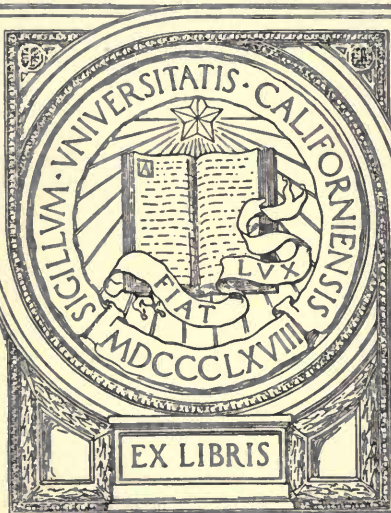


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FRONTIS PIECE.



C. L. Remey del.

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Published in May 1796. for C. Dilly, in the Strand, at the end of the Proprietors.

Willow

MILTON'S

PARADISE REGAINED;

WITH

SELECT NOTES SUBJOINED:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BOTH

ENGLISH AND LATIN.

LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley;

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. C. AND J.
ROBINSON, W. RICHARDSON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, R. BALDWIN,
F. AND C. RIVINGTON, J. SCATCHERD, OGILVY AND SPEARE,
W. LOWNDES, G. AND T. WILKIE, G. KEARSLEY, VERNOR AND
HOOD, T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES, AND S. HAYES.

1796.

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1796

P R E F A C E.

THE first volume contained the jewels of Milton's transcendant genius, regularly set and wrought into one grand complete work, forming a superb diadem or brilliant necklace of exquisite workmanship in the composition, as well as of immense value in the materials.

The present volume is enriched with diamonds and pearls of equal beauty, though scattered and detached; and may be compared to those smaller pieces which the Dædalean hand of the same artist condescends to execute in miniature.

To praise the well known and universally admired poems which fill this volume would be pointing out the lustre of the sun, or the beautiful colours of the rainbow. Description indeed must ever fail in attempting to give adequate ideas of those delicate and refined excellences which are perceived by the sensibility of taste. Who can communicate by words the fragrance of the hyacinth or honeysuckle?

Milton's Latin poems have never been sufficiently commended. They are beautiful beyond most of the poetical productions in modern Latin. They are

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

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

Thou Spi'rit, who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'ft him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted fong, else mute;
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With prosp'rous wing full fumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in fecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age;
Worthy t' have not remain'd fo long unfung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice

More awful than the found of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witnesses bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary; who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

“ O ancient Pow'rs 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 possess'd, and rul'd

In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile confort Eve
Loft Paradife, deceiv'd by me; though fince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the feed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeft time to him is fhort;
And now too foon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compafs'd, wherein we
Muft bide the ftroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaft if fo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's feed,
Deftin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our juft fear gave no fmall caufe,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wifdom to achieve
Things higheft, greateft, multiplies my fear.
Before him a geat prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is fent harbinger; who all
Invites, and in the confecrated fream
Pretends to wafh off fin, and fit them fo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king: all come,
And he himfelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony' of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt: I faw
The prophet do him reverence; on him, rifing

Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;
And out of Heav'n the sov'reign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His mother then is mortal, but his sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will he not do to' advance his Son;
His first-begot we know, and fore 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 oppos'd;
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares:
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success."

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

And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant realm, and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the most High, who, in full frequency bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

“ Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r 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 fail'd 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 sollicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell;
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance:
His weakness shall overcome Satanic 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 call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

380 So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth; and in celestial measures mov'd,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

"Victory' and triumph to the Son of God

Now 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 untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought."

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd.

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd 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 compar'd!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; 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 measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
Mised; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar
To what height 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 th' eternal King, who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou 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 fung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the east,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew the king of Israel born.
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple', and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins

Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or difmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptift (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by fight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.

I as all others to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spi'rit descended on me like a dove,
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes.

Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

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

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

“ Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
place

So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
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 honor'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes,
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nigheft is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God: " Who brought me
hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

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

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:
" Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other 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 ate nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undisguis'd.

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

Never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
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 ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more."

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

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

To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'ft;
Then to thyself ascrib'ft the truth foretold,
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.

God hath now sent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spi'rit 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 return'd.

" Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke;
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me: where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforc'd 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 plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submit's endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear

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

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

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

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

THE

SECOND BOOK

PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesús Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long;
And the great Thiribite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care

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Sought loft Elijah, fo in each place thefe
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this fide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and ofiers whifp'ring play,
Plain fifhermen, no greater men them call,
Clofe in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected lofs and complaints out breath'd.

“ Alas, from what high hope to what relapfe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meffiah certainly now come, fo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wifdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for fure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom fhall to Ifrael be reftor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but foon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire,
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Ifrael,
Send thy Meffiah forth, the time is come:
Behold the kings of th' earth how they opprefs
Thy chofen, to what height their pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them caft
All fear of thee: arife and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,

Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd:
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return."

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

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

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

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

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with fly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.

“ Princes, Heav’n’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now, from th’ element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d
Pow’rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild feats
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 frequency was impower’d,
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother’s side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav’n adorn’d,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return’d, left 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-match'd."

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteest spi'rit that fell,
The sensualest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest incubus, and thus advis'd.

"Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resoluteest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.

“ 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 ador’d,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satir, 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 scorn’d
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view’d, and slightly overpass’d;
How he firnam’d of Africa dismiss’d
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv’d at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim’d not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;

Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' 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 fitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands
In th' 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 flighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

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

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

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

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they
brought:

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

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

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

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

“ How hast thou hunger then?” Satan reply'd.

“ Tell me if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat?” “ Thereafter as I like
The giver,” answer'd Jesus. “ Why should that
Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle fiend.

“ Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,

But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as befits, and as her lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat."

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

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damfels 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 fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

“ What doubts the Son of God to fit 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 spi'rits 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 temp'rately reply'd.
“ Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,

And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.

"That I have also pow'r to give thou seest;

If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary

What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,

And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect;

Of these things others quickly will dispose,

Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil." With that

Both table and provision vanish'd quite

With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;

Only the impórtune Tempter still remain'd,

And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,

Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;

Thy temperance invincible besides,

For no allurement yields to appetite,

And all thy heart is set on high designs,

High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?

Great acts require great means of enterprise;

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home,

Loft 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 rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want."

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

May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which 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 needles then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be fought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better mis'd."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

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

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

Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In 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 spi'rits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs 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 quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
"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 unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
praise?

They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.

Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' 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 Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame.

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to 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 inflave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,
Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
"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 glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts."

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

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."

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

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judea now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
" All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so when begin
The father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.

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“ Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' 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 view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days

Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience; quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

“ Well have we speeded, and o’er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold’st
Assyria and her empire’s ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible th’ Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the feat,
And feat 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 may’st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds,

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

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r 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 Atropasia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs 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 indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war,
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At fight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

“ That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no flight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,

Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such inclosing 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 talk
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragil 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 say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity

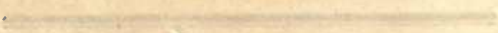
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them."

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

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED



FOURTH BOOK

PARADISE REGAINED



PARADISE REGAINED.



BOOK IV.

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

10

20 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, 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 desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
30 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of th' 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 tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
40 By what strange parallax or optic skill
Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

“ The city which thou see'st no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou see'st
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel

Impregnable, and there mount Palatine, 50
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Licitors and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Æmilian, some from farthest south,
Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white filken turbans wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80

To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.

90 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
100 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophes'y'd what will."

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
110 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,

More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic 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 imboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl, to me should'st 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 th' 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 temp'rate, conquer'd 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 inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wife and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves inflav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to fit
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 reply'd,
" I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On th' other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
" I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;

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

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me nought advantag'd, 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 inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
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 couch'd in Moses law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
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 Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring 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 thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wiseſt of men; from whose mouth iſſued forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the ſchools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the ſect
Epicurean, and the Stoic ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyſelf, much more with empire join'd."

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

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals 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 judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strow'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of 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 ought of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style

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

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

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

Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So say'ing he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderiness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in loursing 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 fore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terrour there,

Infernal ghosts, and Hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd;
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd 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 turbulences in th' 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 offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrours, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

“ Me worfe than wet thou find’st not; other harm
Those terrours which thou speak’st of, did me none;
I never fear’d they could, though noising loud
And threat’ning 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 offer’d aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow’r of thee,
Ambitious spi’rit, and would’st be thought my God,
And storm’st refus’d, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern’d
And toil’st in vain, nor me in vain molest.”

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, reply’d.
“ Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc’d by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of th’ angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas’d to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan whither all
Flock’d to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptiz’d, by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounc’d the Son of God belov’d.

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

So say'ing 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 Jerufalem,
The holy city lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden fpires:
There on the higheft pinnacle he fet
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn.

“ There ftand, if thou wilt ftand; to ftand upright
Will ask thee fkill; I to thy Father’s houfe
Have brought thee, and higheft plac’d, higheft is beft,
Now fhew thy progeny; if not to ftand,
Caft thyfelf down; fafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They fhall uplift thee, left at any time
Thou chance to dafh thy foot againft a ftone.”

To whom thus Jefus; “ Alfo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he faid, and flood:”
But Satan fmitten with amazement fell.

As when earth’s fon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateft) in Irappa ftrove
With Jove’s Alcides, and oft foil’d ftill rofe,
Receiving from his mother earth new ftrength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join’d,
Throttled at length in th’ air, expir’d and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh affaults, amidft his pride
Fell whence he flood to fee his victor fall.
And as that Theban-monfter that propos’d
Her riddle, and him, who folv’d it not, devour’d,

That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep;
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphs of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and up bore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with godlike force indued
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,

And thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst delude, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinstall
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

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

1427

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπεδαιας, &c.

TRAGŒDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. PER
MISERICORDIAM ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIAM
AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM.

ARISTOT. POET. CAP. 6.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM

WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.



TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other poems: therefore ſaid by Ariſtotle to be of power by raiſing pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirred up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are uſed againſt melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence philoſophers and other graveſt writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The apoſtle Paul himſelf thought it not unworthy to inferſt a verſe of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv, 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts diſtinguiſhed each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and ſong between. Heretofore men in higheſt dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to

compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not 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 poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much 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 Monostrophic, or rather Apole-

lymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called 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 verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit 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 Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

SAMSON AGONISTES.



SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of fun 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 injoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner, chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

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

O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of fight, 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
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the fight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and foil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
stand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattl'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead afs, his fword of bone,
A thoufand forefkins fell, the flow'r of Paleftine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his fhoulders
bore

The gates of Azza, poft, and mafsy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, feat of giants old,
No journey of a fabbath-day, and loaded fo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which fhall I firft bewail,
Thy bondage or loft fight,
Prifon within prifon
Infeparably dark ?
Thou art become (O worft imprifonment!)
The dungeon of thyfelf; thy foul
(Which men enjoying fight oft without caufe com-
plain)

Imprifon'd now indeed,
In real darknefs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T' incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no vifual beam.
O mirrour of our fickle ftate,
Since man on earth unparallell'd !
The rarer thy example ftands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongeft of mortal men,
To loweft pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eftate

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMSON.

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 prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwrack'd

H

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

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had! fond with too late,)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

CHORUS.

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.

