No. 20, 27.
PARADISE REGAINED.
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 foretells 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 reproves 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.

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 unware
Misled; 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 lither,
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
Coprkhserter 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 afflictions? 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 disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st:  
Then to 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, submiss, endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
Smooth on the tongue 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.
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.

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 Pææa; 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 hight 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 Simeon 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 obsures.
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 allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior 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 dissolutest 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 hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged' st brow,
Enervc, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest 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 viewed, 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 oftest 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 carliest 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 withholds 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 opportune 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 impure 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 allurement 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 hight 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, oftest 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 Caesar 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.

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 disgraced 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 conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove.
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
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 suffered; 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 errour was my errour, 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 beholdest
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 raised 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 successor,
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 Caesar 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 callest 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 panegyric 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 didactic 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
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.

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 emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster; what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his 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 blasphémous; 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
Along 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?
Errour 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 lyrick 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 democratie,
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, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terour 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 terrours, 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 terrors, 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 plumy 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 earthy 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 terroir 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.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πρᾶξεως σπευδαίας, κ. τ. λ.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis serisæ, &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 terroup, 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 Caesar 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.

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

n 2
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, captivated, 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 hercin
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me 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 flock of mail
Adamantine 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 complain)
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 mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth, unparalleled!
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
SAMSON AGONISTES.

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 Eshtael 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 proverbed 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 impüle, 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
(Oh 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 Manoah: 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] *Manoah.*

   *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 hight
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 impulse 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 contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite 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-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offered 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 blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walked about admired 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 shore 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 warriour 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 liquour 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 burdensome 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 druff 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.

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

[Sams. O that Torment should not be 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 liquour can asswage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of 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 hight 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 captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and 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 reconcilement 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 contest; 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 thraldom; 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
Dad. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Suns. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear the joint by joint.
Suns. Agonistes p. 130

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Bewail thy falsehood, 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 contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mentioned, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With 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 whoever 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 secrisy, 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 paranymph, worthless to thee compared,
Successour in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was 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 oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mixed,
Of constancy no root infixed,
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 despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not 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-zebub! 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 desery 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 Philistines,
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 sentence holds.
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, 
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command. 
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them, 
I do it freely, venturing to displease 
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer, 
Set God behind; which in his jealousy 
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness. 
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee, 
Present in temples at idolatrous rites 
For some important cause, thou 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?


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 reverenced 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.  

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, unsuspicuous, 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,
Chaunting 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 importuned
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 lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
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 acquaint
Of true experience, from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.
POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

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

VIRGIL. Eclog. 7.
POEMS

FROM

SEVERAL AUTHORITIES

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES

[Text continues...]

Curious he was possessed with Italian fancy,

When at Naples...
POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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 infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which, 'mongst the wanton Gods, a soul 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 biding 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 can'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.

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

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, 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 predicaments 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?
POEMS.

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

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulph 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.]

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 wooes 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.
POEMS.

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,
POEMS.

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 ychained 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 terour 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 horrour 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:
POEMS.

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 Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.
But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
   Time is, our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-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.

THE PASSION.

I.
EREWHILE 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 ecstatick 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 Warriorous 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 concent,
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,
POEMS.

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 SHAKSPERE.
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 unholy!  
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 unreproved 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 falls 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 Thyris, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her 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 PENSEROSEO.

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 be seem,
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 commerçing 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 Curfew 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 sceptered 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 frounced 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 russling 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.
200  POEMS.

ARCADES.

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

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?
Jnno dares not give her odds:
   Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparelleled?

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-buskined 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 Lycaeus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.
COMUS,

A

MASK

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.
THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, *afterwards in the habit of Thyrisis*.

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 aëreal 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 Tyrhene 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 liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,) Soon as the potion works, their human countenance, The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat, All other parts remaining as they were; And they, so perfect is their misery, Not once perceive their foul disfigurement, But boast themselves more comely than before; And all their friends and native home forget, To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any, 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-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his
glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters,
headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-
wise like men and women, their apparel glistering;
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
POEMS.

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'ust 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 spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this 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 Phæbus' 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,
Thon 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 likest 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?
As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd 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 facry 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.

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

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

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.

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 unpillowed 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 unharbour'd 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 un laid ghost
That breaks his magick chains at Curfew time.
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
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 nectarcd 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.
Thyris? 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 entralled;
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 Haemony, 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 liquor 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,
POEMS.

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, soul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visored falsity 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 hutchèd 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 darkèd 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 Virginity;
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 Locrine,
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 layers 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 vialed 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,
Smeared 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 purfled 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.
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 Damætas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echos 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 Næra'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 glistering 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 rhime, 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 Pyrrha: illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miserос.

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

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seise the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred;
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classick hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed Hereticks
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.
SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; 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,
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio ònu popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
SONNETS.

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 perch' scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiano d' amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensier 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 ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
Esser non pno che non sian lo mio sole  
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:  
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;  
Ma quanto a gli oci giunge a trovar loco  
Tutte le notti a me suol far piavose  
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,
Stoln 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 seise,
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
SONNETS.

