger's Elegy on Thuanus.

* On the inaccuracies of language and metre in these Greek verses, the reader is referred to the learned observations of Dr. C. Burney in Mr. Todd's edition, too long to be inserted in this place.

Vol. ii. 58
Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnave-rat, tēn ēpi θανάτῳ porousōmenos, hæc subito misit.

"Ω άνα, εἰ ὄλεσης με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδὲ τίν' ἄνδραν Ἀεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφάτατον ἢσθι κήρην "Ρηθίδως ἄφελοι, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὕτι νοσεῖς, Μαψιδώς δ' ἂρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὄδυρῆ, Τοιῶνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιάνυμοιν ἀλκαρ ὀλέσσας.
In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

'Amathie γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ’ ἄν, πρὸς εἰδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπον.
Τὸν δ’ ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐχ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γέλατε φαβλοῦ δυσμίμημα γαγράφον.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O musa, gressum quae volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Ades dum, et hæc s’is verba paucâ Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
Poliœ tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,

1 claudum] Gazzi Pia Hilaria, 1629, p. 79.  
'Subclaudicante tibi redi, Scazon.' Bonola.
Visum superba cognitas urbes fama,
Virosoque, doctaque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone caeso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vino
Colles benigni, mitis Evandi sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Mūsis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros eminabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuae colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

39 sinistro] Hor. Od. i. ii. 18.
"Vagus et sinistro
Labitur ripa." Warton.
MANSUS

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Cam- paniae principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSA- LEMMDE CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,
Risplende il Manso—
Is authorem Nepoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discenderet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mæcænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœæ, 5 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausoniæ stupesceat carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fœsellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homerii.
Ergo ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,

22 natus] Warton considered that this line alluded to Plutarch; but Mr. Stirling observes that Herodotus is intended. See Todd’s note.
34 Tityrus] ‘Chaucer,’ called Tityrus in Spenser’s Pastoralas. Warton.
Sylvarum liber. 463

Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas. Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum, Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta canebant; Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu, Delo in herbosa, Graiæ de more puellæ, Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo, Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaërge, Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens, Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini; Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque virorum, Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas: At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit Rura Pheretiadæ, coelo fugitivus Apollo; Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes; Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos, Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta, Penæum prope rivum: ibi sēpe sub ilice nigra, Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici, Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

45 more) Ov. Met. ii. 711. ‘Caste de more puellæ.’ Warton.
50 venies) Propert. El. iii. ix. 32. ‘Venies tu quoque in ora virum.’ Bowle.
55 Apollo) Compare the Alcestis of Euripides, v. 570, et seq. Στι rov ου τον Πήδους, &c. Warton.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poëte.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem!
Aut dicam invictæ sociali foedere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ;
Anorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,

75 Vernal] I venture to object to 'vernat senectus.' Warton.
76 Phæbæos] This is entirely an Ovidian epithet, as in Ep. Her. 
xvi. 180. See too Milton's Eleg. vii. 46. Warton.
84 Britonum] Though the first syllable in 'Britannia' and 'Britanni,' 
is either of short or long quantity, I do not know authority for Milton's 
shortening the first syllable in 'Britones.' See Juvenal, xv. 124. 
'Qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec Britones unquam.' See also Milton's 
Epit. Damonis, 165. 'Armoricos Britonum.'
SYLVARUM LIBER. 465

Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curae;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parva componi molliter urna:

Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrty aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego caelicolum semotus in æthera divum,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt; et tota mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympe. 100

EPITAPHIIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejuudem vicinis pastorœs, eadem studia sequuti, a
pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa
profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium acceptit. Domum
postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem
hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur
CAROLUS DRODATUS EX URBE HETURIAE LUCAS PATerno GENERE ORI-
undus, CETERA ANGLIUS; INGENIO, DOCTRINA, CLARISSIMISQUE CASTORIS
VIRTUTIBUS, DUM VIVERET, JUVENIS EREGIUS. *

HIMERIDES NYMPHÆ (NAM VOS ET DAPHNIN ET HYLAN,
ET POLORATA DIU MEMINISTIS FATA BIONIS)

93 Parnasside] Ov. Metam. xi. 165. 'lauro Parnasside vincuta.'
Virgil's epithet is 'Parnassius.' Warton.

* On what Milton has borrowed in this poem from the Aminta of
Tasso, see Black's Life of Tasso, vol. ii. p. 462, et seq. 9.