SAMSON.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best:

Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harafs of their land, befet me round;
I willingly on fome conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole hoft I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this poffefs'd the tow'rs of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they ferve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to fervitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with eafe than ftrenuous liberty;
And to defpife, or envy, or fufpect
Whom God hath of his fpecial favour rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at laft
To heap ingratitude on worthieft deeds?

CHORUS.

Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penue!
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchlefs Gideon in purfuit
Of Midian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ungrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worfe than by his fhield and fpear,
Defended Ifrael from the Ammonite,

Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that fore battle, when so many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to' exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

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

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

But see here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoh: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAMSON.

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

MANOAH.

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

CHORUS.

As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

MANOAH.

O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,

The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Insar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

SAMSON.

Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profess'd, 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 offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She fought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,

With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MANOAH.

I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infect 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 pow'r: 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 worfe thing yet remains,
This day the Philiftines a popular feaft
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and facrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samfon, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who flew'ft them many a flain,
So Dagon fhall be magnify'd, and God,
Befides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorify'd, blafphem'd, and had in fcorn
By the idolatrous rout amidft their wine;
Which to have come to pafs by means of thee,
Samfon, of all thy fufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the moft with fhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's houfe.

SAMSON.

Father, I do acknowledge and confeß
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Difhonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolifts, and atheifts; have brought fcandal
To Ifrael, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenfe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, fhame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my foul, that fuffers not
Mine eye to harbour fleep, or thoughts to reft.
This only hope relieves me, that the ftife
With me hath end; all the contéft is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath prefum'd,

Me overthrown, to enter lifts with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MANOAH.

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
Indure 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 satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMSON.

Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MANOAH.

Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

SAMSON.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Slav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object; these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invoked death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MANOAH.

Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' 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 wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMSON.

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

MANOAH.

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.

SAMSON.

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

My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forfok and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,

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

CHORUS.

Many are the sayings of the wife
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remembered,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon
Changest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;

Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

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

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way failing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarfus, bound for th' iles
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber 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.

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her filken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

DALILA.

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If ought in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMSON.

Out, out Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,

'Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DALILA.

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

To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
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, pow'rful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have past for good,

Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMSON.

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

In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DALILA.

Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To' oppose against such pow'rful 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 ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining,

SAMSON.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
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 their's: if ought 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 obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy Gods thou didst it: Gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.

These false pretexes and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DALILA.

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

SAMSON.

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

DALILA.

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



E. H. Burney del.

J. Haller sculp.

*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.*

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft *Sams Agonistes p. 123.*

Published 21 May 1796, for C. Dilly, in the Strand, and the rest of the Proprietors.

SAMSON.

No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,
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 pow'r, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear against thy forceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate
me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doing 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.

DALILA.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DALILA.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight,
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be nam'd among the famoussest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save

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

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offense returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMSON.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHORUS.

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 sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
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 sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire, I see a storm!

SAMSON.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHORUS.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMSON.

Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHORUS.

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.

SAMSON.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHORUS.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

HARAPHA.

Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd.

To' have wrought such wonders with an afs's jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcase where the afs lay thrown:
So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour
Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me,
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,

K

A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield,
I only with an oaken-staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt with thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HARAPHA.

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,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heaven

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

SAMSON.

I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,

Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HARAPHA.

Prefume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
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 boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMSON.

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.

HARAPHA.

Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

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 constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,

I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords.
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion and did hostile acts.
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from 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,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my own offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

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

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMSON.

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

HARAPHA.

By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHORUS.

His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a fultry chafe.

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMSON.

He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the' offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHORUS.

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

Renders them ufelefs, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence diftracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercife
Of faints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of thefe is in thy lot,
Samfon, with might indued
Above the fons of men; but fight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thofe
Whom patience finally muft crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reft,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I defcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A fceptre or quaint ftaff he bears,
Comes on amain, fpeed in his look.
By his habit I difcern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His meffage will be fhort and voluble.

OFFICER.

Hebrews, the pris'ner Samfon here I feek.

CHORUS.

His manacles remark him, there he fits.

OFFICER.

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 hearten'd and fresh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMSON.

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

OFFICER.

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

SAMSON.

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

OFFICER.

Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

SAMSON.

Myself? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although 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
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFFICER.

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

SAMSON.

So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFFICER.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAMSON.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow' indeed.

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHORUS.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON.

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 restraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
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.

CHORUS.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAMSON.

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 ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHORUS.

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

OFFICER.

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

SAMSON.

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 pow'r 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.

OFFICER.

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

SAMSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MANOAH.

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

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wond'rous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,

The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHORUS.

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 can'st how to nurse thy son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MANOAH.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God had not permitted

His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

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

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

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

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

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

CHORUS.

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

MANOAH.

That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHORUS.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MANOAH.

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.

CHORUS.

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MESSENGER.

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.

L

But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoaah, 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 concern'd.

MANOAH.

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

MESSENGER.

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

MANOAH.

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESSENGER.

Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MANOAH.

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

MESSENGER.

Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

MANOAH.

Relate by whom.

MESSENGER.

By Samson.

MANOAH.

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

MESSENGER.

Ah Manoah, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MANOAH.

Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESSENGER.

Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MANOAH.

The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESSENGER.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOAH.

Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

MESSENGER.

By his own hands.

MANOAH.

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

MESSENGER.

Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MANOAH.

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.

MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
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 fort, might fit 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 fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHORUS.

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

SEMICHORUS.

While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells

In Silo his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
'To call in haste for their destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

SEMICHORUS.

But he though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Affailant on the perched roofs,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboist,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,

Revives, reflourifhes, then vigorous moft
When moft inactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame furvives
A fecular bird ages of lives.

MANOAH.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more caufe; Samfon hath quit himfelf
Like Samfon, and heroicly hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the fons of Caphtor
Through all Philiftian bounds; to Ifrael
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occafion;
To' himfelf and father's houfe eternal fame;
And which is beft and happieft yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and affifting to the end,
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaft, no weaknefs, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death fo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the fream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what fpeed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to fay us nay)
Will fend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and folemnly attend
With filent obfequy and funeral train
Home to his father's houfe: there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHORUS.

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

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

P O E M S

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

..... BACCARE FRONTEM
CINGITE, NE VATI NOCEAT MALA LINGUA FUTURO.
VIRGIL, ECLOG. 7.

POEMS

FETTERAL OCCASIONS

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES

BY
CIRCUITS IN FIVE MONTHS AND FIVE YEARS
IN THE YEAR 1800

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING
OF A COUGH.

1.

O FAIREST flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken 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 kifs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

2.

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

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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 Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

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

6.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,

Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elyfian fields (if fuch there were)

Oh fay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us fo quickly thou didft take thy flight.

7.

Wert thou fome ftar which from the ruin'd roof
Of fhak'd Olympus by mifchance didft fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?

Or did of late Earth's fons befiege the wall

Of fheeny Heav'n, and thou fome Goddefs fled
Amongft us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

8.

Or wert thou that juft Maid who once before
Forfook the hated earth, O tell me footh,
And cam'ft again to vifit us once more?

Or wert thou that fweet fmiling Youth?

Or that crown'd matron fage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world fome good?

9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoft,
Who having clad thyfelf in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed feat didft poft,
And after fhort abode fly back with fpeed,
As if to fhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,

Thereby to fet the hearts of men on fire
To fcorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n afpire?

10.

But oh why didft thou not ftay here below
To blefs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To flake 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.

11.

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



II.

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 finews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:

Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight
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 deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
List'ning to what unhorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings.

Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
 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-ey'd Neptune raves,
 In Heav'n'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 wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

THEN ENS IS REPRESENTED AS FATHER OF THE
 PREDICAMENTS HIS TEN 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 fairy ladies danc'd upon the earth;
 Thy drowfy nurse hath sworn she did them see
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly finging round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invifible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my difmal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wifely could prefage,
And in time's long and dark prospective glafs
Forefaw what future days should bring to pafs;
Your fon, faid 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 afunder
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 flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring war ſhall never ceafe to roar:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

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

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

[The rest was Prose.]



III.

ON

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

COMPOSED 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

1.

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

Nature in awe to him
Hath dofft her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to fymphathize :
It was no feafon then for her
To wanton with the fun her lufly paramour.

2.

Only with fpeeches fair
She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent fnow,
And on her naked flame,
Pollute with finful blame,
 The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look fo near upon her foul deformities.

3.

But he her fears to ceafe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
 She crown'd with olive green, came foftly fliding
Down through the turning fphere
His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ftrikes an univerfal peace through fea and land.

4.

No war, or battle's found
Was heard the world around:
 The idle fpear and fhield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot ftood,
Unftain'd with hostile blood,
 The trumpet fpake not to the armed throng,
And kings fat ftill with awful eye,
As if they furely knew their fovereign Lord was by.

5.

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 kift,

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm fit brooding on the charmed wave.

6.

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

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

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

7.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

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

The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could
bear.

8.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic 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.

9.

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

10.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's feat, 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 Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At last furrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born heir.

12.

Such music (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-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

13.

Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

14.

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

15.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will fit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

16.

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

17.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

18.

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

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

19.

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-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

20.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the refounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

21.

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 found

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar pow'r forgoes his wonted feat.

22.

Poor and Baälim
Forfake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;
And mooned Afhtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

23.

And fullen 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.

24.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark.

25.

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

Our babe to show his godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands control the damned crew.

26.

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

27.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest angels fit in order serviceable.



IV.

THE PASSION.

1.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,

My muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

2.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo:

Most perfect hero, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

3.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

4.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
 His godlike 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 besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still more apt for mournful things.

5.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,

That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

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

6.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision fit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

7.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

8.

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

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

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

V.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making fight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

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

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

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

N

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verbe,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raisd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth enter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
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
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Short'ned hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strow the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright faint, high sit'st in glory
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdes,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly-favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing majesty and light:
There with thee, new welcome saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No marchioness, but now a queen.



IX.

SONG.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

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.



X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of flow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

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 flough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
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 chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
"But vow," though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
"For one carrier put down to make fix bearers."
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd 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 ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;



Published 25 May 1796, for C. Dilly, in the Strand, and the rest of the Proprietors.

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
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.



XIII.

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-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some fager sing)
The frolic 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 wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeft 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 fleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted 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 lift'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd 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 chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she said,
And he by friar's lantern led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'ring 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 Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, 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 heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



XIV.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;



Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul fitting 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 lift along,
'Lest Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with fullen 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 tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
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 Mufæus 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 Algarfife,
And who had Canace to wife,

That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought 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 trickt and frounct as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the gult hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſſling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to ſling
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,

With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

XV.

A R C A D E S.

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 PAS-
TORAL HABIT, MOVING TOWARD
THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH
THIS SONG.

1. S O N G.

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

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

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

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;

This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the tow'ring Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

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

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 Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-boskin'd nymphs 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 fhallow-fearching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidft thefe fhades alone
Have fat 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 nurfe the faplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I fave from nightly ill
Of noifome winds, and blafing vapours chill:
And from the boughs brufh off the evil dew,
And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the crofs dire-looking planet fmites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rife, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the flumb'ring leaves, or taffel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, hafte I all about,
Number my ranks, and vifit every fprout
With puiffant words, and murmurs made to blefs;
But elfe in deep of night, when drowfinefs
Hath lock'd up mortal fenfe, then liften I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That fit upon the nine infolded fpheres,
And fmg to thofe that hold the vital fhears,
And turn the adamantme fpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such fweet compulfion doth in mufic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceffity,
And keep unfteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in meafur'd motion draw

After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
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.

