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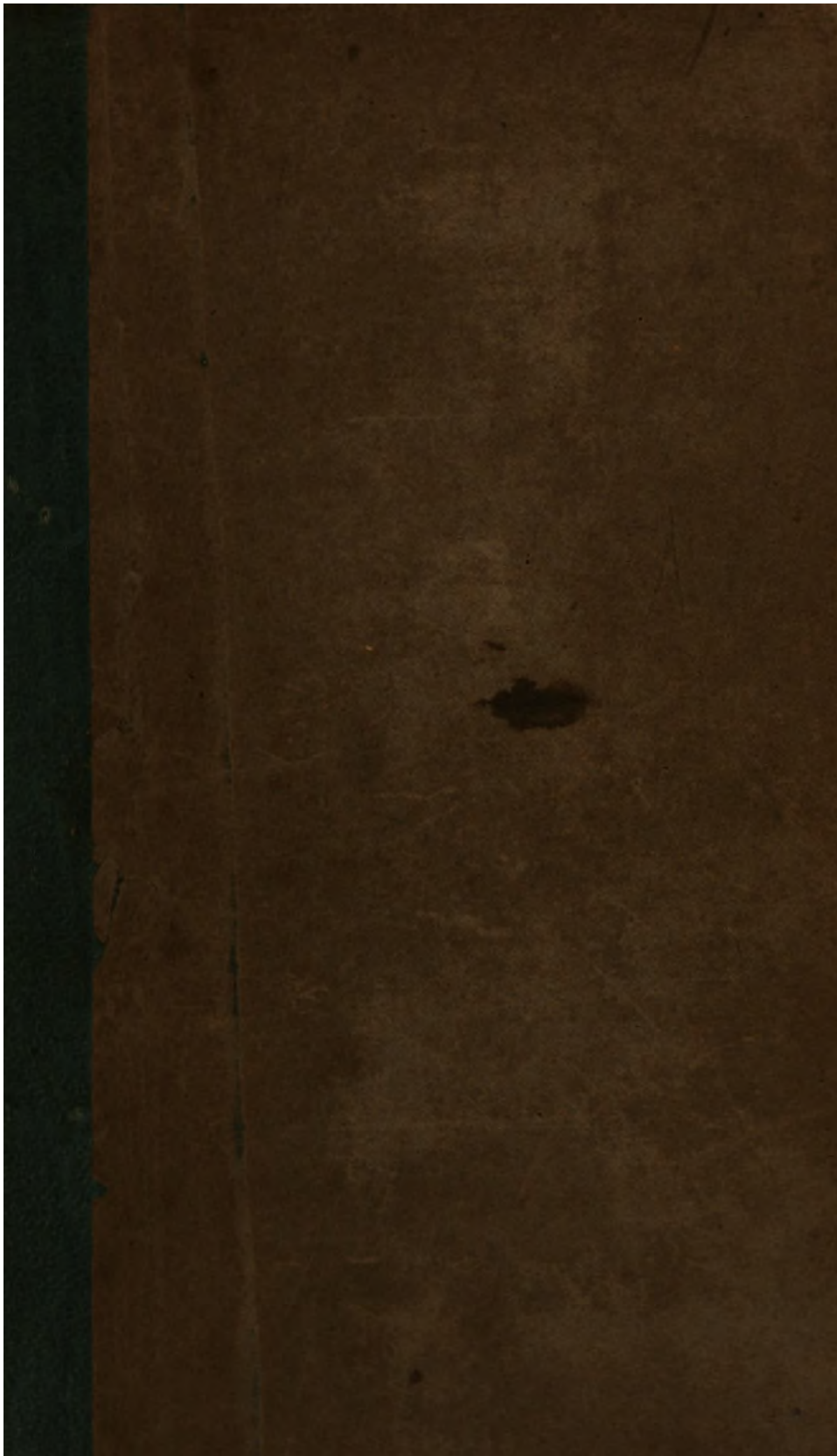
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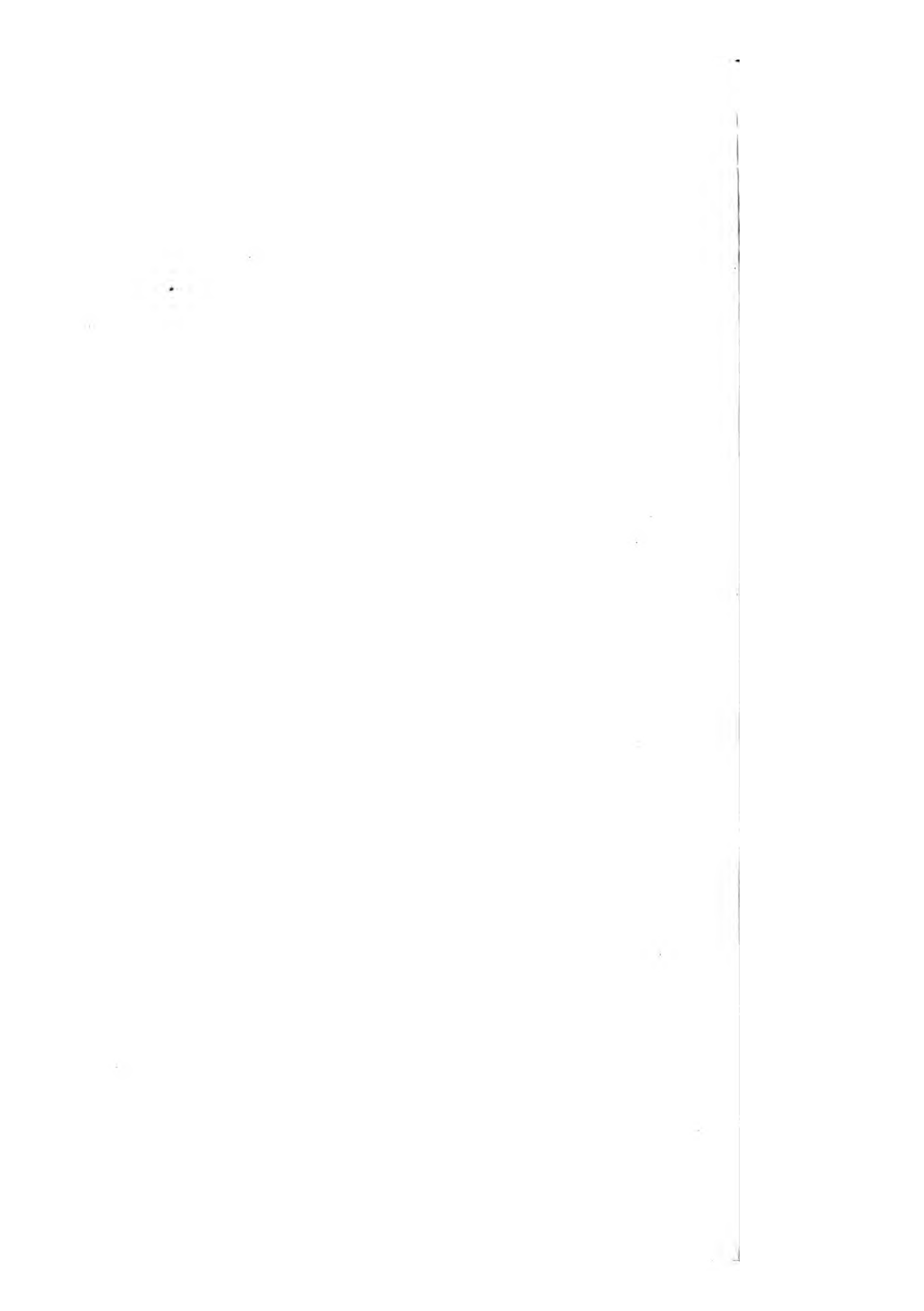




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PARADISE LOST

AND

REGAINED,

WITH THE LATIN AND OTHER POEMS,

OF

JOHN MILTON.

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

BY W. COWPER,

AND

LIFE BY WILLIAM HAYLEY.