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 Chaeronea, 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.
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.

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
SONNETS.

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 Phæbus' 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 wooed to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.
XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE 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 PIEMONT.

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
SONNETS.

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.

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:
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I waked again;
   For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
   The populous rout
I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God: for thou
   Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
   Of men abhorred
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
   Lord:
Thy blessing on thy people flows.
PSALMS.

PSALM IV.

August 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straits, and in distress,
Thou didst me disenthall
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, 1655.

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!
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 *tushed* 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 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,
   Whence 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.
4. For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
   To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
   To them that on thee call.
5. Unto my supplication, Lord,
   Give ear, and to the cry
Of my incessant prayers afford
   Thy hearing graciously.
6. 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.
7. 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 hovers round,
   In horrid deeps to mourn.
7. Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
   Full sore doth press on me;
   Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
   And all thy waves break me.
8. Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
   And mak'st me odious,
   Me to them odious, for they change,
   And I here pent up thus.
9. Through sorrow, and affliction great,
   Mine eye grows dim and dead;
   Lord, all the day I thee 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 kic,
    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 Erythrean 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 Amorëan coast.
  For his, &c.

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

And, to his servant Isræl,
He gave their land therein to dwell.
  For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye,
Behold 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 PLERIQUE 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 potiús virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nìmis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honorì ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,
MARCHIO VILLENIS, NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.
Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus, ispe fores.

AD

JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM,
Triplici poeseos laureā coronandum, Græcā nimirum,
Latinā, atque Hetruscā, Epigramma

JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.
Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnā;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.
Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL
SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI.
NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

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

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l’oblio rapace,
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l’arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m’adatti, e ferirò la morte.
Del oceano profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chordé,
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 virtu l'idea.

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

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo 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 sovruman i
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
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema e storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

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

Io 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 linguae 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 ardon gloriar; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus, astronomiâ duce, audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo descriptur, magistrâ philosophiâ, le-
genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

*At cur nitor in arduum?*

Illi, in eujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famae non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiae et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum effert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.
TANDEM, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit, occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multûm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostrâ, tâmque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Méque nec invitus patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camnum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrásque negantia molles:
Quâm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,
Cæterâque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curium otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortémve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O, utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flere exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fecundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foroj
Sæpe vafert gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis duleis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereoe pectora torre movens:
Seu moeret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ilì,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
POEMATA.

Quot tibi, conspicuæ formâque aurôque, 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 quâm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul maleficæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum rauæ murmusr 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 praæconum, praæconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
O dignus tamen Haemonio 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 Phæbo 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 madecant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegïa tristes,
   Personet et totis nænia møesta Scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

Mœstrus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sèdebam ;
   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 Præsol,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuae;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore quererabat:
' 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.
Invada, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humanæ tingere cœde manus?
Nobiléque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideámque animam sede fugasse 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 nóxque sopórque meos:
Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;
Heu! nequit ingenium visa refovere meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantias proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
   Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
   Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favonî,
   Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
   Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
   Et pellucientes miror ubique locos,
Ecce! mihi subitō Præsul Wintonius astat,
   Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubâr;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
   Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dùmque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
   Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
   Pura triumphali personat æþtra 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 têtigerunt nablia turmæ,
   At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephalez pellice somnos;
   Talia contingent 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 vitae vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt alìà parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiūm,  
Cliniadi, pronetis qui Telamonis erat;  
Quàmque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit Libyco Chaois alma Jovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrēius heros  
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
Primus ego Aonios, illo prœeunte, recessus  
Lustrabam, et bifdi sacra vireta jugi;  
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clióque favente,  
Castalio sparsi lāeta ter ora mero.  
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;  
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem  
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:  
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
Vade igitur, cursūque Eorum præverte sonorum:  
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortē sedentem,  
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:  
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei;  
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
Utque solet, multan sit dicere cura salutem,  
Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.  
Hæc quoque, paulûm 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, noxâmque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deservisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniâmque roganti;
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moestas delicuere preces:
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jámque diu scritisses 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 militc 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 Odrysios 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 volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inópsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et saxis savior albis
Spumea quae pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et sinis, ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prosiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui lacta ferunt de ceelo nuntia, quique,
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem, Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animae digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terrae Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassuetu 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.
Piscosaeque ipsum Gergessae civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos; nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi illia 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 moenibus 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,
Curris arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditūrque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentūm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmurāque alta virūm.
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;
Induitūrque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jāmque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniūmque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterūmque vigescit ab illo,
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidūmque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt:
Concitāque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro
Implicitos crines; Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cōli,
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! redierè vices; celebremus honores
   Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniáque arva,
   Flectit ad Arctóas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
   Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jáisque Lycaonius, plaustrum cœleste, Boötes
   Non longà 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 silvás, pharetrámque resumit
   Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
   Officium sier 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 ociûs urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omnïferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphis 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:
Cinnameâ 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:
Quod, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
Illâ tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinfectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cûm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas, præcipitâris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit caerula Mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
Día quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, melanchius captabis in umbra;
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 Semelēia fata,
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo:
Cūm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt:
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentēsque fovet solis ab igne faces:
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo:
Jāmque vel invictam tentat superāsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymnēae! per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen! et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicāque decentior aptâ,
Punicæum redolet vestis odoracrocum.
Egreditūrque frequens, ad amōni 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 septená modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quae 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 suá cyparissí fronde revinctus,
Semicapérique deus, semideúsque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per jugà, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetáque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus praédatur 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 coelo praeponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dìi, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phæbe, jugales,
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris cant;
Brumáque 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 postulasset si solito minūs essent bona, quōd inter lauitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit respondum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu, distento, forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram proiectat Musa cæmenam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quäm te redamemque colamque;
Crede mihi, vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilarèmque Decembrem,
Festâque cælfugam quæ coluere deum,
Deliciásque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustáque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dæpibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestăsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, Eucè?
Mista Thyonèo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic ëpulæ, non sata vitis erat.
POEMATA.