2. S O N G.

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

3. S O N G.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more

By fandy Ladon's liliated banks,

On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks,

Though Erymanth your losf 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.

XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, AFTERWARDS IN THE
HABIT OF THYRSIS.

COMUS WITH HIS CREW.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA THE NYMPH.



THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

THE LORD BRACKLY.

MR. THOMAS EGERTON HIS BROTHER.

THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.

A

M A S K.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT DESCENDS OR ENTERS.



BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
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
Confin'd, and pester'd 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 enthron'd Gods on fainted 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 foil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this fin-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 saphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape

Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,
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 gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbrow'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drowth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.

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

COMUS ENTERS WITH A CHARMING ROD IN ONE HAND,
HIS GLASS IN THE OTHER; WITH HIM A ROUT OF
MONSTERS, HEADED LIKE SUNDRY SORTS OF WILD
BEASTS, BUT OTHERWISE LIKE MEN AND WOMEN,
THEIR APPAREL 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 Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipfy 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 four Severity
With their grave faws 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 fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame,

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin fure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;

I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
Wind me into the eafy-hearted man,
And hug him into fnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic duft,
I fhall appear fome harmlefs villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep afide,
And hearken, if I may, her buſineſs here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praife the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
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 grey-hooded Even;
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return;
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And 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-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,

Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable 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 fartheft
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

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

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 smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
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 falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

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

COMUS.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

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

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the about'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt 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 fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

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

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

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

COMUS.

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

And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shrowd within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
 From her thatcht pallat 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 offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

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

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

SECOND BROTHER.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

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

Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming 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 too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

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 grey hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,

To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers 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
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Left 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 th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine: she' has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and 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 foil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lions
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly 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 heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

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 nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Lift, lift, 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-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heav'n 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 Heav'n be for us.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, HABITED LIKE
A SHEPHERD.

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

SPIRIT.

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

SECOND BROTHER.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forfook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

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

ELDER BROTHER.

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

SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

SPIRIT.

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

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sence
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,
Wrapt 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 fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted flocks,

That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep ;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a foul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The idle'st innocent lady his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

SECOND BROTHER.

O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin

Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

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

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous youth,

Q

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 prithee, 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 skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n 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 cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly

That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies apparition.
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd:
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

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

LADY.

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

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, 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 spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill-borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition

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

LADY.

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

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and fallow 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 fate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
 plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
 diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
Lift lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;

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

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules 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 caterefs
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 befitting share
Of that which newly pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd

In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

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

And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Satan'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 snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The foothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus hall,
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock

The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

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

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard'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-flipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save,

SABRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMPHS,
AND SINGS.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslips velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand

To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

SABRINA.

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

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 drowth, or finged air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.

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

THE SCENE CHANGES, PRESENTING LUDLOW TOWN
AND THE PRESIDENT'S CASTLE; THEN COME
IN COUNTRY DANCERS, AFTER THEM
THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, WITH
THE TWO BROTHERS AND
THE LADY.

S O N G.

SPIRIT.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next fun-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;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

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

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift 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 fits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

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

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

IN THIS MOMODY THE AUTHOR BEWAILS A LEARNED
FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN HIS
PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH
SEAS, 1637, AND BY OCCASION FORE-
TELS THE RUIN OF OUR COR-
RUPTED CLERGY, THEN
IN THEIR HEIGHT.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty 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 destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with clov'd heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ah 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 gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

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

And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal foil,
Nor in the glitt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witnesses of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

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

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing flow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe,

Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my deareft pledge?
Laft came, and laft did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two mafsy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron fhuts amain)
He fhook his mitred locks, and ftern befpoke,
How well could I have fpar'd for thee, young fwain,
Enow of fuch as for their bellies fake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the fhearers feaft,
And shove away the worthy bidden gueft;
Blind mouths! that fcarce themfelves know how to
hold

A fheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elfe the leaft
'That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are fped;
And when they lift, their lean and flashy fongs
Grate on their fcannel pipes of wretched ftraw;
The hungry fheep look up, and are not fed,
But, fwoll'n with wind, and the rank mift they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion fpread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing faid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to fmite once, and fmite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paft,
That fhunk thy freams; return Sicilian mufe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caft
Their bells, and flowrets of a thoufand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whifpers ufe

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd 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 watry floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the fairs above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

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

XVIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS TE PUER IN ROSA,
RENDERED ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WITHOUT
RHIME, ACCORDING TO THE LATIN MEASURE,
AS NEAR AS THE LANGUAGE
WILL PERMIT.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh 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 untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

HORATIUS EX PYRRHÆ ILLECEBRIS TANQUAM
E NAUFRAGIO ENATAVERAT, CUJUS
AMORE IRRETITOS, AFFIRMAT
ESSE MISEROS.

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

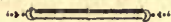
XIX.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To feize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk 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 link'd that amorous pow'r 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 inuamora,
Che dolcemente mostra fi di fuora
De fui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor faette 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 de te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di fera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a difusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Destà il fior novo di strana favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

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

CANZONE.

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

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
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 fereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Effer non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovofo
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

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

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

VII.

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

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

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY.

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

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

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

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE

DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON
MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, fir, 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 our's, O Soul of fir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and king Edward
 Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

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

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
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 measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long;
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 could'st humour best our
tongue.

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

XIV.

ON THE
RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
DECEASED 16 DECEM. 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'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 public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots 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 renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threat'ning 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 counfel old,
Than whom a better fenator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to fettle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow ftates hard to be spell'd,
Then to advife how war may beft upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: befides to know
Both fpiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What fevers each, thou haft learn'd, which few
have done:
The bounds of either fword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldeft fon.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy flaughter'd faints, whose bones
Lie fcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth fo pure of old,
When all our fathers worfhipt ftocks and ftones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uselefs, 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 deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his 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 fullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run
On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandfire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, 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 Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to' have lost them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused faint
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 waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS.



PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counfel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of finners hath not stood, and in the feat
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 watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor finners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L M II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653. TERZETTE.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 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
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

P S A L M 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

Th' exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cry'd

Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I wak'd again,

For my sustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows

P S A L M IV.

AUGUST 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteoufnefs,
In ftraits and in diftreff
Thou didft me difinthrall
And fet at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earneft pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in fcorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to feek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing elfe but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chofe,
Chofe to himfelf apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choofe he knows)
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not fin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juft

Of righteoufnefs, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that fay
Who yet will fhew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth 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.

P S A L M V.

AUG. 12, 1653.

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

T

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
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 tow'rds 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 faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

P S A L M VI.

AUG. 13, 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ach,
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 fighting out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L M VII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THH BENJAMITE
AGAINST HIM.

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

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

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will furround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their fight.
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 pow'r that do amiss.

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

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

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

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

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L M VIII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

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

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

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

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL. 1648. J. M.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN
ALL, BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARAC-
TER, ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE
TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM
THE ORIGINAL.

P S A L M 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 ſit'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 Manaſſeh's fight,
Awake thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
To ſave us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God vouchſafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
- 4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy ſmoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Againſt thy people's prayer!

- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *overspread,*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river wide
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go
With rudest violence ?

- 13 The *tasked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
- 16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyſelf haſt made.
- 18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hoſts *vouchſafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSALM LXXXI.

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

- I answer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *sleep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt lift 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 lov'd so dear*,
Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways.
- 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 flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.*

P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 God in the great assembly stands
 Of kings and lordly states,
 Among the Gods, on both his hands
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
 Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Dispatch the poor man's cause,
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
 And out of order gone.

- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The fons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to insnare they 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 Amalek,
The Philistims, 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 Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *restless* let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.

- 14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never.*
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L M LXXXIV.

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

- Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and show'rs 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.

P S A L M LXXXV.

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

- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will go *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 mis'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,
Shall bud and blossom *then*,
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of *all that other gods have done*
Like to thy *glorious* works.

- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast free'd my soul,
Ev'n 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 styl'd*
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 is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
- 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 Ethiops *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last,*
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
- 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.

P S A L M 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 pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit,*
 I am a man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep,*
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep.*
 Whom thou remembreest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full fore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold*,
Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
Of *dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.

- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?
- 15 That am already bruis'd, and shake
With terrour sent from thee?
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

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 receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains skipt like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd 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.

P S A L M 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 Heav'n and Earth to shake,
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

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

And caus'd the golden-tress'd sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, &c.

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

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
For his, &c.

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

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

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c,

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

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

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

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI,

LONDINENSIS,

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS
VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

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

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,

MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.

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

AD

JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,

TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,

GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE

HETRUSCA, EPIGRAMMA

JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

x

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

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

SELVAGGI.

AL

SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI,

NOBILE INGLESE.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona
Dienfi 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 eccelfo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

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

Alla virtù sbandita
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
 Quella gli è sol gradita,
 Perché in lei fan 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' industrie ardente brama;
 Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
 E per poterla effigiare al paro
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

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

Di bella gloria amenta
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
 Le peregrine piante

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

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

Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſar 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 fu'l piano:
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il ſuo piu degno Idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' à Ingegni fovrumani
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
 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
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
 Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

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

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

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO

PIORENTINO.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO,

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

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia 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 memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia le-

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

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

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

TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.



ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

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

Nec duri libet usque minas preferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, forteinve recuso
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet 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 fœcundus lite patronus
Dctonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

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

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

ELEGIA SECUNDA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ADADEMICI
 CANTABRIGIENSIS.

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

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

ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

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

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

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

ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD
MERCATORES ANGLICOS, HAMBURGÆ
AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERE
FUNGENTEM.

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

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagiritis generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëus Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adefſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum 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, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virùm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuèque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopisque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, et faxis fævior albis
Spumca quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim
Preffit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipsum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu fume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor offa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damascus agris,
Terruit et denſas pavidò cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

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

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

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiis recipit Cœrula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lym-
phâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene fufurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipfa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, et cava faxes sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
unum,

Ut tibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pistor,

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,

Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,

Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,

Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,

Vix Cybele mater, vix tibi tuta Ceres;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consultit in trepidos dum tibi nymphea pedes,

Jamque latet, latitantque cupit male tecta videri,

Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque tibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diu tibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.

Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris

Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales

Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;

Brumaque 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 CAR-
MINA EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS
ESSENT BONA, QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS
ERAT AB AMICIS EXCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM
OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFFIRMABAT, HOC
HABUIT RESPONSUM.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram proleat Musa camœnam,
Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm 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 bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauस्ताque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica sæcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Decorum est,
Lt vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest, elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

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

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

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

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

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

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

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

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

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

IN EANDEM.

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

IN EANDEM.

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

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.
 O quā funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura fuis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

IN EANDEM.

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

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

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

AD

LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

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

Z

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

AD EANDEM.

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

AD EANDEM.

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

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Haëtenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo affueto, protendus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periire mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.

APOLOGUS DE HISTICO ET HERO.