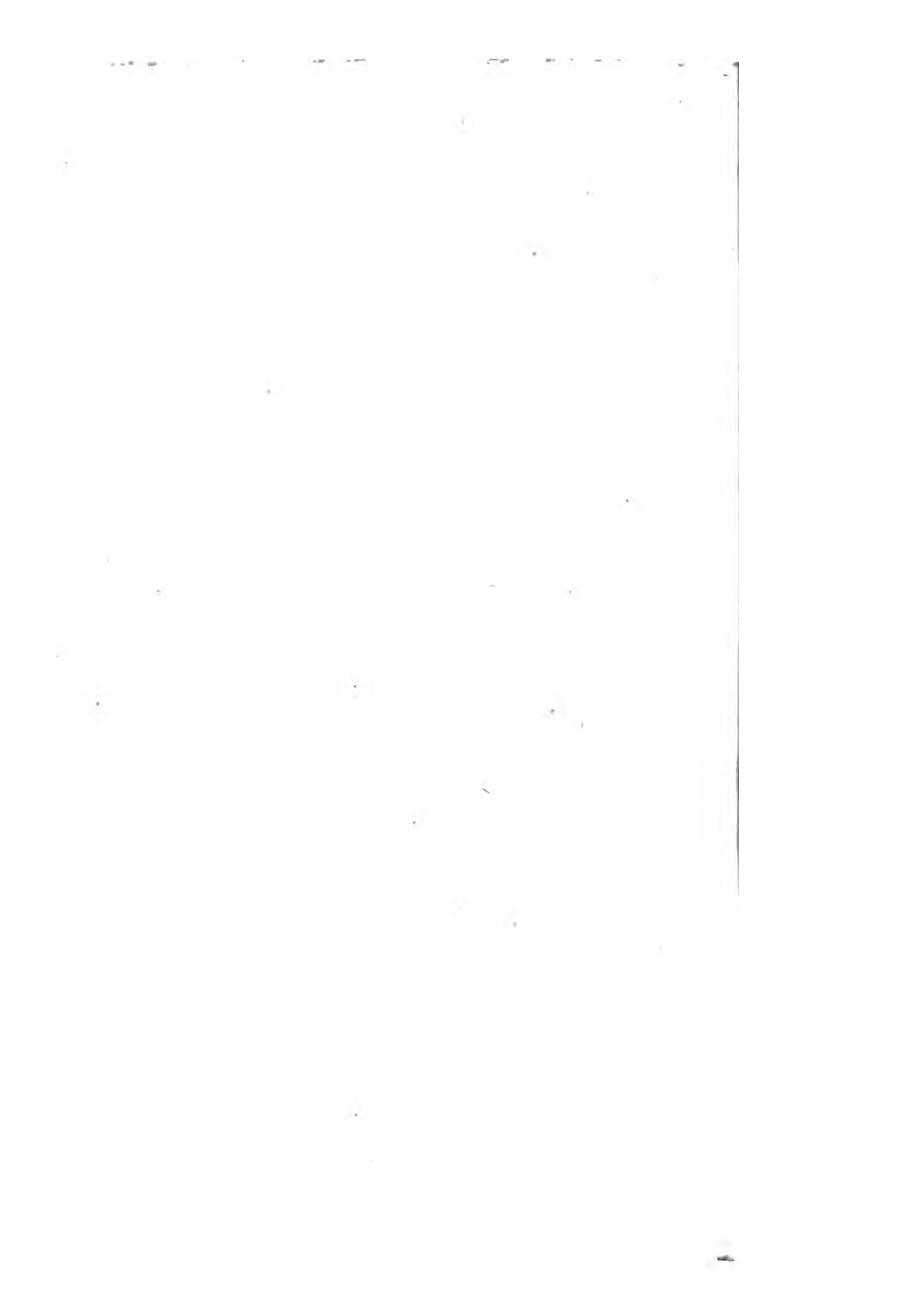
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque et nec pia cessant officia in tumulo.
MANSUS.

LONDON:

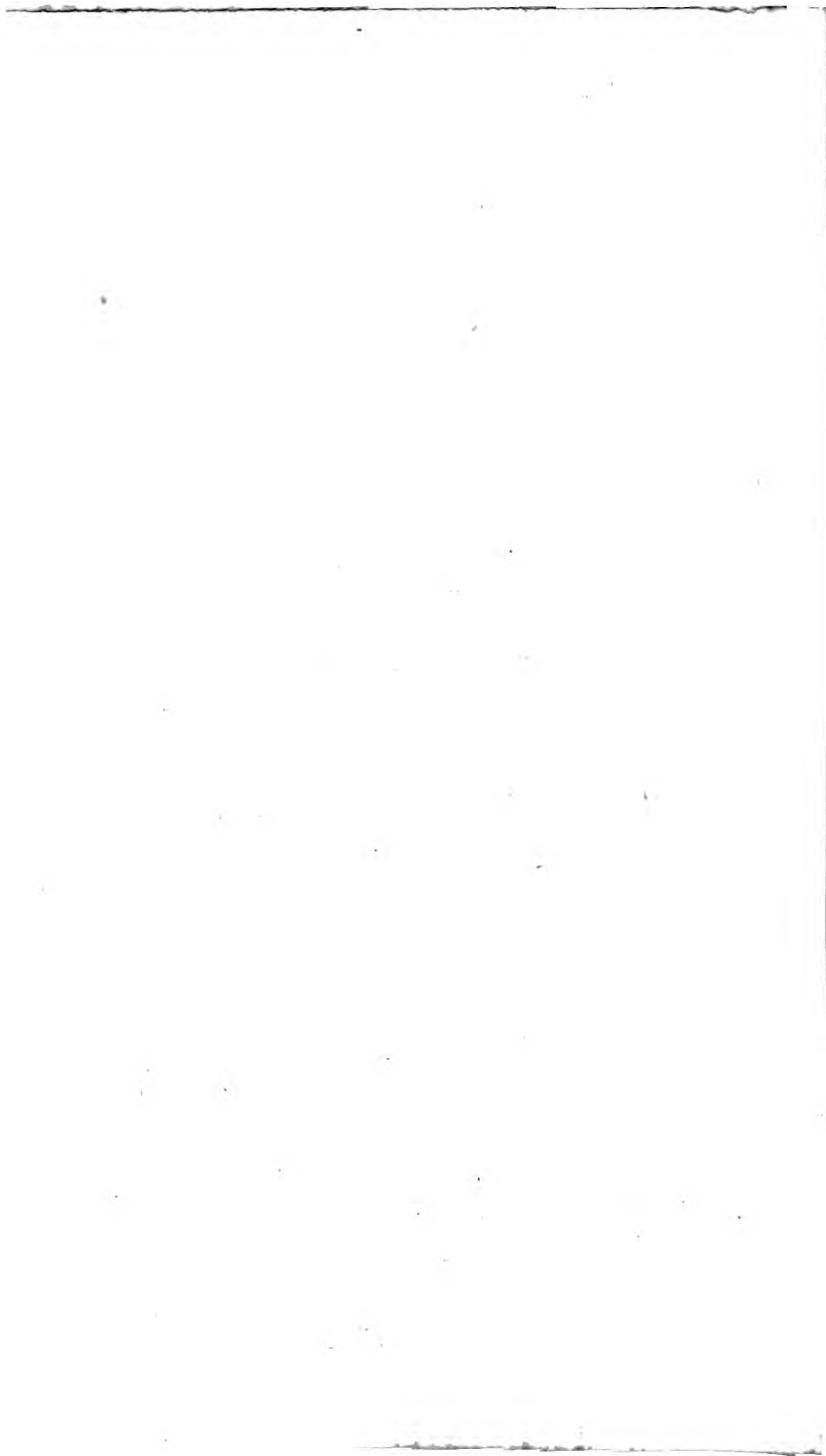
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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

VOL. IV.

B



THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

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

THE ARGUMENT.

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

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

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

Thou Spirit, who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desart, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear, through highth or depth of Nature's
bounds,

With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age ;
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all 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 from the Baptist soon *he*
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office ; nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven 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, the exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was given, a while survey'd
With wonder ; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To counsel 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 Powers of air and this wide world,
(For much more willingly I mention air
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation,) well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd,
In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me ; though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay, for longest time to him is short ;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound,
(At least if so we can and by thy 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 Seed,
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause :
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve

Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
Purified, to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king : All come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd ;
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt : I saw
The Prophet do him reverence : on him, rising
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors ; thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, (whate'er it meant,)
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,
" This is my Son 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 sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep :
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,

But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 (Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven
 : snares,)

Ere in the head of nations he appear,
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam ; and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully : a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me ; and the way, found prosperous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success.

 He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and 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 enterprise
 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 frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message, late
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God ;
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown
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 solicitations, 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 o'ercome Satanick strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh,
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and Men hereafter, may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose,
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
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 untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,

Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

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

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils 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 bordering desart wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued.

