







A. W. Hartson

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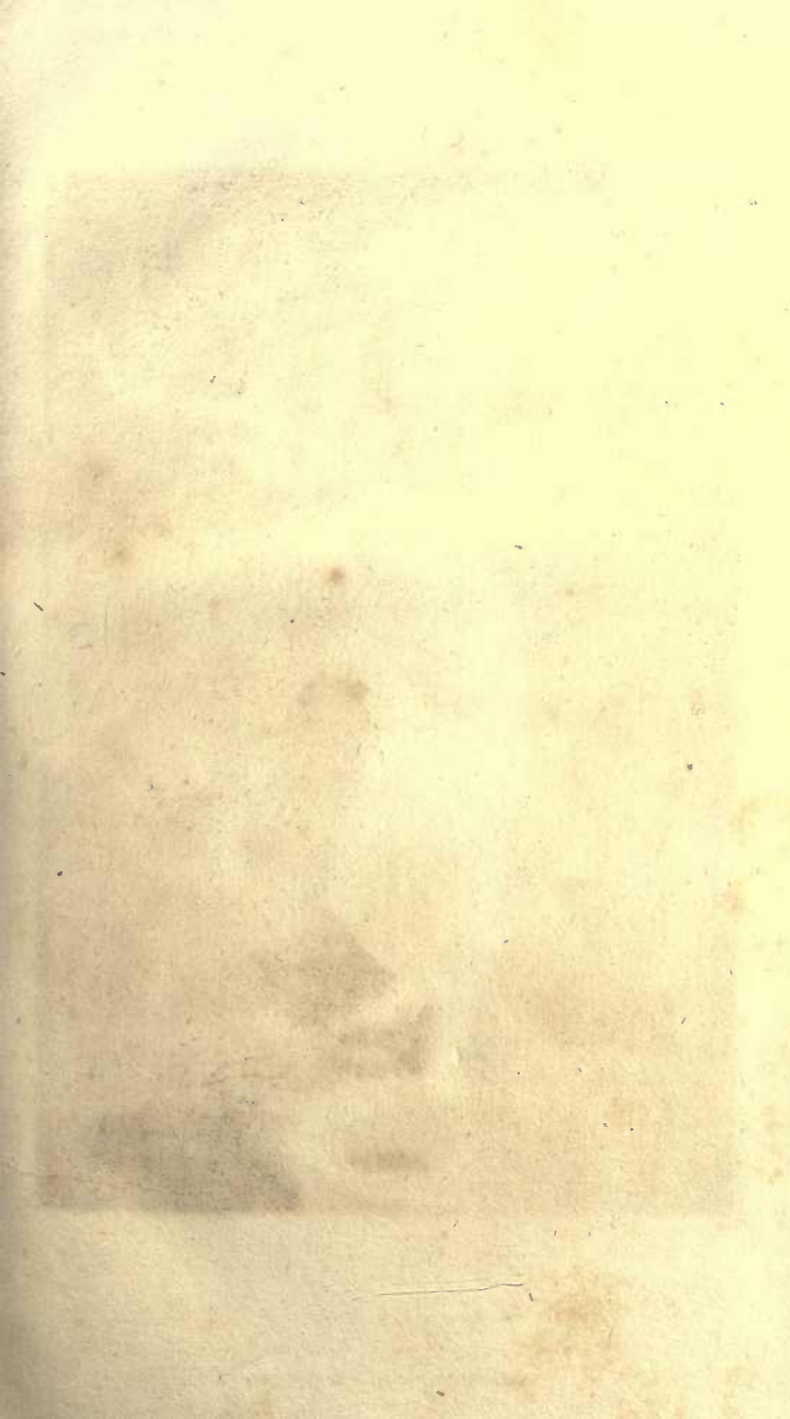
**PARADISE REGAINED.**

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to face Title



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# PARADISE REGAINED,

BY

JOHN MILTON.

WITH

SELECT NOTES SUBJOINED;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BOTH

*ENGLISH AND LATIN.*



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1817.

1817



## ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit.—The Poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from Heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this, immediately flies up into the regions of the air; where, summoning his infernal Council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that Seed of the Woman, destined to destroy all their power; and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person, from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise.—In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy Angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretels that the Tempter shall be completely defeated by him:—upon which the Angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of Mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropick impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our

Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproveth him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the Book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.



# PARADISE REGAINED.

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## BOOK I.

I, who ere while the happy garden sung  
By one Man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
By one Man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.

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

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice

More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptized: To his great baptism flocked  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed  
To the flood Jordan; came, as then obscure,  
Unmarked, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
To him his heavenly office; nor was long  
His witness unconfirmed: On him baptized  
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove  
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.  
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still  
About the world, at that assembly famed  
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted Man, to whom  
Such high attest was given, a while surveyed  
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved,  
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,  
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake.

O ancient Powers of air, and this wide world,  
(For much more willingly I mention air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation,) well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This universe we have possessed, and ruled,

In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we  
Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound,  
(At least if so we can, and by the head  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infringed, our freedom and our being,  
In this fair empire won of earth and air,)  
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed,  
Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause:  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger; who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so  
Purified, to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their king: All come,  
And he himself among them was baptized;  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
The Prophet do him reverence; on him, rising

Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, (whate'er it meant,)  
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,  
'This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased.'  
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;  
And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:  
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be opposed,  
(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares,)  
Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam; and the exploit performed  
Successfully: a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous once,  
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
Unanimous they all commit the care

And management of this main enterprise,  
To him, their great dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thrived  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea Gods,  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
This Man of men attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected raised  
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoyed:  
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled  
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,  
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 called 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  
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostasy: he might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a Man,  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell;  
Winning, by conquest, what the first Man lost,  
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness;  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
By humiliation and strong sufferance:  
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh,  
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,  
They now, and Men hereafter, may discern,  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect Man, by merit called my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God,

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles !  
The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,  
And, devilish machinations, come to nought !

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned :  
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing, and much revolving in his breast,  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his God-like office now mature,  
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entered now the bordering desert wild,  
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued.

O, what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared !  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,  
What might be publick good ; myself I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things: therefore, above my years,  
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast  
I went into the temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own;  
And was admired by all: yet this not all  
To which my spirit aspired; victorious deeds  
Flamed in my heart, heroick acts; one while  
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;  
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
Brute violence and proud tyrannick power,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:  
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
Mised; the stubborn only to subdue.  
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,  
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
And said to me apart; ' High are thy thoughts,  
O Son; but nourish them, and let them soar  
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire,  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,



Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men;  
A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold,  
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity, a glorious quire  
Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born,  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
Directed to the manger where thou layest,  
For in the inn was left no better room:  
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the east,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in Heaven,  
By which they knew the King of Israel born.  
Just Simeon and prophetick Anna, warned  
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
This having heard, straight I again revolved  
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ  
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake  
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins

Full weight must be transferred upon my head.  
Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,  
The time prefixed I waited; when behold  
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
Not knew by sight,) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah, and his way prepare!  
I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
Which I believed was from above; but he  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed  
Me him, (for it was shown him so from Heaven,)  
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first  
Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence  
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,  
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleased; by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes,  
The authority which I derived from Heaven.  
And now by some strong motion I am led  
Into this wilderness, to what intent  
I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know,  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

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

Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come  
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society:  
Full forty days he passed, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak  
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,  
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed ;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended ; hungered then at last  
Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild,  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed ; his walk  
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,  
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve  
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake.

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
place

So far from path or road of men, who pass  
In troop or caravan ? for single none  
Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here  
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drouth.  
I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late

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

To whom the Son of God: Who brought me  
hither,

Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

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

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

Whom thus answered th' Arch-Fiend, now undisguised.

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,  
Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,  
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens  
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came among the sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
To prove him and illustrate his high worth;  
And, when to all his Angels he proposed  
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
I undertook that office, and the tongues  
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies  
To his destruction, as I had in charge;  
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be beloved of God, I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense:  
What can be then less in me than desire  
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?  
Men generally think me much a foe  
To all mankind: why should I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence; by them  
I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell  
Copartner in these regions of the world,  
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
Whereby they may direct their future life.  
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
Companions of my misery and woe.  
At first it may be; but, long since with woe  
Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
Small consolation then, were man adjoined:  
This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that Man,  
Man fallen shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.  
Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
Into the Heaven of Heavens: thou com'st indeed,  
As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
To all the host of Heaven: the happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy;  
Rather inflames thy torment; representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.  
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
By thee are given, and what confessed more true  
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who asked have seldom understood,  
And not well understood as good not known?  
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct,  
To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous: but, when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
But from him, or his Angels president  
In every province, who, themselves disdain  
To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say

To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st:  
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;  
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere;  
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
God hath now sent his living oracle  
Into the world to teach his final will,  
And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell  
In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned.  
Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urged me hard with doings, which not will  
But misery hath wrested from me. Where  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,  
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;  
From thee I can, and must, submit, endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,  
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;  
What wonder then if I delight to hear



Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire  
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me  
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)  
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.  
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing; and vouchsafed his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspired: disdain not such access to me.

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

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

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

And now with penance hard for the world to come,  
The heart's first in their clay rests near a tomb;  
Night with her silent wings to thence is sped,  
Into this vale of life for the next day;  
His gray dissolution, deep and low,  
The added rest; and later, bowing low,  
The coming night, though I know the way,  
I did not see; but do as he did;  
I omitted from above, that must not show,  
The young man's; and later, bowing low,  
His gray dissolution, deep and low,  
Into this vale of life for the next day;  
Night with her silent wings to thence is sped,  
The heart's first in their clay rests near a tomb;  
And now with penance hard for the world to come,

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAINED.



## ARGUMENT.

The Disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety: in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son.—Satan again meets his Infernal Council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our Blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the Heathen Gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen Spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise.—Jesus hungers in the desert.—Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described.—Morning advances.—Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes.—Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.



## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptized, who yet remained  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly called  
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talked, and with him lodged; I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others though in Holy Writ not named;  
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
(So lately found, and so abruptly gone,)  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And, as the days encreased, encreased 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 Heaven, yet once again to come:  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care

Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho  
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city walled  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peræa; but returned in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call,)  
Close in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loss and plaints out breathed.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
Unlooked for are we fallen! our eyes beheld  
Messiah certainly now come, so long  
Expected of our fathers; we have heard  
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;  
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,  
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored;  
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned  
Into perplexity and new amaze:  
For whither is he gone, what accident  
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire  
After appearance, and again prolong  
Our expectation? God of Israël,  
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come!  
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
Thy chosen; to what highth their power unjust  
They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of thee; arise, and vindicate  
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke!  
But let us wait; thus far he hath performed,



Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him,  
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown  
In publick, and with him we have conversed;  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;  
Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy, return.

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume  
To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
But, to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others returned from Baptism, not her son,  
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast though  
pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

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

Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king ; but now,  
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,  
Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,  
I looked for some great change ; to honour ? no ;  
But trouble, as old Simcon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israël, and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very soul  
A sword shall pierce : this is my favoured lot,  
My exaltation to afflictions high ;  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;  
I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
But where delays he now ? some great intent  
Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
He could not lose himself, but went about  
His Father's business ; what he meant I mused,  
Since understand ; much more his absence now  
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
But I to wait with patience am inured ;  
My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had passed  
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling :  
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,

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, Heaven's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones;  
Demonian Spirits now, from the element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called  
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath!  
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
Without new trouble,) such an enemy  
Is risen to invade us, who no less  
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequence was impowered,  
Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find  
Far other labour to be undergone  
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of Men,  
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
However to this Man inferiour far;  
If he be Man by mother's side, at least  
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,  
Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence  
Of my success with Eve in Paradise

Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here: I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst  
Thought none my equal, now be over-matched.

So spake the old Serpent, doubting; and from all  
With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
At his command: when from amidst them rose  
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,  
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,  
The fleshliest Incubus; and thus advised.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
Among daughters of men the fairest found:  
Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon sky; more like to Goddesses  
Than mortal creatures; graceful and discreet;  
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach;  
Skilled to retire, and, in retiring, draw  
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
Such object bath the power to soften and tame  
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
As the magnetick hardest iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
And made him bow, to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned.

Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself; because of old  
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
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 adored,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
Satyr, or Faun, 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 scorned  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpassed;  
How he, surnamed of Africa, dismissed,  
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;

Thence to the bait of women lay exposed :  
But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire ? Or should she, confident,  
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;  
How would one look from his majestick brow,  
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout  
All her array ; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe ! for Beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy ; with such as have more show  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked ;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ;  
And now I know he hungers, where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :  
The rest commit to me ; I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

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

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

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,  
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet :

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they  
brought:

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper; then how awaked  
He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry  
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song:  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.  
Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw;  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud:  
Thither he bent his way, determined there  
To rest at noon; and entered soon the shade  
High roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That opened in the midst a woody scene;  
Nature's own work it seemed, Nature-taught Art,



And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs: he viewed it round.  
When suddenly a man before him stood;  
Not rustick as before, but seemlier clad  
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
And with fair speech these words to him addressed.

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

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

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied.  
Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
Wouldst thou not eat?—Thereafter as I like  
The giver, answered Jesus.—Why should that  
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.  
Hast thou not right to all created things?  
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,

But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
Meats by the law unclean, or offered first  
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;  
Nor proffered by an enemy, though who  
Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,  
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed  
From all the elements her choicest store,  
To treat thee, as beseems, and as her Lord,  
With honour: only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,  
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,  
In ample space under the broadest shade,  
A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,  
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Africk coast.  
(Alas, how simple, to these cates compared,  
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)  
And at a stately side-board, by the wine  
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more  
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed

Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide  
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes ; and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
Such was the splendour ; and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renewed.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?  
These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure ;  
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 withholdeth my power that right to use ?  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command ?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant  
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend :  
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?

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

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

By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved ;  
Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
For no allurements yields to appetite ;  
And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
High actions : but wherewith to be achieved ?  
Great acts require great means of enterprise ;  
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit :  
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
To greatness ? whence authority deriv'st ?  
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:  
What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,  
Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?  
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.  
Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved:  
But men endued with these have oft attained  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I

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 publick all this weight he bears.  
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,  
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought

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 scepter, ofttest better missed.





THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE REGAINED.



## ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularising various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful Man can have no right whatever to it.—Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David: he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan, why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour.—Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him

## ARGUMENT.

this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first; and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish, what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for ascending his allotted throne he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
A while, as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted, and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renewed him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old  
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require the array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world

Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness? Wherefore deprive  
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory; glory, the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son  
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled  
The Pontick king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgement mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed  
With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.  
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?  
And what the people but a herd confused,

A miscellaneous rabble who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the  
praise?  
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
And what delight to be by such extolled,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
The intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his Angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,  
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,  
He asked thee, “ Hast thou seen my servant Job ? ”  
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known ;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerours, 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,  
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
Till conquerour Death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attained,  
Without ambition, war, or violence ;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance : I mention still  
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
Made famous in a land and times obscure ;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job ?  
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?)  
By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerours.  
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
Aught suffer'd ; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punick rage ;  
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
Oft not deserved ? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me ; and thereby witness whence I am.  
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus replied,  
Think not so slight of glory ; therein least  
Resembling thy great Father : He seeks glory,



And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven  
By all his Angels glorified, requires  
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,  
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;  
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied.  
And reason; since his Word all things produced,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompence, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence!  
But why should Man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs,  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
Who, for so many benefits received,  
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoiled;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
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, ordained  
To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
By mother's side thy father; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms:  
Judæa now and all the Promised Land,  
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always ruled  
With temperate sway; oft have they violated  
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  
Retired unto the desert, but with arms;  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed,  
That by strong hand his family obtained,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
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 returned.  
All things are best fulfilled in their due time ;  
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,  
That it shall never end, so, when begin,  
The Father in his purpose hath decreed ;  
He, in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best  
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first  
Well hath obeyed ; just trial, ere I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee, when I begin  
My everlasting kingdom ? Why art thou  
Solicitous ? What moves thy inquisition ?  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied.

Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace : what worse ?  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear :  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst : worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose :  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime ; whatever, for itself condemned ;  
And will alike be punished, whether thou  
Reign, or reign not ; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly 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, shouldst be their king ?  
Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detained  
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high ;  
No wonder ; for, though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider,  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days'

Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,  
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state;  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
And regal mysteries; that thou mayst 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, outstretched in circuit wide,  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,  
The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
Fair champain with less rivers interveined,  
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea:  
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills;  
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large  
The prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,  
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:  
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
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,  
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 mayst behold.  
All these the Parthian, (now some ages past,  
By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire,) under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host  
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city gates out-poured, light-armed troops,  
In coats of mail and military pride;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana to the 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 battle ranged,  
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn

Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
Of archers ; nor of labouring pioneers  
A multitude, with spades and axes armed  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from 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 :  
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renewed.

That thou mayst 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 used, what it predicts revokes.  
But, say thou wert possessed of David's throne,  
By free consent of all, none opposite,



Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope  
Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,  
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 re-install thee  
In David's royal seat, his true successour,  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved.  
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
Means I must use, thou sayest; 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 politick maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full scepter sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons.  
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numbering Israël, 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 the 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 joined.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length, (time to himself best known,)  
Remembering Abraham, by some wonderous call  
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste;  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the Promised Land their fathers passed:  
To his due time and providence I leave them.

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.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE REGAINED.



## ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him Imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman Empire, but by so doing of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty, which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms, on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the Tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and, proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples, accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyrick on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted Heathen philosophy; and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactick policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers; and, having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to

## ARGUMENT.

alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrifick threatening spectres; which however have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his "fatal Enemy." In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the Temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his Divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the Tempter, and at the same time manifests his own Divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his Infernal Compeers, to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.



## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK IV.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetorick  
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve;  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived  
And rash, before-hand had no better weighed  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
But as a man, who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,

Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,  
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
Washed by the southern sea, and; on the north,  
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills  
That screened the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,  
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 adorned,  
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens, and groves, presented to his eyes,  
Above the highth of mountains interposed:  
(By what strange parallax, or optick skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to enquire:)  
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The city, which thou seest, no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,  
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel

Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,  
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, (so well I have disposed  
My aery microscope,) thou mayst behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;  
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:  
Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on the Emilian: some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe, Nilotick isle; and, more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;

To Rome's great emperour, whose wide domain,  
In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,  
And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer  
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
Shared among petty kings too far removed:  
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
This emperour hath no son, and now is old,  
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
To Capreæ, an island small, but strong,  
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
Committing to a wicked favourite  
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious;  
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,  
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,  
Now made a stye; and, in his place ascending,  
A victor people free from servile yoke!  
And with my help thou mayst; to me the power  
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
Aim therefore at no less than all the world;  
Aim at the highest: without the highest attained,  
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
On David's throne, be prophesied what will.

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied.  
Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show  
Of luxury, though called magnificence,

More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to tell  
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
On citron tables or Atlantick stone,  
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)  
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems  
And studs of pearl; to me shouldst 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 emperour, how easily subdued,  
How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel  
A brutish monster; what if I withal  
Expel a Devil who first made him such?  
Let his tormenter conscience find him out;  
For him I was not sent; nor yet to free  
That people, victor once, now vile and base;  
Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well,  
But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed;  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved?  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;  
 Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means,  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied.  
 I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valu'st, because offered, and reject'st:  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
 On the other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem,  
 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, given to me, I give to whom I please,)  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord,  
 (Easily done,) and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain.  
 I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
 The abominable terms, impious condition:

But I endure the time, till which expired  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accursed? now more accursed  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped ;  
Other donation none thou canst produce.  
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the giver now  
Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me, the Son of God?  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st  
That Evil-one, Satan for ever damned.

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied.  
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,  
If I, to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed  
What both from Men and Angels I receive,  
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,  
Nations beside from all the quartered winds,  
God of this world invoked, and world beneath:  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me most fatal, me it most concerns;  
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
Me nought advantaged, missing what I aimed.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more  
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
Than to a worldly crown; addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute,  
As by that early action may be judged,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
Alone into the temple, there wast found  
Among 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 couched in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Nature's light,  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinced.



Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold;  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
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 flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream: within the walls, then view  
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-measured verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own:  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight received  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate; and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions and high passions best describing:

Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:  
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house  
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
Of Academicks old and new, with those  
Surnamed Peripateticks, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoick severe;  
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
These rules will render thee a king complete  
Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied.  
Think not but that I know these things, or think  
I know them not; not therefore am I short  
Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
The first and wisest of them all professed  
To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;  
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
Others in virtue placed felicity,

But virtue joined with riches and long life ;  
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease ;  
The Stoick last in philosophick pride,  
By him called virtue ; and his virtuous man,  
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
Alas ! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
And how the world began, and how man fell  
Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?  
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
And in themselves seek virtue ; and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none ;  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom, finds her not ; or, by delusion,  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
An empty cloud. However, many books,  
Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgement equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek ?)  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
Or, if I would delight my private hours  
With musick or with poem, where, so soon  
As in our native language, can I find  
That solace? All our law and story strewed  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare  
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;  
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
The vices of their Deities, and their own,  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is praised aright, and God-like men,  
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints,  
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee,)  
Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
The top of eloquence ; statists, indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem ;  
But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government,  
In their majestick unaffected style,

Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now  
Quite at a loss, (for all his darts were spent,)  
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.

Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
By me proposed in life contemplative  
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness  
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee: yet remember  
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.  
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,  
Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate  
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
Real or allegorick, I discern not;

Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefixed  
Directs me in the starry rubrick set.