Quid nisi vina, rosásque, racemiferúmque Lyæum, 
Cantavit brevibus Téia Musa modis? 
Pindaricósque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan, 
Et redolet sumptum pagina quoque merum; 
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 
Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques. 
Quadrímóque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho, 
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Chloeu.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu 
Mentis alit vires, ingeníumque foveat. 
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam, 
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado. 
Addimus his artes, fusúmque per íntima 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 quae regat arte pedes. 
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas, 
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, conímatáque plectrum 
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos, 
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor: 
Pérque puellares oculos, digitúmque sonantem, 
Irruet in toto lapsera Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura dorum est, 
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cérésque, Venúsque, 
Et cum purpureâ Matre tenellus Amor,
Talibus indè licènt convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et vetrici commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroásque pios, semideósque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
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, Ogygiümque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senémque
Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguis, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseïe Phæbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis;
Pérque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos;
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltém
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam,)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine Regem,
Faustumque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitümque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;
ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum, blandâ, 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 trophaea tæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortés 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
Atulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.

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

336 POEMATA.
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 decuisset putares,
Addiderátque truces, nec sine felle, minas.

'Et miser, exemplo sapuisses tutiûs,' inquit,
'Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.

Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,

Et faciam vero per tua damnà fidem.

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi;

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiûs et graviûs tela nocere mea.

Me nequit adductum curvare peritiûs arcum,

Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniûsque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Insâcius uxori qui necis author erat;
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,

Herculeûsque manus, Herculeûsque comes.

Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,

Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Cætera, quæ dubitas, meliûs 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 quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque similissima 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 quod me fert juvenilis, agor;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
   Neve oculos potui continuuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminiisse notabam;
   Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
   Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
   Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
   Et facis à tergo grande pependitonus:
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.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores;
   Uror amans intus, flammáque 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,
   Raptáque tam subitò gaudia fiere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
   Inter Lemniacos precipitata focos:
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
   Vctus ab attonitis Amphiaräus equis.
POEMATA.

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 creato,
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,
Puginent 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 amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim laevâ, studiöque supino,
Nequitiae posui vana trophaea meæ.
Scilicèt abreptum sic me malus impuls error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit:
Donèc Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.
IN PRODICTIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapásque 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, serap caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit iördanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

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

IN EANDEM.

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

'Et nec inultus', ait, 'temnes mea sacra, Britanne:
    Supplicium, spretâ relligione, dabis.
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
    Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.'
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
    Verbáque 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 mutâtà, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
    Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit caeca 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 unicumque suus, sic credite gentes,
    Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
    Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
POEMATA.

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

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciús ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ filæ movere lyræ!
Quamvis Dircaeo torsiisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcà vertigine sensus
Voce eadim poteras composuisse tua;
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisses sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claráque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados;
Littoreámque tua defunctam Naiada ripâ,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidèm vivitque, et amoenâ 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 fructus dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, 'Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,
Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fetus, et ipse pares.

ELEGiarum Finis.
SYLVARUM

LIBER.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARIJ, MEDICI.

Anno Ætatis 17.

Parere Fati discite legibus,
Manûisque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
læpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relickto mors vagà Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moráe.
Tentantur incassûm, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

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

Nec fraude turpe Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentiique
Ægiali soror usa virgā.

Numēnque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentūm, ignotāque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hāstā:

Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnē perlīta sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmēnque avitum,
Cæse puer geniticis alvo.

Tuque, O alumnō major Apollīne,
Gentīs togatē cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes; nec sīne gloria;
Nec puppe lustrāsses Charontīs
Horribiles barathri recessus.

At filā rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cūm te viderit artibus,
Succōque polenti, tot atrīs
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra, precor, tua
Molli quiescant cespīte, et ex tuo
Crescant rosae calthaque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subridentque Ætnae Proserpina;
Intérque fílices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.
Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iâcobus ab arcto
Teuristicas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum, tenuit; jâmque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificúsque novo, felix divésque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cûm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernâsque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros:
Hîc tempestatès medio ciet ære diras,
Illîc unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnâque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace:
Et quoscumque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupid 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 dererat 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 pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ad Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifisco monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantis ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.

'Atque pererrato somum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni,' dixit; 'gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque judi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illâ tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.'

Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aère pennis:
Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrue fulgent.

Jámque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniae fines; à parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cùm circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urblem,
Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunte submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantūm series longissima fratrum;
Cereáque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitámque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Æsper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentūm
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracynho,
Dum tremit attonitus Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithaeron,
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitēsque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchatēmque ferocem,
Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cùm niger umbrarum dominus, rectórque silentūm,
Prædatōrque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astītīt : assumptis micuerunt temporā canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendéique cucullus
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad arte,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis sigens 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.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora excrantia voce;
'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 céli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjunctam ulciscere classem,
Mersáque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontēa nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentésque negas hosti contundere vires;
Tyrrhenenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signáque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit;
Sacráque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacessest;
Irritus ille labor: tu calidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jámque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævósque patres, trabeâ canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris consperrere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.
Protinüs ipse igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia fidos,
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Percusísque 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 times, divos divásque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.'
Dixit; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illetabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæstáque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cúm somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,
Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
Efferaque quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, praeruptâque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virūm, et trajecta cadaverā ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiāque, et stimulus 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 santes, et retrò lumina vortunt:
Hos pugiles Romāe per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
'
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit ōquor
Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitūs nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartarōque leves diffletur pulvere in auras .
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago :
Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine vera,
Consiliī socios adhibete, operisque ministros.'
Finierat; rigidi cupidē paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cēlos
Despicit æthereā Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanāque perversae ridet comamina turbæ;
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrā
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossē.
Mille fores aditūsque patent, totidēmque fenestrāe.
Amplāque per tenues translucēnt atria muros:
Excitāt hīc varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualitēr instrepitānt circum muletralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilīa junco,
Dum Canis æstivum coeli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summā sedet ultrix matris in arce;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonītum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremīs patuli confinibus orbīs.
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencē
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia sonno,
Lumina subjectas latē spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia solī:
Millēnisque loquax auditāque visāque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; verāque mendax
Nunc minuit, modō conflictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorāsse pigebit
Carmine tam longō; servati scilicēt Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus āqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine prēmisso alloquitur, terrāque tremente:
‘Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in méque meōisque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobō?’
Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satīs 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, incertáque 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 paritès juvenes, paritès tremuere puellæ,
Effetique senes paritès; tantæque ruinae
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.

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

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquantis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæsta 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 fercis sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illà fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irà protinùs
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiusque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsámque Neobulen suam.
At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flameâ:
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, cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animásque mole carneā 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, citō
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilésque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currús ignei.
Non me Boōtis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longèque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coércebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
Sat est in ãternum frui.
NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Heu, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit 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!

Ergône marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilesceat ab ævo?
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorûmque æterna fames, squalórque, sitúsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapiétque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arcès
Hoc contra munisse 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 resectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli?
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aëri divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imóque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternáque bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiüs astris,
Consuluit rerum summae, certóque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos sociá vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phæbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effoetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
Æthereum pocus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli;
Temporis et gemino dispersit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Caeruleumque ignem paribus complectitur uhnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitóque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbósque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceanit 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, decorum,
Phœbe, tuúsque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus anrum
Consicæ, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM
ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides 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 Deùm;
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unúque 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 decempliccis,
Citímümve terris incolit lunæ globum;
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silente nocte Pleiones nepos
Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit chore;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstren si tu primus iuduxtì scholis,)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptiès à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nêdum 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 nulla, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris lauræta sacri Parnassides umbrae.
Ne tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cæli,
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 solennæs pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobiles ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templâa coronis;
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit 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 cena Lyæo. 
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates, 
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 
Heroúmque actus, imitantáque 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 choros, non Orphea, cantus, 
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures, 
Carmine, non cithara; 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;
Dividuümque Deum, genitórque puérque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certáque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodítáque 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 linguaë,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graïis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
Quæque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectáque cælo
Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perúanaque regna, praoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fraena diei,
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervae,
Victrices hederas inter laurósque sedebo;
Jānque nec obscurus populo miscēbor inerti,
Vitabúntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul, vigiles Curæ, procul este, Querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calunnia, rictus;
In me triste nihil, foedissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; secúráque 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, fidaeque reponere menti.

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

PSALM CXIV.

ἸΣΡΑΗΛ ὁτε παιδὲς, ὡτ’ ἀγλαά φολ’Ἰακώβου
Αὐγοῦσιον λιπε ὃμοι, ἀπεξηδα, βαρκαρόσων,  
Δὴ τότε μούνοι ἕν ὅσιον γένος υἱες Ἰούδας.
POEMATA.

'Ev δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖτι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.

Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐβρώσε τὸ Σάλασσα

Κύματι εἰλυμένη φοβίσω, ὅδ' ἄφ' ἑστυφελίχθη

'Ιρὸς' Ιορδάνης ποτὶ ἄγγυροειδέα πηγήν.

'Εκ δ' ὀρεα σκαρβομοίτιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,

'Ως κρισι σφρηγώντες εὐτραφεὶν ἐν ἀλωῇ.