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 publick good ; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things : therefore, above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,

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

Thy father is the Eternal King who rules
All Heaven 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, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room :
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing ,
Guided the wise men thither from the east,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in Heaven,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon, and prophetick Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood."—
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake
I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie

Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited; when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight,) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare!
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
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,
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes,
The authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led

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

So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desart, 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 on shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in some 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 carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come
forth

To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear
What happens new; fame also finds us out.

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

• Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

By miracle he may, replied the swain;
What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and shrubs, 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 replied.

Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written,

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,)

Man lives not by bread only, but each word

Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed

Our fathers here with manna? In the month

Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank;

And forty days Elijah, without food,

Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:

Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,

Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd the Arch-Fiend, now un-
disguis'd.

'Tis true I am that Spirit unfortunate,

Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,

Kept not my happy station, but was driven

With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,

Yet to that hideous place not so 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 the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came among the sons of God, when he

Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him and illustrate his high worth;

And, when to all his Angels he 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 God-like deeds ?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind : why should I ? they to me
Never did wrong or violence ; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be ; but, long since with woe

Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :
This wounds me most, (what can it less ?) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.
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 Heaven of Heaven's : Thou com'st indeed
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected; emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,
To all the host of Heaven : The happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment ; representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?
What but thy malice 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 in is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all oracles
By thee are given, 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 given the nations up
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous ; but, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him, or his Angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st :
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse

The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere ;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

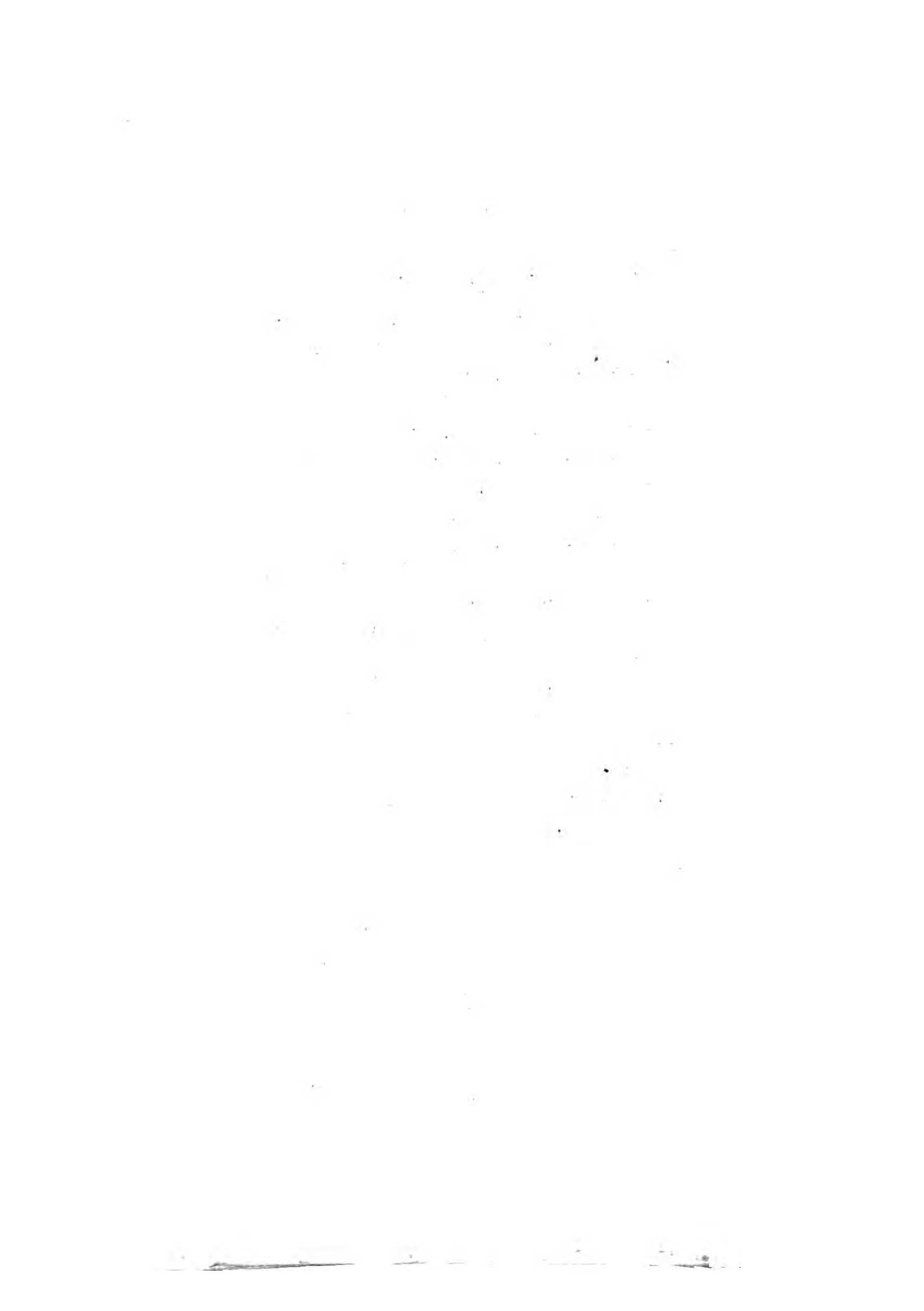
So spake our Saviour ; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.
Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not 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, 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 the ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth ; Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me

To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing ; and 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 gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd : for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double shade
The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to
roam. 502

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd ; I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd ;
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
(So lately found, and so abruptly gone,)
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days encreas'd, encreas'd their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come :
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side 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 osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call,)
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth :
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israël be restor'd ;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze :
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation ? God of Israel,

Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
Thy chosen ; to what highth their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee ; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In publick, 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 eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore ;
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem ;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king ; but now,
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I look'd for some great change ; to honour ? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israël, and so a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce : This is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high ;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now ? some great intent
Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen

I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand ; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd ;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed.
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set ;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high :
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat ;
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began.

Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones ;
Demonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath !

(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble,) such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him ; but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of Men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this Man inferiour far ;
If he be Man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion 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 the old Serpent, doubting ; and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command : when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest Incubus ; and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among the daughters of men the fairest found ;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky ; more like to Goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Eneer, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, and resolute'st breast,
As the magnetick 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'st 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 Aymone, Syriux, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all : among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small ac-
count

Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent !
Remember that Pellean conquerour,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd ;
How he, surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state ;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd :
But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,

Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire ? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;
How would one look from his majestick brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array ; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe ! for Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy : with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks, whereon greatest men have 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 ac-
claim ;

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 hungering first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end ? four times ten days I've
pass'd

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

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

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desart, 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 towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his
song :

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting 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, the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs: he view'd it round
When suddenly a man before him stood ;
Not rustick as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him 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 tell, 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 Heaven manna ; and that Prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed

Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

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

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan replied.
Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat ?—Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus—Why should that
Cause thy refusal ? said the subtle Fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things ?
Owe not all creatures, by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power ? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold,
Nature asham'd, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee, as beseems, and as her Lord,
With honour : only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream ; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort

And savour ; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd ; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Africk coast.
(Alas, how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !)
And at a stately side-board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes ; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour ; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
These are not fruits forbidd'n ; no interdict

Defends the touching of these viands pure ;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord :
What doubt'st thou, Son of God ? Sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right ?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to attend :
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also power to give, thou seest ;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:
Only the impertune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursued.
By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite;
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,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:
What 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.