So saying he took, (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expired,) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering Night,  
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind  
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield  
From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;  
But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head  
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturbed his sleep. And either tropick now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven; the clouds,  
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured  
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire  
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bowed their stiff necks, laden 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 terrour there;

Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, some  
shrieked,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappalled in calm, and sinless peace!  
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair  
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice gray;  
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The Prince of darkness; glad would also seem  
Of this fair change; and to our Saviour came;  
Yet with no new device, (they all were spent,)  
Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.

Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,

After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet, as being 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 didst reject  
The perfect season offered with my aid  
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
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 ordained, no doubt;  
For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing  
The time and means. Each act is rightliest done,  
Not when it must, but when it may be best:  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fast hold;  
Whereof this ominous night, that closed thee round,  
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,



May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

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

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm  
Those terrours, which thou speak'st of, did me none;  
I never feared they could, though noising loud  
And threatening nigh: what they can do, as signs  
Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn  
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,  
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
Ambitious Spirit! and wouldst be thought my God;  
And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify  
Me to thy will! desist, (thou art discerned,  
And toil'st in vain,) nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied.  
Then, hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born,  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;  
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold  
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length,  
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
And of the angelick song in Bethlehem field,  
On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour born.  
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
(Though not to be baptized,) by voice from Heaven  
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved,

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art called  
The Son of God; which bears no single sense.  
The Son of God I also am, or was;  
And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought  
In some respect far higher so declared:  
Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,  
And followed thee still on to this waste wild;  
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect  
Thou art to be my fatal enemy:  
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
To understand my adversary, who  
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
By parl or composition, truce or league,  
To win him, or win from him what I can:  
And opportunity I here have had  
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
Of adamant, and, as a center, firm;  
To the utmost of mere Man both wise and good,  
Not more: for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
Have been before contemned, and may again.  
Therefore to know what more thou art than Man,  
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,  
Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and, without wing  
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,  
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,

The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
And higher yet the glorious temple reared  
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
Of alabaster, topped with golden spires :  
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house  
Have brought thee, and highest placed: highest is  
best :

Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,  
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:  
For it is written, " He will give command  
" Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands  
" They shall up lift 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 foiled, still rose,  
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,  
Throttled at length in the air, expired and fell;  
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults amidst his pride,  
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall:  
And as that Theban monster, that proposed  
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,  
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite

Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;  
So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
(Joyless triumphals of his hoped success)  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy vans received him soft  
From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,  
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,  
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired  
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
Or thirst: and, as he fed, angelick quires  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
Over Temptation and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father; whether throned  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined  
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with God-like force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast

With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
A Saviour, art come down to re-install,  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal Serpent! shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,  
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)  
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: He, all unarmed,  
Shall chase thee, with the terrour of his voice,  
From thy demoniack 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 heavenly feast refreshed,  
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserved,  
Home to his mother's house private returned.

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

# SAMSON AGONISTES,

A

DRAMATICK POEM.

---

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπυδαίας, κ. τ. λ.

Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et  
metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

ARISTOT. *Poet.* Cap. 6.





OF  
THAT SORT OF DRAMATICK POEM  
WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

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TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terrour, 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 physick, things of melancholick 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 tragick 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 judgement 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 unbeseeming 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 comick stuff with tragick 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 before-hand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by

the Greeks Monostrophick, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the musick, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with versimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragick 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.



## ARGUMENT.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. 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 publick 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 publick 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.**

**Publick Officer.**

**Messenger.**

**Chorus of Danites.**

**The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.**

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

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*Samson*, [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 enjoined me,  
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw  
The air imprisoned also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm

Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burned,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His God-like presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Designed for great exploits; if I must die  
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,  
Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it?



O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
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 beggery, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,  
Inferiour to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day!  
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
“ Let there be light, and light was over all ;”  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
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 the eye confined,  
So obvious and so easy to be quenched?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs ;  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

[Enter] *Chorus.*

*Chor.* This, this is he; softly a while,  
Let us not break in upon him:  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
With languished head unpropped,  
As one past hope, abandoned,  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'er-worn and soiled;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroick, that renowned,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could  
withstand;  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;  
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;  
And, weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,  
Chalybean tempered steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantéan proof?  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanced,  
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned  
Their plated backs under his heel;  
Or, groveling, soiled their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day.  
Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders  
bore

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;  
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.

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 com-  
plain)

Imprisoned now indeed,  
In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light  
To incorporate with gloomy night ;  
For inward light alas !  
Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirrour of our fickle state,  
Since man on earth, unparallèlled !  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wonderous glory,  
Strongest of mortal men,  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
For him I reckon not in high estate

Whom long descent of birth,  
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises ;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crowned with highest praises.

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

*Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in  
 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 festered wounds.

*Sams.* Your coming, Friends, revives me ; for I  
 learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
 I would be understood ;) in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends,  
 How many evils have enclosed me round ;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked

My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigged; and for a word, a tear,  
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street? do they not say, how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other should, at least, have paired,  
 These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal; wisest men  
 Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou 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 pleased  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motioned was of God; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely called.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,

That specious monster, my accomplished snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end ; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressours : of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O weakness !)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

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

*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governours and heads of tribes,  
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerours,  
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,  
 Deliverance offered : I on the other side  
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds ;  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 doer ;  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords the Philistines with gathered powers  
 Entered Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantaged best :  
 Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harrass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me

To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads  
Touched with the flame: on their whole host I flew  
Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled  
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.  
Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,  
And lorded over them whom they now serve:  
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
As their deliverer? if he aught begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

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

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll;



Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

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

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

As if they would confine the Interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to exempt  
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 the enemy just cause,  
To set his people free,  
Have prompted this heroick 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 Manoaah: advise  
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

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

[Enter] *Manoaah.*

*Man.* Brethren, and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My son, now captive, hither hath informed  
Your younger feet, while mine cast 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 renowned,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to Angels walked their streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward armed  
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man  
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good

Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,  
And such a son as all men hailed me happy;—  
Who would be now a father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this  
Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men; then in an hour  
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father;  
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me.  
But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned  
The mystery of God given me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,

But warned by oft experience: did not she  
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her highth  
Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
And rivals? In this other was there found  
More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offered only, by the scent conceived  
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
Thrice she assayed with flattering prayers and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might  
know;

Thrice I deluded her, and turned to sport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
With blandished parlies, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not, day nor night,  
To storm me over-watched, and wearied out,  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,  
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,  
Might easily have shook off all her snares;  
But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot

To honour and religion ! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment !  
The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degenerately I served.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,  
Rather approved them not ; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou mightst  
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 burden of that fault ;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains ;  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
To Dagon, as their God who hath delivered  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
'Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
Besides whom is no God, compared with idols,  
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn

By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
 Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end ; all the contést is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
 But will arise, and his great name assert :  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

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

I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his Name  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not, in the mean while here forgot,  
 Lie in this miserable 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 revealed  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship; and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front? But I  
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have published, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;

But act not in thy own affliction, Son :  
 Repent the sin ; but, if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids !  
 Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;  
 Who ever more approves, and more accepts,  
 (Best pleased with humble and filial submission,)  
 Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
 Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due ;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
 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 mayst bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed.

*Sams.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength  
 All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroick, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
 I walked about admir'd of all and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,



Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge  
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,  
Shaven, and disarmed among mine enemies.

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

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refreshed: nor envied them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Sams.* But what availed this temperance, not  
complete  
Against another object more enticing?  
What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquished? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,

To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,  
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
 Robustious to no purpose clustering down,  
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years  
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure?  
 Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread;  
 Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,  
 Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
 that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn.  
 But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 Nor shall his wonderous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor the other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:

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

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

[*Exit.*

*Sams.* O that Torment should not be confined  
To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
But must secret passage find  
To the inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
'Thoughts, my tormenters, armed with deadly stings,

Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye  
Abstemious I grew up, and thrived amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless with the irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books inrolled,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;

And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,  
Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
The angelick orders, and inferiour creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wandering loose about  
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
Heads without name no more remembered;  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,  
Amidst their highth of noon,  
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no  
regard

Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them  
 high ;  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 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 captivèd ;  
 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 deformed,  
 In crude old age ;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
 Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

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

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy Wife.

*Sams.* My Wife! my Traitress: let her not come  
 near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee  
 fixed,

About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,  
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

[Enter] *Dalila.*

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears  
 May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,)  
 My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon  
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,

If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out, Hyæna! these are thy wonted  
 arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on the other side, if it be weighed  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
 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, impórtune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults :  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is for nought,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
To what I did thou showed'st me first the way.  
But I to enemies revealed, and should not :  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :  
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, feared lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
No better way I saw than by impórtuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power,  
Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
Why then revealed? I was assured by those  
Who tempted me, that nothing was designed  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
That made for me ; I knew that liberty

Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
 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 obtained.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!  
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example,  
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feigned: weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it; weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore

With God or Man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrained thee; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;  
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, pressed how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroyed  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contést; at length that grounded maxim,

So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the publick good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

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

In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st;  
 Too well; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but over-powered  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear;  
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee;

To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared.  
 These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !

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

*Sams.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
 breath ;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson ;  
 Afford me place to show what recompence  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestick 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 cheered, and so supplied,  
That what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no care;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:  
Nor think me so unwary or accursed,  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
No more on me have power; their force is nulled;  
So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone couldst hate  
me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceivable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemned, and scorned,  
And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom; how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords  
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!  
This jail I count the house of liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

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

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
wake

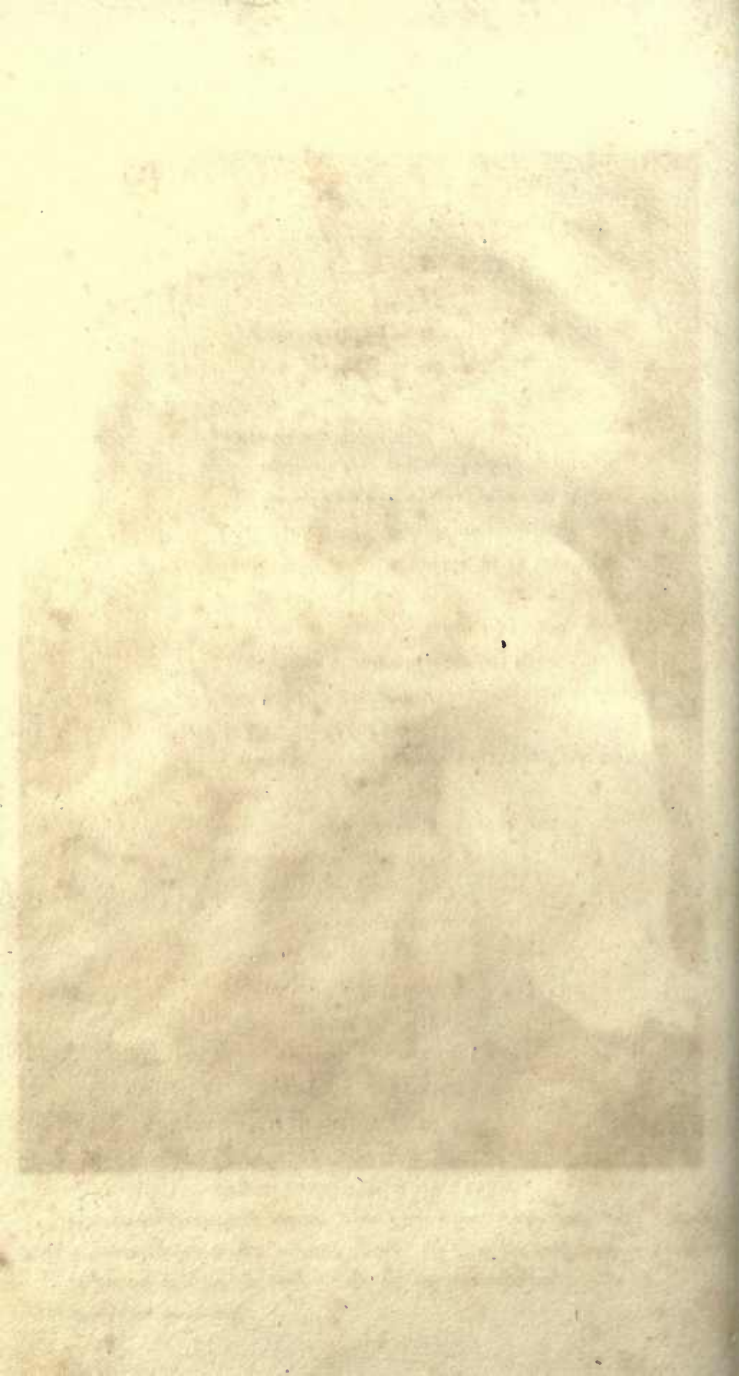
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee; go with that



*E. F. Burney del.*

*J. Huber sculp.*

*Dad. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.  
Suns. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
Suns. Agonistes p. 130*





Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives!  
Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas  
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest, never to be calmed.  
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate;  
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounced?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,  
And with contráry blast proclaims most deeds;  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcised  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defamed,  
With malediction mentioned, and the blot  
Of falshood most unconjugal traduced.  
But in my country, where I most desire,  
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be named among the famousest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose

Above the faith of wedlock-bands ; my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers ;  
 Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed.  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The publick marks of honour and reward,  
 Conferred upon me for the piety,  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.  
 At this whocver envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [Exit.

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

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

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

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

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit ;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,  
 (Which way soever men refer it,)

Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon preferred  
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,  
Successour in thy bed,  
Nor both so loosly disallied  
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinished, judgement scant,  
Capacity not raised to apprehend  
Or value what is best  
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
Or was too much of self-love mixed,  
Of constancy no root infix'd,  
That either they love nothing, or not long?  
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslaved  
With dotage, and his sense depraved  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
Imbarked with such a steers-mate at the helm!  
Favoured of Heaven, who finds

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

Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotick power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour :  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not swayed  
 By female usurpation, or dismayed.

But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

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

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

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

*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him  
 hither

I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
 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.

[Enter] *Harapha*.

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned  
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now,  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,  
Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field;  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walked about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

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

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:  
So had the glory of prowess been recovered  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
From the unforeskined race, of whom thou bearest  
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 wouldst have done,  
but do

What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

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

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
Afford me, assassinated and betrayed,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarmed,  
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,  
Till they had hired a woman with their gold  
Breaking her marriage-faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore, without feigned shifts, let be assigned  
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give  
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
Vant-brace 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 clattered iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

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

Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from  
Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
At my nativity this strength, diffused  
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magick spells,  
Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
With the utmost of his Godhead seconded:  
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and delivered up  
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fettered send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else; no better service

With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
 Of noble warriour, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

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

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber!

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

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
 Their magistrates confessed it, when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker, and delivered bound  
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;



And in your city held my nuptial feast :  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who, threatening cruel death, constrained the bride  
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
When I perceived all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
To pay my underminers in their coin.  
My nation was subjected to your lords ;  
It was the force of conquest ; force with force  
Is well ejected when the conquered can.  
But I, a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.  
I was no private, but a person raised  
With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,  
To free my country ; if their servile minds  
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
The unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.  
I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,  
And had performed it, if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force :  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,  
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee ! a man condemned, a slave inrolled,

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

*Sams.* Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer; part not hence so slight informed;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantick 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.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offered fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise

Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
 And, that he durst not, plain enough appeared.  
 Much more affliction than already felt  
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
 If they intend advantage of my labours,  
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
 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 oppressed!  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer  
 Puts invincible might  
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressour,  
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue  
 The righteous and all such as honour truth;  
 He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats,  
 With plain heroick magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour armed;  
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless; while  
 With winged expedition,  
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,

Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

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

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

[Enter] *Officer.*

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

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

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say ;  
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games :  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great feast, and great assembly ;

Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
Where I will see thee heartened, and fresh clad,  
To appear, as fits, before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell  
them,

Our Law forbids at their religious rites  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

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

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every  
sort

Of gymnick artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Juglers, and dancers, anticks, mummers, mimicks,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-laboured at their publick mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

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

*Sams.* Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

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

*Chor.* Consider, Samson ; matters now are strained  
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break :  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?  
Expect another message more imperious,  
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair  
After my great transgression ; so requite  
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin  
By prostituting holy things to idols ?  
A Nazarite in place abominable  
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon !  
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
What act more execrably unclean, profane !

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-  
listines,  
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those, who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
tence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, venturing to displease  
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
 Set God behind; which in his jealousy  
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
 Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
 For some important cause, thou 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  
 Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

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

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

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,

Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
 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;  
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned;  
 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 rushed on thee  
 In the camp of Dan,  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need!  
 For never was from Heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wonderous 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?

[Enter] *Manoah*.

*Man.* Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement  
 hither

Was not at present here to find my son,  
 By order of the lords now parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast.  
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock: I had no will,  
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.  
 But that, which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
 With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,

With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.  
 Some much averse I found and wonderous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests:  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and State  
 They easily would set to sale: a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confessed  
 They had enough revenged; having reduced  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive; and blind before them,  
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And numbered down: much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left.  
 No, I am fixed 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 eye-sight lost.

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

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O what  
noise!—

Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

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

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:  
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 fallen;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way?

*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 bates.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

[Enter] *Messenger.*

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon:  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy 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 hopes defeated  
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceived  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How died he; death to life is crown or shame.  
 All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?  
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence? what cause  
 Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
 Among his foes?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause  
 At once both to destroy, and be destroyed;  
 The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
 Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself!  
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
 More than enough we know; but while things yet  
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
 Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
 And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
 The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
 Through each high street: little I had despatched,  
 When all abroad was rumoured that this day  
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
 I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
 The building was a spacious theatre  
 Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the lords, and each degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
wine,

When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a publick 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 assayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
All with incredible, stupendious force;  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tired to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,

Or some great matter in his mind revolved :  
At last with head erect thus cried aloud ;  
' Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed  
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld :  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.'  
This uttered, straining all his nerves he bowed ;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew  
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 inmixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;  
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious  
Among thy slain self-killed,  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more  
Than all thy life hath slain before.



1 *Semichor*. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,

Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
Chauunting their idol, and preferring  
Before our living Dread who dwells  
In Silo, his bright sanctuary:  
Among them he a Spirit of phrenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urged them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer;  
They, only set on sport and play,  
Unweetingly impórtuned  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men,  
Fallen into wrath divine,  
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichor*. But he, though blind of sight,  
Despised and thought extinguished quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue roused  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an evening dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts  
And nests in order ranged  
Of tame villatick fowl; but as an eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
So Virtue, given for lost,  
Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed,

Like that self-begotten bird  
In the Arabian woods embost,  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay ere while a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb now teemed,  
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deemed ;  
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 heroickly hath finished  
A life heroick ; on his enemies  
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;  
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
But favouring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soaked in his enemies blood ; and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)

Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
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 inrolled  
In copious legend, or sweet lyrick 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,  
Visit his tomb with flowers; only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

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



POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

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..... Baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRGIL. *Eclog.* 7.



# POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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ANNO ÆTATIS 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 out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touched his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infâmous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which, 'mongst the wanton Gods, a foul reproach  
was held.

## III.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place.

## IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;  
But then transformed him to a purple flower:  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

## V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

## VI.

Resolve me then, 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 the Elysian fields, (if such there were ;)

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

## VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruined roof  
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall ;  
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some Goddess fled,  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

## VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And cam'st again to visit us once more ?  
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth ?  
Or that crowned matron sage white-robed Truth ?

Or any other of that heavenly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good ?

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden 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 heaven doth breed ;

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire ?

## X.

But oh ! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,

To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a child,  
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent;  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
 That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name  
 to live.

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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 unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before!

Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task :  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither packed the worst :  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made :  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight :  
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And, weary of their place, do only stay,  
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;  
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !  
 Expectance calls thee now another way :  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

**THEN ENS IS REPRESENTED AS FATHER OF THE PRÉ-  
 DICAMENTS HIS TWO SONS, WHEREOF THE ELDEST  
 STOOD FOR SUBSTANCE WITH HIS CANONS, WHICH  
 ENS, THUS SPEAKING, EXPLAINS :—**

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for, at thy birth,  
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth ;  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou 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.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;  
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
Devouring War shall never cease to roar ;  
Yea, it shall be his natural property  
To harbour those that are at enmity.

What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?'

THE NEXT QUANTITY AND QUALITY SPAKE IN PROSE;  
 THEN RELATION WAS CALLED BY HIS NAME.

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

[The rest was prose.]

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ON

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

COMPOSED 1629.

I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
     Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
     bright?

## 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 touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
     All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature, in awe to him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
     With her great Master so to 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-eyed Peace;  
     She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready harbinger,  
     With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

## IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around:  
     The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstained with hostile blood;  
     The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.



## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferiour flame

The new-enlightened world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could  
bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;  
 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 musick sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

## X.

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

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;  
 The helmed Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

## XII.

Such musick (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
     But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
     And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
     If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time;  
     And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full consort to the angelick symphony.

## XIV.

For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
     Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
     And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

## XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

## XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss;  
 So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first, to those yehained 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 smouldring clouds out brake:  
 The aged earth aghast,  
 With terrour of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
 When, at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his  
 throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins; for, from this happy day,  
 The old Dragon, under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway;

And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through 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-eyed priest from the prophetick cell.

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered God of Palestine;  
 And mooned Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
 The Libyck 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,  
 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 unshowered grass with lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the Gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:

Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands controll the damned crew.

## XXVI:

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted Fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved  
maze.

## XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest;  
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending;  
Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
Hath fixed her polished car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

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THE PASSION.