VOL. II. 59
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 relictì
cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te inmitti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

15 assueta] II Pens. 60.
15 seditque] The position of the 'que' is wrong.
25 'Indeploratum projiciere caput.' Warton.

'Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.' Warton.
Constitutque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solve post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faenus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia,
Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbra,

45 Mordaces] Lucan. ii. 681.
46 Curis animum mordacibus angit.' Todd.
49 Miscet] Virg. Æn. i. 124.
49 Interea magno misceri murmure pontum.' Bowle.
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus 90
Triste sonant, fractaque agitata crepuscula sylvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illa gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarát,
(Æt callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi, quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum;
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
SYLVARUM LIBER. 469

Quid tibi vis? alunt; non haec seors esse juventas
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi;
Illa choros, lususque levés, et semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!

Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens;

Quem si sors letho object, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fessor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.

Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;

88 Docta] Hor. Od. iii. ix. 1.
     'Dulces docta modos, et cithare sciens.' Boule.
90 futuri] 'Futurum,’ without an adjunct, never means future time,
but future event; Milton consequently is wrong. Parr.
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus inventit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnun.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aèreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et ōves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, "Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque

Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum
Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura

Arripui voto levis, et praesentia finxi;
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibleauni?
Tu mihi percurre medicos, tua gramina, succos,

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil prosecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat

Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicitis,

Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra

139 Lydorum] Of the most ancient Tuscan families. The Lydians
brought a colony into Italy, whence the Tuscans. Hor. Sat. i. vi. 1,
and Propert. iii. ix. 1. Warton.
141 cratibus] Hor. Epod. ii. 45.

‘Claudensque textis cratibus lactum pocus.’ Todd.
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Be-
linum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, ἱογερνην,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Golōis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multum oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camēnis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne
Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meas ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidice non ultima gloria ripæ,

171 Brittonicum] First syllable long; see Lucret. vi. 1104; ver.
165 of this poem, Milton has made it short, *Brittonum.*
182 Chalcidice] A people called the *Chalcidici* are said to have
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et' odoriferum ver, 185
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube
pharetæ, 191
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit; at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes 196
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica,
Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
Ite procul lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes, 206
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat

founded Naples. Virg. Ecl. x. 50. 'Chalcidico versu.' Æn. vi. 17.
Warton.

185 diversicoloribus alis] Eurip. Hippol. 1270, Cupid is termed
κοιτολόπατος. See too Aristoph. Av. 249.

vol. ii. 60
ORE SACRO. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Coelicolae norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
Etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternum perages immortales hymnæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso.

JAN. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADÆMIÆ
BIBLIOTHECARIIUM.*

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

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,

* This ode, in Milton's own hand writing, on one sheet of paper,
is inserted between the Latin and English poems, in a copy which
he sent to Rouse, and which is now in the Bodleian M. 168, Art. 8vo.
Another small volume, containing some of his prose tracts, with an
inscription to J. Rouse, in Milton's hand writing, is in the same
library. F. 56, Th. See some observations on the structure of this
Ode in Symmons's Life, p. 261, ed. second.
2 Fronde] 'Fronte' is perhaps a better reading. Warton.
Munditieque nitens non operosa;
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insōns populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum viæ tetigit pede:

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

STROPHĒ II.
modo 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 pene totis finibus Angligenum;  
Immundasque volucres, 
Unguisbus imminentes, 
Figat Apollinea pharetra,  
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?

ANTI STROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet mala 
Fide, vel oscitantia, 
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quis te teneat specus,  
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili 
Callo tereris institoris insuli,  
Lætare felix: en iterum tibi  
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam 
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
In Jovis aulam, remige penna:

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roūsius suis
Optat peculi, numeroque justo  
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;  
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
Sunt data virum monumenta curae:  
Teque adytis etiam sacris  
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
SYLVARUM LIBER.

Quæstorque gazaæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Iôn,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templâ parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iôn Actæa genitus Creusa.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibi amœnos;
Diamque Phæbi rursus ibi in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit,
Delo posthabita,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roïsi;

56 Io[n]. See the Iôn of Euripides, 185, seq. 1146, seq. and Phâm.
228. Euripides calls Iôn xquoxóçâa, 54. Warion.
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe 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,
Roūśio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis; quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectan-
tes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum de-
buerat. Metra partim sunt κατά σχέσις, partim ἀριθμημένα. Phaleucia quae sunt, Spondeum tertio loco bis admitunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

THE END.