Βοιότεραι δ' ἀμα πάσαι αἰνασκιρτήσαν ἐφίλτναι,

'Οἰα παραι σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητὲρι ἄρνες.

Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνα Σάλασσα, πέλωρ φῦγαδ' ἐβρώσηςα

Κύματι εἰλυμένη φοβίσω; τί δ' ἄφ' ἑστυφελίχθης

'Ιρὸς' Ιορδάνης ποτὶ ἄγγυροειδέα πηγήν;

Τίπτ' ὀρεα, σκαρβομοίσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,

'Ως κριοὶ σφρηγώντες εὐτραφεὶν ἐν ἀλωῇ;

Βοιότεραι, τί δ' ἄφ' ὑμμὲς ἀνασκιρτήσατ', ἐφίλτναι,

'Οἰα παραι σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητὲρι ἄρνες;

Σελεο, γαία, τρέφουσα Θεὸν μεγαλ' ἐκτυφέοντα,

Γαία, Θεὸν τρελουσ' ὑπατον σέβας 'Ισσακίδαο,

'Ος τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδου ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,

Κρήνην' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI EUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS FORTE CAPTUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, TΗΝ ἐπὶ Θανάτῳ τορευόμενος, HÆC SUBITO MISIT.

'Ω ἀνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν

Δεινὸν ζῆως δραςαντα, σοφώτατον ἵσθι κάρηνον

Ῥηδίως αἱφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὅστρον αὐθὶ νοχείς,

Μαριδίως δ' ἄφ' ἐπείτα τεον πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ,

Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιοι περιωνυμον ἀλκαρ ὀλέσσας.
IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

'Αμάθει γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίνε τὰχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοχυῖς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτέν όικ ἐπιγυνοτές, φίλοι,
Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM,
ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cum decentes flava Déiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba paucæ Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quámque ille magnis prætulit immitterò 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 superbá cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitúmque fesso corpori penitūs 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 caeso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libentèr audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandi 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 Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fraena meliùs temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumui.
JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS, VIR INGENII LAUDE, TUN LITERARUM STUDIO, NEC NON ET BELLICA VIRTUTE, APUD ITALOS CLARUS IN PRIMIS EST. AD QUEN TORQUATI TASSI DIALOGUS EXTAT DE AMICITIA SCRIPTUS; ERET ENIM TASSI AMICISSIMUS; AB QUO ETIAM INTER CAMPIANA PRINCIPIES CELEBRATUR, IN ILO POEMATE CUI TITULUS 'GERUSALEMNE CONQUISTATA,' LIB. 20.

'Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
' Risplende il Manso.'

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

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuae meditantur carmina laudi Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi; Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mæcennatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, Victrices hederas inter laurösque 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 alumnun,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara sefellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, morésque, et dona Minervae;
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 peregrius 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,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceanì glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutèa mala canistris,
Halantémque crocin, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum, 
Heroum laudes, imitandáque gesta, caneabant;
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosâ, Graïe de more puellâ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëída Loxo,
Fatidicámque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunatè senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Clarâque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausúmque viro-
rum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitásse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licêt magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosâque tecta,
Peneiûm propè rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharae strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcentúrque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore, senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Igeniûmque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nòrit,
Sìquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturûmque etiam sub terris bella moventem!
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fædere mensæ
Magnanimos heroæs; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorûmque satur, cineri sua juræ 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 myrîti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquà mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt; et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpurco suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à puéritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem, hòc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS ex urbe Heturiae: Lucæ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimi misque 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 assiduus exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontésque vagos, nemorúmque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat cubitus, aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe:
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictì
Cura vocat, simul assuetà seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignûmque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavûmque procul pecus arceat omne silentûm.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longûmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illî tibi vota secundo
Solve re post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit:
Si quid id est, priscâmque fidem coluisse, piûmque,
Palladiâsque artes, sociûmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi eun: hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modè? 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 eminûs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantûque, solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquis, grato cûm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
POEMATA.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aëstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastorèsque latent, sterit 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 umbrae;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractaeque 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,
Nee myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mærent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
' Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas:'
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad häc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus,)
' Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit, 'quae te coquit improbablis?
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 nymphae, et, 'Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?' aiunt; 'non haec solet esse juventae
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi;
Illa chorus, lususque 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, blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinûs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus inventit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quà non speraveris horâ,
Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnun.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpémque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et ovces et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem carisse sodale!
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviósque sonantes!
Ah certe extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et benè compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, ' Vale, nostrì memòri ibis ad astra.'
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam memìnisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Da-

Antiquà genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeúmque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summìas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipsè etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multitùm
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 studìis notì, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hêdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripiu voto levis, et præsentia finxi;
'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulûm recumbamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborûmque, humilésque crocos, foliûmque hya-
cinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artésque medentûm.'
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artésque medentûm,
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,
Brennûmque. Arviragûmque duces, priscûmque Beli-
num,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Gorlôis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multùm oblita mihi; aut patris mutata Camoenis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satîs ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licêt, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi,)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauini,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus onne Treantaec
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 lentà 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 Phenix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte alià polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube
pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropô:
Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc serit; at, circum flammatia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacras, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abire:
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quaesivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra:
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroûmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthercos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidûsque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Coelicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quôd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quôd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Laetâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternûm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Òrgia thyrso.
Jan. 23, 1646.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIE 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 hand nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, barbitéque 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 obscurante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasúsque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celebérque futurus in ævum?