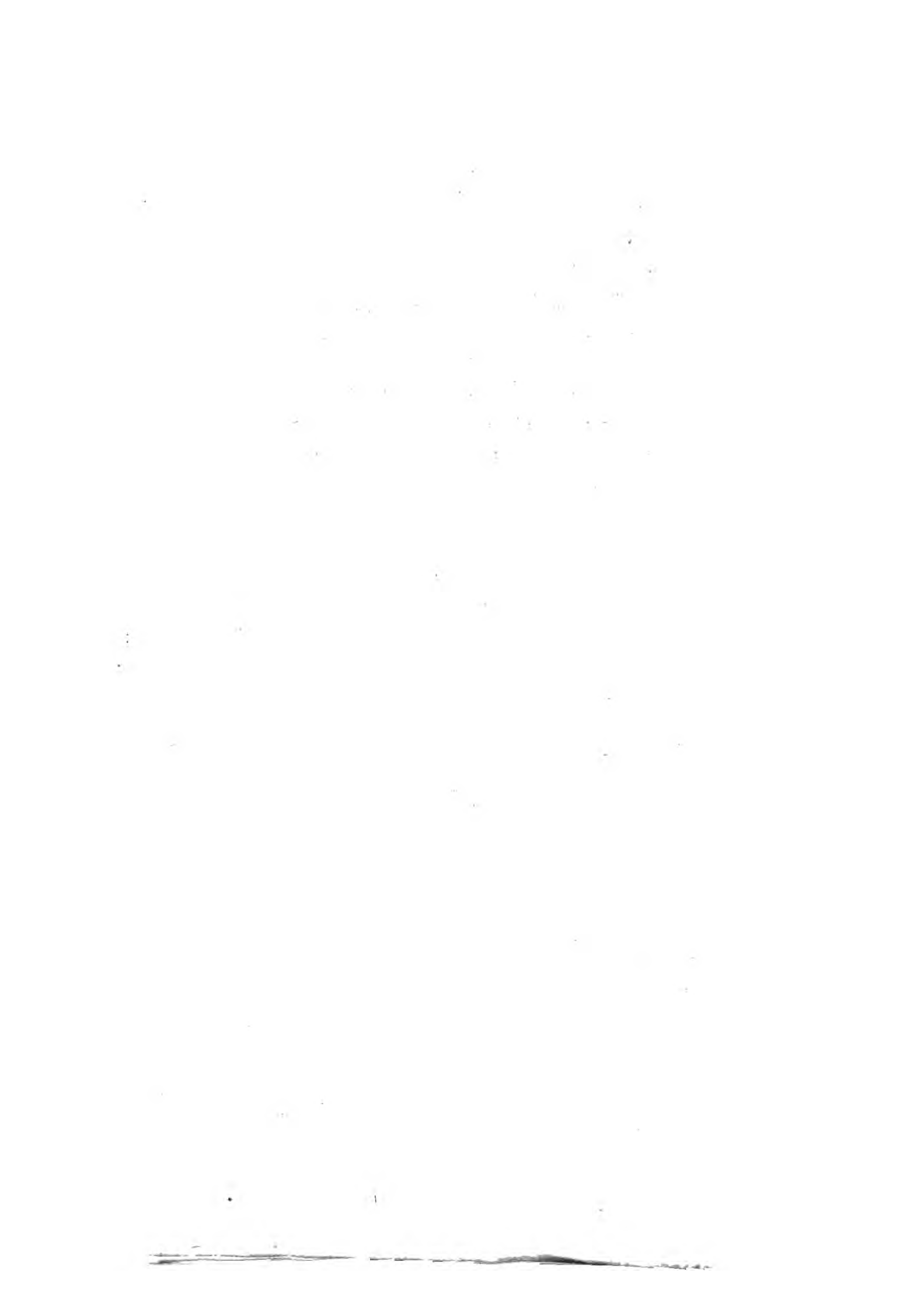
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.
Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd :
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
Gideon,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

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,

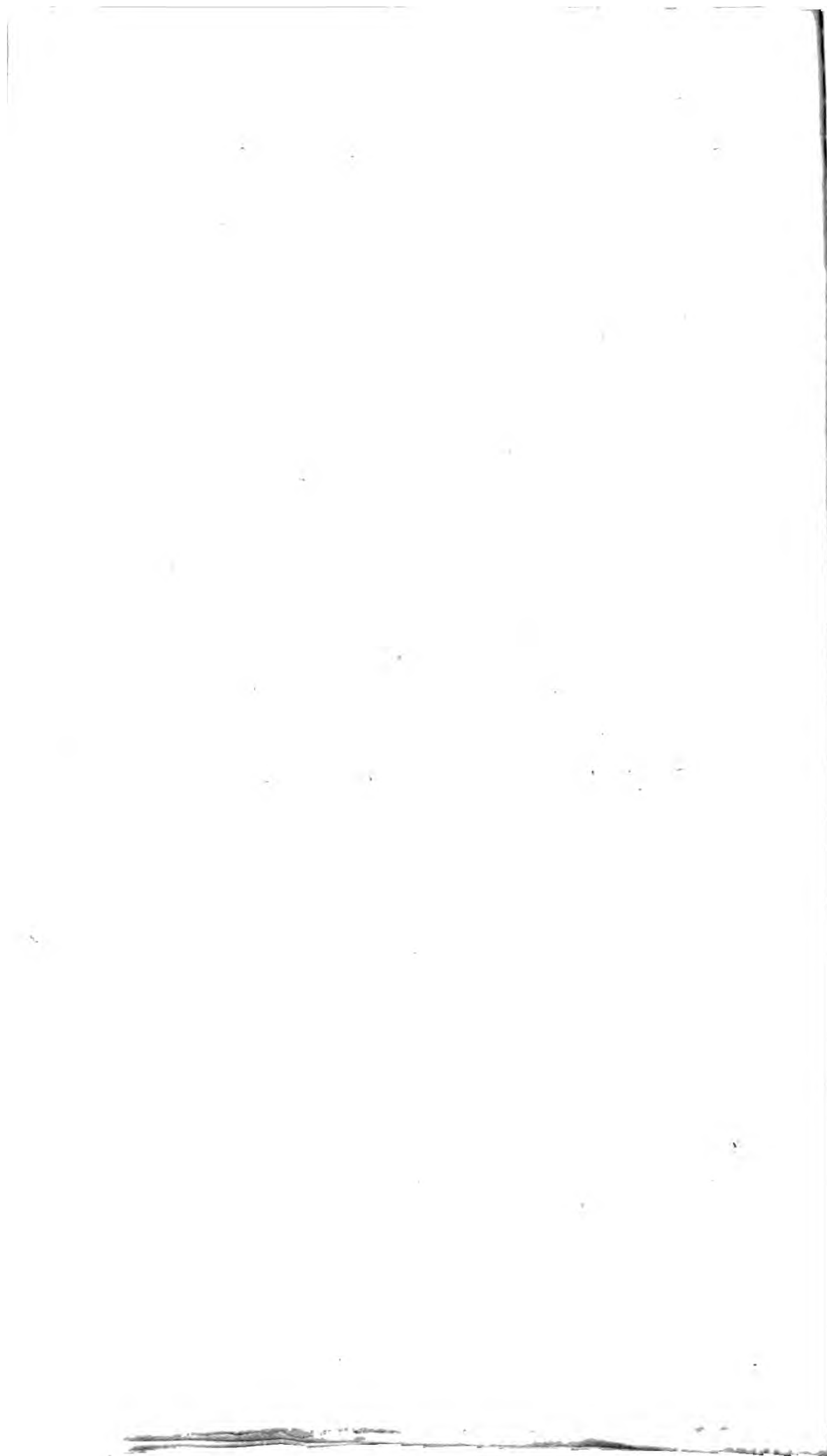
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a scepter, ofttest better miss'd. 486

388

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.



THE ARGUMENT.

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

THE ARGUMENT.

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

PARADISE REGAINED.

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

he of seers old
 ight to deeds
 y of war, thy skill
 hat all the world
 ss, or subsist
 y few in arms.
 efore dost thou hide,
 ore obscure
 efore deprive
 y acts, thyself
 , the reward
 tempts, the flame
 st temper'd pure
 else despise,
 stem as dross,
 ll but the highest?
 er-ripe; the son
 ere these
 of Cyrus held
 o had brought down
 ung Pompey quell'd
 iumph had rode.
 judgment mature,
 ry, but augment.
 the world admires,
 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 replied.

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth

For empire's sake, nor empire to affect

For glory's sake, by all thy argument.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,

The people's praise, if always praise 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.

The intelligent among them and the wise

Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

This is true glory and renown, when God

Looking on the earth, with approbation marks

The just man, and divulges him through Heaven

To all his Angels, who with true applause

Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,

When, to extend his fame through Heaven and

Earth,

As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,

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 conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punick rage;
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murmuring thus replied.
Think not too slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: He seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
By all his Angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently replied.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,

Worth or not worth the seeking, let, it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judæa now and all the Promis'd Land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: And think'st thou to regain
Thy right, by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne
usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best;
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her Heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify

If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemn'd;
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign, or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, should'st be their
king?
Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the 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,

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the
hills ;
Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

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

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 Parthian hands,
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 ow some ages past,
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 ominion holds,
 of Antioch won.
 'st to have a view
 w the Parthian king
 all his host
 e incursions wild
 her aid
 see, though from far,
 ial equipage
 and shafts their arms,
 a pursuit ;
 they most excel ;
 ey appear,
 half-moons, and wings
 umbers numberless
 at-armed troops,
 ride ;
 leet and strong,

Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound ;
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales ;
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them
 shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots, or elephants indors'd with towers
 Of archers ; nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win

To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-install thee
In David's royal seat, his true successour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and amongst 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 fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee

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,)
Remembering Abraham, by some wonderous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste ;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the 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 falshood contends.