## I.

EREWILE of musick, and ethereal mirth,  
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,

My Muse with Angels did divide to sing ;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wintery solstice like the shortened light,  
Soon swallowed 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 seise 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, sovran priest, stooping his regal head,  
That dropped with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies :  
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his 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 flattered fancy to belief,



That Heaven and Earth are coloured with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters, where my tears have washed, a wannish  
white.

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirled the Prophet up at Chebar flood;  
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the softened quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before ;  
For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing  
Take up a weeping on the mountain's wild,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;  
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,  
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun,  
left it unfinished.

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers and winged Warriours bright,  
That erst with musick, and triumphant song,  
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the listening night;  
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere  
Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seise!

O more exceeding love, or law more just?  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;  
And that great covenant which we still transgress  
Entirely satisfied;  
And the full wrath beside  
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;  
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
This day; but O! ere long,  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near his heart.

## ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross:  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain!  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall clime;  
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
O Time.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSICK.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
And to our high-raised phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;  
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow;  
And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly:  
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good.  
O, may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
To his celestial consort us unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

## AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
The honoured wife of Winchester,  
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told; alas! too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death,  
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.

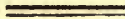
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The God that sits at marriage feast;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland, as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes;

But, whether by mischance or blame,  
Atropos for Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree :  
The hapless babe, before his birth,  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;  
And the languished mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower ;  
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 travel sore  
Sweet rest seise thee evermore,  
That, to give the world encrease,  
Shortened 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 herse, to strew the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name;  
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,  
Next her, much like to thee in story,  
That fair Syrian shepherdess,  
Who, after years of barrenness,  
The highly favoured Joseph bore  
To him that served for her before,  
And at her next birth, much like thee,  
Through pangs fled to felicity,  
Far within the bosom bright  
Of blazing Majesty and Light:  
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 flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing!  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

---

---

ON SHAKSPEARE.

1630.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name!  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And, so sepulchered, 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 LONDON, BY REASON OF THE  
PLAGUE.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
For he had, any time this ten years full,  
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.  
And surely Death could never have prevailed,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
In the kind office of a chamberlin  
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,  
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:  
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,  
'Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed.'

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
That he could never die while he could move;  
So hung his destiny, never to rot  
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
Until his revolution was at stay.  
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time:  
And, like an engine, moved with wheel and weight,  
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
Too long vacation hastened on his term.  
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened;  
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,  
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,  
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'  
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,  
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:  
His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
That even to his last breath, (there be that say't)  
As he were pressed to death, he cried, More weight;

But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *encrease*:  
 His letters are delivered all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

---

### L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
   'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-  
   holy!  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
   Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
   And the night-raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
   In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In Heaven ycleped 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 frolick wind, that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying ;  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and 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 fantastick toe ;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies ;  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine :

While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin ;  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
While the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his sithe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures :  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pide,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smoaks,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set,  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequered shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sun-shine holy-day,  
Till the live-long day-light fail:  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junkets eat;  
She was pinched, and pulled, she sed;  
And he, by friars lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;

And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
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 Shakspeare, 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  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

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

---

### IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred!  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the 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 sun-beams;  
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 starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended:  
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore:  
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain:  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestick 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 commèrcing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The Cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak :  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,  
Over some wide-watered 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 belman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
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.  
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
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 owned the virtuous ring and glass ;  
And of the wonderous 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 tricked and frownced as she was wont  
With the Attick boy to hunt,  
But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the ruffling 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 hallowed 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-feathered Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious Dream  
Wave at his wings in aery stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high-embowed roof,  
With antick pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetick strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

## ARCADES.

PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO THE  
 COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY AT HAREFIELD, BY  
 SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY; WHO AP-  
 PEAR ON THE SCENE IN PASTORAL HABIT, MOVING  
 TOWARD THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH THIS SONG.

## I. SONG.

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look,  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook:

    This, this is she  
 To whom our vows and wishes bend;  
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,  
 Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse  
 Of detraction from her praise;

    Less than half we find expressed,  
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,  
 In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting her beams like silver threads;  
 This, this is she alone,  
     Sitting like a Goddess bright,  
     In the center of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
 Or the towered Cybele  
 Mother of a hundred Gods?  
 Juno dares not give her odds:  
     Who had thought this clime had held  
     A deity so unparelled?

AS THEY COME FORWARD, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD  
 APPEARS, AND TURNING TOWARD THEM, SPEAKS.

### GENIUS.

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 Nymph, as great and good;  
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;  
 And, with all helpful service, will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity;

And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.  
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;  
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseled 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 locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of Gods and Men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion draw



After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear;  
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferiour hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds; yet, as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. SONG.

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

## III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's lillied banks;  
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks;  
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony Mænalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us;  
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.

**C O M U S,**

A

**M A S K**

**PRESENTED**

**AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,**

**BEFORE**

**THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,**

**THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.**

## THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of*  
THYRSIS.

COMUS, *with his Crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

---

The chief Persons, who presented, were

*The Lord Brackley.*

*Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother.*

*The Lady Alice Egerton.*

## COMUS.

---

*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 æreal spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth; and, with low-thoughted care  
Confined and pestered in this pin-fold 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.  
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-haired Deities;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
Where his fair off-spring, nursed in princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted scepter: but their way  
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
But that by quick command from sovran Jove  
I was dispatched for their defence and guard:  
And listen why; for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape

Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene 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 groveling swine?)  
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks  
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:  
Who, ripe and frolick of his full grown age,  
Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;  
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquour in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste,  
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,)  
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before;  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.

Therefore when any, favoured of high Jove,  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: but first I must put off  
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.*

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantick stream;  
 And the slope sun his upward beam



Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the East.  
Mean while 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,  
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 faeries and the dapper elves.  
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
The Wood-Nymphs, decked 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-veiled Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,

That ne'er art called, but when the dragon woom  
 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 vowed priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our concealed solemnity.—  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastick 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-stocked with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course :

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magick 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-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds ;  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled insolence,  
 Of such late wassailers ; yet 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,  
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side,  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit.  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.

They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That Nature hung in Heaven, and filled their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear:  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings;  
And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!  
I see ye visibly, and now believe  
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,

Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
To keep my life and honour unassailed.  
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits  
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy aery shell,  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
O, if thou have  
Hid them in some flowery cave,  
Tell me but where,  
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!  
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

*Enter Comus.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence.  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven-down  
Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard  
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,  
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into attention,  
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,  
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;  
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,  
And she shall be my queen.—Hail foreign wonder!  
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine  
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan; by blest song  
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.*

Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,  
That is addressed to unattending ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echó  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.*

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

*Lady.*

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Comus.*

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

*Lady.*

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Comus.*

By falshood, or discourtesy, or why ?

*Lady.*

To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Comus.*

And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

*Lady.*

They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Comus.*

Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.*

How easy my misfortune is to hit !

*Comus.*

Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

*Lady.*

No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

*Comus.*

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

*Lady.*

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

*Comus.*

Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:  
 I took it for a faery vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,  
 And, as I passed, I worshipped; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,  
 To help you find them.

*Lady.*

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

*Comus.*

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.*

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

*Comus.*

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



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

*Lady.*

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

Enter *The Two Brothers.*

*Elder Brother.*

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,  
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness and of shades;  
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light ;  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Second Brother.*

Or, if our eyes  
 Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But, O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister !  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.  
 What, if in wild amazement and affright ?  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

*Elder Brother.*

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

Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;  
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' the center, and enjoy bright day:  
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*Second Brother.*

'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 unsunned heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned Sister.

*Elder Brother.*

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

*Second Brother.*

What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

*Elder Brother.*

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own :  
 'Tis Chastity, my Brother, Chastity :  
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel ;

And, like a quivered Nymph with arrows keen,  
May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,  
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,  
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 unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magick chains at Curfeu 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 Greeee  
To testify the arms of Chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o'the woods.  
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace, that dashed brute violence

With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres  
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Second Brother.*

How charming is divine Philosophy!  
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Elder Brother.*

List, list; I hear  
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

*Second Brother.*

Methought so too; what should it be?

*Elder Brother.*

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

*Second Brother.*

Heaven keep my Sister. Again, again, and near!  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Elder Brother.*

I'll halloo :  
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

Enter *The Attendant Spirit, habited like a  
Shepherd.*

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

*Spirit.*

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

*Second Brother.*

O Brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*Elder Brother.*

Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale?

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook?

*Spirit.*

O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

*Elder Brother.*

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

*Spirit.*

Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*Elder Brother.*

What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly shew.

*Spirit.*

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

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,



Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Charactered in the face: this have I learned  
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
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,  
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;  
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,

That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep;  
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
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 honoured Lady, your dear Sister.  
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,  
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day;  
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,  
Where that damned 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 wished prey;  
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed  
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
But further know I not.

*Second Brother.*

O night, and shades!  
How are ye joined with Hell in triple knot  
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,

Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence  
You gave me, Brother?

*Elder Brother.*

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

*Spirit.*

Alas! good venturous 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.

*Elder Brother.*

Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
 As to make this relation?

*Spirit.*

Care, and utmost shifts,  
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled  
 In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:  
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he culled me out;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly,

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;  
 He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.  
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compelled :  
 But now I find it true ; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,  
 (As I will give you when we go,) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandished blade, rush on him ; break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquour on the ground,  
 But seise his wand ; though he and his cursed crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Elder Brother.*

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee ;  
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us !

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

*Comus.*

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

*Lady.*

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

*Comus.*

Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far. see, here be all the pleasures,  
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
And first, behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixed:  
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent  
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other terms;  
Scorning the unexempt condition,

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tired all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

*Lady.*

'Twill not, false traitor!  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,  
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!  
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence  
 With visored falshood and base forgery?  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none,  
 But such as are good men, can give good things;  
 And that, which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

*Comus.*

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoick fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynick 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,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please and sate the curious taste?  
And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,  
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might  
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
She hatched the all-worshipped ore, and precious gems,  
To store her children with: if all the world  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,  
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
And strangled with her waste fertility;  
The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with  
plumes,  
The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought  
diamonds  
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
And so bestud with stars, that they below  
Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cosened  
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 the enjoyment of itself;



If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts;  
 Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

*Lady.*

I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked 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-pampered Luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed

In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit incumbered with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,  
 His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad Power of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginitv;  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetorick,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced:  
 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 moved to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and  
 shake,  
 Till all thy magick structures, reared so high,  
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.*

She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superiour power;

And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

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

*Spirit.*

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatched his wand,  
 And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixed, and motionless:  
 Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be used,

Which once of Melibœus old I learned,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the scepter from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The Water-Nymphs that in the bottom played,  
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodel ;  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made Goddess of the river : still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,  
Which she with precious viald liquours heals ;  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustick 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 numming spell,  
 If she be right invoked in warbled song;  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lillies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save.

Listen, and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus;  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestick pace,  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her Son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,  
 And the songs of Syrens 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 answered have.

Listen, and save !

*Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs,  
and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the 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.

*Spirit.*

Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand

To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distressed  
 Through the force, and through the wile,  
 Of unblessed enchanter vile.

*Sabrina.*

Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity:  
 Brightest Lady, look on me;  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops, that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept, of precious cure;  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
 Next this marble venomed seat,  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:—  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

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

*Spirit.*

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 crowned  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste or needless sound  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wished presence; and beside  
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 chere;  
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.



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

## SONG.

*Spirit.*

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

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight:  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own;  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

*The Dances [being] ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.  
 Spirit.*

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-bosomed Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring ;  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And West-Winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedar'n alleys fling  
 Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hew  
 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 the Assyrian queen :  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
After her wandering labours long,  
Till free consent the Gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

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

Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :  
She can teach ye how to clime  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## LYCIDAS.

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*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 highth.*

YET, once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;  
And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

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

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star, that rose, at evening, bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering  
 wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert coves  
 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 flowers, 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  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:  
Ay me! I fondly dream!  
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
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 Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. ‘ But not the praise,’  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;  
‘ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.’

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds !  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune’s plea ;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory :  
They knew not of his story ;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

' Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,  
 He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:  
 ' How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to  
     hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use



Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the 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 freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.  
For, so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
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,  
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves;  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,  
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 recompence, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropped into the western bay:  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

“ Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, &c.”

*Rendered almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.*

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
     Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
     In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas  
     Rough with black winds, and storms  
     Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant, always amiable  
     Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
     Unmindful. Hapless they,  
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed  
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
     To the stern god of sea.

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio  
enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse  
miseros.*

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,  
     Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
     Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera  
     Nigris æquora ventis  
     Emirabitur insolens!  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem  
     Sperat, nescius auræ  
     Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
     Suspendisse potenti  
     Vestimenta maris Deo.



THE NEW POWERS OF CONSTITUTION

FROM THE LORD'S PRAYER

And with this your heavenly Father  
 To give us without show of sin  
 From them whose sin we cannot see,  
 Give us for this world's sake all that we need  
 To have our necessities met  
 And this we wish as a Christian  
 Taught by the name of Jesus Christ  
 Men, whose hearts are true and pure  
 Would have their fields in righteousness  
 That may be named and praised in His  
 By shallow hearts and foolish men  
 Not we do seek to end all our  
 Your grace and mercy we beseech  
 That to the Father  
 May with their wisdom and power  
 Give us protection, though our  
 And account our just  
 When they shall read this in your  
 New Testament in the old with us

## SONNETS.

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### I.

#### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will  
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II.

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 fuora  
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;  
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
Che'l 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  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.



Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! foss'il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

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

## IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne trecchie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.

## V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non puo 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 sentì pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicette amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante

L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante:  
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

## VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF  
 TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the Will of Heaven;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO  
THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bower:  
 The great Emathian conquerour bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X.

## TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

## XI.

## ON THE

DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON  
MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon,'  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and stile;  
 The subject new: it walked the Town awhile,  
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
 A title-page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward,  
 Greek.

## XII.

## ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:  
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs

Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## XIII.

## TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song,  
 First taught our English musick how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our  
 tongue.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woodd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV.

ON THE

RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. GATHERINE  
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

DECEASED 16 DECEM. 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, called life; which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best  
 Thy hand-maids, 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?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And publick faith cleared from the shameful brand  
 Of publick 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 ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than War: new foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

## TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow States hard to be spelled;  
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
In all her equipage: besides to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few  
have done:  
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XVIII.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIX.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;  
 ‘ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?’  
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, ‘ God doth not need  
 Either man’s work, or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.’

## XX.

## TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lilly and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attick taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

## TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede 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 Heaven a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XXII.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years day these eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them 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.

## XXIII.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the old Law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veiled ; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked ; she fled ; and day brought back my night.

# PSALMS.

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## PSALM I.

Done into verse, 1653.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of 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 fanned  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgement, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

## PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653.—TERZETTI.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand  
 With power, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord, and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords: He, who in heaven doth dwell,  
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then, severe,  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare: The Lord to me hath said,  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be swayed,  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron scepter bruised, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,  
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay!



## PSALM III.

August 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD, how many are my foes!

How many those,

That in arms against me rise!

Many are they,

That of my life distrustfully thus say:

No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,

Thee, through my story,

The exalter of my head I count:

Aboud I cried

Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,

And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept; I waked again;

For my sustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not, though, encamping round about,

They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord; save me, my God: for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorred

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the

Lord:

Thy blessing on thy people flows.

## PSALM IV.

August 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
God of my righteousness;  
In straits, and in distress,  
Thou didst me disenthral  
And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.

Great ones, how long will ye  
My glory have in scorn?  
How long be thus forborn  
Still to love vanity?  
To love, to seek, to prize,

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The good and meek of heart;  
(For whom to choose he knows)  
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.

Be awed, and do not sin;  
Speak to your hearts alone,  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,  
Who yet will show us good?  
Talking like this world's brood;  
But, Lord, thus let me pray;

On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie;  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

## PSALM V.

August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh;  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah, thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear;  
 I' the morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight,  
 Evil with thee no biding makes;  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.

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

## PSALM VI.

August 13, 1658.

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 even with anguish ake,  
    Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;  
    And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore  
My soul; O save me for thy goodness sake:  
For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
    Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
    Wearied I am with sighing out my days;  
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
    Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
    I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping  
    The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;  
    My supplication with acceptance fair  
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed  
    With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,  
    They shall return in haste the way they came,  
And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

## PSALM VII.

August 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE  
AGAINST HIM.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection, while I cry;  
Lest, as a lion, (and no wonder)  
He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord; my God, if I have thought  
Or done this; if wickedness  
Be in my hands; if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace;  
Or to him have rendered less,  
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it; let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust; and there, out-spread,  
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 asswage;  
Judgement here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right;  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

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

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

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
 For them that persecute.) Behold,  
 He travels big with vanity;  
 Trouble he hath conceived of old,  
 As in a womb; and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digged a pit, and delved it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made;  
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
 Turns on his head; and his ill trade  
 Of violence will, undelayed,  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
 According to his justice raise,  
 And sing the Name and Deity  
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

### PSALM VIII.

August 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wonderous 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 the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,  
 That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose.



When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
The moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure firmament; then saith my heart,  
O, what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!  
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
With honour and with state thou hast him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;  
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

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 wonderous 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*;  
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 didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And filled the land at last.*
10. With her *green* shade that covered all,  
 The hills were *over-spread ;*  
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*  
*Advanced their lofty head.*
11. Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river *wide*  
 Her other branches *went.*
12. Why hast thou laid her hedges low  
 And broken down her fence,  
 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 Heaven, thy seat divine ;  
Behold *us, but without a frown,*  
And visit this *thy* vine.
15. Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set and planted *long,*  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
16. But now it is consumed with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down :  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
17. Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid* ;  
Upon the son of man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.
18. So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame* ;  
Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy Name.
19. Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe* ;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

## PSALM LXXXI.

1. To God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*  
Sing loud to God *our King:*  
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
Loud acclamations ring.
2. Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring;  
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
And harp *with pleasant string.*
3. Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon  
With trumpets' *lofty sound,*  
The appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
4. This was a statute *given of old*  
For Israel *to observe;*  
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*  
*From whence they might not swerve.*
5. This he a testimony ordained  
In Joseph, *not to change,*  
When as he passed through Egypt land;  
The tongue I heard was strange.
6. From burden, *and from slavish toil,*  
I set his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*  
Delivered were *by me.*
7. When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then didst thou call;*  
And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
*And led thee out of thrall.*

- I answered thee in thunder deep,  
 With clouds encompassed round;  
 I tried thee at the water *steep*  
 Of Meriba *renowned*.
8. Hear, O my People, *hearken well*;  
 I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel*,  
 If thou wilt list to me:
9. Throughout the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be,  
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God  
 In honour bend thy knee.
10. I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt land;  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
 Will grant thy full demand.
11. And yet my people would not *hear*,  
 Nor hearken to my voice;  
 And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
 Misliked me for his choice.
12. Then did I leave them to their will,  
 And to their wandering mind;  
 Their own conceits they followed still,  
 Their own devices blind.
13. O, that my people would *be wise*,  
 To serve me *all their days*!  
 And O, that Israel would *advise*  
 To walk my *righteous ways*!
14. Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
 That now so *proudly rise*;  
 And turn my hand against *all those*,  
 That are their enemies.

15. Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
*To bow to him and bend;*  
 But *they, his people, should remain,*  
 Their time should have no end.
16. And he would feed them *from the shock*  
 With flower 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 judgement false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*
3. Regard the weak and fatherless,  
 Despatch 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 moved,  
 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*.
8. Rise, God; judge thou the earth *in might*,  
This *wicked* earth redress;  
For thou art he who shall 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 ensnare they chiefly strive,  
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4. Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
Till they no nation be;  
That 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 repulsed and slain,*
10. At Endor quite cut off, and rolled  
 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 seise  
 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.

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. Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,  
 Troubled, and shamed for ever ;  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, *and 'scape it never.*
18. Then shall they know, that Thou, whose Name  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the Most High, *and Thou the same*  
 O'er all the earth *art One.*

### PSALM LXXXIV.

1. How lovely are thy dwellings fair ;  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near !*
2. My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.
3. There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*  
 Hath found a house of *rest* ;  
 The swallow there, to lay her young,  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts;  
*They find their safe abode;*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*

4. Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise!
5. Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways!
6. They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground;*  
 As through a fruitful watery dale,  
 Where springs and showers abound.
7. They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
 In Sion do appear.
8. Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God give ear;
9. Thou God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
10. For one day in thy courts *to be*  
 Is better, *and more blest,*  
*Than in the joys of vanity*  
 A thousand days at *best*.  
 I, in the temple of my God,  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
 With sin *for evermore*.
11. For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright;*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.

12. Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high* ;  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1. Thy land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not Lord been slack ;  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
2. The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe ;  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,  
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.
3. Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy fierce wrath which we had proved  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
4. God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore ;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Towards us, *and chide no more*.
5. Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus ?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us ?
6. Wilt thou not turn and *hear our voice*,  
 And us again revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserved alive ?

7. Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
 To us thy mercy shew!  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
8. *And now*, what God the Lord will speak,  
 I will *go straight* and hear,  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear*,  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace;  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
9. Surely, to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand;  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*
10. Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed*,  
 Now *joyfully* are met;  
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
11. Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,  
 Shall bud and blossom *then*;  
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
 Look down *on mortal men.*
12. The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good;  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
13. Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal Harbinger:*  
 Then 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*.
5. For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon, thou to all  
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
To them that on thee call.
6. Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
7. I, in the day of my distress,  
Will call on thee *for aid*;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I prayed*.
8. Like thee among the Gods is none,  
O Lord; nor any works  
*Of all that other Gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious* works.