STROPE 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 fnibus Angligenûm;
Immundásque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineámque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasío?

ANTISTROPHE.
Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malà
Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix: en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aûlam, remige pennâ:
STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat pecull, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur absesse;
Rogátque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virúm monumenta curæ;
Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
Questórque gazæ nobilioris.
Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulentæ dei per templæ parentis,
Fulvósque tripodas, douáque Delphica,
Iön, Actæa genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diámque Phebi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxonià quam valle colit,
Delo posthabítâ,
Bifídóque Parnassi jugó:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

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

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unà demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versusum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ità tamen securimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortassè dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατα οχησιν, 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.
"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 facility, they are blended together with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of arraigning 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.

Knox.
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.

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 ἐρημός the desert, and ἐρήμως, 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.

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 forma.—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 oestrum.”

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.


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 superum vasto intonuit domus alta fragore;*

*Insuper et coeli 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 aurà pendens aéruit utrumque.*

*Vox simul et magni rubrà 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, δος μεγάλα βροτοίς ὑς παντα τελεσται.  
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. 29. 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
superior to, that superstitious trumpery, which one meets with
in the Evangelium Infantiae, and other such apocryphal trash!

He seems to allude to Callimachus, who says elegantly of
young Jupiter, Hymn. in Jov. 56.

Verum ætate puer, digna es meditatus adulta:

or rather his more paraphrastical translation—

Verum ætate puer, puerili haud more solebas

Ludere; sed jam tum tibi seria cuncta placebant,

Digna ætate animus jam tum volvebat adulta.


Keivos γὰρ ἐν παιεὶ νεος, ἐν δὲ 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 spoke 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.

l. 18 p. 12. By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 561:

Per populos dat jura

which expression of Virgil seems to be taken from Xenophon, *Oeconomic,* xx. 12. ὁν γὰρ πάντα μοι δοκεῖ ἰδίου τοῦ γὰρ ἄνθρωπον ἀνθρώπινον εἰκα, ἀλλὰ ἐμοι, τὸ ἐνθέλοντος ἀρχεῖν.

l. 23. p. 12. my mother soon perceiving

inly rejoiced,

Virgil, *Æn.* i. 502:

Latonæ Tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

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.

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. ἔρηστος δὲ εἰ καὶ γεγενηται, καὶ εστὶ που, αρνωτὸς εστὶ, καὶ οὔθε αὐτὸς πιω ἐαυτὸν εἰσταται, οὔθε εἰς δυναμὶν τινα, μεγάρις αὐτὸν Ἡλίας χρίσῃ αὐτον, καὶ φανερὸν πατὶ ποιήσῃ. Just. Mart. Dial. cum Tryph. p. 266. Ed. Col.

l. 28. p. 14. So spake our Morning Star—]

So our Saviour is called in the Revelation, xxii. 16, the bright and morning star.
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?

1. 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.

1. 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.*

1. 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.

I. 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 inferior 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.
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. 255.—Antiopa, Met. vi. 110.—Amymone, Epist. xix. 151. ct 1. Amor. x. 5.—Syrinx, Met. i. 690.

The story of Calisto is recorded also by Milton's favourite tragic poet Euripides.

Ω μακαρ Ἀγαθηποτε παθενε
Καλλιστοι, Διος'α λεγεν επε-
-θασι τετκαβαμοι γνοις
'Ασ 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.
'Oσια μεν ουν γραφας τε των παλαιτων
Εξουσιας αυτοι τ' εισον εν μουσαι αει,
Ισασι μεν, Ζευς ὅσι ποτ' ερασθ' 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. Ep. 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.

Zeus, Κυμνος, Σαμως, ΣΕΛΗΡΟΣ, χρυσος δι ερωτης
Ληθης, Ευρωπης, ΑΝΤΙΟΠΗΣ, Δαυες.

Dunster.

l. 18. p. 33. *Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,*

Calisto, Semele, and Antiope, 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 τοις των εθνων δαμωνια. Psalm xcvi. 5. (and likewise in the Vulgate Latin, Quoniam omnes Dii gentium demonia.) 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

Dwellst 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 Pelleus 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. "Turn quidem ita se gessit, ut omnes ante eum reges et continentia et clementia vincerentur. Virgines enim regias excellentiis formae tam sancte habuit, quam si eodem quo ipse parente genitae forent: conjugem ejusdem, quam nulla aetatis sua 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,._

_H, καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσθαῖν εὐμακρὸν ἠκέπτο ἰματα, Ποικίλον ἐνα ὁ δὲ ἰδέατα πάντα τετυμέφ. Ἐνθ ἐν μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ἰμερος, εν δ' ἀηριστος, Ἀραξασις, ἡ τ' ἐκλεφε νου κωκ περ φαιεντω._

_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.

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.

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.