Rursumque a quoque scriptum est quod
 laquei et ad nos in hoc mundo
 sunt innumerabiles foras delictis capta
 animas ipsas in propria carnis
 habitatione ita tenet, sed etiam de his
 animas esse eductas, propter nos
 quod tandem in sanctis locis et in
 paradisi celis in his animas
 Atque ut per quodam latius in
 (quodam loco) quodammodo
 in istis quoque rebus et in
 in istis rebus et in istis

SYLVARUM LIBER.

ANNO ÆTATIS 16.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

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

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

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

Nec fraude turpi 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, potentique
Ægiali foror usa virgā.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentūm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastā.

Læsisset et nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genetricis alvo.

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

Jam præſuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, superſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri reſeſſus,

At ſila rupit PerſePHONE tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.

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

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthero vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium fruit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno niçantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque 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 Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iætaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, præscique Sabini,

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, 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 clauderat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis miçuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos confrixit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiaë disjectam ulciscere classẽ,
Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sakraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

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

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

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina teſti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Eſſera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longe fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Confilii focios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

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

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

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcætria bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immitiolvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissa alloquitur, terræque tremante:
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis 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 primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserefcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

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

Dum mœsta charo iusta perfolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præfulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis fororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messēs ubique colligit;

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

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

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

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

Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulgis sedibus Hæmī
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consultuit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indiis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furi leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem

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

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM
ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

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

Seu sempiternus ille fiderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore fiderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Affyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Ofiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermès (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxit ſcholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

A D PATREM.

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

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

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinat ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrída dum rutilus compescit súbila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladió mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas,
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum íuxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orpheæ cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carminē, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Músas,
Nec vanas inopesque 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 poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,

Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

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

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

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

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

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακωβ
 Αἰγυπλίον λιπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαροφῶνον,
 Δὴ τότε μενον ἐν ὁσίῳ γενος ὕιες Ἰσθὰ.

Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευεν.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυγαδ' ἐρῶντῃ θάλασσᾳ
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆ
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνῃς ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῇν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμῶσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεούλο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνωνες εὐτραφερω ἐν ἀλῶν.
 Βαιοτερὰ δ' αἶμα πασαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐριπναι,
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλή ὑπο μητερι ἀρνες.
 Τίπτε συγ' αἶνα θάλασσα πελωρ φυγαδ' ἐρῶντῃς
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆς
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνῃς ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῇν;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεεσθε
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγοωνῆς εὐτραφερω ἐν ἀλῶν;
 Βαιοτερὰ τί δ' ἀρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐριπναι,
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλή ὑπο μητερι ἀρνες;
 Σειεὸ γαῖα τρεῖσα θεὸν μεγαλ' ἐκτυπεονῖα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρεῖσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλαδῶν ποταμῶς χεε μῆρυκοῖας,
 Κρήνηντ' αἰναὸν πετρῆς ἀπο δακρυοεσσης.

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

ὦ ἀνα εἰ ὀλεσθῆς με τὸν ἐννομόν, εἶδε τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρασάντα, σοφωτάτον ἰσθι καρήνον
 Ρῆιδίως ἀφελοῖο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἐπειτα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πολλοῖς περιωνυμὸν ἀλκαρ ὀλεσσας.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Αμαθει γεγραφθαι χειρι τηνδε μεν εικονα
 Φαιης ταχ' αν, προς ειδος αυτοφues βλεπων.
 Τον δ' εκλυπτων εκ επιγονοτες φιλοι
 Γελατε φ αυλη δυσμιμημα ζωγραφει.

 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 cùm decentes flava Dëiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adestum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Qamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;

Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divùm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

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

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia profecutus 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 tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non infcia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Affyrios divūm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Offa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulto, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliūs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare 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
Oceanî 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 lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Mimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-
rum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit.
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et mihi lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adfit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forfitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certe bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt) et tota mente serenûm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ fedetque sub ulmo,

Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam nou vocat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Postquam te immitti 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, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
 Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus
 auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ fomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
 Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, 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 blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,
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 volitat, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit, rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot faxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, "vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Da-
mon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecêre magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite, sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priscúmque Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum frides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manus,
 Manus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri inaris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pha-
 retræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quòd tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quòd tua candida virtus?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæfivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quodd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quodd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreis que furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsô.

JAN. 23, 1646.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,

DE LIBRO POEMATUM AMISSE, QUEM ILLE SIBI DE-
NUO MITTI POSTULABAT, UT CUM ALIIS
NOSTRIS IN BIBLIOTHECA PUB-
LICA REPONERET, ODE.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Insons populi, barbitôque devius
Indulfit 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?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque facer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

STROPHE II.

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

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ;

STROPHE III.

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

ANTISTROPHE.

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

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes,
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
 longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα*
σχεσιν, partim *απολελυμενα*. 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 dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces,

SELECT NOTES

ON THE

PARADISE REGAINED.

IN order to introduce to more general notice this *elegant* Poem, which has been strangely neglected, though it abounds with MORAL instruction peculiarly adapted to the juvenile age, it has been judged proper to insert NOTES upon it, illustrative of its Beauties, and explanatory of its more difficult or obscure passages.

The limits of our volume will not allow us to *continue* the comment through the other Poems, nor is it indeed so requisite, as their Beauties are generally felt, and as they are read and studied by those who pass over the PARADISE REGAINED with a carelessness bordering on contempt.

PARADISE REGAINED*.



BOOK I.

“MILTON,*” says Mr. Hayley, “had already executed one extensive divine poem, peculiarly distinguished by richness and sublimity of description: in framing a second he naturally wished to vary its effect; to make it rich in moral sentiment, and sublime in its mode of unfolding the highest wisdom that man can learn; for this purpose it was necessary to keep all the ornamental parts of the poem in due subordination to the precept. This delicate and difficult point is accomplished with such felicity, they are blended together with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of 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 splendor 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 3. 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.

l. 3. p. 3. Recover'd Paradise—]

It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c. But the reason no doubt was, that Paradise, *regained* by our Saviour's resisting the temptations of Satan, might be a better contrast to Paradise, *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing spirit. Besides he might, very probably, and indeed very reasonably, be apprehensive, that a subject, so extensive as well as sublime, might be too great a burden for his declining constitution, and a task too long for the short term of years he could then hope for. Even in his Paradise Lost he expresses his fears, lest he had begun too late, and lest *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, should have damp'd his intended wing*; and surely he had much greater cause to dread the same now, and to be very cautious of launching out too far. *Thyer.*

*l. 8. p. 3. ————— who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert,—]*

It is said, Mat. iv. 1. *Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.* And from the Greek original *ἐρημῷ* the desert, and *ἐρημίτης* an inhabitant of the desert, is rightly formed the word *eremite*; which was used before by Milton in his Paradise Lost, iii. 474.

And by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, Cant. II. St. 4.

And in Italian, as well as in Latin, there is *eremita*, which the French, and we after them, contract into *hermite*, *hermit*. *Newton.*

*l. 11. p. 3. —————inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,]*

In the very fine opening of the NINTH book of the PARADISE LOST, Milton thus speaks of the *inspiration of the muse*:

If answerable still I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation, unimplor'd,
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, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, WHILE THOU
 VISIT'ST MY SLUMBERS NIGHTLY, OR WHEN MORN
 PURPLES THE EAST; still govern thou my song,
 URANIA.—

And in the introduction to the second book of *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy*, where he promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country, he adds, "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer "to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify whom he pleases."—Here then we see, that Milton's invocations of the Divine Spirit were not merely *exordia pro formâ*.—Indeed his prose works are not without their invocations.

12. p. 3. ————— *my prompted song, else mute,*]

Milton's third wife, who survived him many years, related of him, that he used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter; and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked, whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, "he stole from nobody "but the Muse who inspired him;" and, being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied, "IT WAS GOD'S GRACE AND THE "HOLY SPIRIT THAT VISITED HIM NIGHTLY."

Newton's Life of Milton.

Mr. Richardson also says, that "Milton would sometimes lie awake "whole nights, but not a verse could he make; and on a sudden his "poetical fancy would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*."

Johnson's Life of Milton.

14. p. 3. *With prosperous wing full summ'd,—*]

We have the like expression in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 421.

'They SUMM'D their pens —

It is a term in falconry. A hawk is said to be *full summ'd*, 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.

44. p. 4. *O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,]*

So the devil is called in scripture *the prince of the power of the air*, Eph. ii. 2. and evil spirits are termed *the rulers of the darknes 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 oppos'd.

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.

83. p. 6. *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 cœli claro delapsa columba est
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma
Terga, sed auratis circum et rutilantibus alis :
Jamque viam late signans super affitit ambos,
Cœlestique aurâ pendens afflavit utrumque.
Vox simul et magni rubrâ genitoris ab æthrâ
Audita est, nati dulcem testantis amorem.

Christiad. iv. 214.

- l. 131. p. 7. *Thou and all Angels conversant on earth,
With man or men's affairs,—]*

This seems to be taken from the verses attributed to Orpheus;

Ἀγγελοι, οἱσι μεμνηθε βροτοι, ὡς παντα τελειται.

Newton.

- l. 168. p. 8. *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 the 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 stands 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. 182. p. 9. ————— *vigils tun'd:]*

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. 189. p. 9. *One day walk'd 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. 201. p. 9. *When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing;—]*

How finely and consistently does Milton here imagine the youthful meditations of our Saviour! How different from, and superiour to, that

superstitious trumpery, which one meets with in the *Evangelium Infantia*, and other such apocryphal trash! Vid. Fabricii Cod. Apoc. N. Test. Thyer.

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

Οξυ δ' αναΐσας, ταχίνοι δὲ τοι ἦλθον ἰεῖλοι.

Αλλ' ἔτι παιδὶ ἐὼν ἐφράσσαο πάντα τέλεια.

Swift was thy growth, and early was thy bloom,
But earlier wisdom crown'd thy infant days.

Fortin.

Henry Stephens's translation of the latter verse is very much to our purpose.

Verum ætate puer, digna es meditatus adulta :

or rather his more paraphrastical translation,

Verum ætate puer, puerili haud more solebas

Ludere; sed jam tum tibi seria cuncta placebant,

Digna ætate animus jam tum volvebat adulta.

And Pindar in like manner praises Demophilus. Pyth. Od. iv. 501.

Κεῖν γὰρ ἐν παῖσι νεῖ, ἐν δὲ βελαῖς πρεσβύς. Our author might allude to these passages, but he certainly did allude to the words of the Apostle, 1 Cor. xiii. 11. only inverting the thought, *When I was a child, I spake as a child, &c.* Newton.

l. 218. p. 10. *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 OPPRESS'D,

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 arm'd.—

l. 221. p. 10. Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first, &c.]

The true spirit of toleration breathes in these lines, and the sentiment is very fitly put into the mouth of him, who *came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* Newton.

l. 222. p. 10. By winning words to conquer willing hearts,]

Virgil GEORG. iv. 561.

————— victorque volentes

Per populos dat jura —————

which expression of Virgil seems to be taken from Xenophon, Oeconomic. xxi. 12. Ου γαρ πανυ μοι δοκει όλον τῷ το αγαθον ανθρωπινον ειναι, αλλα θειον, το θελοντων αρχειν. Fortin.

l. 227. p. 10. ————— my mother soon perceiving

————— inly rejoic'd,]

Virgil, ÆN. i. 502.

Latonæ TACITUM pertentant gaudia pectus.