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END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.



THE ARGUMENT.

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



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 rhetorick
That sleek'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, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own :
But as a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To 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 ;



And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods, (so well I have 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 ceder, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see,
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,

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Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a stye ; and, in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke !
And with my help thou may'st ; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world ;
Aim at the highest : without the highest attain'd,
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will.

To whom the Son of God, unmov'd replied.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestick 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 Atlantick stone,
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl ; to me should'st tell, who thirst
And hunger still. Them embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh : what honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hallow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the emperour, how easily subdued,

I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:
 On the other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,
 Or, given to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 (Easily done,) and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?
 Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition:
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 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 on Eve,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world were given?

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The kingdoms of this world ; 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 ?
 Thy power 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 ;

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Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd 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 Academicks old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripateticks, and the sect
 Epicurean and the Stoick severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied.
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;

A spirit and judgment equal or superiour,
 (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 musick or with poem, where, so soon
 As in our native language, can I find
 That solace ? All our law and story strew'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 aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excell'g,
 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

Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
 Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegorick, I discern not;
 Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the starry rubrick set.

So saying he took, (for still he knew his power
 Nor yet expir'd,) and to the wilderness
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering Night,
 Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day.
 Our Saviour meek, and with untrobbled mind
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might
 shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;

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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
this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Not with no new device, (they all were spent,)
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said,
Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
them
dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
to the earth's dark basis underneath,
to the main as inconsiderable
Or Are 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

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And threatening high : 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 power of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit ! and wouldst 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, re-
 plied.

Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born,
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt ;
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
 By all the Prophets ; of thy birth at length,
 Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy 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 ;
 at the ford of Jordan, whither all
 flock to the Baptist, I among the first
 (Though not to be baptiz'd,) by voice from Heaven
 thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Henceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn

Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd.
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
 The Son of God; and added thus in scorn
 There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is
 best:

Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:
 For it is written, "He will give command
 Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
 They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."
 To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written,
 "Tempt not the Lord thy God." He said and
 stood:

But Satan, smitten with amazement fell.

As when Earth's son Antæus, (to compare
 all things with greatest, in Iressa strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foil'd still rose,
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 From his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Tumbled at length in the air, expir'd and fell;
 So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,

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Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshy tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debar, 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 re-install,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be)
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,
By lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
A deadly wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)
Thy is repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
By a triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: He, all unarm'd,

PARADISE REGAINED. BOO

ase thee, with the terrour of his voice,
y demoniack holds, possession foul,
(thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
to hide them in a herd of swine,
ommand them down into the deep,
ad to torment sent before their time—
of the Most High, heir of both worlds
Satan! On thy glorious work
; and begin to save mankind.
y the Son of God; our Saviour meet
, and from heavenly feast refresh'd,
his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,
mother's house private return'd.

D OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

DRAMATICK POEM,

Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπυδαίας, &c.

Aristot. Poet Cap. 6.

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

SAMSON AGONISTES.

*Of that sort of Dramatick 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 physick, things of melancholick hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch,

or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comick stuff with tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophick, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which

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 Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

Of horrors and, no sooner found alone
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Ease to the body come, none to the mind
 This unrequited place to find some ease,
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Times past, what once I was, and what am now,
 O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From a fiery column charioting
 The God-illumin'd
 Of best rest re-
 Why we
 As of a pri-
 Design'd for
 Heavy
 M
 To kind in
 With
 Put to the labour of a bear, debar'd
 Lower than
 Should have
 Ask for this

SAMSON, (an attendant leading him.)

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on:
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and
 sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid

on.
 Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON

AGONISTES.

107

ous works; unwillingly this rest
 superstition yields me; hence with leave
 g from the popular noise, I seek
 unfrequented place to find some ease,
 the body some, none to the mind
 restless thoughts, that, like a deadly sword
 ets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 upon me thronging, and present
 st, what once I was, and what am now
 fore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 an Angel, who at last in sight
 my parents all in flames ascended
 he altar, where an offering burn'd,
 my column charioting
 like presence, and from some great
 reveal'd to Abraham's race?
 my breeding order'd and prescribed
 son separate to God,
 great exploits; if I must die
 otiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 enemies the scorn and gaze;
 razed fetters under task
 Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious
 ngth,
 our of a beast, debas'd
 nd-slave! Promise was that I
 from Philistian yoke deliver;
 eat 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 sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,

or, or beggery, or decrepit age!
 the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 all her various objects of delight
 I'd, which might in part my grief have
 our to the vilest now become
 or worm; the vilest here excel me;
 keep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
 fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 doors, or without, still as a fool,
 of others, never in my own;
 alf I seem to live, dead more than half
 lark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 ably dark, total eclipse
 all hope of day!
 ated Beam, and thou great Word,
 e be light, and light was over all;
 thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
 me is dark
 s the moon,
 eserts the night,
 acant interlunar cave.
 necessary is to life,
 fe itself, if it be true
 n the soul,
 y part; why was the sight
 ler ball as the eye confin'd,
 so easy to be quench'd?
 ing, through all parts diffus'd,

That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life.

Life in captivity

Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint pace I hear

The tread of many feet steering this way;

Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare

At my affliction! and perhaps to insult,

Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Enter CHORUS.

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 soil'd;



Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so,
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 plain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,



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,

To the rock of Etham was retir'd ;
 Flying, but fore-casting in what place
 Met upon them, what advantag'd best :
 In while the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harrass of the land, beset me round ;
 Willingly on some conditions came
 To their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
 Touch'd with two cords ; but *only* weapon fell'd
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial *only* liv'd who fled.
 Their choicest youth ; they *only* whole tribe,
 Had Judah that day join'd, or *only* towers of Gath,
 They had by this possess'd *only* now serve ;
 And lorded over them whom *only* grown corrupt,
 But what more oft, in nations *only* liberty,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty :
 To despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?
Chorus. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit

made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 hath full right to exempt
 from so it pleases him by choice
 from national obstruction, without taint
 or with his own debt;
 He would not else, who can best dispense.
 For in respect of the enemy just means,
 to set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroick Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.
 Down, reason, then; at least vain reasonings,
 down:

though reason here aver,
 that mortal verdict quits her of unclean:
 unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
 But see here comes thy reverend Sire
 with careful step, locks white as down,
 Manoah: Advise
 how thou ought'st to receive him.
 Samson. Ay me! another inward grief, awak'd
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

Enter MANOAH.

Manoah. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye
 are,

For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in a hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.
Samson. Appoint not heavenly 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 aught 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 highth
 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,

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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 infest our foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
 Do violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
 Disglorified, blasphem'd, and had in scorn

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
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not, in the mean while here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.
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



Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroick, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.
Chorus. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrour overturns,
 Thou couldst 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 Heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd: nor envied them the grape



Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Manoah. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines

with that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?

Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,

Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.

But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

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 wonderful gifts be frustrate thus.

Samson. All otherwise to me my thoughts por-
tend,

That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor the other light of life continue long,

But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,

My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems

In all her functions weary of herself;

My race of glory run, and race of shame,

And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Manoah. Believe not these suggestions, which
proceed

From anguish of the mind and humours black,



Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp,
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by heavenly 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 the uncircumcis'd, our enemies :
 But now has cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with the irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chorus. Many are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,



Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard

Of highest favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them

high,
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespas or omiſſion;

Too leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcaſſes
Of dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
Of to the unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
Of And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.

If theſe they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and diſform'd,
In crude old age :

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

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.

What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already!

Behold him in his ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.