Thebez is the same as Thesbe, or Thisbe, or Tishbe, the birth-
place of the prophet Elijah.

Newton.

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.

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'herbeta, 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 qui ciò ch' ogni stagion dispensa,
Ciò che dona la terra, o manda il mare,
Ciò che l'arte condisce, e cento belle
Servivano al convito accorte angele.

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 Jeoffrey 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, subtilities, or sottilties.—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 sottilties. 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 exquisit test 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 Minerva. The modern Italians fall into the same wantonness of luxurious impiety, as when they call their exquisite wines by the names of lacrymae 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.

Diverted is here used in the Latin signification of diverto, to turn aside.

These were two most beautiful youths, cup-bearers; Ganimede to Jupiter, and Hylas to Hercules.

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 Mallevory, 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 Lyonrs, 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 Locrinus or Locrine, the second Cambris or Camber, the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now when the time of his death draw 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 Locrinos, &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 sovereignty 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.

Lyones 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 Lioness." Sir Tristram of Lyones, 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 Tristran de Leonnois, although in the original he is only mentioned by the single name of Tristram. In the Orlando Inamorato also, among the knights who defend Angelica in the fortress of Albracca against Agri- can, is Sir Hubert of Lyones, Ubruto 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 Meliogras, 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 enchantments drear,

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.

In his Arcades, he speaks of

...... the ODOROUS 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:

\[ \text{....... when the kind early dew} \]
\[ \text{Unlocks embosomed odours, ——— Cider, ii. 59.} \]

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
Strewed 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

l. 4. p. 41. What raised Antipater the Edomite
And his so n 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. \( \text{περι Τρικαϊου Ιδουαιας, Αντι-
πατρος λεγομενος, πολλων μεν ευπορων χρηματων.} \) x. t. l. 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;—\( \text{τα \varepsilon και ύστερ νεργατων \αι \αι-
τυς Πρωτης \περιχετο δωσαι ει γενειο \πασιλιουs.} \) 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 intro-
ducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon saith of himself,
\( \text{O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor} \)
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.

† 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.

† 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.*

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.*

**BOOK III.**

*I. 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 engraved 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 oracular 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 allurement 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."

Ovid describes the Getæ thus spoiling, robbing,
slaying, enslaving, and burning.

Hostis, equo pollens longèque volante sagittā,
Vicinam latē depopulatur humum.
Diffugiunt aii; nullisque tuentibus agros
Incustoditae diripiantur opes;
Ruris opes parvae, pecus et stridentia plaustra,
Et quas divitiās incola pauper habet.
Pars agitur vincitis post tergum capta lacertis,
Respiciens frustrā rura laremque suum.
Pars cadit hamatis miserē confíxa sagittīs;
Nam volucri ferro tinctile virus inest.
Quae nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt:
Et cremat insontes hostica flamma casa.

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 Θεόν Επιφανως. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of Ευγεναι, Benefactors, and Σωτῆς, Deliverers.

Colton.

In Froelick's Annales regum et rerum Syria there are prints of five different coins of Antiochus Epiphanes, with the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΟΤΩΣ. The first Antiochus was called ΣΩΤΗΡ; as was the first Ptolemy king of Egypt. Two of the Ptolemies assumed the title of ΕΤΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ. Diodorus Siculus relates that the Syracusans with one voice saluted Gelon by the titles of Benefactor, Deliverer, and King—μείξ φωνή παντας αποκαλεῖν ΕΤΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ, και ΣΩΤΗΡΑ, και ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ. L. ii. 26.

The title of Ευγενῆς, 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."—ἐγὼ μονός θεός ἀληθινός, ἐστίν δὲ ἄλλοι καθεστῶσιν, ἢ ἀπεθήκησιν, ἢ οὐκ εἰσιν. Demochares ap. Athenæus. 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.
1. 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.

1. 24. p. 54. So did not Maccabeus, &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 Maccabeus 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.

1. 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.

1. 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.

1. 20. p. 58. ········· Bactra there;—]

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness; mentioned by Virgil, GÉORG. ii. 136. Newton.
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, μεγάλη πόλις, L. ii.; and Polybius, L. 10. says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings.

The name signifies a city with an hundred gates; and so the capital city of Parthia was called, Ἐκατομπύλος το τῶν Παρθιαίων βασιλείων. Strab. L. xi. p. 514.

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 Eulœus, 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.

Dionysius describes the Choaspes flowing by Susa,

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


And Virgil, Geor. iii. 522:

Sabrina the River-Goddess, in Comus, is addressed, as having

where Mr. Warton observes that her hair drops amber, because, in the poet's idea, her stream was supposed to be transparent.

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 quandum 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,

Build 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 Nisibis vocant. Plin. vi. 16. Artaxata, the chief city of Armenia, seated upon the river Araxes, juxta Araxem, 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. 53. 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 Seleucidae 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 tediums, 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, μεγάς του Ἰνδου 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.—
tα μεν ουν ὑψηλότατα τοῦ οὐτώς Καυκάσου ταυτιστατα εστιν, τα προς Αλβανία καὶ Ἰβηρία καὶ Κολχίς. L. xi. p. 506.—The Iberian dales are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests. Tacitus describes the Iberians "saltuosos locos incomites."