Fortin.

l. 255. p. 11. Just Simeon and prophetic Anna,—]

It may not be improper to remark how strictly our author adheres to the Scripture history, not only in the particulars which he relates, but also in the very epithets which he affixes to the persons; as here *Just Simeon*, because it is said, Luke ii. 25, *and the same man was just*: and *prophetic Anna*, because it is said, Luke ii. 36, *and there was one Anna a prophetess*. The like accuracy may be observed in all the rest of this speech. Newton.

l. 262. p. 11. ————— and soon found of whom they spake

I am—]

The Jews thought that the Messiah, when he came, would be without all power and distinction, and *unknown even to himself*, till Elias had anointed and declared him. Χριστος δε ει και γεγενῆαι, και εστι πη, αγνωστος εστι, και ηδε αυτος πω εαυτον επισταται, ηδε εχει δυναμιν τινα, μεχρις αν ελθων Ηλιας χριση αυτον, και φανερον πασι ποιηση. Just. Mart. Dial. cum Tryph. p. 266. Ed. Col. Calton.

l. 294. p. 12. So spake our Morning Star—]

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

And thus Spenser, in his HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE,
 O blessed well of love ! O flowre of grace !
 O glorious MORNING STAR ! O lamp of light !
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,
 Eternal king of glory, Lord of might,
 Meek Lamb of God before all worlds beight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

*l. 302. p. 13. Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon on shady vale, &c.]*

Here the Poet of *Paradise Lost* breaks out in his meridian splendour. There is something particularly picturesque in this description.

l. 312. p. 13. 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 Shakespear, 2 HENRY SIXTH, Act III.

Newton.

l. 458. p. 18. ————— Delphes,—]

In the famous controversy about ancient and modern learning, Mr. Wotton reproves Sir William Temple for putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* every where in his *Essays*. Mr. Boyle justifies it, and says that it is used by all the finest writers of our tongue, and best judges of it, particularly Waller, Dryden, Creech, &c. If these authorities may justify Sir William Temple, they may also justify Milton ; but certainly the true way of writing it is not *Delphos* in the accusative case, but *Delphi* in the nominative.

Newton.

BOOK II.

l. 1. p. 23. Mean while the new baptis'd, &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. 42. p. 24. ——— 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. 153. p. 28. Set women in his eye, &c.]

As this temptation is not mentioned in the Gospels, it could not with any propriety have been proposed to our Saviour; it is much more fitly made the subject of debate among the wicked spirits themselves. All that can be said in praise of the power of beauty, and all that can be alleged to depreciate it, is here summed up with greater force and elegance, than I ever remember to have seen in any other author.

Newton.

l. 186. p. 29. ————— *Calisto, Clymene,*
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx,—]

All these mistresses of the gods might have been furnished from Ovid, who is said to have been our Author's favourite Latin Poet. Indeed that he was so at an early period of life, appears from Milton's frequent imitations of him in his juvenile Latin Poems.—For *Calisto*, see Ovid. MET. ii. 409. et FAST. ii. 155.—For *Clymene*, the mother of *Phaeton*, MET. i. *ad finem*.—*Daphne*; MET. i. 452.—*Semele*; MET. iii. 253.—*Antiopa*; MET. vi. 110.—*Amymone*; EPIST. xix. 131. et I. AMOR. x. 5.—*Syrinx*; MET. i. 690.

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

Ω μακαρ Αρκαδία ποιε παρθενη
 Καλλισοι, Διος 'α λεχων επε-
 -δας, τετραβαμοσι γυιοις
 'Ως πολυ ματρος εμας ελαχες πλεον.

Euripid. HELEN. 381.

Happy *Calisto*, thou Arcadian nymph,
 That didst ascend the couch of Jove; transform'd
 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 *HYPPOLITUS*, v. 456.

'Οσοι μεν ουν γραφας τε των παλαιτερων
 Εχουσιν, αυτοι τ' εισιν εν μουσαις αει,
 Ισασι μεν, Ζευς 'ως πολ' ηρασθη γαμων
 Σεμελης. —————

They who with ancient writings have convers'd,
 And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine,
 Know how to Theban *Semele's* embrace
 Flew amorous Jove. —————

Wodhull.

The story of *Antiopa*, or *Antiope*, is recorded likewise by Propertius, (L. iii. EL. 14.) a Poet whom (as Mr. Warton observes) Milton has occasionally imitated. *Antiope* is also mentioned in a Greek Epigram, in the *Anthologia*, where four of Jupiter's principal amours,

and the disguises under which he accomplished them, are recited with the usual Greek epigrammatic brevity.

ΖΕΥΣ, ΚΥΚΝΟΣ, ΤΑΥΡΟΣ, ΣΑΤΥΡΟΣ, χρυσεός δι' ἐρωτῆς

Ἀλδης, Ευρωπης, ΑΝΤΙΟΠΗΣ, Δαναῶς.

Dunster.

l. 190. p. 29. Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,]

Calisto, Semele, and Antiopa, were mistresses to Jupiter; Clymene and Daphne to Apollo; and Syrinx to Pan.—Both here and elsewhere Milton considers the gods of the heathens as demons or devils. Thus, in the Septuagint version of the Psalms; ΠΑΝΤΕΣ οἱ θεοὶ τῶν ἐθνῶν δαίμονια. Psalm xcvi. 5. (and likewise in the Vulgate Latin, *Quoniam omnes Dii gentium dæmonia.*) And the notion of the demons having commerce with women in the shape of the heathen gods is very ancient, and is expressly asserted by Justin Martyr. *See* Apol. i. P. 10. et 33. edit. Thirlbii.

Newton.

l. 190. p. 29. ————— Pan,

Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan?—]

Unless the goddesses that in rural shrine

Dwell't here with PAN, OR SYLVAN,— COMUS, 267.

Milton notices all these rural demi-gods and their amours, in his beautiful Latin Elegy, IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

l. 196. p. 29. Remember that Pellaan conqueror,]

Alexander the Great was born at *Pella* in Macedonia: his continence and clemency to Darius's queen and daughters, and the other Persian ladies whom he took captive after the battle of Issus, are commended by the historians. Tum quidem ita se gessit, ut omnes antequam reges et continentia et clementia vincerentur. Virgines enim regias excellentis formæ tam sancte habuit, quam si eodem quo ipse parente genitæ forent: conjugem ejusdem, quam nulla ætatis suæ pulchritudine corporis vicit, adeo ipse non violavit, ut summam adhibuerit curam, ne quis captivo corpori illuderet, &c. Quint. Curt. lib. iii. cap. 9. He was then a young conqueror, of about twenty-three years of age, *a youth*, as Milton expresses it.

Newton.

l. 199. p. 29. How he firnam'd of Africa dismiss'd,

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. 214. p. 30. ——— (as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,)]*

Η, και απο σθησεσφιν ελυσατο κεσον ιμαντα,
Ποικιλον' ενθα δε οι θεακηρια παντα τετυκτο
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριςυς,
Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων.

Iliad. xiv. 214.

She said. With awe divine the queen of love

Obej'd the sister and the wife of Jove :

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,

With various skill and high embroidery grac'd.

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. 215. p. 30. ————— 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. 216. p. 30. ————— one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,]*

Here is the construction that we often meet with in Milton : from his majestic brow, that is, from the majestic brow of him seated as on the top of virtue's hill : and the expression of *virtue's hill* was probably in 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 Shakespeare ; 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 LOST,

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye,
Dares look upon THE HEAVEN OF HER BROW,
That is not BLINDED BY HER MAJESTY?

Act III. Sc. 4.

l. 266. p. 32. Him thought,—]

We say now, and more justly, *he thought*; but *him thought* is of the same construction as *me thought*, and is used by our old writers, as by Fairfax, Cant. 13. St. 40.

HIM THOUGHT he heard the softly whistling wind.

Newton.

*l. 308. p. 33. The fugitive bond-woman, with her son
Outcast Nebaioth,—]*

Hagar, who fled from the face of her mistress, Gen. xvi. 6, is therefore called a *fugitive*: her son was not a fugitive, but an *out-cast*; so exact was our author in the use of his epithets.

l. 313. p. 33. Native of Thebez,—]

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

Newton.

l. 313. p. 33. ———— wandering here was fed]

It appears that Milton conceived the wilderness, where Hagar wandered with her son, and where the Israelites were fed with manna, and where Elijah retreated from the rage of Jezebel, to be the same with the wilderness where our Saviour was tempted. And yet it is certain, that they were very different places; for the wilderness where Hagar wandered was *the wilderness of Beer-sheba*, Gen. xxi. 14; and where the Israelites were fed with manna was *the wilderness of Sin*, Exod. xvi. 1; and where Elijah retreated was *in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beer-sheba*, 1 Kings, xix. 4; and where our Saviour was tempted was *the wilderness near Jordan*. But our author considers all that tract of country as one and the same wilderness, though distinguished by different names from the different places adjoining. *Newton.*

l. 340. p. 34. A table richly spread, &c.]

This temptation is not recorded in Scripture, but is however in-

vented 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*.

Tyer.

The banquet here furnished by Satan, Bishop Newton observes, is like that prepared by Armida for her lovers. Tasso, C. x. 64.

Apprestar sù l' herbetta, ov' è più densa

L' ombra, e vicino al suon de l'acque chiare,

Fece di sculti vasi altera mensa,

E ricca di vivande elette e care.

Era quì ciò ch' ogni stagion dispensa,

Ciò che dona la terra, ò manda il mare,

Ciò che l' arte condisce, e cento belle

Servivano al convito accorte ancelle.

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,

Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,

In massy vessel of pure silver made,
 A banquet rich and costly furnish'd was;
 All beasts, all birds beguil'd 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 serv'd —————

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 music, and tables spread with all dainties.*”

l. 343. p. 34. 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 *futtleties*, *subilties*, or *fortilties*.—*Leland*, in his account of the entertainment at the inthronization of *Archbishop Warham* in 1504, (*Colletanea*, Vol. 6) mentions “a futtlety of three stages, with vanes and towres embattled,” and “a warner with eight towres embattled, and made with *flawres*,” 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 fortilties*. 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. 344. p. 34. Gris-amber-steam'd;—]

Ambergis, 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 CUS-
 TOM OF THE COUNTRY, Act III. Scene 2.

————— Be sure

The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,

And AMBER’D ALL.

Newton.

Mr. Warton, in his Note on COMUS, V. 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 DRENCH’D 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. 346. p. 34. And *exquisitest name*,—]

This alludes to that species of Roman luxury, which gave *exquisite names* to fish of exquisite taste, such as that they called *cerebrum Jovis*. They extended this even to a very capacious dish, as that they called *clypeum Minervæ*. The modern Italians fall into the same wantonness of luxurious impiety, as when they call their exquisite wines by the names of *lacrymæ Christi* and *lac Virginis*.

Warburton.

l. 346. p. 34. ————— for which was drain’d

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.]

The fish are brought to furnish this banquet from all the different parts of the world then known; from *Pontus*, or the Euxine Sea, in Asia; from the *Lucrine Bay*, in Italy; and from the *coast of Africa*; all which places are celebrated for different kinds of fish by the authors of antiquity.

Newton.

l. 349. p. 34. ————— that diverted Eve!]]

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

Newton.

l. 353. p. 34. *Than Ganymed or Hylas;—*]

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

Newton.

l. 359. p. 35. — *faery damsels met in forest wide*

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,

Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.]