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

Samson. Out, out, Hyæna! these are thy wonted
 arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And 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,

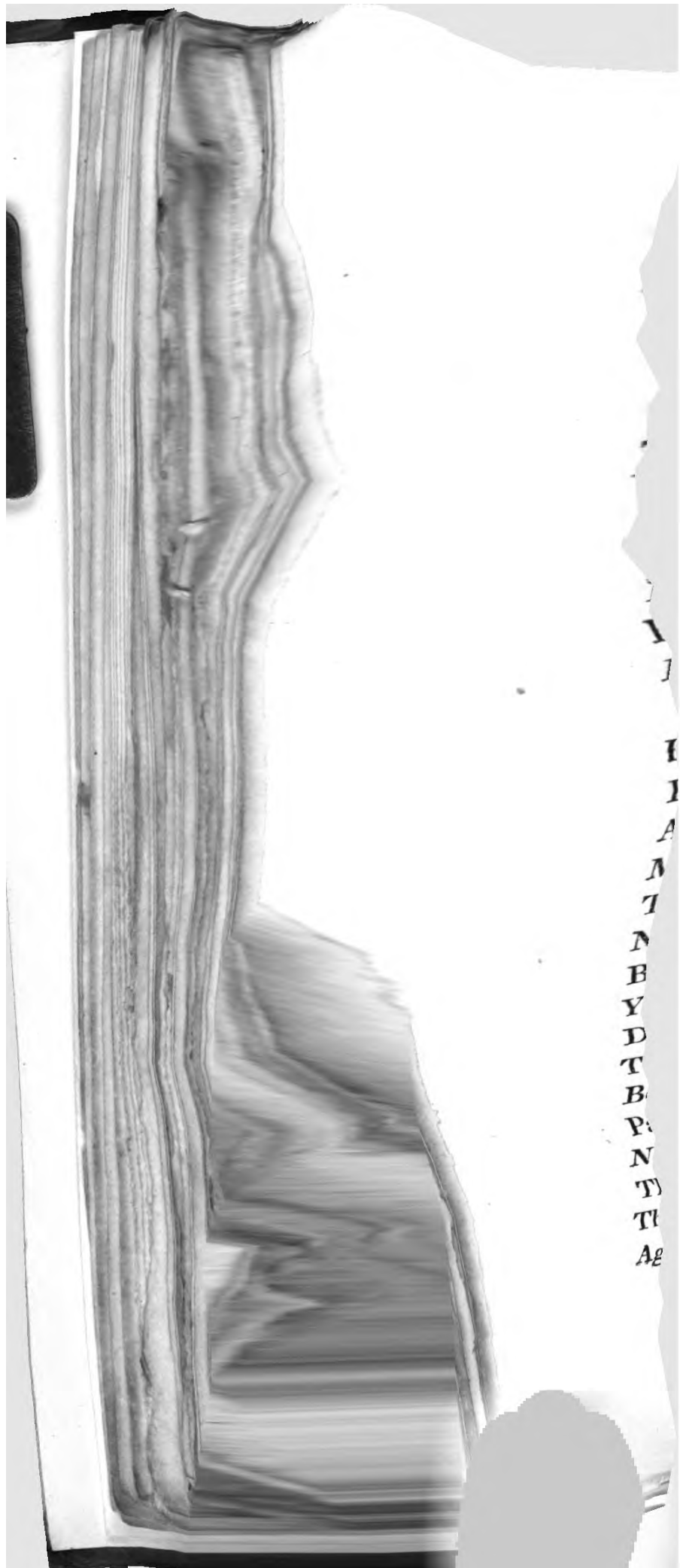
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
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 ;



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 ma-
 gistrates

And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons



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No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ;
 To please thy Gods thou didst it ; Gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be ;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !

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 recompence
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdome,
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestick ease,



*And last neglected? How would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will,
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.*

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 falshood, 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 prayers, than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?



I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [Exit.]

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 offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samson. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord
end,
Not wedlock-treachery endangering 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 seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd,

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

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



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To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
 From the 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 would'st have
 done, but do

What then thou would'st; 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 enclos'd, where sight may give
 thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,

With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magick spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
 With the utmost of his Godhead seconded :
 Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

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

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 :

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,
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise 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.



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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

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, the oppressour,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition



A publick officer, and now at hand;
His message will be short and voluble.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chorus. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

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 publick 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 the illustrious lords.

Samson. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, there-
fore tell them,

Our Law forbids at their religious rites

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 gymnick artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,

Juglers, and dancers, anticks, mummers, mimicks,

But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,

And over-labour'd at their publick mill,

To make them sport with blind activity?



He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
 Expect another message more imperious,
 More lordly thundering than thou 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 constraints. If I obey them,
 I do it freely, venturing to displease
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,



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

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

Chorus. Go, and the Holy one



SERIAL

*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,
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
Some much averse I found and wonderous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most 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.



*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 Heaven! 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
outrery
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 fallen;
From whom could else a general cry be heard;
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

*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 seest we long to know.

Messenger. It would burst forth, but I recover
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
fallen,

All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

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.

Manoah.

By Samson.

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;

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption

Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.



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 despatch'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 sort, might sit in order to behold ;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
 wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a publick servant brought,
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind



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As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these 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 hath slain before.

1 *Semichor.* 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



And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And, though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Manoah. Come, come; no time for lamentation
now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroickly hath finish'd
A life heriock, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, and left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood; and from the stream
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off



AGONISTES.

173

His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

1758

LYCIDAN:

LYCIDAS:

A

MONODY.

Ye pipes, ye pipes, ye pipes,
And with your drowsy hum,
Stirring your reeds to hum,
After constraint, and pain,
Censure me to disturb your
For Lycidas is dead, dead are his pipes,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Why should we sing his dirge? His bury
Hisself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,
The mast was flung upon his watery bier,
To sweep, and water to the gathering morn,
Without that word of some more goodly form.

LYCIDAS.

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

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
 And, with 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.

of the sacred well,
 : seat of Jove doth spring;
 loudly sweep the string,
 in, and coy excuse:
 Muse
 pour my destin'd urn;
 urn,
 be to my sable shroud.
 'd upon the self-same hill,
 by fountain, shade, and rill,
 the high lawns appear'd
 eye-lids of the morn,
 and both together heard
 y-fly winds her sultry horn,
 is with the fresh dews of night,
 at rose, at evening, bright,
 descent had slop'd his western
 rral ditties were not mute,
 waten flute:
 'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 and would not be absent long:
 s lov'd to hear our song.
 vy change, now thou art gone,
 ne, and never must return!
 thee the woods, and desert caves
 e and the gadding vine o'ergrown
 does mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
 Ay me! I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Neera's hair?
 the clear spirit doth rise
 f noble mind)
 and live laborious days;
 when we hope to find,
 out into sudden blaze,
 try with the abhorred shears
 pun life. "But not the grass
 and touch'd my trembling ear;
 that grows on mortal soil,
 ng foil
 d, nor in broad rumour lies;
 ads aloft by those pure eyes,
 ss of all judging Jove;
 lastly on each cleed,
 in heaven expect thy meed."
 ise, and thou honour'd flood,
 vincius, crown'd with vocal reed,
 rd was of a higher mood:
 proceeds,
 e herald of the sea
 ptune's plea;
 es, and ask'd the felon winds,
 p hath doom'd this gentle strain:
 every gust of rugged wings
 off each beaked promontory:
 of his story;
 tades 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 the fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 "Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest
 pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
 "How well could I have spar'd for thee young
 swain,

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy-bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

What need they? They
 their lean and flashy songs
 Inel pipes of wretched straw,
 Look up, and are not fed
 And the rank mist they draw
 Soul contagion spread:
 A wolf with privy paw
 Sees, and nothing sed:
 A engine at the door
 Smite once, and smite no more.
 The dread voice is past,
 Returns; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And bid them hither cast
 Werrets of a thousand hues.
 Where the mild whispers use
 Anton winds, and gushing brooks
 The swart-star sparely looks;
 Your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 The turf suck the honied showers,
 The ground with vernal flowers.
 The primrose that forsaken dies,
 The pale jessamine,
 And the pansy freak'd with jet,
 And the well-attir'd woodbine,
 And that hang the pensive head,
 That sad embroidery wears:

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 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,

DAS.

nuptial song,
of joy and love.
saints above,
societies,
their glory more,
from his eyes.
ls weep no more:
nius of the shore,
nd shalt be good
erilous flood.
ain to the oaks and
it with sandals gray;
of various quills,
his Dorick lay:
l out all the hills,
estern bay;
is mantle blue:
d pastures new.

L'ALLEGRO.

L'ALLEGRO.

Heaven, look'd on
Of Caribus and
In Stygian cave forlorn,
Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs
Find not more womb-well;
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
Wings,
And the night-raven sings,
There under ebon shades, and hoary-headed trees,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimærian caverns dwell
The crew, that Goddess fair and
In Heaven joy'd Euphrosyne,

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 Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

L'ALLEGRO.

L'ALLEGRO.