9. The Nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy Name.
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.
13. For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
Even from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul,*
14. O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
15. But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true.
16. O, turn to me *thy face at length,*  
And me have mercy on;  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

17. Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* see,  
 And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,  
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*
2. Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings *fair*  
 Of Jacob's land, though there be store,  
*And all within his care.*
3. City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
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.*
2. Into thy presence let my prayer  
*With sighs devout ascend;*  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
3. For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie;  
 My life, at *Death's uncheerful door,*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
4. Reckoned I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal pit;*  
 I am a man, but weak alas!  
 And for that name unfit.
5. From life discharged and parted quite  
 Among the dead to *sleep;*  
 And like the slain in *bloody fight,*  
 That in the grave lie *deep.*  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barred.*

6. Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
Where thickest darkness *hevers 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 entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.
10. Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceased arise,  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes ?*
11. Shall they thy loving kindness tell,  
On whom the grave *hath hold ?*  
Or they, who in perdition  *dwell*,  
Thy faithfulness *unfold ?*
12. In darkness can thy mighty *hand*  
Or wonderous acts be known ?  
Thy justice in the *gloomy land*  
Of *dark oblivion ?*
13. But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent ;*  
And *up to thee my prayer doth hic*,  
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14. Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
 And hide thy face from me,
15. That am already bruised, and shake  
 With terrour sent from thee?  
 Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*  
 As ready to expire;  
 While I thy terrours undergo,  
 Astonished with thine ire.
16. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;  
 Thy threatenings cut me through:
17. All day they round about me go,  
 Like waves they me pursue.  
 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
 And severed from me far:  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

#### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at Fifteen  
 Years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
 After long toil, their liberty had won;  
 And 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 received the foil.  
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams  
 Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the mountains?  
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
 Shake, Earth; and at the presence be 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.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light.  
For his, &c.

And caused 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 Israël.  
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main.  
For his, &c.

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 foiled bold Seon and his host  
That ruled the Amorrëan coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And, to his servant Israël,  
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

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.

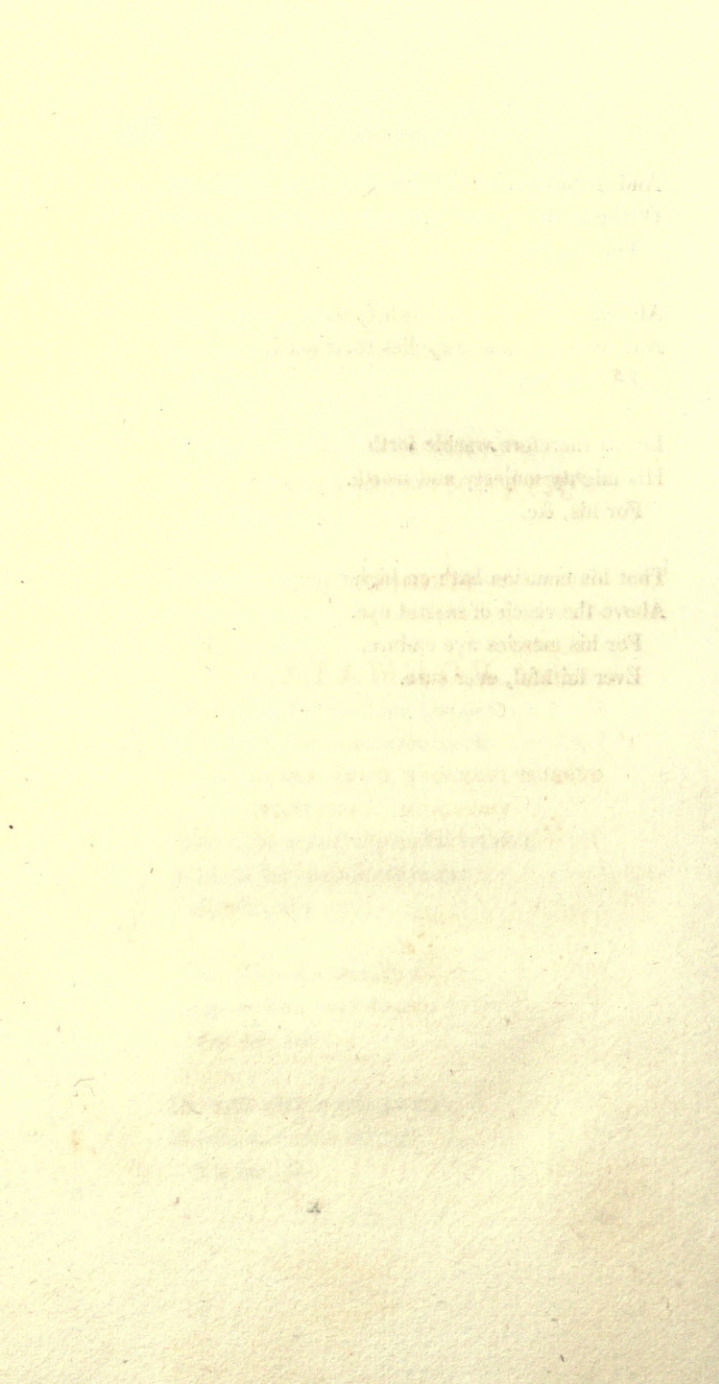
Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies aye endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.





JOANNIS MILTONI,

LONDINENSIS,

POEMATA:

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS  
VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.



HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

◆

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,

MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.

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

—

AD

JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM,

*Triplici poeseos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum,  
Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma*

JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

CEDE, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;

At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
 Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

---

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
 Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

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AL

SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI.

NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
 Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
 Non più del Biondo Dio  
 La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,  
 Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
 Non puo l'oblio rapace,  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,  
 Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtù m' adatti, e ferirà la morte.

Del ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
 Separata dal mondo,  
 Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede:  
 Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,  
 Quella gli e sol gradita,  
 Perché 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 pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
 Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti  
 Le peregrine piante

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,  
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

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

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

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

I più profondi arcani  
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
 Ch' à ingegni sovrumani  
 Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale  
 Scorra di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
 Che s'opre degne di poema e storia  
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra  
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso  
 Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO

FIorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI,

LONDINENSI,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO,

VIRO, qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca, perspexit; ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus, astronomiâ duce, audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ philosophiâ, le-



genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

*At cur nitor in arduum?*

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum effert CAROLUS DATUS *Patricius Florentinus*,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.



# ELEGIARUM

LIBER.

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## ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostrî, tàmque fidele caput,  
Quóddque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Méque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrásque negantia molles :  
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,  
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen sortémve recuso,  
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
 O, utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,  
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:  
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus;  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
 Sæpius hîc, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces, quotquot, volvit uterque polus!  
 Collâque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulósque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!  
 Pellacésque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
 Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
 Cedite, Achæmeniaë turrîtâ fronte puellæ,  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniámque Ninon;  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus:  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis;  
 Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.  
 Túque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auróque, puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucâque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI  
 CANTABRIGIENSIS.

**TE**, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;  
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;  
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies;  
 Dignus, quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo ;  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris :  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ ;  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiâ tristes,  
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta Scholis.

### ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

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

Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:  
 ‘ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quòd sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quòd in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?  
 Quòdque afflata tuo marescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?  
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis;  
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobiléque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideámque animam sede fugâsse suâ?’  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter:  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos nôxque sopórque meos:  
 Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;  
 Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent.  
 Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.



Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditiore Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favonû,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce! mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dúmque senex tali incedit venerandus anictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantúque salutat,  
 Hósque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
 ‘Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.’  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos;  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno Ætatis 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM,

*Apud mercatores Anglicos, Hamburgæ agentes,  
pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea 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 carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleámque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis;  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves:  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
 Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,  
 C liniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
 Quàmque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;  
 Pieriósque hausi latices, Clióque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo;  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursúque Eurum præverte sonorum:  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargata volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei;  
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxámque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniámque roganti ;  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces :  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jámq; 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 tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parásse duces.  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virùm jam cruor arva rigat ;  
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odrisios Mars pater egit equos ;  
 Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,  
 Fugit Io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volásse domos.  
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inópsque solo ;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinâ quær<sup>is</sup> ege<sup>nus</sup> opem.

Patria, dura parens, 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 quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
 Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertâsque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus:  
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos; nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intenténtque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Déque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus;  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi:  
 Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;  
 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,  
 Auditúrque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentùm,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuráque alta virùm.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

### ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno Ætatis 20.

#### IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induitúrque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jámque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniúmque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterúmque vigescit ab illo,  
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidúmque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt:  
 Concitáque 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,  
 Pérque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Pérque umbras, pérque antra feror, penetralia vatum,  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm :  
 Intuitúrque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,  
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
 Veris Io ! redieré vices ; celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniáque arva,  
 Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.  
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
 Jámque Lycaonius, plaustrum cœleste, Boötes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ :  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo :  
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,  
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,  
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
 Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetrámque resumit  
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas ;  
 Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

‘ Desere,’ Phœbus ait, ‘ thalamos, Aurora, seniles ;  
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro ?  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ ;  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.’  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.  
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos ;  
 Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis !  
 Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,  
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana deo.  
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitâsque movent flamina verna preces :  
 Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiâsque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros ;  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos :  
 Quòd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In vespertinas, præcipitaris aquas,



‘ Cur te,’ inquit, ‘ cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
Hesperiiis recipit cœrula Mater aquis ?

Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lym-  
phâ?

Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ;

Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ:

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces, circum mulcebit lenè susurrans

Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,

Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo:

Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni;

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.’

Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;

Matris in exemplum cœtera turba ruunt:

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,

Languentésque fovet solis ab igne faces:

Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,

Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo:

Jámque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,

Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,

Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe! per urbes,

Littus, Io Hymen! et cava saxa sonant.

Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,

Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egreditúrque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,

Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus:

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus  
unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,

Delphinásque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,

Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro;

Sylvanúsque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicapérque deus, semideúsque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetáque Mænalius Pan,

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes;

Jámque latet, latitánsque cupit malè tecta videri,

Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:

Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.

Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris

Sæcla; quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,

Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;

Bramáque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,

Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

## ELEGIA SEXTA.

## AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

RURI COMMORANTEM,

*Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina  
excusari postulâsset si solito minùs essent bona,  
quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus,  
haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse af-  
firmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
Quâ tu, distento, fortè carere potes.  
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,  
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?  
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque ;  
Crede mihi, vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilarémque Decembrem,  
Festáque cœlifugam quæ coluere deum,  
Deliciásque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,  
Haustáque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !  
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibúsque poesin ?  
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,  
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, Eucæ ?  
Mista Thyonéo turba novena choro.  
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris :  
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosásque, racemiferúmque Lyæum,  
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis ?

Pindaricósque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;  
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
Et volat Elëo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimóque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,  
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
Mentis alit vires, ingeniúmque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fusúmque per intima Phœbum  
Corda ; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,  
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
Insonat, argutâ mollitèr icta manu ;

Auditúrque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitatáque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,

Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor :

Pérque puellares oculos, digitúmque sonantem,  
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura dcorum est,  
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;

Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cerésque, Venúsque,  
Et cum purpureâ Matre tenellus Amor,

Talibus indè licent convivium larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,  
 Heroásque pios, semideósque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
 Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
 Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,  
 Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiúmque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senémque  
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis;  
 Pérque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divùmque sacerdos;  
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.  
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam.)  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine Regem,  
 Faustáque sacratis sæctula pacta libris;  
 Vagitúmque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,  
 Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;

Stelliparúmque polum, modulantésque æthere turmas,  
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana deos.  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi Natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

### ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.  
 Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;  
 Convèniunt tenero mollia bella duci:  
 Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos;  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinuerè jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addiderátque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
 Addiderátque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
 ‘ Et miser, exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, ’ inquit,  
 ‘ Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:  
 Cydoniùsque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeùsque comes.  
 Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, meliùs mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non levitèr corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.  
 Dixit; et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
 Et modò quàm nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum,  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias :  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat ;  
 Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus ;  
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor ;  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,  
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina deùm conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis à tergo grande pendit onus :  
 Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori ;  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis :  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda furores ;  
 Uror amans intus, flammâque totus eram.  
 Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
 Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Findor, et hæc remanet : sequitur pars altera votum,  
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focus :  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.



Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!  
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit;  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce, precor, teneri cùm sis deus ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens:  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores;  
 Nescio cur, miser est suavitèr omnis amans:  
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

---

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, studiòque supino,  
 Nequitiaè posui vana trophæa meæ.  
 Scilicèt abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit:  
 Donèc Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

## IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapâsque Britannos  
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,  
 Fallor ? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,  
 Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis ;  
 Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,  
 Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

## IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentâsti cœlo donâsse Iâcobum,  
 Quæ septemgemino, Bellua, monte lates ?  
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
 Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.  
 Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos :  
 Namque hæc aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

## IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iâcobus ignem,  
 Et sine quo superûm non adcunda domus.  
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

‘ Et nec inultus,’ ait, ‘ temnes mea sacra, Britanne :  
 Supplicium, spretâ relligione, dabis.  
 Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammâ triste patebit iter.’  
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbâque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarióque sinu ;  
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

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

AD

## LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidè̄m Deus est, per cunctáque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!  
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

## AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claráque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados;  
 Littoreámque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidè̄m vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:  
Hinc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,  
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.  
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,  
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;  
Atque ait, ' Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,  
Parva licèt, grato dona tulisse animo!  
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulâmque voracem:  
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.



# SYLVARUM

LIBER.

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IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

Anno Ætatis 17.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,  
Manúsque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vagà Tænaro  
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ  
Tentantur incassùm, dolique;  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non serus Hercules,  
Nessi venenatus cruore,  
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpe Palladis invidæ  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectors, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia  
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
 Vixisset infamis, potentique  
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numénque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentûm, ignotâque gramina,  
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ:

Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,  
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;  
 Nec tela te fulménque avitum,  
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisset Palladio gregi  
 Lætus, superstes; nec sine gloria;  
 Nec puppe lustrâsset Charontis  
 Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua,  
 Irata, cùm te viderit artibus,  
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra, precor, tua  
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo



Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
Purpureóque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideátque Ætnæa Proserpina ;  
Intérque felices perennis  
Elysio spatiere campo.

### IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna  
Albionum, tenuit ; jámque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
Pacificúsque novo, felix divésque, sedebat  
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :  
Cùm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernásque fideles,  
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros :  
Híc tempestates medio ciet aère diras,  
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
Regnáque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace :  
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudúmque magister  
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;  
Insidiásque locat tacitas, cassésque 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.  
 Jámque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino.  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles;  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc, opibúsque et festâ pace beatam,  
 Aspicit, et pingnes donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quódq̄ue magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;  
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ad Jove clausus in Ætnâ  
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridétque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictáque cuspide cuspis.  
 ‘Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni,’ dixit; ‘gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.’  
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:  
 Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jámque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines; à parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
Cùm circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
Panificósque deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
Et mendicantùm series longissima fratrum;  
Cereáque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitámque trahentes:  
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,  
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitúsque canentùm  
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
Qualitèr exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron,  
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
Præcipitésque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,  
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
Torpidadam, 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,  
Cùm niger umbrarum dominus, rectórque silentùm,  
Prædatórque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus  
Astetit: assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendétque cucullus  
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.

Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycósque leones.

Subdólus at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
' Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
Immemor, O, fidei, pecorúmque oblite tuorum!  
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademáque triplex,  
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe;  
Dúmque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
Surge, age; surge, piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,  
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
Et memor Hesperix disjectam ulciscere classem,  
Mersáque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
Sanctorúmque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,  
Thermodoontêâ nuper regnante puellâ.  
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
Crescentésque negas hosti contundere vires;  
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,  
Signáque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;  
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit;  
Sacráque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses ;  
 Irritus ille labor : tu callidus utere fraude :  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.  
 Jámq; ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævósque patres, trabeâ canisque verendos ;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinùs ipse igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia fidos,  
 Propositi, factique, mone : quisquámne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?  
 Perculsósque metu subito, casúque stupentes,  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Túque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divásque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
 Dixit ; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;  
 Mœstáque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis :  
 Cúm somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
 Híc inter cæmenta jacent, præruptáque saxa,

Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro ;  
 Hîc Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiâque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror ;  
 Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes ; nullòque sequente per antrum,  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt :  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

‘ Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi ; prudens Natura negavit  
 Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo :  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareóque leves diffentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago :  
 Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.’  
 Finierat ; rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos  
 Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanâque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ ;  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terrâ  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;  
 Hîc turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores aditúsque patent, totidémque fenestræ.  
 Ampláque per tenues translucent atria muros :  
 Excitat híc varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;  
 Qualitèr instrepitant circum multralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce ;  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ  
 Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli :  
 Millenisque loquax auditáque visáque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria ; veráque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo ; servati scilicèt Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente :  
 ‘ Fama siles ? An te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in méque meósque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iácobo ?’

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 ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes ;  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit :  
 Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertâque murmura, spargit :  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authorésque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet ; stupuere relatis  
 Et paritèr juvenes, paritèr tremuere puellæ,  
 Effœtique senes paritèr ; tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant :  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintóque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

### IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,



Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.  
 Cùm centilinguis Fama, proh! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia,  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,  
 Populósque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinùs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore;  
 Graiúsque vates parciùs  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsámque Neobulen suam.  
 At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audísse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:  
 ' Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream  
 Bilémque, et irritas minas:  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitòque ad iras percita?  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastóve nata sub Chao:  
 Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit;

Animásque mole carneâ reconditas  
     In lucem et auras evocat:  
 Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
     Themidos Jovisque filiæ;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris:  
     At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
     Sedésque subterraneas.  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
     Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
     Ad astra sublimis feror:  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,  
     Auriga currûs ignei.  
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi  
     Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;  
     Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
     Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
     Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
     Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;  
     Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
     Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hîc tacebo; nam quis effari queat,  
     Oriundus humano patre,  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi  
     Sat est in æternum frui.

## NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Hæu, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 Oedipodioniam volvitur sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nullóque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!

Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,  
 Annorúmque æterna fames, squalórque, sitúsque,  
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum, rapiétque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munísse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrósque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,

Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
Dissultabit apex, imóque allisa barathro  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternáque bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,  
Consuluit rerum summæ, certóque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.  
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
Deveho temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ  
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.  
Surgit odoratis paritèr formosus ab Indis,  
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,  
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
Cæruleúmque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitóque fragore  
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
Trux Aquilo, spirátque hyemem, nimbósque volutat.  
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
Oceanî Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem

Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, servátque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe, tuúsque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM  
 ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ;  
 Túque, O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deûm;  
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unúsque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibèt natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:

Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum;  
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:  
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Dirçæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscúmque Belon, inclytúmque Osiridem.  
 Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,  
 Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus iuduxi scholis,)

Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

#### AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totúmque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;

Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi  
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis  
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Ne tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
Carmen amant superi, tremebundâque Tartara carmen  
Ima ciere valet, divósque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.  
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:  
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,  
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,  
 Nunc quoque sidcreis intercinuit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,  
 Demissóque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cùm nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Heroúmque actus, imitandáque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantésque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
 Verborum sensúsque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea, cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non cithará; simulachráque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas: habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopésque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine, sequamur?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;



Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,  
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;  
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;  
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu  
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;  
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:  
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna, præoptas.  
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
 Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.  
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurósque sedebo;  
 Jáinque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabúntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul, vigiles Curæ, procul este, Querelæ,  
 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;  
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securâque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

Ab tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitâque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucémque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco;  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatúmque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

#### PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παιδῆς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου  
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μούνοι ἔην ὄσιον γένος ὕιες Ἰοῦδα·

Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη  
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώνυτες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ.  
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκήρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Ὅϊα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης  
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν;  
 Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώνυτες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ;  
 Βαιοτέραι, τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμὲς ἀνασκήρτήσατ', ἐρίπναι,  
 Ὅϊα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
 Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρείουσ' ὑπατον σέβας Ἴσσακίδαο,  
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI EUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS FORTE CAPTUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, HÆC SUBITO MISIT.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὄλιος δρᾶσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
 Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρή,  
 Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

## IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Ἄμαθεϊ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,  
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM,  
ÆGROTANTEM.

## SCAZONTES.

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcaniôque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;  
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quàmque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,  
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impoténsque pulmonis,  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,  
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
 Habitúmque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;

Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat;  
Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divùm munus, O Salus, Hebes  
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,  
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
Libentèr audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
Querceta Fauni, vósque rore vinoso  
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.  
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
Tumidúsque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:  
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,  
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni,

## MANSUS.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat De Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campanicæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus 'Gerusalemme Conquistata,' lib. 20.*

' Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,  
' Risplende il MANSO.'

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiam prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus  
    honore,  
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter laurósque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;  
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremâque vota reliquit :  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici ;  
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.  
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant  
 Officia in tumulo ; cupis integros rapere Orco,  
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :  
 Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam  
 Describis vitam, morésque, et dona Minervæ ;  
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
 Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,  
 Imprudens, Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Quâ 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  
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantémque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,  
 Heroum laudes, imitandâque gesta, canebant;  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,  
 Delo in herbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,  
 Fatidicâque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Clarâque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausûmque viro-  
 rum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;  
 Ille licèt magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;  
 Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irrignos inter saltus, frondosâque tecta,  
 Peneium propè rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,  
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcentûrque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et miti lustrârît lumine Phœbus,



Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniúmque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,  
Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arturúmque etiam sub terris bella moventem!  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
Magnanimos heroas; et, O modo spiritus adsit,  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!  
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
Annorúmque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ;  
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
Curaret parvâ componi mollitèr urnâ:  
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.  
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
Ipse ego cælicolúm semotus in æthera divûm,  
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,  
Quantum fata sinunt; et, totâ mente serenum  
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

## ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à puèritia amici erant, ut qui plurimùm. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et rem ità esse comperto, se, suàmque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin, et Hylan,  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis,)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminâque, fontésque vagos, nemorúmque recessus ;  
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicèt illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe :  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !  
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
 Ista velit, dignúmque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavúmque procul pecus arceat omne silentúm.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo ante videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constatitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit  
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit :  
 Si quid id est, priscámque fidem coluisse, piúmque,  
 Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon ;  
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;  
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantúque, solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus  
 Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastorésque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
 Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiósque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
 Híc serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;  
 ‘ Híc gelidi fontes, híc illita gramina muscò,  
 Híc Zephyri, híc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas:’  
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus,)  
 ‘ Thyrsi, quid hoc?’ dixit, ‘ quæ te coquit improba bilis?’  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimâque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.’