Sir *Lancelot*, *Pelleas*, and *Pellenore*, (the latter by the title of *King Pellenore*) are *Persons* in the old Romance of MORTE ARTHUR, or *The Lyf of King Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the round table, and in thende the dolorous deth of them all*; written originally in French, and translated into English by Sir Thomas Malleory, Knt. printed by William Caxton, 1484.—From this old Romance, Mr. Warton (*OBSERVATIONS ON SPENSER*, Sect. 2) shews that Spenser borrowed much. Sir Lancelot is there called of *Logris*; and Sir Tristram is named of *Lyones*, under which title he appears also in the *Faery Queen*. *Logris* is the same with *Loegria* (according to the more fabulous historians, and amongst them Milton), an old name for England. Holinshed 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 inhabi-
“tants 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 se-
“cond Cambris or Camber, the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now
“when the time of his death drew neere, to the first he betooke the
“government of that part of the land now known by the name of
“England, so that the same was long after called LOEGRIA or LO-
“GIERS of this Locrinus,” &c. &c.—The same author, in his *Description of Britain*, instead of *Loegria*, or *Logiers*, writes it LHOEGRES. The Title of his TWENTY-SECOND Chapter is, *after what manner the soveraigntie 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*.

Lochrine was left the sovereign lord of all,
But Albanaſt 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 *Lioneſſe*.” Sir Triftram 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 *Triftran de Leonnois*, although in the original he is only mentioned by the ſingle name of Triftran. In the *Orlando Inamorato* alſo, among the knights, who defend Angelica in the fortrefs of Albracca againſt Agrican, is Sir Hubert of Lyones, *Uburto dal Leone*.—Triftram, in his account of himſelf in the *FAERY QUEEN*, B. VI. C. ii. 28, ſays,

And Triftram is my name, the only heir
Of good king Meliográs, 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 advis'd 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,

PENSEROSO, 119.

Milton's later thoughts could not, we find, but rove at times where, as he himself told us, "his younger feet wandered," when he "be- " took him among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in " solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious " kings, and from hence had in renowne over all Christendome."—
APOL. FOR SMECTYMN. p. 177. Prose Works. ed. Amst. 1698.

Sir Pelleas, "a very valorous knight of Arthur's round table," is one of those who pursue the Blatant beast, when, after having been conquered and chained up by Sir Calidore, it "broke its iron chain," and again "ranged through the world." FAERY QUEEN, B. VI. C. xii. 39.

Warton.

l. 365. p. 35. ————— Flora's earliest smells.]

We may collect from many passages in our Author's poems, that he was habitually acquainted with the beauties of the early morning, and particularly sensible of them. Mr. Warton says that he "has delineated them with the lively pencil of a lover." *Note on LYCIDAS*, 27.

In his ARCADES, 56, he speaks of

— the ODOROUS BREATH OF MORN.

In the PARADISE LOST, iv. 641. 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 dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene

2 D

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 BOSOM'D SMELLS.

Philips, the imitator of our author, has most beautifully, and in a manner perfectly worthy of his master, copied the idea expressed in the last line:

——— when the kind early dew

Unlocks embosom'd odors, ——

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 BREATH'D
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 join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
THE SEASON PRIME FOR SWEETEST SCENTS AND AIRS:

PARADISE LOST, ix. 192.

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 enter'd they behold around

A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strowed with pleafance, whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of FLORA's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,

WHEN FORTH FROM VIRGIN BOWER SHE COMES IN TH'
EARLY MORN.

F. Q. B. II. 12. 50.

Warton.

l. 423. p. 37. *What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd 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. ΦΙΛΘ̃ δε τις Τρεκαυθ̃ ΙδεμαιΘ̃, Αλιπατρ̃ λεγομεν̃, πολλων̃ μεν̃ ευπορων̃ χρηματων̃, κ. τ. λ. Antiq. lib. xiv. cap. 1. And his son Herod was declared king of Judea by the favour of Mark Antony, partly for the sake of the money which he promised to give him;—τα δε και̃ υπο̃ χρηματων̃ αν̃ αυτω̃ Ηρωδης̃ υπ̃εσχετο̃ δωσειν̃ ει̃ γενειτο̃ βασιλευς̃. Ibid. cap. 14.

Newton.

l. 439. p. 37. *Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,]*

Our Saviour is rightly made to cite his first instances from Scripture, and of his own nation, as being the best known to him; but it is with great art that the poet also supposes him not to be unacquainted with heathen history, for the sake of introducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon saith of himself, *O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.* Judges, vi. 15. And Jephtha *was the son of an harlot, and his brethren thrust him out, and said unto him, Thou shalt not inherit in our father's house, for thou art the son of a strange woman.* Judges, xi. 1, 2. And the exaltation of David from a sheep-hook to a sceptre is very well known. *He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds: From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.* Psalm lxxviii. 70, 71.

Newton.

l. 446. p. 37. *Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,]*

Quintius Cincinnatus was twice invited from following the plough to be consul and dictator of Rome; and after he had subdued the enemy, when the senate would have enriched him with public lands and private contributions, he rejected all these offers, and retired again to his cottage and old course of life. *Fabricius* could not be bribed by all the large offers of king Pyrrhus to aid him in negotiating a peace with the Romans: and yet he lived and died so poor, that he was buried at the

public expense, and his daughters fortunes were paid out of the treasury. *Curius Dentatus* would not accept of the lands which the senate had assigned him for the reward of his victories; and when the ambassadors of the Samnites offered him a large sum of money as he was sitting at the fire and roasting turnips with his own hands, he nobly refused to take it, saying that it was his ambition not to be rich, but to command those who were so. And *Regulus*, after performing many great exploits, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and sent with the ambassadors to Rome to treat of peace, upon oath to return to Carthage, if no peace or exchange of prisoners should be agreed upon: but was himself the first to dissuade a peace, and chose to leave his country, family, friends, every thing, and return a glorious captive to certain tortures and death, rather than suffer the senate to conclude a dishonourable treaty. Our Saviour cites these instances of noble Romans in order of time, as he did those of his own nation: and, as Mr. Calton observes, the Romans in the most degenerate times were fond of these (and some other like) examples of ancient virtue; and their writers of all sorts delight to introduce them: but the greatest honour that poetry ever did them is here, by the praise of the Son of God.

Newton.

l. 453. p. 38. Extol not riches then, &c.—]

Milton concludes this book and our Saviour's reply to Satan with a series of thoughts as noble and just, and as worthy of the speaker, as can possibly be imagined. I think one may venture to affirm, that, as the *Paradise Regained* is a poem entirely moral and religious, the excellency of which does not consist so much in bold figures and strong images, as in deep and virtuous sentiments expressed with a becoming gravity, and a certain decent majesty, this is as true an instance of the sublime, as the battles of the Angels in the *Paradise Lost*. *Thyer.*

l. 466. p. 38. Yet he, who reigns within himself, &c.—]

"The *Paradise Regained*," Mr. Hayley very justly observes, "is a poem that particularly deserves to be recommended to ardent and ingenuous youth, as it is admirably calculated to inspire that spirit of self-command, which is, as Milton esteemed it, the truest heroism, and the triumph of Christianity."

Life of Milton, p. 126.

l. 476. p. 38. *Is yet more kingly;—*]

In this speech concerning riches and realms, our poet has culled all the choicest, finest flowers out of the heathen poets and philosophers who have written upon these subjects. It is not so much their words, as their substance sublimed and improved. But here he soars above them, and nothing could have given him so complete an idea of a divine teacher, as the life and character of our Blessed Saviour.

Newton.

BOOK III.

l. 13. p. 43. ————— *as the oracle*

Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems

On Aaron's breast;—]

Aaron's breast-plate was a piece of cloth doubled, of a span square, in which were set in sockets of gold twelve precious stones bearing the names of the twelve tribes of Israel engraven on them, which being fixed to the ephod, or upper vestment of the high priest's robes, was worn by him on his breast on all solemn occasions. In this breast-plate the *Urim* and *Thummim*, say the Scriptures, were put. And the learned Prideaux, after giving some account of the various opinions concerning *Urim* and *Thummim*, says it will be safest to hold, that the words *Urim* and *Thummim* meant only the divine virtue and power, given to the breast-plate in its consecration, of obtaining an oraculous answer from God, whenever counsel was asked of him by the high-priest with it on, in such manner as his words did direct; and that the names of *Urim* and *Thummim* were given hereto only to denote the clearness and perfection which these oracular answers always carried with them. For *Urim* signifieth *light*, and *Thummim*, *perfection*. *Newton.*

l. 25. p. 44. ————— *glory the reward]*

Our Saviour having withstood the allurements of riches, Satan attacks him in the next place with the charms of glory. I have sometimes

thought that Milton might possibly take the hint of thus connecting these two temptations from Spenser, who, in his second book of the Faery Queen, representing the virtue of temperance under the character of Guyon, and leading him through various trials of his constancy, brings him to the house of riches, or *Mammon's delve*, as he terms it, and immediately after to the palace of glory, which he describes, in his allegorical manner, under the figure of a beautiful woman called *Philotimè*. Thyer.

l. 31. p. 44. 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. 71. p. 45. 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. 691.

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 styl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

And again, ver. 789 of 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 achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth. *Dunster.*

*l. 74. p. 45. ————— 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, ranfack, 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 de-
“ fenceless towns and villages; these practices being so far from discre-
“ ditable, that they were attended with a certain degree of honour.”—

ετραποντο προς λησειαν, ηγμενων ανδρων η των αδυνατωτατων — —
— — και προσπιπτοντες πολεσιν ατειχιστοις, και κατα πυρμας οικημε-
ναις, ηρπαζον, και τον πλειστον τε βιω εντευθεν εποικηλο' ουκ εχοντος πα-
αισχυνην τουτε τε εργη, φερωντος δε τι και θυξης μαλλον. L. i. C. 5.

Dunster.

l. 75. p. 45. But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave

Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,

Made captive,—]

This description of the ravages of conquerors may have been copied
from some of the accounts of the barbarous nations that invaded Rome.
Ovid describes the *Getæ* thus *spoiling, robbing, slaying, enslaving, and*
burning.

Hostis, equo pollens longèque volante sagittâ,

Vicinam latè depopulatur humum.

Diffugiunt alii; nullisque tuentibus agros

Incustoditæ diripiuntur opes;

Ruris opes parvæ, pecus et stridentia plaustra,

Et quas divitias incola pauper habet.

Pars agitur vinctis post tergum capta lacertis,

Respiciens frustra rura laremque suum.

Pars cadit hamatis mœrè confixa sagittis;

Nam volucris ferro tinctile virus inest.

Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt:

Et cremat infontes hostica flamma casas.

TRIST. iii. El. x. 55.

Dunster.

l. 78. p. 45. ————— *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 combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Dunster.

l. 81. p. 46. ————— *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 Θεῷ Επιφανῆς. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of *Ευεργεταί, Benefactors*, and *Σωτῆρες, Deliverers*.

Calton.