Annal. vi. 34.

l. 23. p. 59. From Atropatia and the neighbouring 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 Ἀδιαβηχῆς ἡ πλαγιά πεδίων εστιν, 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 Eschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. Persè, 71.

Πολυγυμνον δίσμα
Ζυγον σφιζομεν αυξεν 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 cavalier hauea quel Rè nel campo,

Cosa non mai udita——

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 Paynim. 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.

17. p. 71. turma of horse—


equitum turmæ—

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.

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 Αἰγυπτι ἐσσε ἐκκυθή a fine Ἑθιοπία 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 caputque gentis Ἑθιοπίω— in amne Nilo habitatur,) bis anno absumi umbras; Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73; the realm of Bacchus, 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 European nations as far as to the Tauric pool, that is the Palus Maeotis; “Lacus ipse Maeotis, Tanain annem ex Riphæis montibus deferentem accipiens, novissimum inter Europam Asiamaque finem, &c.” Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12.

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.
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 xiith 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 ἐνχειρίαν των ὀρων εν αυτην κατίδουσι, ὅτι φρον-μωτατος αὖθας οἰςι. Plato in Timæo. p. 24. Vol. 3. Ed. Serr. —“ Athenis tenue coelum, 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 Laërtius 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 οις Ακαδημιαν κατιων, ώτο τας μοριας αποδρεξιν. Sed in Academiam descendens sub sacratis olivis spatiaeberis. 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 multisona 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.—κατευθυνὴ γουν καὶ κάθαρα καὶ διαφανὴ τὰ ὅθενα φαίνεται. "Nonne hinc aquæ puræ ac pel-lucidae jocundo murmure confluunt?" Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 299. 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; "quae mihi videtur non tam ipsa aqua, qua descriptur, 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, ἀπὸ τοῦ περίπατος, 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:—εἰς τὸ ὄρκεστον εἰσεῖναι—καὶ πάλιν ἐξεῖσθαι εἰς τὸν ὄρκεστον, καὶ απεῖσθαι εἰς τὴν πόλιν.

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 ποιμηνη, or various, and here by Milton the painted Stoa. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Aristotle and Zeno.

l. 22. p. 77. Æolian charms,—]  
Æolia carmina, verses such as those of Alcaeus 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.

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 Δορική τούτου ψυχή. OLYMP. i. 26, &c.

l. 23. p. 77. And his, who gave them breath, &c.—]  
Our Author agrees with these 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.
1. 24. p. 77. *Blind Melesigene, 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 Melesigene, — πετασανομα τω παιδι Μελεσιγενα, απο του ποταμου την επωνυμια λαθουσα,—and that afterwards when he was blind and settled at Cuma, he was called Homer, quasi δ μη ορων, from the term by which the Cumeans distinguished blind persons; — εντευθεν δε και τωνομα Ομηρος επεκρατησε την Μελεσιγενει, απο της συμφερης. δε γαρ Κυμαις τους τυφλους δμηνους λεγουσιν.

Newton.

1. 27. p. 77. ""Chorus or Iambic,—]

The two constituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the Ιαμβικ measure, and the χορος, 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.

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.

1. 2. p. 78. ""whose resistless eloquence Wielded at will that fierce democratie, Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,*

.................. ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΗΣ ΟΤΑΤΜΙΠΟΣ ΗΣΤΡΑΙΠΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΕΤΝΕΚΤΚΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ. 523.

1. 5. p. 78. *To Macedon and Artazerexes throne.*

As Pericles and others fulmined over Greece to Artazerexes throne against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who fulmined 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 Academies, &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 in-
tended 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 rhetorick, and adorned with the
most bewitching colours.

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.)

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 

persone, to celebrate loudly, to publish or proclaim.

l. 26. p. 80. ................. statists—

Or statesmen. A word in more frequent use formerly, as in

Skakspeare, 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 amicio, 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, chaced 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 J\'eolus 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 Fayes,
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 Midsummer 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 terrours 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 cheerful 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.*
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 show and hail, and stormy gust and flaw;

l. 10. p. 314.

where Bp. Newton cites two verses from Shakespeare'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.

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 OEdipus, threw herself into the sea. Statius, Theb. i. 66.

Si Sphinxos iniquus

Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi. 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 Isemian steep;]

Isemian steep, from the river Isemenus, which ran by Thebes;

δ ἔναρ Αὐροκος, καὶ Ὁ ΙΣΜΗΝΟΣ διὰ τοῦ πεδίου γεωσα τοῦ πρὸ τοῦ
Strabo, ix. p. 408 — Ithmenus is thus frequently used by the Latin poets for Theban.

I. 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.

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 scopul
tertice deflentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis
incinde lacinias et refleto sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo
spiritu vehens paulatim per devexa rupis excelsae, 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 habe-
bat. Post opimas dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus;
et alius citharam pulsavit, que non vibratur, nec ipse. Tunc
modulatæ multitudinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut
quamvis hominum nemo pareret, chorum tamen esse pateret."

J. 22. p. 59. 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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