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, et, ' Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis?' aiunt; ' non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultúsque severi;  
 Illa chorus, lusúsque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, 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 thoës,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:  
 Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;  
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati  
 Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;  
 Aut si sors dederit tandèm non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,  
 Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpémque nivosam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviósque sonantes!  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse, 'Vale, nostrî memor ibis ad astra.'

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestrî nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Da-  
 mon,  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeúmque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multùm  
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra,  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi;  
 'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,  
 Imus? et argutâ paulùm recumbamus in umbrâ,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
 Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hya-  
 cinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artésque medentùm.'  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artésque medentùm,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos, cedite, silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennúmque Arviragúmque duces, priscúmque Beli-  
 num,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptáque Gorklöis arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul anposâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,  
 Multùm oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camcenis

Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mî satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licèt, externo penitùsque inglorius orbi,)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibúsque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc, tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ,  
 Has inter Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:  
 Quis putet? hîc quoque Amor, pictæque in nube  
 pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo:  
 Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi,  
 Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?



Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse 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, divósque perennes,  
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
Cœlicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,  
Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsò.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*De Libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo  
mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ  
publicâ reponet, Ode.*

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
Fronde licèt geminâ,  
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,  
Quem manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamèn haud nimii poetæ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,  
Insons populi, barbitóque devius  
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?  
Cùm tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugitèr obsecrante amico,

Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasúsque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
 Celebérque futurus in ævum ?

## STROPHE II.

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

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsán unde vili  
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix : en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ :

## STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui  
 Optat peculi, numeróque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse ;  
 Rogátque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virúm monumenta curæ ;  
 Téque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis ;  
 Quæstórque gazæ nobilioris.  
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvósque tripodas, donáque Delphica,  
 Iön, Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

## ANTISTROPHE.

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

## EPODOS.

Vos tandèm, haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedésque beatas,  
 Quas bonus Hermes,  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi;  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque  
     longè  
 Turba legentûm prava facesset :  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas,  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit, integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-  
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes  
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè  
 respondeant, ità tamen secuimus, commodè legendi  
 potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem  
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortassè dici  
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ*  
*σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt,  
 Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in  
 secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

AD

## CHRISTINAM,

SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, septem regina trionum.

Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !

Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,

Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero :

Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,

Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.

Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra :

Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

## SELECT NOTES

ON THE

## PARADISE REGAINED.

IN order to introduce to more general notice this *elegant* Poem, which has been strangely neglected, though it abounds with MORAL instruction peculiarly adapted to the juvenile age, it has been judged proper to insert NOTES upon it, illustrative of its Beauties, and explanatory of its more difficult or obscure passages.

The limits of our volume will not allow us to *continue* the comment through the other Poems, nor is it indeed so requisite, as their Beauties are generally felt, and as they are read and studied by those who pass over the PARADISE REGAINED with a carelessness bordering on contempt.



# PARADISE REGAINED.

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## BOOK I.

"MILTON\*," says Mr. Hayley, "had already executed one extensive divine poem, peculiarly distinguished by richness and sublimity of description: in framing a second he naturally wished to vary its effect; to make it rich in moral sentiment, and sublime in its mode of unfolding the highest wisdom that man can learn; for this purpose it was necessary to keep all the ornamental parts of the poem in due subordination to the precept. This delicate and difficult point is accomplished with such felicity, they are blended together with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of arraiging the plan, we might rather doubt if any possible change could improve it. Assuredly there is no poem of an epic form, where the sublimest moral is so forcibly and so abundantly united to poetical delight: the splendour of the poet does not blaze indeed so intensely as in his larger production; here he resembles the Apollo of Ovid, softening his glory in speaking to his son, and avoiding to dazzle the fancy that he may descend into the heart."

*Hayley's Life of Milton.*

"To censure the PARADISE REGAINED, because it does not more resemble the PARADISE LOST, is hardly less absurd, than it would be to condemn the Moon for not being a Sun, instead of admiring the two different luminaries, and feeling that both the greater and the less are equally the work of the same divine and inimitable power."

*Ibid.*

*line 1. page 5. I, who ere while the happy garden sung*

*By one man's disobedience lost,—]*

The sun of Milton's genius appears to be setting in this poem; but the sunset is a beautiful object, when the evening clouds are tinged with gold and purple.

*Knorr.*

l. 3. p. 5. *Recovered Paradise—*]

It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c. But the reason no doubt was, that Paradise, *regained* by our Saviour's resisting the temptations of Satan, might be a better contrast to Paradise, *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing spirit. Besides he might, very probably, and indeed very reasonably, be apprehensive, that a subject, so extensive as well as sublime, might be too great a burden for his declining constitution, and a task too long for the short term of years he could then hope for. Even in his *Paradise Lost* he expresses his fears, lest he had begun too late, and lest *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, should have damped his intended wing*; and surely he had much greater cause to dread the same now, and to be very cautious in launching out too far. Thyer.

l. 8. p. 5. . . . . *who ledst this glorious eremite  
Into the desert,—*]

It is said, Mat. iv. 1. *Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.* And from the Greek original *ερημος* the desert, and *ερεμιτης* an inhabitant of the desert, is rightly formed the word *eremite*; which was used before by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, iii. p. 86. l. 26.

And by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, Cant. 11. St. 4.

And in Italian, as well as in Latin, there is *eremita*, which the French, and we after them, contract into *hermite*, *hermit*. Newton.

l. 11. p. 5. . . . . *inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute ;]*

In the very fine opening of the NINTH book of the *PARADISE LOST*, Milton thus speaks of *the inspiration of the muse*:

If answerable style I can obtain

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns

Her nightly visitation, unimplored,

And DICTATES TO ME SLUMBERING, OR INSPIRES

EASY MY UNPREMEDITATED VERSE.

So also in his invocation of *Urania*, at the beginning of the SEVENTH book:

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,  
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, WHILE THOU  
 VISIT'ST MY SLUMBERS NIGHTLY, OR WHEN MORN  
 PURPLES THE EAST; still govern thou my song,  
 URANIA.—

And in the introduction to the second book of *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy*, where he promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country, he adds, "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify whom he pleases."—Here then we see, that Milton's invocations of the Divine Spirit were not merely *exordia pro formâ*.—Indeed his prose works are not without their invocations.

*l. 12. p. 5. . . . . my prompted song, else mute;]*

Milton's third wife, who survived him many years, related of him, that he used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter; and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked, whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, "he stole from nobody but the Muse who inspired him;" and, being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied, "IT WAS GOD'S GRACE AND THE HOLY SPIRIT THAT VISITED HIM NIGHTLY." *Newton's Life of Milton.*

Mr. Richardson also says, that "Milton would sometimes lie awake whole nights, but not a verse could he make; and on a sudden his poetical fancy would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*." *Johnson's Life of Milton.*

*l. 14. p. 5. With prosperous wing full summed,—]*

We have the like expression in *Paradise Lost*, vii. p. 215. l. 1.

They SUMMED their pens . . . . .

It is a term in falconry. A hawk is said to be *full summed*, when all his feathers are grown, when he wants nothing of the *sum* of his feathers, *cui nihil de SUMMA pennarum deest*, as Skinner says. Newton.

*l. 26. p. 6. O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,]*

So the devil is called in Scripture *the prince of the power of the air*, Eph. ii. 2. and evil spirits are termed *the rulers of the darkness of this world*, Eph. vi. 12. Satan here summons a council, and opens it as he did in the *PARADISE LOST*: but here is not that copiousness and variety which is in the other; here are not different speeches and sentiments adapted to the different characters; it is a council without a debate; Satan is the only speaker. And the author, as if conscious of this defect, has artfully endeavoured to obviate the objection, by saying that their danger

..... admits no long debate,

But must with something sudden be opposed.

And afterwards,

..... no time was then

For long indulgence to their fears or grief.

The true reason is, he found it impossible to exceed or equal the speeches in his former council, and therefore has assigned the best reason he could for not making any in this. Newton.

*l. 3. p. 8. A perfect dove descend,—]*

Vida, like Milton, describes the Holy Ghost descending as a “perfect dove;”

Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fulsit,  
 Et superùm vasto intonuit domus alta fragore;  
 Insuper et cœli claro delapsa columba est  
 Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma  
 Terga, sed auratis circum et rutilantibus alis:  
 Jamque viam late signans super astitit ambos,  
 Cœlestique aurâ pendens afflavit utrumque.  
 Vox simul et magni rubrâ genitoris ab æthrâ  
 Audita est, nati dulcem testantis amorem.

*Christiad. iv. 214.*

*l. 20. p. 9. Thou and all angels conversant on earth,  
With man or men's affairs,—]*

This seems to be taken from the verses attributed to Orpheus ;

*Αγγελοι, δισι μεμηλε βροτοις ως παντα τελειται.*

*Newton.*

*l. 26. p. 10. So spake the eternal Father, and all Heaven  
Admiring stood a space,—]*

We cannot but take notice of the great art of the poet in setting forth the dignity and importance of his subject. He represents all beings as interested one way or other in the event. A council of devils is summoned; an assembly of angels is held. Satan is the speaker in one; the Almighty in the other. Satan expresses his diffidence, but still resolves to make trial of this Son of God; the Father declares his purpose of proving and illustrating his Son. The infernal crew are distracted and surprised with deep dismay; all Heaven stand a while in admiration. The fiends are silent through fear and grief; the angels burst forth into singing with joy and the assured hopes of success. And their attention is thus engaged, the better to engage the attention of the reader.

*Newton.*

*l. 9. p. 11. . . . . vigils tuned :*

This is a very uncommon expression, and not easy to be understood, unless we suppose, that by *vigils* the poet means those songs which they sung while they kept their watches. Singing of hymns is their manner of keeping their *wakes* in Heaven. And I see no reason why their evening service may not be called *vigils*, as their morning service is called *matins*. *Newton.*

*l. 1 . p. 11. One day walked forth alone, the Spirit leading  
And his deep thoughts,—]*

In what a fine light does Milton here place that text of Scripture, where it is said that *Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness!* He adheres strictly to the inspired historian, and at the same time gives it a turn which is extremely poetical.

*Thyer.*

*l. 28. p. 11. When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing ;—]*

How finely and consistently does Milton here imagine the

youthful meditations of our Saviour! How different from, and superiour to, that superstitious trumpery, which one meets with in the *Evangelium Infantiae*, and other such apocryphal trash! Vid. Fabricii Cod. Apoc. N. Test. *Thyer.*

He seems to allude to Callimachus, who says elegantly of young Jupiter, Hymn. in Jov. 56.

Οξυ δ' αναβησας, ταχινει δε τοι ηλθοσ ιουλοι.

Αλλ' ετι παιδνοσ εωσ εφρασσασο παντα τελεια.

Swift was thy growth, and early was thy bloom,  
But earlier wisdom crowned thy infant days. *Jortin.*

Henry Stephens's translation of the latter verse is very much to our purpose—

Verum ætate puer, digna es meditatus adulta :  
or rather his more paraphractical translation—

Verum ætate puer, puerili haud more solebas  
Ludere; sed jam tum tibi seria cuncta placebant,

Digna ætate animus jam tumolvebat adulta.

And Pindar in like manner praises Demophilus. Pyth. Od. iv. 501.

Κεινοσ γαρ εν παισι νεοσ, εν δε βουλαισ πρεσβυσ. Our author might allude to these passages, but he certainly did allude to the words of the Apostle, 1 Cor. xiii. 11. only inverting the thought, *When I was a child, I spake as a child, &c.* *Newton.*

l. 14. p. 12. *Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
Brute violence, and proud tyrannic power,]*

Thus in his Samson Agonistes :

O! how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of JUST men long OPPRESSED,  
When God into the hands of their DELIVERER  
Puts INVINCIBLE might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the OPPRESSOR,  
The brute and boisterous force of VIOLENT men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
TYRANNIC POWER, but raging to pursue  
The RIGHTEOUS and all such as honour TRUTH ;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,

With PLAIN HEROIC MAGNITUDE OF MIND  
And celestial vigour armed . . . . .

l. 17. p. 12. *Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first, &c.]*

The true spirit of toleration breathes in these lines, and the sentiment is very fitly put into the mouth of him, who *came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* Newton.

l. 18 p. 12. *By winning words to conquer willing hearts,]*

Virgil, GEORG. iv. 561 :

..... victorque volentes

Per populos dat jura . . . . .

which expression of Virgil seems to be taken from Xenophon, Oeconomic, xxi. 12. Ου γαρ πανυ μοι δοκει εILON τουτι το αγαθον ανθρωπινον ειναι, αλλα θειον, το θελοντων αρχειν. Jortin.

l. 23. p. 12. . . . . *my mother soon perceiving  
..... inly rejoiced,]*

Virgil, ÆN. i. 502 :

Latonæ TACITUM pertentant gaudia pectus. Jortin.

l. 20. p. 13. *Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna,—]*

It may not be improper to remark, how strictly our author adheres to the Scripture history, not only in the particulars which he relates, but also in the very epithets which he affixes to the persons; as here *Just Simeon*, because it is said, Luke ii. 25, *and the same man was just*: and *prophetic Anna*, because it is said, Luke ii. 36, *and there was one Anna a prophetess.* The like accuracy may be observed in all the rest of this speech.

Newton.

l. 27. p. 13. . . . . *and soon found of whom they spake  
I am—]*

The Jews thought that the Messiah, when he came, would be without all power and distinction, and *unknown even to himself*, till Elias had anointed and declared him. Χριστος δε ει και γεγενηται, και εστι που, αγνωστος εστι, και ουδε αυτος πω εαυτον επισταται, ουδε εχει δυναμιν τινα, μεχρις αν ελθων Ηλιας χριση αυτου, και φανερον πασι ποιηση. Just. Mart. Dial. cum Tryph. p. 266. Ed.

Col. Calton.

l. 28. p. 14. *So spake our Morning Star—]*

So our Saviour is called in the Revelation, xxii. 16, *the bright and morning star.* Newton.

And thus Spenser, in his HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE:

O blessed well of love ! O flowre of grace !  
 O glorious MORNING STAR ! O lamp of light !  
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,  
 Eternal King of glory, Lord of might,  
 Meek Lamb of God before all worlds behight,  
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?  
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

l. 6. p. 15. *Full forty days he passed, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon on shady vale, &c.]*

Here the Poet of *Paradise Lost* breaks out in his meridian splendour. There is something particularly picturesque in this description.

l. 15. p. 15. *The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,]*

The word *worm*, though joined with the epithet *noxious*, may give too low an idea to some readers ; but, as we observed upon the *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1068, where Satan is called *false worm*, it is a general name for the reptile kind ; and a serpent is called the mortal worm, by Shakspeare, 2 HENRY SIXTH, Act III.

Newton.

l. 8. p. 20. . . . . *Delphos.—]*

In the famous controversy about ancient and modern learning, Mr. Wotton reproves Sir William Temple for putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* every where in his *Essays*. Mr. Boyle justifies it, and says that it is used by all the finest writers of our tongue, and best judges of it, particularly Waller, Dryden, Creech, &c. If these authorities may justify Sir William Temple, they may also justify Milton ; but certainly the true way of writing it is not *Delphos* in the accusative case, but *Delphi* in the nominative.

Newton.



## BOOK II.

*l. 1. p. 27. Meanwhile the new baptized, &c. —]*

The greatest, and indeed justest, objection to this Poem is the narrowness of its plan, which, being confined to that single scene of our Saviour's life on earth, his Temptation in the Desert, has too much sameness in it, too much of the reasoning, and too little of the descriptive part; a defect most certainly in an epic poem, which ought to consist of a proper and happy mixture of the instructive and the delightful. Milton was himself, no doubt, sensible of this imperfection, and has therefore very judiciously contrived and introduced all the little digressions that could with any sort of propriety connect with his subject, in order to relieve and refresh the reader's attention. The following conversation betwixt Andrew and Simon upon the missing of our Saviour so long, with the Virgin's reflections on the same occasion, and the council of the Devils how best to attack their enemy, are instances of this sort, and both very happily executed in their respective ways. The language of the former is cool and unaffected, corresponding most exactly to the humble pious character of the speakers: that of the latter is full of energy and majesty, and not inferiour to their most spirited speeches in the *Paradise Lost*.

*Thyer.*

*l. 24. p. 28. . . . . God of Israel,  
Send thy Messiah forth, &c.]*

This sudden turn and breaking forth into prayer to God is beautiful. The prayer itself is conceived very much in the spirit of the Psalms, and almost in the words of some of them.

*Newton.*

*l. 12. p. 32. Set women in his eye, &c.]*

As this temptation is not mentioned in the Gospels, it could not with any propriety have been proposed to our Saviour; it is much more fitly made the subject of debate among the wicked spirits themselves. All that can be said in praise of the power of beauty, and all that can be alleged to depreciate it, is here summed up with greater force and elegance, than I ever remember to have seen in any other author.

*Newton.*

l. 14. p. 33. . . . . *Calisto, Clymene.*

*Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amymone, Syrinx,—]*

All these mistresses of the gods might have been furnished from Ovid, who is said to have been our Author's favourite Latin Poet. Indeed that he was so at an early period of life, appears from Milton's frequent imitations of him in his juvenile Latin Poems.—For *Calisto*, see Ovid. MET. ii. 409. et FAST. ii. 155.—For *Clymene*, the mother of *Phaeton*, MET. i. *ad finem*.—*Daphne*, MET. i. 452.—*Semele*, MET. iii. 253.—*Antiopa*, MET. vi. 110.—*Amymone*, EPIST. xix. 131. et 1. AMOR. x. 5.—*Syrinx*, MET. i. 690.

The story of *Calisto* is recorded also by Milton's favourite tragic poet Euripides.

Ω μακαρ Αρκαδια ποτε παρθενε  
Καλλιστοι, Διος 'α λεχων επε-  
-θας, τετραβαμοσι γυιοις  
'Ως πολυ ματρος εμας ελαχες πλεον.

Euripid. HELEN. 381.

Happy *Calisto*, thou Arcadian nymph,  
That didst ascend the couch of Jove; transformed  
To a four-footed savage, far more blest  
Art thou, than she to whom I owe my birth.

Wodhull.

And *Semele* is mentioned in his HIPPOLYTUS, v. 456.

'Οσοι μεν ουν γραφας τε των παλαιτερων  
Εχουσιν, αυτοι τ' εισιν εν μουσαις αι,  
Ισασι μεν, Ζευς 'ως ποτ' ερασθη γαμων  
Σεμελης. . . . .

They who with ancient writings have conversed,  
And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine,  
Know how to Theban *Semele's* embrace  
Flew amorous Jove. . . . .

Wodhull.

The story of *Antiopa*, or *Antiope*, is recorded likewise by Propertius, (L. iii. EL. 14. a Poet whom (as Mr. Warton observes) Milton has occasionally imitated. *Antiope* is also mentioned in a Greek Epigram, in the Anthologia, where four of Jupiter's principal amours, and the disguises under which he

accomplished them, are recited with the usual Greek epigrammatic brevity.

Ζεὺς, Κυκνός, Ταυρός, ΣΑΤΥΡΟΣ, χρυσοῦ δι' ἐρωτῆς

Ληδῆς, Ευρωπῆς, ΑΝΤΙΟΠΗΣ, Δαναῆς.

Dunster.

*l. 18. p. 33. Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,]*

*Calisto, Semele, and Antiopa, were mistresses to Jupiter; Clymene and Daphne to Apollo; and Syrinx to Pan.*—Both here and elsewhere Milton considers the gods of the heathens as demons or devils. Thus, in the Septuagint version of the Psalms; Παντες δι θεοι των εθνων δαιμονια. Psalm xcvi. 5. (and likewise in the Vulgate Latin, *Quoniam omnes Dii gentium dæmonia.*) And the notion of the demons having commerce with women in the shape of the heathen gods is very ancient, and is expressly asserted by Justin Martyr. See *Apol. i. P. 10. et 33.* edit. Thirlbii.

Newton.

*l. 18. p. 33. . . . . Pan,*

*Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan?—]*

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell'st here with PAN, or SYLVAN,—

COMUS.

Milton notices all these rural demi-gods and their amours, in his beautiful Latin Elegy, *IN ADVENTUM VERIS.*

*l. 24. p. 33. Remember that Pellean conqueror,]*

Alexander the Great was born at *Pella* in Macedonia; his continence and clemency to Darius's queen and daughters, and the other Persian ladies whom he took captive after the battle of Issus, are commended by the historians. "Tum quidem ita se gessit, ut omnes ante eum reges et continentia et clementia vincerentur. Virgines enim regias excellentis formæ tam sancte habuit, quam si eodem quo ipse parente genitæ forent: conjugem ejusdem, quam nulla ætatis suæ pulchritudine corporis vicit, adeo ipse non violavit, ut summam adhibuerit curam, ne quis captivo corpori illuderet," &c. Quint. Curt. lib. iii. cap. 9. He was then a young conqueror, of about twenty-three years of age, a youth, as Milton expresses it.