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

The title of *ευεργετης*, as assumed by tyrants, is referred to, Luke xxii. 25.—*And they that exercise authority over them ARE CALLED BENEFACTORS.*

When Demetrius Poliorcetes returned from his expedition to Corcyra, the Athenians received him with divine honours, and in their hymns and chorusses celebrated him as “the only true God, for that “all other Gods were asleep, or were gone abroad, or did not exist.”—ως ειη μονος θεος αληθινος, οι δε αλλοι καθυϋδουσιν, η απεδημῶσιν, η ουκ εισιν. Demochares ap. Athenæn. L. 6.

Dunster.

l. 84. p. 46. (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. 109. p. 46. 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. 158. p. 48. Reduc'd 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. 159. p. 48. ————— nor is always rul'd

With temperate sway—]

The Roman government indeed was not always the most temperate. At this time Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea, and, it appears from history, was a most corrupt and flagitious governor. See particularly Philo, *de Legatione ad Caium*.

Newton.

l. 160. p. 48. ————— oft have they violated

The temple, &c.—]

Pompey, with several of his officers, entered not only into the holy place, but also penetrated into the holy of holies, where none were permitted by the law to enter, except the high priest alone, once in a year, on the great day of expiation. Antiochus Epiphanes had before been guilty of a similar profanation. See 2 Macab. C. v.

Newton.

l. 165. p. 48. 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.

l. 242. p. 51. (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)]

Saul, seeking his father's asses, came to Samuel, and by him was anointed king. 1 Sam. ix.

Newton.

l. 284. p. 52. ————— Persopolis,

His city,—]

The city of Cyrus; if not built by him, yet by him made the capital city of the Persian Empire.

Newton.

l. 285. p. 52. ————— Baëtra there;—]

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness; mentioned by Virgil, GEORG. ii. 136.

Newton.

l. 286. p. 52. Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,]

Ancient historians speak of *Ecbatana*, the metropolis of Media, as a very large city. Herodotus compares it to Athens, L. i. C. 98; Strabo calls it a great city, *μεγαλη πολις*, L. ii; and Polybius, L. 10. says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings.

Newton.

l. 287. p. 52. And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;—]

The names signifies *a city with an hundred gates*; and so the capital

city of Parthia was called, 'Εκατομπυλον το των Παρθυαιων βασιλειον.
Strabo. L. xi. p. 514. Newton.

l. 288. *p.* 52. *Sufa by Choaspes,—*]

Sufa, the Shushan of the holy scriptures, and the royal seat of the kings of Persia, who resided here in the winter and at Ecbatana in the summer, was situated on the river *Choaspes*, or Eulæus, or Ulai as it is called in Daniel; or rather on the confluence of these two rivers, which meeting at Sufa form one great river, sometimes called by one name, and sometimes by the other. Newton.

Dionysius describes the Choaspes flowing by Sufa,

—— παρα τε ρειων χθονα Συσων.

1074.

l. 288. *p.* 52. ————— *amber stream,*]

Thus in the PARADISE LOST, iii. 358.

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

———— ΑΔΕΚΤΡΙΝΟΝ υδαρ.

Callimach. HYMN AD CER. 29.

And Virgil. GEORG. iii. 522.

———— non qui per saxa volutus

PURIOR ELECTRO campum petit amnis:—

Sabrina the River-Goddes, in COMUS, is addressed, Ver. 863, as having

———— AMBER-DROPPING hair;

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

l. 289. *p.* 52. *The drink of none but kings;—*]

It may be granted, and it is not at all improbable, that none besides the king might drink of that water of *Choaspes*, which was boiled and barreled up for his use in his military expeditions. Solinus indeed, who is a frivolous writer, says "*Choaspes* ita dulcis est, ut Perfici reges quamdiu intra ripas Persidis fluit solis sibi ex eo pocula vindicarint." Milton therefore, considered as a poet, with whose purpose the fabulous suited best, is by no means to be blamed for what he has advanced; as even the authority of Solinus is sufficient to justify him. Fortin.

*l. 289. p. 52. ————— of later fame,
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata, Tere don, 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 Antiocha, *Antiochia quam Nisibin vocant*. Plin. vi. 16. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia, seated upon the river Araxes, *juxta Araxem Artaxate*. Plin. vi. 10. *Tere don*, a city near the Persian bay, below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris, *Tere don 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. 292. p. 52. 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. 294. p. 52. All these the Parthian, now some ages past
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first
 That empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.]*

All these cities, which before belonged to the Seleucidæ or Syro-Macedonian princes, sometimes called *kings of Antioch*, from their usual place of residence, were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whose empire was founded by *Arsaces*, who revolted from Antiochus Theus, according to Prideaux, two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This view of the Parthian empire is much more agreeably and poetically described than Adam's prospect of the kingdoms of the world from the mount of vision in the Paradise Lost, xi. 385—411: 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. 298. p. 53. And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; &c.—]*

Milton, considering very probably that a geographic description of kingdoms, however varied in the manner of expression and diversified with little circumstances, must soon grow tedious, has very judiciously thrown in this digressive picture of an army mustering for an expedition, which he has executed in a very masterly manner. The same conduct he has observed in the subsequent description of the Roman empire, by introducing into the scene prætors and proconsuls marching out to their provinces with troops, lictors, rods, and other ensigns of power, and ambassadors making their entrance into that imperial city from all parts of the world. There is great art and design in this contrivance of our Author's, and the more as there is no appearance of any, so naturally are the parts connected. Thyer.

l. 315. p. 53. 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. 316. p. 53. Arachosia,—]

This was one of the largest provinces of the Parthian Empire, and, as Bp. Newton observes, is described by Strabo extending to the river Indus, *μεχρι της Ινδου ποταμου τεταμενη*. L. xi. p. 516.

l. 316. p. 53. ————— Candar—]

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. 317. p. 53. — Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,]*

Margiana and Hyrcania lay northward of Arachosia towards the Caspian Sea. Margiana is mentioned by Pliny, L. vi. 16.—The Hyrcanian “cliffs of Caucasus” and “the Iberian dales” are joined together by Strabo, who says, that the highest part of the Caucasus bordered on Albania, Iberia, and Colchis.—*τα μεν ουν ὑψηλοτατα τῷ ὄντως Καυκασῷ τα νοτιωτατα εἰσι, τα πρὸς Ἀλβανίαν καὶ Ἰβηρίαν καὶ Κολχίαν.* L. xi. p. 506.—The Iberian dales are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests. Tacitus describes the Iberians “*faltuosos*” “*locos incolentes.*” ANNAL. vi. 34.

*l. 319. p. 53. From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains,
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.]*

This description of the Parthian provinces moves nearly in a circle. It begins with Arachosia east; then advances northward to Margiana; and from thence, turning westward, proceeds to Hyrcania, Iberia, and the Atropatian or northern division of Media. Here it turns again southward, and carries us to Adiabene, or the western part of Babylonia, which, as Bp. Newton observes, Strabo (L. xvi. p. 745,) describes as a *plain country*, *της μεν εν Αδιαβηνης ἡ πλειση πεδιας εἰσι*; 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 Balsara, Bassorah, or Bussorah.

*l. 333. p. 54. ————— or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;]*

Alluding probably to Æschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. PERSÆ, 71.

Πολυγομφον ὄδισμα

Ζυγον αμφιβαλων αυχενι ποντι.

Thyer.

*l. 337. p. 54. Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, &c.—]*

What Milton here alludes to is related in Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato, L. i. Cant. 10. The number of forces said to be there assembled is incredible, and extravagant even beyond the common

extravagancy of romances. Agrican the Tartar king brings into the field no less than two millions two hundred thousand ;

Ventidua centinaia di migliara

Di caualier hauea quel Rè nel campo,

Cosa non mai udità——

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 fabuloufness 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. 341. p. 54. 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. 374. p. 55. ————— those ten tribes

Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,

In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;]

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. 428. p. 57. Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,

Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,

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. Whom 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. 27. p. 62. Another plain, &c.—]

The learned reader need not be informed that the country here meant is Italy, which indeed is long but not broad, and is washed by the Mediterranean on the south, and screened by the Alps on the north, and divided in the midst by the river Tiber. Newton.

l. 66. p. 63. ————— turms of horse—]

Troops of horse; as Bp. Newton observes, from the Latin, *turma*. Virg. *ÆN.* v. 560.

————— equitum TURMÆ, ———

l. 68. p. 63. ————— 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 ver. 69—76, those on the Emilian in ver. 77—79.

Newton.

l. 69. p. 63. ————— from farthest south,

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, &c.—]

He first mentions places in *Africa*; *Syene*, a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia; Ditionis Ægypti esse incipit a fine Æthiopix Syene; Plin. Lib. v. Sect. 9; *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, in the river Nile, therefore called *Nilotic isle, where the shadow both way falls*; Rurfus in Meroe, (insula hæc caputque gentis Æthiopum—in amne Nilo habitat,) bis anno absumi umbras; Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73; *the realm of Bocchus*, Mauritania. Then *Asian* nations; among these *the golden Chersonese*, Malacca the most southern promontory of the East Indies, (see *Paradise Lost*, xi. 392; and *utmost Indian isle Taprobane*, wherefore Pliny says it is “extra orbem a natura relegata;” Lib. vi. Sect. 22. Then the *Europæan* nations as far as to *the Tauric pool*, that is the palus Mæotis; “Lacus ipse “Mæotis, Tanain amnem ex Riphæis montibus defluentem accipiens, “novissimum inter Europam Asiamque finem, &c.” Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12.

Newton.

l. 115. p. 65. *On citron tables or Atlantic stone,]*

Tables made of *citron* wood were in such request among the Romans, that Pliny calls it *mensarum insania*. They were beautifully veined and spotted. See his account of them, Lib. xiii. Sect. 29. I do not find that the *Atlantic stone* or marble was so celebrated: the *Numidicus lapis* and *Numidicum marmor* are often mentioned in Roman authors.

Newton.

l. 145. p. 66. *Or could of inward slaves make outward free?]*

This noble sentiment Milton explains more fully, and expresses more diffusively, in his *PARADISE LOST*, xii. 90.

— 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. 230. p. 68. Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st.]

Alluding to those charming lines, *l. 221.*

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of fear. *Newton.*

l. 239. p. 69. ————— pure the air, and light the soil;]

Attica being a mountainous country, the soil was light, and the air sharp and pure; and therefore said to be productive of sharp wits.

———ΤΗΝ ΕΥΚΡΑΣΙΑΝ ΤΑΝ ΟΡΑΝ ΕΝ ΑΥΤῳ ΚΑΤΙΔΥΣΑ, ὅτι ΦΡΟΝΙΜΩΤΑΤΗΣ ΑΝΔΡΑΣ ΟΙΣΙ. Plato in Timæo. p. 24. Vol. 3. Ed. Serr.——“Athenis tenuē cœlum, ex quo acutiores etiam putantur Attici.”——Cicero, *De Fato*, 4. *Newton.*

l. 244. p. 69. ————— the olive grove of Academe,]

The Academy is always described as a woody, shady, place. Diogenes Laertius calls it *προαγειον ΑΛΣΩΔΕΣ*; and Horace speaks of the *SYLVAS Academi*, 2 *Epist.* ii. 45. But Milton distinguishes it by the particular name of *the olive grove of Academe*, because the olive was particularly cultivated about Athens, being sacred to Minerva the goddess of the city: he has besides the express authority of Aristophanes, *NUB.* 1001.

ΑΛΛ' ΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑΝ ΚΑΤΙΩΝ, ὑπο ταῖς μοριαῖς ἀποθρεξείς.