189

by Men, heart-easing Mirth;
 From lovely Venus, at a birth,
 Two sister Graces more,
 My-crowned Bacchus bore:
 Together (as some sager sing)
 A zephyr wind, that breathes the spring,
 With Aurora playing,
 In her once a-Mayning;
 In beds of violets blue,
 And shallow brooks, and rivulets
 That run with thee a daughter fair,
 With thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Youthful Jollity,
 And Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 And Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 As they along Hebe's cheek,
 And live in dimple sleek;
 Wrinkled Care derides,
 And holding both his sides,
 To rip it, as you go,
 A fantastick toe;
 A light hand lead with thee
 A nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And thee honour due,
 Mine of thy crew,
 And live with thee,
 Pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 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 sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

L'ALLEGRO.

L'ALLEGRO!

191

And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed ;
 And, he, by friars lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers 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 whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd 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.

L'ALLEGRO.

Let Hymen oft appear
In robe, with taper clear,
In pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
As youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
That the well-trod stage anon,
By farthest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Travels his native wood-notes wild,
And ever, against eating cares,
Plucks soft Lydian airs,
From an immortal verse;
Where meeting soul may pierce,
With many a winding bout
Of Sweetness long drawn out,
And on heed and giddy cunning;
The voice through mazes running,
Untwines all the chains that tie
The soul of harmony;
That his self may heave his head
O'er th' Arabian slumber on a bed
Of Syrian flowers, and hear
How these would have won the ear
And quite set free
The dæmon Eurydice.
If thou canst give,
I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

138

IL PENSEROSO.

—*—

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,

weaker view
 staid Wisdom's hue;
 esteem
 ster might beseem,
 p queen that strove
 praise above
 and their powers offended:
 far descended:
 Vesta, long of yore,
 bore;
 in Saturn's reign,
 not held a stain:
 bowers and glades
 a secret shades
 nost grove,
 as no fear of Jove.
 n, devout and pure,
 d demure,
 rkest grain,
 estick train,
 Cyprus lawn,
 houlders drawn
 ay wonted state,
 nd musing gait;
 rcing with the skies,
 ing in thine eyes:
 ly passion still,
 marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way;

ead she bow'd,
 fleecy cloud.
 ing ground,
 urfeu sound,
 ater'd shore,
 h sullen roar:
 not permit,
 d place will fit,
 nbers through the room
 interfeit a gloom;
 t of mirth,
 n the hearth,
 knowsy charm,
 s from nightly harm.
 t midnight hour,
 igh lonely tower,
 out-watch the Bear,
 t Hermes, or unsphere
 to; to unfold
 what vast regions hold
 nd, that hath forsook
 his fleshy nook:
 nons that are found
 or under ground,
 h a true consent
 with element.
 geous Tragedy
 come sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek!
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wonderous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride:
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
 With the Attick boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,

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

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

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

ARCADES:

PART OF A

M A S K,

PRESENTED AT HAREFIELD,

BEFORE

ALICE, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY.

ARCADES.

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

I. SONG.

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

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

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

state she spreads,
 shining throne,
 like silver threads;
 ne,
 address bright,
 her light.

Latona be,
 ele
 d Gods?
 her odds:
 this clime had held
 lll'd?
 rd, the Genius of the wood
 ing toward them, speaks
 entle Swains; for, though
 se,
 parkle through your eyes;
 are, and sprung
 d, so often sung,
 by secret sluice
 et his Arethuse;
 roses of the wood,
 ymphs, as great and good,
 ours, and free intent,
 devotion meant
 f yon princely shrine,
 ace I adore as mine;

And, with all helpful service, will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,

antine spindle round,
 of Gods and Men is worn
 sion doth in musick lie,
 rs of Necessity,
 Nature to her law,
 n measur'd motion draw
 une, which none can hear
 ith gross unpurg'd ear;
 : worthiest were to blame
 of her immortal praise,
 s, and for her most fit
 or voice could hit
 t, as we go,
 lesser Gods can show,
 to celebrate,
 rd her glittering state,
 t are of noble stem,
 sacred vesture's beam.

SONG.

mell'd green
 ath been,
 led string,

of.

I will bring you where she sits,
 Cold in splendour as befits
 Her deity.

Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lillied banks ;
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar.
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Through Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

THE PRINCE

COMUS:

A

M A S K,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

COMUS.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aëreal spirits live 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 sainted seats.
 Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,

SONS.

afterwards in the

presented, were

on, his br other
 erton.

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 listed,
 On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling swine?)
 This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
 Who, ripe and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they
 taste,

(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,

Eternity:
 and, but for such,
 the ambrosial weeds
 this sin-worn mould
 tune, besides the sway
 each ebbing stream,
 and nether Jove
 a-girt isles,
 ous gems, inlay
 he deep:
 butary Gods,
 ral government,
 ear their sapphire
 nts: But this Isle,
 of all the main,
 r'd Deities;
 s the falling sun
 it and power
 per'd awe to guide
 proud in arms:
 urs'd in princely
 ither's state,
 but their way
 rths of this dream
 e shady brows
 ering passenger;
 ht suffer peril,
 om sovran Jove

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

Comus.

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

And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.—
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees
 Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains! I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magick dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,

IUS.

out his country gear,
rly step aside,
r business here.

r enters.

mine ear be true,
ought it was the soul
erriment,

r gamesome pipe,
nletter'd hinds;
rks, and granges fill
e the bounteous Pan,

I should be loth
swill'd insolence,

O! where else
inted feet

angled wood?

r me wearied out
g here to lodge

of these pines,
xt thicket side,

cooling fruit
s provide.

gray-hooded Even,

s weed,

els of Phœbus' want
they came not back,

hts; 'tis likeliest

They had engag'd their wandering 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 Heaven, 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 listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-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 glistering guardian, if need were,

COMUS.

COMUS.

223

Enter Comus.

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 Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-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 Sylvan; by blest song

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 labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd dedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,

And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path of Heaven,

To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to the place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtask the best land pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

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

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
 Thee folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'T would 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
 Whence the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 From what cold bank is her bolster now,
 Perchance against the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Or 'gainst her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 Lean, if in wild amazement and affright?
 What 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,



And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Let some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister.

I do not, Brother,

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



Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the
 woods.

W What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 T hat wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 W herewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 B ut rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 A nd noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 V ith sudden adoration and blank awe?
 S o dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
 T hat when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
 D riving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 A nd, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 T ell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 T ill oft converse with heavenly habitant
 T he unpolluted temple of the mind,
 B egin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 T he unpolluted temple of the mind,
 A nd turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 T ill all be made immortal: But when Lust,
 A nd chaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 B y most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 B ut in defilement to the inward parts,
 L ets the soul grows clotted by contagion,
 T he soul grows clotted by contagion,
 I mbodyes, and imbrutes, till she quite lose



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[Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a Shepherd.]

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

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

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

Elder Brother. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains
have oft 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 forsook?
HOW could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
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,

TO doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
BUT this my errand, and the care it brought,

HOW O my virgin Lady, where is she?
Elder Brother. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd,
chance she is not in your company?

without blame,
OF our neglect; we lost her as we came.

Spirit Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had tak'n 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 frighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Know her nature, and be never more,
 Than to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death: but O! ere long,
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,



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-consum'd ; If this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come,
 let's on,
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up !
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 That wixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Or curs'd as his life.
 Spirit. Alas ! good venturous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;
 For other arms and other weapons must
 Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.
 Elder Brother. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,

But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: If you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass
 And shed the luscious liquour on the ground,
 But seise 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 fol-
 low thee:
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

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

Comus.

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



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 told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monster's? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul de-
ceiver!

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their
ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoick fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

24

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With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-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 unlock'd my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
 Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,

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

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

Spirit.

the false enchanter
 ld have snatch'd his wand
 without his rod revers'd
 s of dissevering power,
 ady that sits here
 and motionless:
 rb'd; now I bethink me
 have which may be us'd
 œus old I learnt,
 d that e'er pip'd on plains
 Nymph not far from hence
 sways the smooth Severn
 a virgin pure;
 daughter of Loocrine,
 from his father Brute
 , flying the mad pursuit
 lame Guendolen,
 : innocence to the flood,
 with his cross-flowing course
 , that in the bottom play'd
 d wrists, and took her in,
 to aged Nereus' hall;
 woes, rear'd her lank head
 daughters to imbathe
 rew'd with asphodel;
 ch 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 herbs along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquours heals;
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right 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 power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

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

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;

Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,

That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request,
I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.