Newton.

*l. 27. p. 33. How he, surnamed of Africa, dismissed,*

*In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.]*

The continence of Scipio Africanus at the age of twenty-four, and his generosity in restoring a beautiful Spanish lady to her husband and friends, are celebrated by Polybius, Livy, Valerius Maximus, and various other authors. Newton.

*l. 11. p. 34. . . . . as the zone of Venus once*

*Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,]*

Η, και απο στηθεσφιν ελυσατο κεστον ιμαντα,

Ποικιλον· ενθα δε δι θελκτηρια παντα τετυκτο·

Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριστυς,

Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονοντων.

*Iliad. xiv. 214.*

She said. With awe divine the queen of love  
Obeyed the sister and the wife of Jove :  
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbraced,  
With various skill and high embroidery graced.  
In this was every art, and every charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,  
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. Pope.

*l. 12. p. 34. . . . . so fables tell,]*

The words *so fables tell* look as if the Poet had forgot himself, and spoke in his own person rather than in the character of Satan. Newton.

*l. 13. p. 34. . . . . one look from his majestick brow,*

*Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,]*

Here is the construction that we often meet with in Milton: from his majestick brow, that is from the majestick brow of him seated as on the top of virtue's hill : and the expression of *virtue's hill* was probably an allusion to the rocky eminence on which the virtues are placed in the table of Cebes, or the arduous ascent up the hill to which virtue is represented pointing in the best designs of the judgment of Hercules. Newton.

Milton's meaning here is best illustrated by a passage in Shakspeare; which most probably he had in his mind.—Hamlet, in the scene with his mother, pointing to the picture of his father, says,

See what a GRACE WAS SEATED ON THAT BROW !  
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;  
An eye, like Mars to threaten or command, &c.

Thus also in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST :

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye,  
Dares look upon THE HEAVEN OF HER BROW,  
That is NOT BLINDED BY HER MAJESTY ?

Act III. Sc. 4.

*l. 1. p. 36. Him thought,—]*

We say now, and more justly, *he thought*; but *him thought* is of the same construction as *me thought*, and is used by our old writers, as by Fairfax, Cant. 13. St. 40 :

HIM THOUGHT he heard the softly whistling wind.

Newton.

*l. 13. p. 37. The fugitive bond-woman, with her son  
Out-cast Nebaioth,—]*

Hagar, who fled from the face of her mistress, Gen. xvi. 6, is therefore called a *fugitive*: her son was not a fugitive, but an *out-cast*; so exact was our author in the use of his epithets.

*l. 18. p. 37. Native of Thebez,—]*

*Thebez* is the same as *Thesbe*, or *Thisbe*, or *Tishbe*, the birth-place of the prophet Elijah.

Newton.

*l. 18. p. 37. . . . . wandering here was fed]*

It appears that Milton conceived the wilderness, where Hagar wandered with her son, and where the Israelites were fed with manna, and where Elijah retreated from the rage of Jezebel, to be the same with the wilderness where our Saviour was tempted. And yet it is certain, that they were very different places; for the wilderness where Hagar wandered was *the wilderness of Beer-sheba*, Gen. xxi. 14; and where the Israelites were fed with manna was *the wilderness of Sin*, Exod. xvi. 1; and where Elijah retreated was *in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beer-sheba*, 1 Kings xix. 4; and where our Saviour was tempted was *the wilderness near Jordan*. But our author considers all that tract of country as one and the same wilderness, though distinguished by different names from the different places adjoining. Newton.

*l. 14. p. 38. A table richly spread, &c.]*

This temptation is not recorded in Scripture, but is however

invented with great consistency, and very aptly fitted to the present condition of our Saviour. This way of embellishing his subject is a privilege which every poet has a just right to, provided he observes harmony and decorum in his hero's character; and one may further add, that Milton had in this particular place still a stronger claim to an indulgence of this kind, since it was a pretty general opinion among the Fathers, that our Saviour underwent many more temptations than those which are mentioned by the Evangelists; nay, Origen goes so far as to say, that he was every day, whilst he continued in the wilderness, attacked by a fresh one. The beauties of this description are too obvious to escape any reader of taste. It is copious, and yet expressed with a very elegant conciseness. Every proper circumstance is mentioned, and yet it is not at all clogged or incumbered, as is often the case, with too tedious a detail of particulars. It was a scene entirely fresh to our author's imagination, and nothing like it had before occurred in his *Paradise Lost*, for which reason he has been the more diffuse, and laboured it with greater care, with the same good judgment that makes him in other places avoid expatiating on scenes which he had before described. In a word, it is in my opinion worked up with great art and beauty, and plainly shews the crudity of that notion which so much prevails among superficial readers, that Milton's genius was upon the decay when he wrote his *Paradise Regained*. *Thyer.*

The banquet here furnished by Satan, Bishop Newton observes, is like that prepared by Armida for her lovers. Tasso, C. x. 64:

Apprestar sù l'herbetta, ov' è più densa  
L'ombra, e vicino al suon de l'acque chiare,  
Fece di sculti vasi altera mensa,  
E ricca di vivande elette e care.  
Era quì ciò ch' ogni stagion dispensa,  
Ciò che dona la terra, ò manda il mare,  
Ciò che l' arte condisce, e cento belle  
Servivano al convito accorte ancelle.

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,  
Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,

In massy vessel of pure silver made  
 A banquet rich and costly furnished was;  
 All beasts, all birds beguiled by fowler's trade,  
 All fish were there in floods or seas that pass;  
 All dainties made by art: and at the table

An hundred virgins served ——— *Fairfax.*

In *COMUS*, where the Lady is tempted by the Enchanter, the scene is laid in “*a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness, soft musick, and tables spread with all dainties.*”

*l. 17. p. 38. In pastry built—]*

The pastry in the beginning of the last century was frequently of considerable magnitude and solidity. Of such kind must have been the pye in which Jeffrey Hudson, afterwards King James's Dwarf, when eight years old, was served up to table at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham. We may suppose this pye was not considerably larger than was usual on such occasions, otherwise the joke would have lost much of its effect from something extraordinary being expected. A species of *mural* pastry seems to have prevailed in some of the preceding centuries, when artificial representations of castles, towers, &c. were very common at all great feasts, and were called *suttleties*, *subilties*, or *sotilties*.—Leland, in his account of the entertainment at the inthronization of Archbishop Warham in 1504, (*Collectanea*, Vol. 6) mentions “*a suttlety of three stages, with vanes and towres embattled,*” and “*a warner with eight towres embattled, and made with flowres;*” which possibly meant *made in pastry*.—In the catalogue of the expences at this feast there is a charge for wax and sugar, *in operatione de le sotilties*. Probably the wax and sugar were employed to render the paste of flour more adhesive and tenacious, the better to support itself when moulded into such a variety of forms.

*l. 18. p. 38. Gris-amber-steamed;—]*

Ambergris, or grey-amber, is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials. A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr. Peck, which we will here transcribe. “*Grey amber is the amber our author here*

speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boiled, roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding; which last I have eat of at an old courtier's table. And I remember in an old chronicle there is much complaint of the nobilities being made sick at Cardinal Wolsey's banquets, with rich scented cakes and dishes most costly dressed with ambergris. I also recollect I once saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's court, where ambergris is mentioned as the hautgout of that age. I fancy Milton transposed the word for the sake of his verse; to make it read more poetically." And Beaumont and Fletcher in the CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY, Act III. Scene 2:

..... Be sure

The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,

And AMBERED ALL.

Newton.

Mr. Warton, in a Note on COMUS, 863. cites several curious passages, which shew that amber was formerly a favourite in cookery; among others, one from Massinger's CITY MADAM, where "pheasants DRENCHED WITH AMBERGRIS" are spoken of as a prime delicacy; and another from Marmion's ANTIQUARY, which mentions, "a fat nightingale seasoned with pepper and AMBERGRIS."

l. 20. p. 38. And exquisitest name,—]

This alludes to that species of Roman luxury, which gave *exquisite names* to fish of exquisite taste, such as that they called *cerebrum Jovis*. They extended this even to a very capacious dish, as that they called *clypeum Minervæ*. The modern Italians fall into the same wantonness of luxurious impiety, as when they call their exquisite wines by the names of *lacrymæ Christi* and *lac Virginis*.

Warburton.

l. 20. p. 38. .... for which was drained

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.]

The fish are brought to furnish this banquet from all the different parts of the world then known; from Pontus or the Euxine Sea, in Asia; from the *Lucrine Bay*, in Italy; and from



the *coast of Africa*: all which places are celebrated for different kinds of fish by the authors of antiquity. Newton.

*l. 23. p. 38. . . . . that diverted Eve!]*

*Diverted* is here used in the Latin signification of *diverto*, to turn aside. Newton.

*l. 27. p. 38. Than Ganymed or Hylas;—]*

These were two most beautiful youths, cup-bearers; Ganymede to Jupiter, and Hylas to Hercules. Newton.

*l. 2. p. 39. . . . . faery damsels met in forest wide*

*By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.]*

Sir *Lancelot*, *Pelleas*, and *Pellenore*, (the latter by the title of *King Pellenore*) are *Persons* in the old Romance of MORTE ARTHUR, or *The Lyf of King Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the round table, and in thende the dolorous deth of them all*; written originally in French, and translated into English by Sir Thomas Malleory, Knt. printed by William Caxton, 1484.—From this old Romance, Mr. Warton (*OBSERVATIONS ON SPENSER*, Sect. 2) shews that Spenser borrowed much. Sir *Lancelot* is there called of *Logris*; and Sir *Tristram* is named of *Lyones*, under which title he appears also in the *Faery Queen*. *Logris* is the same with *Loegria* (according to the more fabulous historians, and amongst them Milton), an old name for England. Hollinshed calls it both *Loegria* and *Logiers*. In his *History of England*, B. ii. 4. 5. having related the conquest of our island by Brute, or Brutus, a Trojan, and his building the city of Troynovant, he thus proceeds: “When Brutus had builded this city and brought it under his subjection, he by the advice of his nobles commanded this isle (which before hight Albion) to be called Britain, and the inhabitants Britons after his name, for a perpetual memorie that he was first bringer of them into the land. In this mean while also he had by his wife three sons, the first named Loctrinus or Loctrine, the second Cambris or Camber, the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now when the time of his death drew neere, to the first he betooke the government of that part of the land now known by the name of England, so

that the same was long after called LOEGRIA or LOGIERS of this Locrinus," &c. &c.—The same author, in his *Description of Britain*, instead of *Loegria*, or *Logiers*, writes it LHOEGRES. The title of his TWENTY-SECOND chapter is, *after what manner the sovereigntie of this isle doth remaine to the princes of Lhoegres or kings of England*. Spenser, in his FAERY QUEEN, where he gives the *Chronicle of the early Briton Kings from Brute to Uther's reign*, calls it *Logris*.

Locrine was left the sovereign lord of all,  
 But Albanact had all the northern part  
 Which of himself Albania he did call;  
 And Camber did possess the western quart  
 Which Severn now from LOGRIS doth depart.

B. II. C. x. 14.

*Liones* was an old name for Cornwall, or at least for a part of that county. Camden (in his BRITANNIA), speaking of the *Land's End*, says, "the inhabitants are of opinion that this promontory did once reach farther to the west, which the seamen positively conclude from the rubbish they draw up. The neighbours will tell you too, from a certain old tradition, that the land there drowned by the incursions of the sea was called *Lionesse*." Sir Tristram of *Liones*, or *Lionesse*, is well known to the readers of the old romances. In the *French* translation of the ORLANDO INAMORATO of Boiardo, he is termed *Tristan de Leonnois*, although in the original he is only mentioned by the single name of *Tristan*. In the *Orlando Inamorato* also, among the knights who defend Angelica in the fortress of Albracca against Agri-can, is Sir Hubert of *Liones*, *Uburto dal Lione*.—Tristram, in his account of himself in the FAERY QUEEN, B. VI. C. ii. 28, says,

And Tristram is my name, the only heir  
 Of good king Meliograss, which did reign  
 In Cornwall, till that he through life's despair  
 Untimely died. —

He then relates how his Uncle seized upon the crown, whereupon his Mother, conceiving great fears for her son's personal safety, determined to send him into "some foreign land."

So, taking counsel of a wise man read,  
 She was by him advised to send me quite  
 Out of the country wherein I was bred,  
 The which the fertile LIONESSE is hight,  
 Into the land of Faery. —

These particulars, Mr. Warton shews, are drawn from the *MORTE ARTHUR*, where it is said, "there was a knight Meliodas, and he was Lord and King of the county of Lyones, and he wedded King Marke's sister of Cornewale."—The issue of this marriage was Sir Tristram. These Knights, he also observes, are there often represented as meeting beautiful damsels, in desolate forests.—Indeed a forest was almost as necessary in an old romance as a valorous knight, or a beautiful damsel, whose beauty and prowess were severally to be endangered and proved by the difficulties and dangers they underwent amidst

..... forests and inchantments drear,

PENSEROSO.

Milton's later thoughts could not, we find, but rove at times where, as he himself told us, "his younger feet wandered," when he "betook him among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renowne over all Christendome."—*APOL. FOR SMECTYMN.* p. 177. Prose Works. ed. Amst. 1698.

Sir Pelleas, "a very valorous knight of Arthur's round table," is one of those who pursue the Blatant beast, when, after having been conquered and chained up by Sir Calidore, it "broke its iron chain," and again "ranged through the world." *FAERY QUEEN*, B. VI. C. xii. 39. Warton.

*l. 8. p. 39. .... Flora's earliest smells.]*

We may collect from many passages in our Author's poems, that he was habitually acquainted with the beauties of the early morning, and particularly sensible of them. Mr. Warton says that he "has delineated them with the lively pencil of a lover." *Note on LYCIDAS*, 27.

In his *ARCADES*, he speaks of

..... the ODOUROUS BREATH OF MORN.

In the *PARADISE LOST*, iv. p. 120. *l. 4.* he likewise alludes

to the peculiar fragrance of flowers, at "that sweet hour of prime;"

Sweet is the BREATH OF MORN, her rising sweet—

And in the beginning of the FIFTH Book, Adam thus concludes the speech in which he comforts Eve, on her waking in the morning, respecting her troublesome dream;

Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks,  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene

THAN WHEN FAIR MORNING FIRST SMILES ON THE  
WORLD:

And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
THAT OPEN NOW THEIR CHOICEST BOSOMED SMELLS.

Philips, the imitator of our author, has most beautifully, and in a manner perfectly worthy of his master, copied the idea expressed in the last line:

..... when the kind early dew

Unlocks embosomed odours, — CIDER, ii. 59.

But to revert to Milton, where he speaks more at large, and perfectly *con amore*;

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on THE HUMID FLOWERS THAT BREATHED  
THEIR MORNING INCENSE, when all things that breathe  
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And joined their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
THE SEASON PRIME FOR SWEETEST SCENTS AND AIRS:

PARADISE LOST, ix. p. 255. l. 21.

To the first part of which passage we may trace Mr. Gray, in a highly-finished line of his ELEGY:

The breezy call of INCENSE-BREATHING MORN.

We find a semblance of "Flora's earliest smells" in the following very picturesque and poetical stanza of Spenser:

Thus being entered they behold around  
A large and spacious plain, on every side  
Strowed with pleasance, whose fair grassy ground  
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide

With all the ornaments of FLORA's pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,

WHEN FORTH FROM VIRGIN BOWER SHE COMES IN TH  
EARLY MORN. F. Q. B. II. 12. 50. Warton.

l. 4. p. 41. *What raised Antipater the Edomite  
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,]*

This appears to be the fact from history. When Josephus introduces Antipater upon the stage, he speaks of him as abounding with great riches. Φίλος δε τις Τρκακου Ιδουμαιος, Αντιπατρος λεγομενος, πολλων μεν ευπορων χρηματων. κ. τ. λ. Antiq. lib. xiv. cap. 1, And his son Herod was declared king of Judea by the favour of Mark Antony, partly for the sake of the money which he promised to give him;—τα δε και υπο χρηματων ων αυτη Ηρωδης υπεσχετο δωσειν ει γενοιτο βασιλευς. Ib. c. 14. Newton.

l. 20. p. 41. *Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,]*

Our Saviour is rightly made to cite his first instances from Scripture, and of his own nation, as being the best known to him; but it is with great art that the poet also supposes him not to be unacquainted with heathen history, for the sake of introducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon saith of himself, *O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.* Judges, vi. 15. And Jephtha was the son of an harlot, and his brethren thrust him out, and said unto him, *Thou shalt not inherit in our father's house, for thou art the son of a strange woman.* Judges, xi. 1, 2. And the exaltation of David from a sheep-hook to a sceptre is very well known. *He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds: From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.* Psalm lxxviii. 70, 71. Newton.

l. 27. p. 41. *Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,]*

Quintius Cincinnatus was twice invited from following the plough to be consul and dictator of Rome; and after he had subdued the enemy, when the senate would have enriched him with public lands and private contributions, he rejected all

these offers, and retired again to his cottage and old course of life. *Fabricius* could not be bribed by all the large offers of king *Pyrrhus* to aid him in negotiating a peace with the Romans: and yet he lived and died so poor, that he was buried at the public expense, and his daughters' fortunes were paid out of the treasury. *Curius Dentatus* would not accept of the lands which the senate had assigned him for the reward of his victories; and when the ambassadors of the Samnites offered him a large sum of money as he was sitting at the fire and roasting turnips with his own hands, he nobly refused to take it, saying that it was his ambition not to be rich, but to command those who were so. And *Regulus*, after performing many great exploits, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and sent with the ambassadors to Rome to treat of peace, upon oath to return to Carthage, if no peace or exchange of prisoners should be agreed upon: but was himself the first to dissuade a peace, and chose to leave his country, family, friends, every thing, and return a glorious captive to certain tortures and death, rather than suffer the senate to conclude a dishonourable treaty. Our Saviour cites these instances of noble Romans in order of time, as he did those of his own nation: and, as Mr. Calton observes, the Romans in the most degenerate times were fond of these (and some other like) examples of ancient virtue; and their writers of all sorts delight to introduce them: but the greatest honour that poetry ever did them is here, by the praise of the Son of God. Newton.

l. 3. p. 42. *Extol not riches then, &c.—*]

Milton concludes this book and our Saviour's reply to Satan with a series of thoughts as noble and just, and as worthy of the speaker, as can possibly be imagined. I think one may venture to affirm, that, as the *Paradise Regained* is a poem entirely moral and religious, the excellency of which does not consist so much in bold figures and strong images, as in deep and virtuous sentiments expressed with a becoming gravity, and a certain decent majesty, this is as true an instance of the sublime, as the battles of the Angels in the *Paradise Lost*. Thyer.

l. 16. p. 42. *Yet he, who reigns within himself, &c.—*]

“The Paradise Regained,” Mr. Hayley very justly observes, “is a poem that particularly deserves to be recommended to ardent and ingenuous youth, as it is admirably calculated to inspire that spirit of self-command, which is, as Milton esteemed it, the truest heroism, and the triumph of Christianity.”

*Life of Milton, p. 126.*

*l. 26. p. 42. Is yet more kingly;—]*

In this speech concerning riches and realms, our poet has culled all the choicest, finest flowers out of the heathen poets and philosophers who have written upon these subjects. It is not so much their words, as their substance sublimed and improved. But here he soars above them, and nothing could have given him so complete an idea of a divine teacher, as the life and character of our Blessed Saviour.

*Newton.*

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### BOOK III.

*l. 13. p. 49. . . . . as the oracle*

*Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems*

*On Aaron's breast;—]*

Aaron's breast-plate was a piece of cloth doubled, of a span square, in which were set in sockets of gold twelve precious stones bearing the names of the twelve tribes of Israel engraven on them, which being fixed to the ephod, or upper vestment of the high priest's robes, was worn by him on his breast on all solemn occasions. In this breast-plate the *Urim* and *Thummim*, say the Scriptures, were put. And the learned Prideaux, after giving some account of the various opinions concerning *Urim* and *Thummim*, says it will be safest to hold, that the words *Urim* and *Thummim* meant only the divine virtue and power, given to the breast-plate in its consecration, of obtaining an oraculous answer from God, whenever counsel was asked of him by the high-priest with it on, in such manner as his words did direct; and that the names of *Urim* and *Thummim* were given hereto only to denote the clearness and perfection which these oracular

answers always carried with them. For *Urim* signifieth *light*, and *Thummim*, *perfection*. Newton.

*l. 7. p. 50. . . . . glory, the reward]*

Our Saviour having withstood the allurements of riches, Satan attacks him in the next place with the charms of glory. I have sometimes thought that Milton might possibly take the hint of thus connecting these two temptations from Spenser, who, in his second book of the *Faery Queen*, representing the virtue of temperance under the character of Guyon, and leading him through various trials of his constancy, brings him to the house of riches, or *Mammon's delve*, as he terms it, and immediately after to the palace of glory, which he describes, in his allegorical manner, under the figure of a beautiful woman called *Philotimè*.

*Thyer.*

*l. 13, p. 50. Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe;—]*

Our Saviour's temptation was soon after his baptism; and he was baptized when he was *about thirty years of age*. Luke, iii. 23.

Newton.

*l. 22. p. 51. They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: &c.—]*

Here might be an allusion intended to Lewis THE FOURTEENTH, who at this time began to disturb Europe, and whose vanity and ambition were gratified by titles, such as are here mentioned, from his numerous parasites.