Sed in Academiam descendens sub sacris olivis spatiaberis.

Newton.

This whole description of the Academe is infinitely charming. Bp. Newton has justly observed that “Plato’s Academy was never more “beautifully described.” “Cicero,” he adds, “who has laid the “scene of one of his dialogues (*De Fin.* l. v.) there, and who had “been himself on the spot, has not painted it in more lively colours.”

l. 245. p. 69. ————— 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 multifonâ fervet facer ATTIDE lucus, &c. *Newton.*

*l. 247. p. 69. There flow'ry 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 fufurro :

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. 249. p. 69. ————— Iliffus—]

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.—*χαριέντα γυν και καθαρα και διαφανη τα ιδατια φαινεται.* “Nonne hinc aquulæ puræ ac pellucidæ jocundo murmure confluunt?” Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 229. The philosophical retreat at the spring-head is beautifully described by Plato, in the next page, where Socrates and Phædrus are represented sitting on a green bank, shaded with a spreading platane, of which Cicero hath said very prettily, that it seemeth not to have grown so much by the water which is described, as by Plato’s eloquence ; “quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse.” De Orat. i. 7. *Newton.*

l. 253. p. 69. Lyceum there,—]

The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great, and was the founder of the sect of the Peripatetics, so called, *απο του περιπατειν*, from his *walking*, and teaching philosophy. But there is some reason to question, whether the *Lyceum* was *within the walls*, as Milton asserts. For Suidas says expressly, that it was a place in the suburbs, built by Pericles for the exercising of soldiers : and I find the scholiast upon Aristophanes in the Irene, speaks of going into the Lyceum, and going out of it again, and *returning back into the city* :—*εις το Δυκειον εισιόντες — και παλιν εξιόντες εκ του Δυκειου, και αποιόντες εις την πολιν.* *Newton.*

l. 253. *p.* 69. ————— *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 Ποικίλη, or *various*, and here by Milton the *painted Stoa*. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Aristotle and Zeno.

Newton.

l. 257. *p.* 69. *Æolian charms,—*]

Æolia carmina, verses such as those of Alcæus and Sappho, who were both of Mitylene in Lesbos, an island belonging to the *Æolians*.

Princeps ÆOLIUM CARMEN ad Italos

Deduxisse modos, ————— Hor. L. iii. ODE xxx. 13.

Fingent ÆOLIO CARMINE nobilem, — IBID. L. iv. ODE iii. 12.

Newton.

Our English word *charm* is derived from *carmen*; as are *inchant*, and *incantation*, from *canto*.

l. 257. *p.* 69. ————— *Dorian Lyric odes,*]

Such as those of Pindar; who calls his lyre Δωριαν φερμένην. OLYMP. i. 26, &c.

Newton.

l. 258. *p.* 69. *And his who gave them breath, &c.—*]

Our Author agrees with those writers, who speak of Homer as the father of all kinds of poetry. Dionysius the Halicarnassæan, and Plutarch, have attempted to show that poetry in all its forms, tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph, are included in his works.

Newton.

l. 259. *p.* 69. *Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,*]

Our Author here follows Herodotus, in his life of Homer, where it is said that he was born near the river Meles, and that from thence his mother named him at first Melesigenes, —τιθεται ονομα τῷ παιδί Μελεσιγενεα, απο τῆς ποταμῆς τῇ ἐπωνυμίαν λαβύσα, —and that afterwards when he was blind and settled at Cuma, he was called *Homer*, quasi ὁ μὴ ὄρων, from the term by which the Cumæans distinguished blind persons; —ἐντεθεν δὲ καὶ τὸνομα Ὅμηρος ἐπεκράτησε τῷ Μελεσιγενεῖ, απο τῆς συμφορῆς. οἱ γὰρ Κυμαῖοι τοὺς τυφλοὺς ὀμηροὺς λεγούσιν.

Newton.

l. 262. *p.* 69. — *Chorus or Iambic,—*]

The two constituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the IAMBIC measure, and the CHORUS, which con-

sisted of various measures.—The character here given by our author of the ancient tragedy, is very just and noble; and the English reader cannot form a better idea of it in its highest beauty and perfection, than by reading our author's SAMSON AGONISTES. *Newton.*

l. 267. p. 70. Thence to the famous orators repair, &c.—]

How happily does Milton's versification in this, and the following lines, concerning the Socratic philosophy, express what he is describing! In the first we feel, as it were the nervous rapid eloquence of Demosthenes, and the latter have all the gentleness and softness of the humble modest character of Socrates. *Thyer.*

*l. 268. p. 70. ——— whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,]*

———— ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΗΣ ΟΥΛΥΜΠΙΟΣ

ΗΣΤΡΑΠΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΞΥΝΕΚΥΚΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ.

523.

l. 271. p. 70. To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:]

As Pericles and others *fulmin'd over Greece to Artaxerxes throne* against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who *fulmin'd over Greece to Macedon* against king Philip, in his Orations, therefore denominated Philippics. *Newton.*

*l. 276. p. 70. ——— from whose mouth issu'd forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics &c.—]*

Thus Quintilian calls Socrates *font philosophorum*. L. i. C. 10. As the ancients looked upon Homer to be the father of poetry, so they esteemed Socrates the father of moral philosophy.

l. 285. p. 70. To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.]

This answer of our Saviour is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of Satan is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite throughout this work thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of error, whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style, or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader, that simple naked truth will always be an over-match for falsehood,

though recommended by the gayest rhetoric, and adorned with the most bewitching colours.

Thyer.

l. 288. p. 70. ————— 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 5th verse of the same chapter; *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, &c.*

l. 296. p. 70. A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;]

These were the Sceptics or Pyrrhonians, the disciples of Pyrrho, who asserted nothing to be either honest or dishonest, just or unjust; that men do all things by law and custom; and that in every thing *this* is not preferable to *that*. This was called the Sceptic philosophy from its continual inspection, and never finding; and Pyrrhonian from Pyrrho. (See Stanley's Life of Pyrrho, who takes this account from Diogenes Laertius.)

Newton.

l. 297. p. 70. Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;]

These were the old Academics, and the Peripatetics the scholars of Aristotle.

l. 299. p. 70. In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;]

EPICURUS. The HE is here contemptuously emphatical.

l. 341. p. 72. ————— personating]

This is in the Latin sense of *persono*, to celebrate loudly, to publish or proclaim.

l. 354. p. 72. ————— statists—]

Or statesmen. A word in more frequent use formerly, as in Shakspeare, 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. 421. p. 75. Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round

Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, &c.—]

With that, methought, A LEGION OF FOUL FIENDS
 ENVIRON'D ME, AND HOWLED IN MINE EARS
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd; 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. 427. p. 75. ——— with pilgrim steps—]

With the slow solemn pace of a pilgrim on a journey of devotion.

Newton.

l. 427. p. 75. ——— 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.

Array'd in habit black, and AMICE THIN,

Like to an holy monk the service to begin.

Newton.

l. 428. p. 75. Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar

Of thunder, chac'd the clouds, and laid the winds, &c.]

This is an imitation of a passage in the first *Æneid* of Virgil, where Neptune is represented with his trident laying the storm which *Æolus* had raised. ver. 142.

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat,

COLLECTASQUE FUGAT NUBES, solemque reducit.

There is the greater beauty in the English poet, as the scene he is describing under this charming figure is perfectly consistent with the course of nature; nothing being more common than to see a stormy night succeeded by a pleasant, serene morning.

Thyer.

l. 430. p. 75. And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd,]

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale,

Troop to the infernal jail,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,

And the yellow-skirted Fayes

Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

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 hallow'd 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 terrors of the night.

Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her SPECTRES WAN, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

STANZA ii. 1 —

Dunster.

*l. 432. p. 75. And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.]*

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, ii. 488.

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 darken'd landscape snow or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.

Thyer.

l. 454. p. 76. ————— these flaws,—] (From Flo.)
Flaw is a sea term for a sudden storm, or gust of wind.

In the PARADISE LOST, among the changes produced in the natural world are violent storms, which are described

— arm'd with ice,

And snow and hail, and STORMY GUST AND FLAW;

x. 697.

where Bp. Newton cites two verses from Shakspeare's VENUS and ADONIS;

Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd
 GUST, and foul FLAWS to herdsmen and to herds.

l. 455. p. 76. As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,]

So also, COMUS, 597;

— 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 astonish'd at his reproof.* *Thyer.*

l. 541. p. 78. ————— without wing

Of hippogrif—]

An *hippogrif* is an imaginary creature, part like an horse, and part like a gryphon.

Ariosto frequently makes use of this creature to convey his heroes from place to place. *Newton.*

l. 564. p. 79. ————— in Irafra—]

Irafra is a place in Lybia, mentioned by Herodotus.

l. 572. p. 79. And as that Theban monster, &c.—]

The Sphinx, who, on her riddle being solved by Œdipus, threw herself into the sea. Statius, THEB. i. 66.

— Si Sphingos iniquæ

Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvî. *Newton.*

l. 572. p. 79. ——— that Theban monster that propos'd

Her riddle, and him, who solved it not, devour'd,

That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite

Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;]

Ismenian steep, from the river Ismenus, which ran by Thebes;

• γὰρ Ἀσωπὸς, καὶ Ὁ ἸΣΜΗΝΟΣ διὰ τῆς πεδίου ῥέουσι τῆ προ τῶν Θηβῶν.

Strabo. ix. p. 408.—*Ismenus* is thus frequently used by the Latin poets for *Theban*.

l. 581. p. 80. ————— and strait a fiery globe

Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,

Who on their plummy vans &c.—]

There is a peculiar softness and delicacy in this description, and neither circumstances nor words could be better selected to give the reader an idea of the easy and gentle descent of our Saviour, and to take from the imagination that horror and uneasiness which it is naturally filled with in contemplating the dangerous and uneasy situation he was left in. *Thyer.*

So Psyche was carried down from the rock by zephyrs, and laid lightly on a green and flowery bank, and there entertained with invisible music. See Apuleius, Lib. iv. *Richardson.*

Mr. Richardson might have added that Psyche was also entertained with a banquet ministered by Spirits. The passages from Apuleius, (at the end of the FOURTH Book of the METAMORPHOSES, and the beginning of the FIFTH,) are well worth citing.

“Psychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipso scopuli vertice
“descentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde
“laciniis et reflato sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo spiritu vehens
“paulatim per devexa rupis excelsæ, vallis subditæ florentis cespitis
“gremio leniter delapsam reclinat.”

—“Et illico vini nectarei eduliorumque variorum fercula copiosa,
“nullo ferviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsâ, subministran-
“tur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum
“audiebat excidentia et solas voces famulas habebat. Post opimas
“dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus; et alius citharam
“pulsavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipse. Tunc modulatæ multitu-
“dinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut quamvis hominum nemo
“pareret, chorum tamen esse pateret.” *Dunster.*

l. 596. p. 80. True image of the Father, &c.—]

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

All the poems that ever were written must yield, even PARADISE 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. 605. p. 81. Thou didst rebel,—]

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. 624. p. 81. ——— Abaddon——]

The name of the Angel of the bottomless pit, Rev. ix. 11; here applied to the bottomless pit itself. Newton.

THE END.

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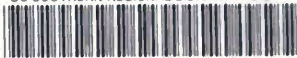
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