We may here compare PARADISE LOST, xi.:

To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,  
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.

And again, in the same book:

. . . . . in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,



Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
Fame in the world, high titles and rich prey,  
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth.

Dunster.

*l. 25. p. 51. . . . . what do these worthies,*

*But rob and spoil, &c.—]*

Thus Drummond, in his SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT:

All live on earth by spoil . . . . .

. . . . .

Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,

Is held most virtuous, hath a WORTHY'S name:—

And Thucydides, describing the ancient inhabitants of Greece, says, "They betook themselves to robbing under the direction of persons by no means despicable, and spent their lives chiefly in plundering defenceless towns and villages; these practices being so far from discreditable, that they were attended with a certain degree of honour."—

Ετραποντο προς ληστεϊαν, ἡγουμενων ανδρων ου των αδυνατωτατων . . . και προσπιπτοντες πολεσιν ατειχιστοις, και κατα κωμας οικουμεναις, ἡρπαζον, και τον πλεϊστον του βιου εντευθεν εποιοουντο ουκ εχοντος πῶ αισχυνην τουτου του εργου, φεροντος δε τι και δοξης μαλλον. L. i. C. 5.

Dunster.

*l. 26. p. 51. But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave*

*Peaceable nations, neigh'ring, or remote,*

*Made captive,—]*

This description of the ravages of conquerors may have been copied from some of the accounts of the barbarous nations that invaded Rome. Ovid describes the Getæ thus *spoiling, robbing, slaying, enslaving, and burning.*

Hostis, equo pollens longèque volante sagittâ,

Vicinam latè depopulatur humum.

Diffugiunt alii; nullisque tuentibus agros

Incustoditæ diripiuntur opes;

Ruris opes parvæ, pecus et stridentia plaustra,

Et quas divitias incola pauper habet.

Pars agitur vincitis post tergum capta lacertis,

Respiciens frustrâ rura laremque suum.

Pars cadit hamatis miserè confixa sagittis;

Nam volucris ferro tinctile virus inest.  
 Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt :  
 Et cremat insontes hostica flamma casas.

TRIST. iii. El. x. 55.

Dunster.

l. 29. p. 51. . . . . who leave behind

Nothing but ruin—]

Thus, Joel, ii. 3. *The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and BEHIND THEM A DESOLATE WILDERNESS.*

And Mr. Gray in his *BARD*, has a similar description finely expressed, where he speaks of the conquests of Edward the Black Prince in France :

. . . . . What terrors round him wait !

Amazement in his van, with flight combined,  
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

Dunster.

l. 2. p. 52. . . . . and must be titled Gods,

Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers.]

The second Antiochus king of Syria was called Antiochus Θεός or *the God* : and the learned author De Epoch. Syro-Macedonum, p. 109, speaks of a coin of Epiphanes inscribed Θεου Επιφανους. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of Ευεργεται, *Benefactors*, and Σωτηρες, *Deliverers*.

Calton.

In Froelick's *Annales regum et rerum Syriae* there are prints of five different coins of Antiochus Epiphanes, with the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ. The first Antiochus was called ΣΩΤΗΡ ; as was the first Ptolemy king of Egypt. Two of the Ptolemies assumed the title of ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ. Diodorus Siculus relates that the Syracusans with one voice saluted Gelon by the titles of Benefactor, Deliverer, and King — μια φωνη παντας αποκαλειν ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ, και ΣΩΤΗΡΑ, και ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ. L. ii. 26.

The title of ευεργετης, as assumed by tyrants, is referred to, Luke, xxii. 25.—*And they that exercise authority over them ARE CALLED BENEFACTORS.*

When Demetrius Poliorcetes returned from his expedition to

Corcyra, the Athenians received him with divine honours, and in their hymns and choruses celebrated him as “the only true God, for that all other Gods were asleep, or were gone abroad, or did not exist.”—Ως ειση μόνος θεός αληθινός, όι δε άλλοι καθεϋδουσιν, ή αποδημοϋσιν, ή ουκ εισιν. Demochares ap. Athenæm. L. 6.

Dunster.

*l. 5. p. 52. One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,]*

Alexander is particularly intended by the one, and Romulus by the other, who, though better than Alexander, founded his empire in the blood of his brother, and for his over-grown tyranny was at last destroyed by his own senate. *Newton.*

*l. 30. p. 52. Think not so slight of glory;—]*

There is nothing throughout the whole poem more expressive of the true character of the Tempter than this reply. There is in it all the falsehood of *the father of lies*, and the glozing subtlety of an insidious deceiver. The argument is false and unsound, and yet it is veiled over with a certain plausible air of truth. The poet has also, by introducing this, furnished himself with an opportunity of explaining that great question in divinity, why God created the world, and what is meant by that glory which he expects from his creatures. This may be no improper place to observe to the reader the author's great art in weaving into the body of so short a work so many grand points of the Christian theology and morality. *Thyer.*

*l. 17. p. 54. Reduced a province under Roman yoke,]*

Judæa was reduced to the form of a Roman province, in the reign of Augustus, by Quirinius, or Cyrenius, then governor of Syria; and Coponius, a Roman of the equestrian order, was appointed to govern it under the title of Procurator. *Newton.*

*l. 18. p. 54. . . . . nor is always ruled*

*With temperate sway—]*

The Roman government indeed was not always the most temperate. At this time Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judæa, and, it appears from history, was a most corrupt and flagitious governor. See particularly Philo, *de Legatione ad Caium.*

*Newton.*

*l. 19. p. 54. . . . . oft have they violated*

*The temple, &c.—]*

Pompey, with several of his officers, entered not only into the holy place, but also penetrated into the holy of holies, where none were permitted by the law to enter, except the high priest alone, once in a year, on the great day of expiation. Antiochus Epiphanes had before been guilty of a similar profanation. See 2 Macab. C. v. Newton.

*l. 24. p. 54. So did not Maccabæus, &c.—]*

The Tempter had noticed the profanation of the temple by the Romans, as well as that by Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria; and now he would infer, that Jesus was to blame for not vindicating his country against the one, as *Judas Maccabæus* had done against the other. He fled indeed into the wilderness from the persecutions of Antiochus, but there he took up arms against him, and obtained so many victories over his forces, that he recovered the city and sanctuary out of their hands, and his family was in his brother Jonathan advanced to the high priesthood, and in his brother Simon to the principality, and so they continued for several descents sovereign pontiffs and sovereign princes of the Jewish nation till the time of Herod the great: though their father Mattathias, (the son of John, the son of Simon, the son of Asmonæus, from whom the family had the name of Asmoneans,) was no more than a priest of the course of Joarib, and dwelt at Modin, which is famous for nothing so much as being the country of the Maccabees. See 1 Maccab. Josephus, Prideaux, &c. Newton.

*l. 8. p. 57. (As he who seeking asses, found a kingdom.)]*

Saul, seeking his father's asses, came to Samuel, and by him was anointed king. 1 Sam. ix. Newton.

*l. 19. p. 58. . . . . Persepolis,*

*His city,—]*

The city of Cyrus; if not built by him, yet by him made the capital city of the Persian empire. Newton.

*l. 20. p. 58. . . . . Bactra there;—]*

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness; mentioned by Virgil, GEORG. ii. 136. Newton.

*l. 21. p. 58. Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,]*

Ancient historians speak of *Ecbatana*, the metropolis of Media, as a very large city. Herodotus compares it to Athens, L. i. C. 98; Strabo calls it a great city, *μεγαλη πολις*, L. ii.; and Polybius, L. 10. says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings. Newton.

*l. 22. p. 58. And Hecatompulos her hundred gates;—]*

The name signifies a city with an hundred gates; and so the capital city of Parthia was called, *ἑκατομπυλον το των Παρθυαιων βασιλειον*. Strab. L. xi. p. 514. Newton.

*l. 23. p. 58. Susa by Choaspes,—]*

Susa, the Shushan of the holy Scriptures, and the royal seat of the kings of Persia, who resided here in the winter and at *Ecbatana* in the summer, was situated on the river *Choaspes*, or *Eulæus*, or *Ulai* as it is called in Daniel; or rather on the confluence of these two rivers, which meeting at Susa form one great river, sometimes called by one name, and sometimes by the other. Newton.

Dionysius describes the *Choaspes* flowing by Susa,

..... *παρα τε ρειων χθονα Σουσων.* 1074.

*l. 23. p. 58. .... amber stream,]*

Thus in the *PARADISE LOST*, iii. p. 83. l. 3:

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her *AMBER STREAM*; ..

where Bp. Newton observes that the clearness of amber was proverbial with the ancients, and cites

..... *ΑΛΕΚΤΡΙΝΟΝ υδωρ.*

Callimach. *HYMN. AD CER.* 29.

And Virgil, *GEORG.* iii. 522:

..... non qui per saxa volutus

*PURIOR ELECTRO campum petit amnis:—*

Sabrina the River-Goddess, in *COMUS*, is addressed, as having

..... *AMBER-DROPPING* hair;

where Mr. Warton observes that her hair *drops amber*, because, in the poet's idea, her stream was supposed to be transparent.

*l. 24. p. 58. The drink of none but kings;—]*

It may be granted, and it is not at all improbable, that none besides the king might drink of that water of *Choaspes*, which was

boiled and barreled up for his use in his military expeditions. Solinus indeed, who is a frivolous writer, says, "*Choaspes ita dulcis est, ut Persici reges quamdiu intra ripas Persidis fluit solis sibi ex eo pocula vindicarint.*" Milton therefore, considered as a poet, with whose purpose the fabulous suited best, is by no means to be blamed for what he has advanced; as even the authority of Solinus is sufficient to justify him. Jortin.

*l. 24. p. 58. . . . . of later fame,  
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,  
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,]*

Cities of later date, built by *Emathian hands*, that is, Macedonian; by the successors of Alexander in Asia. *The great Seleucia*, built near the river Tigris by Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's captains, and called *great* to distinguish it from others of the same name; *Nisibis*, another city upon the Tigris, called also *Antiochia*, *Antiochia quam Nisibin vocant*. Plin. vi. 16. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia, seated upon the river Araxes, *juxta Arazem, Artaxate*. Plin. vi. 10. *Teredon*, a city near the Persian bay, below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris, *Teredon infra confluentem Euphratis et Tigris*. Plin. vi. 28. *Ctesiphon*, near Seleucia, the winter residence of the Parthian kings. Strabo, L. xvi. p. 743. Newton.

*l. 27. p. 58. Artaxata—]*

Strabo, L. xi. p. 528. says that Artaxata was built by Hannibal, for Artaxas; who, after being general to Antiochus the Great, became king of Armenia.

*l. 29, p. 58. 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.]*

All these cities, which before belonged to the Seleucidæ or Syro-Macedonian princes, sometimes called *kings of Antioch*, from their usual place of residence, were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whose empire was founded by *Arsaces*, who revolted from Antiochus Theus, according to Prideaux, two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This view of the Parthian

empire is much more agreeable and poetically described than Adam's prospect of the kingdoms of the world from the mount of vision in the *Paradise Lost*, p. 344. l. 2, &c. but still the anachronism in this is worse than in the other: in the former Adam is supposed to take a view of cities many years before they were built, and in the latter our Saviour beholds cities, as Nineveh, Babylon, &c. in this flourishing condition many years after they were laid in ruins; but it was the design of the former vision to exhibit what was future, it was not the design of the latter to exhibit what was past. Newton.

*l. 2. p. 59. And just in time thou com'st to have a view.*

*Of his great power, &c.—]*

Milton, considering very probably that a geographic description of kingdoms, however varied in the manner of expression and diversified with little circumstances, must soon grow tedious, has very judiciously thrown in this digressive picture of an army mustering for an expedition, which he has executed in a very masterly manner. The same conduct he has observed in the subsequent description of the Roman empire, by introducing into the scene prætors and proconsuls marching out to their provinces with troops, lictors, rods, and other ensigns of power, and ambassadors making their entrance into that imperial city from all parts of the world. There is great art and design in this contrivance of our Author's, and the more as there is no appearance of any, so naturally are the parts connected. Thyer.

*l. 19. p. 59. Of many provinces from bound to bound;—]*

He had before mentioned the principal cities of the Parthians, and he now recounts several of their provinces. Newton.

*l. 20. p. 59. Arachosia,—]*

This was one of the largest provinces of the Parthian Empire, and, as Bp. Newton observes, is described by Strabo extending to the river Indus, *μεχρι του Ινδου ποταμου τεταμενη*. L. xi. p. 516.

*l. 20. p. 59. . . . . Candaor—]*

In the edition of 1680 it is written *Gandaor*. Pliny, describing this country, speaks of the *Gandari*, L. vi. 16. where Father

Harduin would read *Candari*, and says, (as Bp. Newton observes,) that they are different from the *Gandari*. Pomponius Mela notices the same people, L. i. c. 2. where the commentators are divided between the readings of *Candari* or *Gandari*. Vossius, in a note on the place, clearly shows they were a different people from the Indian *Gandari*, and that they were the *Candari* of Ptolemy, and the people meant by Pliny, in the passage already referred to.—These provinces lay eastward. *Candahar*, or *Kandahar*, is the modern name of *Arachosia*.

*l. 21. p. 59. . . . . Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;]*

*Margiana* and *Hyrcania* lay northward of *Arachosia* towards the *Caspian Sea*. *Margiana* is mentioned by *Pliny*, L. vi. 16.—The *Hyrcanian* “cliffs of *Caucasus*” and “the *Iberian dales*” are joined together by *Strabo*, who says, that the highest part of the *Caucasus* bordered on *Albania*, *Iberia*, and *Colchis*.—*τα μεν ουν υψηλοτατα του οντως Καυκασου τα νοτιωτατα εστι, τα προς Αλβανια και Ιβηρια και Κολχοις*. L. xi. p. 506.—The *Iberian dales* are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests.—*Tacitus* describes the *Iberians* “*saluosos locos incolentes*.” ANNAL. vi. 34.

*l. 23. p. 59. From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains,  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.]*

This description of the *Parthian provinces* moves nearly in a circle. It begins with *Arachosia* east; then advances northward to *Margiana*; and from thence, turning westward, proceeds to *Hyrcania*, *Iberia* and the *Atropatian* or northern division of *Media*. Here it turns again southward, and carries us to *Adiabene*, or the western part of *Babylonia*, which, as *Bp. Newton* observes, *Strabo* (L. xvi. p. 745,) describes as a plain country, *της μεν ουν Αδιαβηνης η πλειστη πεδιας εστι*: then, passing through part of *Media*, it concludes with *Susiana*, which extended southward to the *Persian Gulph*, called *Balsara's haven*, from the Port of *Balsera*, *Bassorah*, or *Bussorah*.



*l. 6. p. 60. . . . . or overlay*

*With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;]*

Alluding probably to Æschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. PERSÆ, 71.

Πολυγομφον ὄδισμα

Ζυγον αμφιβαλων αυχενι ποντου.

*Thyer.*

*l. 10. p. 60. Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,*

*When Agrican with all his northern powers*

*Besieged Albracca, &c.—]*

What Milton here alludes to is related in Boiardo's Orlando Inamorato, L. i. Cant. 10. The number of forces said to be there assembled is incredible, and extravagant even beyond the common extravagancy of romances. Agrican the Tartar king brings into the field no less than two millions two hundred thousand;

Ventidua centinaia di migliara

Di caualier hauea quel Rè nel campo,

Cosa non mai ndita —

and Sacripante the king of Circassia, who comes to the assistance of Gallaphrone, three hundred and eighty-two thousand. It must be acknowledged, I think, by the greatest admirers of Milton, that the impression which romances had made upon his imagination in his youth, has in this place led him into a blameable excess. Not to mention the notorious fabulousness of the fact alluded to, which I doubt some people will censure in a poem of so grave a turn, the number of the troops of Agrican, &c. is by far too much disproportioned to any army, which the Parthian king by an historical evidence could be supposed to bring into the field.

*Thyer.*

*l. 14. p. 60. The fairest of her sex Angelica,]*

This is that Angelica who afterwards made her appearance in the same character in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which was intended as a continuation of the story which Boiardo had begun. As Milton fetches his simile from a romance, he adopts the terms used by these writers, viz. *prowest and Puynim.*

*Thyer.*

*l. 16. p. 61. . . . . those ten tribes*

*Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed :]*

These were the ten tribes, whom Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, carried captive into Assyria, and put them in Halab and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. 2 Kings, xviii. 11. which cities were now under the dominion of the Parthians. Newton.

*l. 8. p. 63. Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow ; and to their Gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan ? —]*

There is some difficulty and obscurity in this passage ; and several conjectures and emendations have been offered to clear it, but none, I think, entirely to satisfaction. Mr. Sympson would read *Headlong would fall off and, &c.* or *Headlong would fall, &c.* But Mr. Calton seems to come nearer the poet's meaning. When or what would they follow, says he ? There wants an accusative case ; and what must be understood to complete the sense can never be accounted for by an ellipsis, that any rules or use of language will justify. He therefore suspects by some accident a whole line may have been lost ; and proposes one, which he says may serve at least for a commentary to explain the sense, if it cannot be allowed for an emendation.

*Their fathers in their old iniquities  
Headlong would follow, &c.—]*

Or is not the construction thus, *Headlong would follow as to their ancient patrimony, and to their Gods perhaps, &c.?* Newton.

## BOOK IV.

*l. 9. p. 70. Another plain, &c.—]*

The learned reader need not be informed that the country here meant is Italy, which indeed is long but not broad, and is washed by the Mediterranean on the south, and screened by

the Alps on the north, and divided in the midst by the river Tiber. Newton.

*l. 17. p. 71. . . . . turms of horse—']*

Troops of horse; as Bp. Newton observes, from the Latin, *turma*. Virg. *Æn.* v. 560.

*. . . . . equitum TURMÆ.—*

*l. 19. p. 71. . . . . on the Appian road,  
Or on the Emilian,—]*

The Appian road from Rome led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north. The nations on the Appian road are included in *l. 20—27*, those on the Emilian in *l. 28—30*. Newton.

*l. 20. p. 71. . . . . from farthest south,*

*Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, &c.—]*

He first mentions places in *Africa*; *Syene*, a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia; *Ditionis Ægypti esse incipit a fine Æthiopiæ Syene*; Plin. Lib. v. Sec. 9; *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, in the river Nile, therefore called *Nilotic isle, where the shadow both way falls*; *Rursus in Meroe, (insula hæc caput-que gentis Æthiopum—in amne Nilo habitatur,)* bis anno absumi umbras; Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73; *the realm of Bocchus, Mauritania*. Then *Asian* nations; among these *the golden Chersonese, Malacca* the most southern promontory of the East Indies, (see *Paradise Lost, p. 344. l. 9*; and *utmost Indian isle Taprobane*, wherefore Pliny says it is “*extra orbem a natura relegata*;” Lib. vi. Sect. 22. Then the *Europæan* nations as far as to the *Tauric pool*, that is the *Palus Mæotis*; “*Lacus ipse Mæotis, Tanain amnem ex Riphæis montibus defluentem accipiens, novissimum inter Europam Asiamque finem, &c.*” Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12.

Newton.

*l. 4. p. 73. On citron tables or Atlantic stone.]*

Tables made of citron wood were in such request among the Romans, that Pliny calls it *mensarum insania*. They were beautifully veined and spotted. See his account of them, Lib. xiii. Sect. 29. I do not find that the *Atlantic stone* or marble was so celebrated: the *Numidicus lapis* and *Numidicum marmor* are often mentioned in Roman authors. Newton.

*l. 3. p. 74. Or could of inward slaves, make outward free?]*

This noble sentiment Milton explains more fully, and expresses more diffusively, in his *PARADISE LOST*, *p. 366. l. 10*:

.... therefore, since he permits

Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just

Subjects him from without to violent lords; &c.

So also again, in his *xiii*th Sonnet:

Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;

FOR WHO LOVES THAT, MUST FIRST BE WISE AND GOOD.

No one had ever more refined notions of true liberty than  
Milton. Thyer.

*l. 26. p. 76. Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st.]*

Alluding to those charming lines, *l. 17. p. 12*.

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first

By willing words to conquer willing hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of fear. Newton.

*l. 4. p. 77. . . . . pure the air, and light the soil;]*

Attica being a mountainous country, the soil was light, and the air sharp and pure; and therefore said to be productive of sharp wits.—*την ευκρασιαν των ορων εν αυτη κατιδουσα, οτι φρονιμωτατους ανδρας οισει.* Plato in *Timæo*. *p. 24. Vol. 3. Ed. Serr.*—“*Athenis tenue cœlum, ex quo acutiores etiam putantur Attici.*”—Cicero, *DE FATO*, 4. Newton.

*l. 9. p. 77. . . . . the olive grove of Academe,]*

The Academy is always described as a woody, shady, place. Diogenes Laertius calls it *προαστειον ΑΛΣΩΔΕΣ*; and Horace speaks of the *SYLVAS Academi*, 2 *Epist. ii. 45*. But Milton distinguishes it by the particular name of *the olive grove of Academe*, because the olive was particularly cultivated about Athens, being sacred to Minerva the goddess of the city: he has besides the express authority of Aristophanes, *NUB. 1001*.

*ΑΛΛ' εις Ακαδημιαν κατιων, υπο ταις μοριας αποθρεξεις.*

Sed in *Academiam descendens sub sacris olivis spatiaberis.*

Newton.

This whole description of the Academe is infinitely charming. Bp. Newton has justly observed that “Plato’s Academy was never more beautifully described.” “Cicero,” he adds, “who

has laid the scene of one of his dialogues (De Fin. L. v.) there, and who had been himself on the spot, has not painted it in more lively colours."

l. 10. p. 77. . . . . where the Attic bird

*Trills her thick warbled notes, &c.—]*

Philomela, who, according to the fables, was changed into a nightingale, was the daughter of Pandion king of Athens. Hence the nightingale is called *Atthis* in Latin, quasi *Attica avis*; thus Martial, L. i. Ep. 54.

Sic ubi multisonâ fervet sacer *ATTHIDE* lucus, &c. *Newton.*

l. 12. p. 77. *There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound*

*Of bees industrious murmur oft invites*

*To studious musing;—]*

Valerius Flaccus calls it *Florea juga Hymetti*, Argonaut. V. 344; and the honey was so much esteemed and celebrated by the ancients, that it was reckoned the best of the Attic honey, as the Attic honey was said to be the best in the world. The poets often speak of the murmur of the bees as inviting to sleep. Virg. Ecl. i. 56.

Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro :

but Milton gives a more elegant turn to it, and says that it *invites to studious musing*, which was more proper indeed for his purpose, as he is here describing the Attic learning. *Newton.*

l. 14. p. 77. . . . . *Ilissus—]*

Mr. Calton and Mr. Thyer have observed with me, that Plato hath laid the scene of his Phædrus on the banks, and at the spring, of this pleasant river.—*χαριεντα γουν και καθαρα και διαφανη τα υδατια φαινεται.* "Nonne hinc aquulæ puræ ac pelucidæ jocundo murmure confluunt?" Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 229. The philosophical retreat at the spring-head is beautifully described by Plato, in the next page, where Socrates and Phædrus are represented sitting on a green bank, shaded with a spreading platane, of which Cicero hath said very prettily, that it seemeth not to have grown so much by the water which is described, as by Plato's eloquence; "quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse." De Orat. i. 7.

*Newton.*

*l. 18. p. 77. Lyceum there,—]*

The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great, and was the founder of the sect of the Peripatetics, so called, *απο του περιπατειν*, from his *walking*, and teaching philosophy. But there is some reason to question whether the *Lyceum* was *within the walls*, as Milton asserts. For Suidas says expressly, that it was a place in the suburbs, built by Pericles for the exercise of soldiers: and I find the scholiast upon Aristophanes in the *Irene*, speaks of going into the *Lyceum*, and going out of it again, and *returning back into the city*:—  
*ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΔΥΚΕΙΟΝ ΕΙΣΙΟΥΝΤΕΣ—ΚΑΙ ΠΑΛΙΝ ΕΞΙΟΥΝΤΕΣ ΕΚ ΤΟΥ ΔΥΚΕΙΟΥ, ΚΑΙ ΑΚΙΟΥΝΤΕΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ.* Newton.

*l. 18. p. 77. . . . . painted Stoa—]*

*Stoa* was the school of Zeno, whose disciples from the place had the name of Stoics; and this *Stoa*, or portico, being adorned with variety of paintings, was called in Greek *Ποικιλη*, or *various*, and here by Milton the *painted Stoa*. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Aristotle and Zeno. Newton.

*l. 22. p. 77. Æolian charms,—]*

*Æolia carmina*, verses such as those of Alcæus and Sappho, who were both of Mitylene in Lesbos, an island belonging to the Æolians.

Princeps ÆOLIUM CARMEN ad Italos

Deduxisse modos.— HOR. L. iii. ODE xxx. 13.

Fingent ÆOLIO CARMINE nobilem.— IBID. L. iv. ODE iii. 12.

Newton.

Our English word *charm* is derived from *carmen*; as are *inchant*, and *incantation*, from *canto*.

*l. 22. p. 77. . . . . Dorian Lyric odes,]*

Such as those of Pindar; who calls his lyre *Δωριαν φορμυγγα*.  
 OLYMP. i. 26, &c. Newton.

*l. 23. p. 77. And his, who gave them breath, &c.—]*

Our Author agrees with those writers, who speak of Homer as the father of all kinds of poetry. Dionysius the Halicarnassian, and Plutarch, have attempted to show that poetry in all its forms, tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph, are included in his works. Newton.

l. 24. p. 77. *Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,]*

Our Author here follows Herodotus, in his life of Homer, where it is said that he was born near the river Meles, and that from thence his mother named him at first Melesigenes,—τιθεται ονομα τῷ παιδί Μελεσιγενεα, απο του ποταμου την επωνυμιαν λαβουσα,—and that afterwards when he was blind and settled at Cuma, he was called *Homer*, quasi ὁ μη ορων, from the term by which the Cumæans distinguished blind persons;—εντευθεν δε και τουνομα Ὅμηρος επεκρατησε τῷ Μελησιγενει, απο της συμφορης. οἱ γαρ Κυμαιοι τους τυφλους ὀμηρους λεγουσιν. *Newton.*

l. 27. p. 77. . . . . *Chorus or Iambic,—]*

The two constituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the IAMBIC measure, and the CHORUS, which consisted of various measures.—The character here given by our Author of the ancient tragedy, is very just and noble; and the English reader cannot form a better idea of it in its highest beauty and perfection, than by reading our author's SAMSON AGONISTES. *Newton.*

l. 1. p. 78. *Thence to the famous orators repair, &c.—]*

How happily does Milton's versification in this, and the following lines, concerning the Socratic philosophy, express what he is describing! In the first we feel, as it were, the nervous rapid eloquence of Demosthenes, and the latter have all the gentleness and softness of the humble modest character of Socrates. *Thyer.*

l. 2. p. 78. . . . . *whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,]*

..... ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΗΣ ΟΥΛΤΜΠΙΟΣ  
ΗΣΤΡΑΠΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΞΤΝΕΚΤΚΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ. 523.

l. 5. p. 78. *To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne.]*

As Pericles and others *fulminated over Greece to Artaxerxes throne* against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who *fulminated over Greece to Macedon* against king Philip, in his Orations, therefore denominated *Philippics*.

*Newton.*

*l. 10. p. 78. . . . . from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
Of Academics, &c.—]*

Thus Quintilian calls Socrates *fons philosophorum*. L. i c. 10. As the ancients look upon Homer to be the father of poetry, so they esteemed Socrates the father of moral philosophy.

*l. 19. p. 78 To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied.]*

This answer of our Saviour is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of Satan is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite throughout this work thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of error, whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style, or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader, that simple naked truth will always be an over-match for falsehood, though recommended by the gayest rhetoric, and adorned with the most bewitching colours. Thyer.

*l. 22. p. 78. . . . . he who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;]*

St. James, C. i. v. 17. *Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS*; which refers to what the apostle had said in the fifth verse of the same chapter; *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, &c.*

*l. 30. p. 78. A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;]*

These were the Sceptics or Pyrrhonians, the disciples of Pyrrho, who asserted nothing to be either honest or dishonest, just or unjust; that men do all things by law and custom; and that in every thing *this* is not preferable to *that*. This was called the Sceptic philosophy from its continual inspection, and never finding; and Pyrrhonian from Pyrrho. (See Stanley's Life of Pyrrho, who takes this account from Diogenes Laertius.)

Newton.

*l. 31. p. 78. Others in virtue placed felicity,  
But virtue joined with riches and long life;]*



These were the old Academics, and the Peripatetics the scholars of Aristotle.

*l. 2. p. 79. In corporal pleasure he and careless ease;]*

EPICURUS. The HE is here contemptuously emphatical.]

*l. 13. p. 80. . . . . personating]*

This is in the Latin sense of *persono*, to celebrate loudly, to publish or proclaim.

*l. 26. p. 80. . . . . statist—]*

Or statesmen. A word in more frequent use formerly, as in Skakspere, CYMBELINE, Act II. Sc. 5 :

. . . . . I do believe,

(STATIST though I am none, nor like to be:)

and HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 3:

I once did hold it, as our STATISTS do, &c.

Newton.

*l. 1. p. 83. Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round*

*Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, &c.—]*

With that, methought, A LEGION OF FOUL FIENDS

ENVIRONED ME, AND HOWLED IN MINE EARS.

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise

I trembling waked : and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in Hell :

Such terrible impression made my dream.

K. RICHARD III. ACT I. Sc. 5.

*l. 7. p. 83. . . . . with pilgrim steps—]*

With the slow solemn pace of a pilgrim on a journey of devotion.

Newton.

*l. 7. p. 83. . . . . amice gray,]*

*Amice gray* is gray clothing. *Amice*, a significant word, is derived from the Latin *amicia*, to clothe: and is used by Spenser, FAERY QUEEN, Book I. C. iv. St. 18.

Arrayed in habit black, and AMICE THIN,

Like to an holy monk the service to begin.

Newton.

*l. 8. p. 83. Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar*

*Of thunder, chased the clouds, &c.—]*

This is an imitation of a passage in the first Æneid of Virgil,

where Neptune is represented with his trident laying the storm which Æolus had raised, ver 142:

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat,

COLLECTASQUE FUGAT NUBES, solemque reducit.

There is the greater beauty in the English poet, as the scene he is describing under this charming figure is perfectly consistent with the course of nature; nothing being more common than to see a stormy night succeeded by a pleasant serene morning.

*Thyer.*

*l. 10. p. 83 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised;]*

So when the sun in bed,

Curtained with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale,

Troop to the infernal jail,

Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,

And the yellow-skirted Fayses,

Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

This popular superstition, respecting the evanescence of spirits at the crowing of the cock, Shakspeare, as Mr. Warton observes, has finely availed himself of in his *HAMLET*, where the Ghost vanishes at this circumstance.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, say they, no spirit dares walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

The supposed effect of day-break, in this respect, is also described very poetically by the same great master in his *MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*, Act III. Scene *the last*:

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there

Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Thus also Cowley, in his Hymn to Light, Stanz. 10 :

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright, &c.

And Stanz. 17 :

The ghosts and monster spirits, that did presume

A body's privilege to assume,

Vanish again invisibly.—

But perhaps no poet has more happily availed himself of this old superstition, or has introduced it more poetically than the late Mr. Gray, in his Progress of Poetry, where the relief which the Muse affords to the real and imaginary ills of life, is compared to the day dispelling the gloom and terrors of the night.

Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky;

Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

STANZA ii. 1

Dunster.

*l. 12. p. 83. And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheared 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.]*

There is in this description all the bloom of Milton's youthful fancy. We may compare an evening scene of the same kind, PARADISE LOST, *l. 10. p. 49 :*

As, when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread

Heaven's chearful face, the lowering element

Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower;

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring. *Thyer.*

*l. 3. p. 84. . . . . these flaws,— ] (From Flo.)*

*Flaw* is a sea term for a sudden storm, or gust of wind.

In the *PARADISE LOST*, among the changes produced in the natural world are violent storms, which are described

. . . . . armed with ice,

And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flaw ;

*l. 10. p. 314.*

where Bp. Newton cites two verses from Shakspeare's *VENUS* and *ADONIS* :

Like a red morn that ever yet betokened

GUST, and foul FLAWS to herdsmen and to herds.

*l. 4. p. 84. As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,]*

So also, *COMUS* :

. . . . if this fail,

THE *PILLAR'D FIRMAMENT* is rottenness.

In both, no doubt, alluding to *Job*, xxvi. 11. *The PILLARS OF HEAVEN tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. Thyer.*

*l. 28. p. 86. . . . . without wing*

*Of hippogrif—]*

An *hippogrif* is an imaginary creature, part like an horse, and part like a gryphon.

Ariosto frequently makes use of this creature to convey his heroes from place to place. *Newton.*

*l. 21. p. 87. . . . . in Irassa—]*

*Irassa* is a place in Libya, mentioned by Herodotus.

*l. 29. p. 87. And as that Theban monster, &c.]*

The Sphinx, who, on her riddle being solved by *Œdipus*, threw herself into the sea. *Statius*, *THEB.* i. 66.

. . . . . *Si Sphingos iaiquæ*

*Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvî. Newton.*

*l. 29. p. 87. . . . that Theban monster that proposed*

*Her riddle, and him, who solved it not, devoured,*

*That once found out and solved, for grief and spite*

*Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep ;]*

*Ismenian steep*, from the river *Ismenus*, which ran by *Thebes* ;

ὁ γὰρ Ἀσωπὸς, καὶ Ὁ ἸΣΜΗΝΟΣ διὰ τοῦ πεδίου γέουσι τοῦ προ τῶν

Θηβων. Strabo, ix. p. 408 — *Ismenus* is thus frequently used by the Latin poets for *Theban*.

l. 7. p. 88. . . . . and straight a fiery globe  
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plumy vans, &c.—]

There is a peculiar softness and delicacy in this description, and neither circumstances nor words could be better selected to give the reader an idea of the easy and gentle descent of our Saviour, and to take from the imagination that horror and uneasiness which it is naturally filled with in contemplating the dangerous and uneasy situation he was left in. *Thyer.*

So *Psyche* was carried down from the rock by zephyrs, and laid lightly on a green and flowery bank, and there entertained with invisible music. See *Apuleius*, Lib. iv. *Richardson.*

Mr. *Richardson* might have added that *Psyche* was also entertained with a banquet ministered by Spirits. The passages from *Apuleius*, (at the end of the FOURTH Book of the METAMORPHOSES, and the beginning of the FIFTH,) are well worth citing.

“*Psychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipso scopuli vertice desilentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde laciniis et reflato sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo spiritu vehens paulatim per devexa rupis excelsæ, vallis subditæ florentis cespitis gremio leniter delapsam reclinat.*” . . . . .  
. . . . . “*Et illico vini nectarei eduliorumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo serviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministrantur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum audiebat excidentia et solas voces famulas habebat. Post opimas dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus; et alius citharam pulsavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipse. Tunc modulatæ multitudinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut quamvis hominum nemo pareret, chorum tamen esse pateret.*”

*Dunster.*

l. 22. p. 88. *True image of the Father, &c.—]*

*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.* —

All the poems that ever were written must yield, even PARA-

DISE LOST must yield, to the REGAINED in the grandeur of its close. Christ stands triumphant on the pointed eminence. The Demon falls with amazement and terrour, on this full proof of his being that very Son of God, whose thunder forced him out of Heaven. The blessed Angels receive new knowledge. They behold a sublime truth established, which was a secret to them at the beginning of the Temptation; and the great discovery gives a proper opening to their hymn on the victory of Christ, and the defeat of the Tempter. Calton.

*l. 31. p. 88. Thou didst debel,—]*

*i. e. Subdue in Battle.*

Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 853:

..... DEBELLARE superbos.

And *Ibid.*, v. 730:

..... gens dura atque aspera cultu

DEBELLANDA tibi Latio est.—

*l. 19. p. 89. .... Abaddon—]*

The name of the Angel of the bottomless pit, *Rev.* ix. 11; here applied to the bottomless pit itself. Newton.

THE END.

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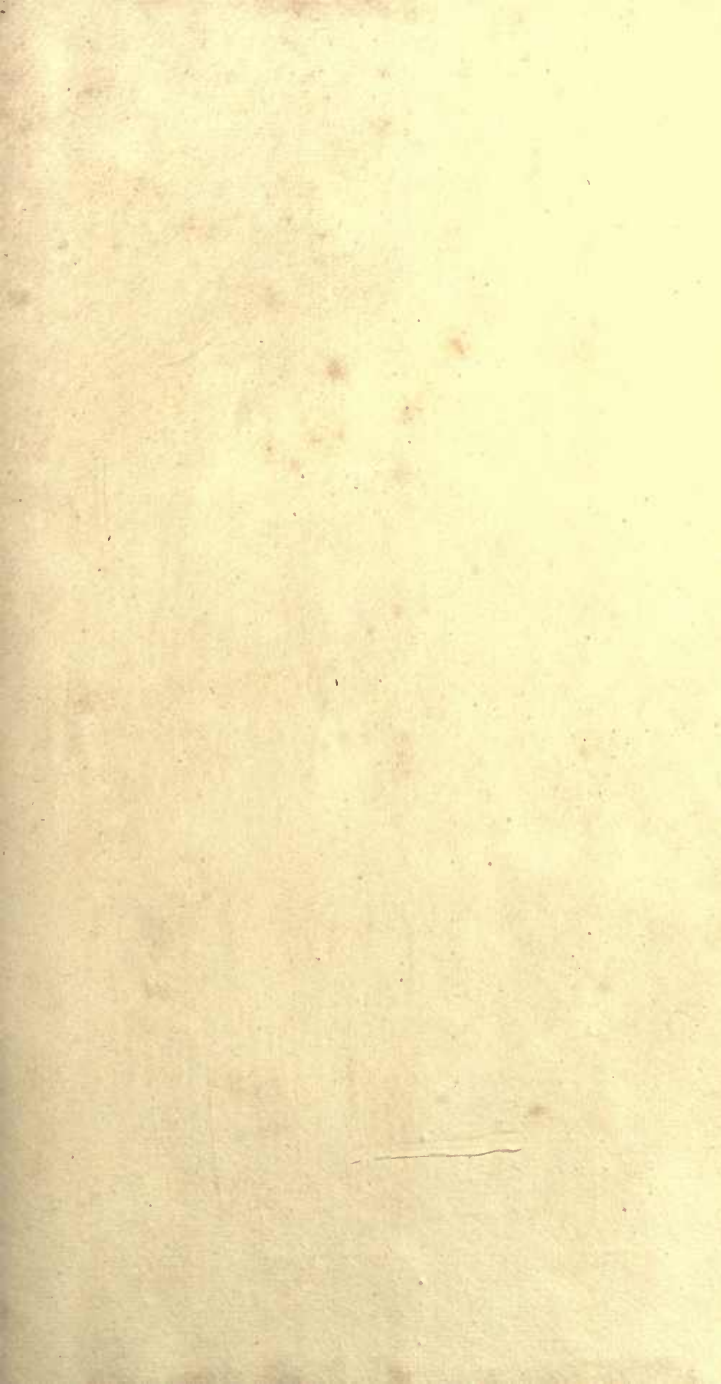
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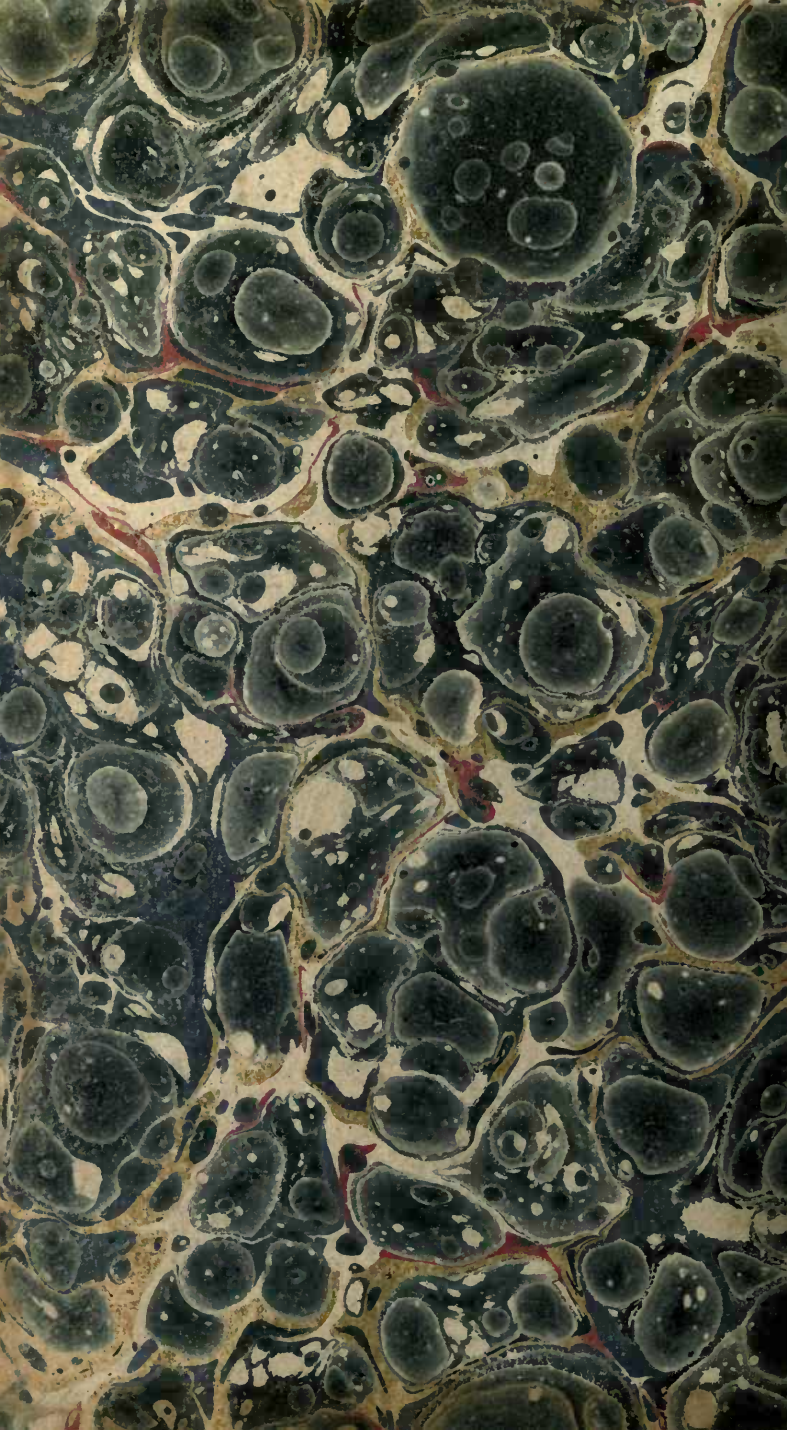












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