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

us,
anus;
Neptune's mace,
ajestick pace,
inkled look,
visard's hook,
ding shell,
Glaucus' spell,
hands,
es the strands,
ver'd feet,
ns sweet,
dear tomb,
n comb,
diamond rocks,
ing locks;
it nightly dance
wily glance,
hy rosy head,
bed,
long wave,
answer'd have.
Listen, and save!
d by Water-Nymphs,
ings.
ik,
, and the osier dank,

morning hour,
 's bower.
 and the LADY rises out of
 seat.
 ghter of Loerine
 s' line,
 es for this
 r miss
 y rills,
 snowy hills:
 ged air,
 s fair,
 ent flood
 with mud;
 here
 en ore;
 crown'd
 terrace round,
 banks upon
 and cinnamon!
 eaven lends us grace,
 ce,
 ce
 vice.
 ound,
 ound,
 ide

Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence ; and beside
 All the swains, that there abide,
 With jigs and rural dance resort ;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere ;
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and
 the President's Castle ; then come in Country
 Dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,
 with the Two BROTHERS, and the LADY.*

SONG.

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

ryades,
the leas.

resents them to their
nd Mother.

Lady bright,
ew delight;

dly grown
of your own;

tried their youth,
tience, and their truth,

through hard assays
athless praise,

ctorious dance
and Intemperance.

] ended, the SPIRIT

cean now I fly,

limes that lie

huts his eye,

lds of the sky:

quid air

lens fair

his daughters three

e golden tree:

hades and bowers

and jocund Spring;

The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And West-Winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purpled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true,
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled-sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,

COMUS.

On,
earth's end,
like kin slow doth bend;
I soar as soon
as moon.
I'd follow me.
one is free:
I w to clime
ery chime;
I vere,
stoop to her.

SONNETS

Wretched at
Thou
While the
The
First heard
Parted
Have
How
I
As
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why?
Whether the Muse, or Love, will thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their gains am I
SON. IV.

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 power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

III.

When the assault was intended to the CITY.

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

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

VII.

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.

VIII.

TO

M R. H. L A W E S,

ON THE


Publishing his Airs.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
 First taught our English musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth 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 tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

IX.

*On the religious memory of Mrs. CATHERINE
THOMSON, my christian friend, deceased
16 Decemb. 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,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'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.

X.

TO THE

LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe
rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings ;
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed ?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And publick faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of publick fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XI.

TO THE

LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

—

CROMWELL our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots im-
brued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much re-
mains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War: New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XII.

TO

SIR HENRY VANE, the Younger.

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

XIII.

On the late massacre in PIEMONTE.

—◆—

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIV.

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 useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
“ Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
“ Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
“ And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait . ”

XV.

TO

MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day? what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The li ly 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.

XVI.

TO

CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench ;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws ;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years day these eyes, though
clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XVIII.

ON HIS

DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd 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 Heaven 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.

ODES.

T 2



O D E S.



ON

THE MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.



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



II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

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

VI.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand 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 hence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

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

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night ar-
 ray'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 Heaven's new-born
Heir.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,

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

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetick cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight
 plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,

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

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned
crew.

XXVI.

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.

XXVII

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;

Time is, our tedious song shall here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWHILE of musick, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing ;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintery solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seise ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human
wight!

III.

He, sovran priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies :
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !
Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens'
side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound :
His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, other where are found ;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief ;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

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

VI.

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

VII.

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


VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring


Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*The 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.*

UPON THE
CIRCUMCISION.



YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with musick, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now mourn: and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seise!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!



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

ON THE
DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,

DYING OF A COUGH.



I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasting
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

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

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

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied 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.

IV.

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

V.

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

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

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear ;)
Tell me bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were ;)

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

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some Goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

VIII.

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

Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some
good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
'To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures heaven doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

X.

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
Her false-imagin'd loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
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.

O N T I M E.

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 entomb'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, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall clime ;
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.


AT A

SOLEMN MUSICK.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din

Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light !

AN
EPITAPH
ON THE
MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.



THIS rich marble doth inter
The 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 flower
New shot up from vernal shower ;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew, she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

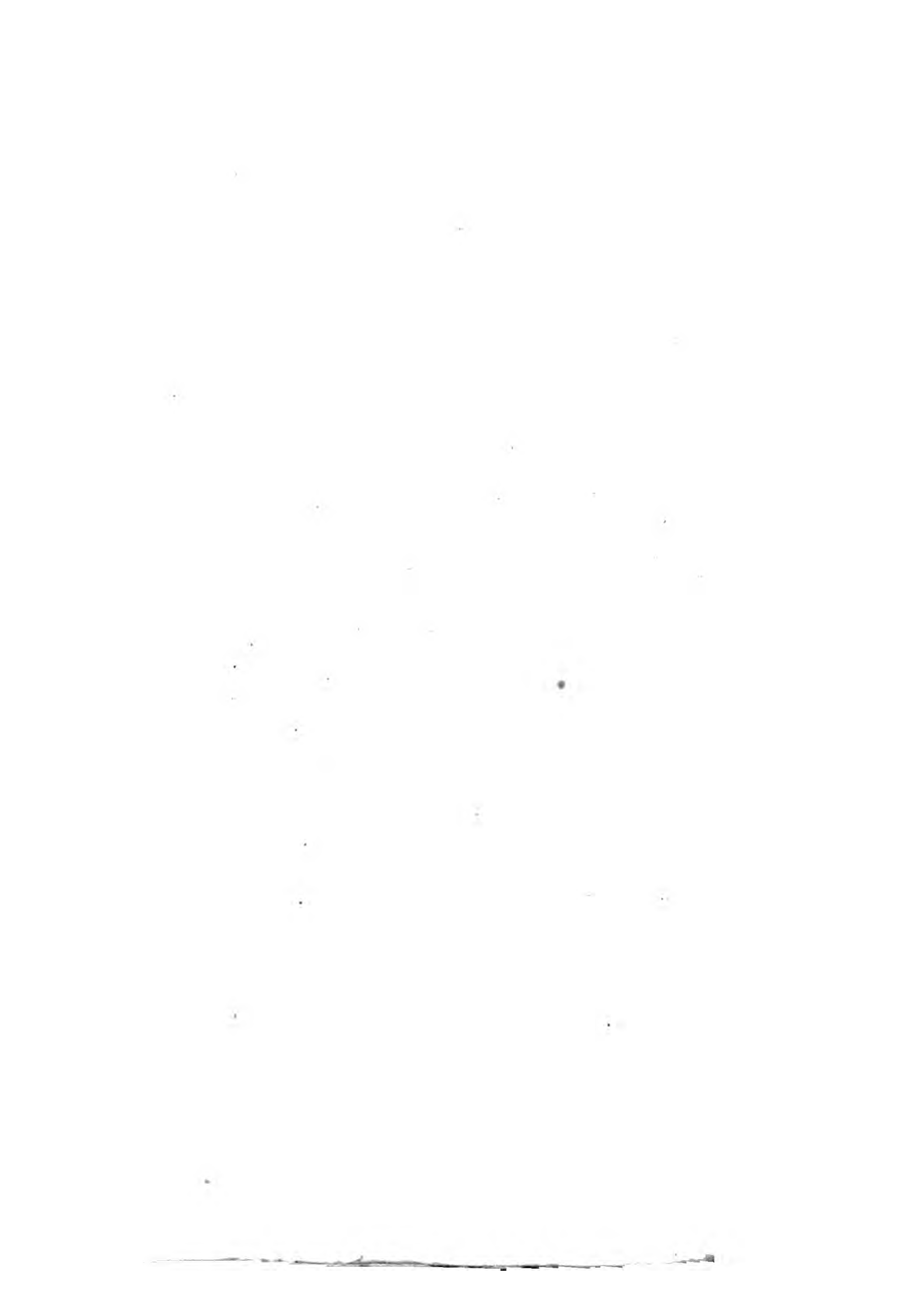
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world encrease,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitst in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
'To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light :
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG

ON

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES.



ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.



HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :

Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :
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 slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight ;
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And, weary of their place, do only stay,
Till thou hast 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 Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

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

*Then Ens is represented as father of the Pre-
dicaments his two sons, whereof the eldest
stood for Substance with his canons, which
Ens, thus speaking, explains.*



GOOD luck befriend thee, Son ; for, at thy birth,
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth ;
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst
still

From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass ;
“ Your son,” said she, (“ nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling ;

And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under ;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them ;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar ;
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?”

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

—

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

[*The rest was prose.*]

AN

E P I T A P H

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATICK POET,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, 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-ypointed pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE
UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being
forbid to go to London, by reason
of the plague.*

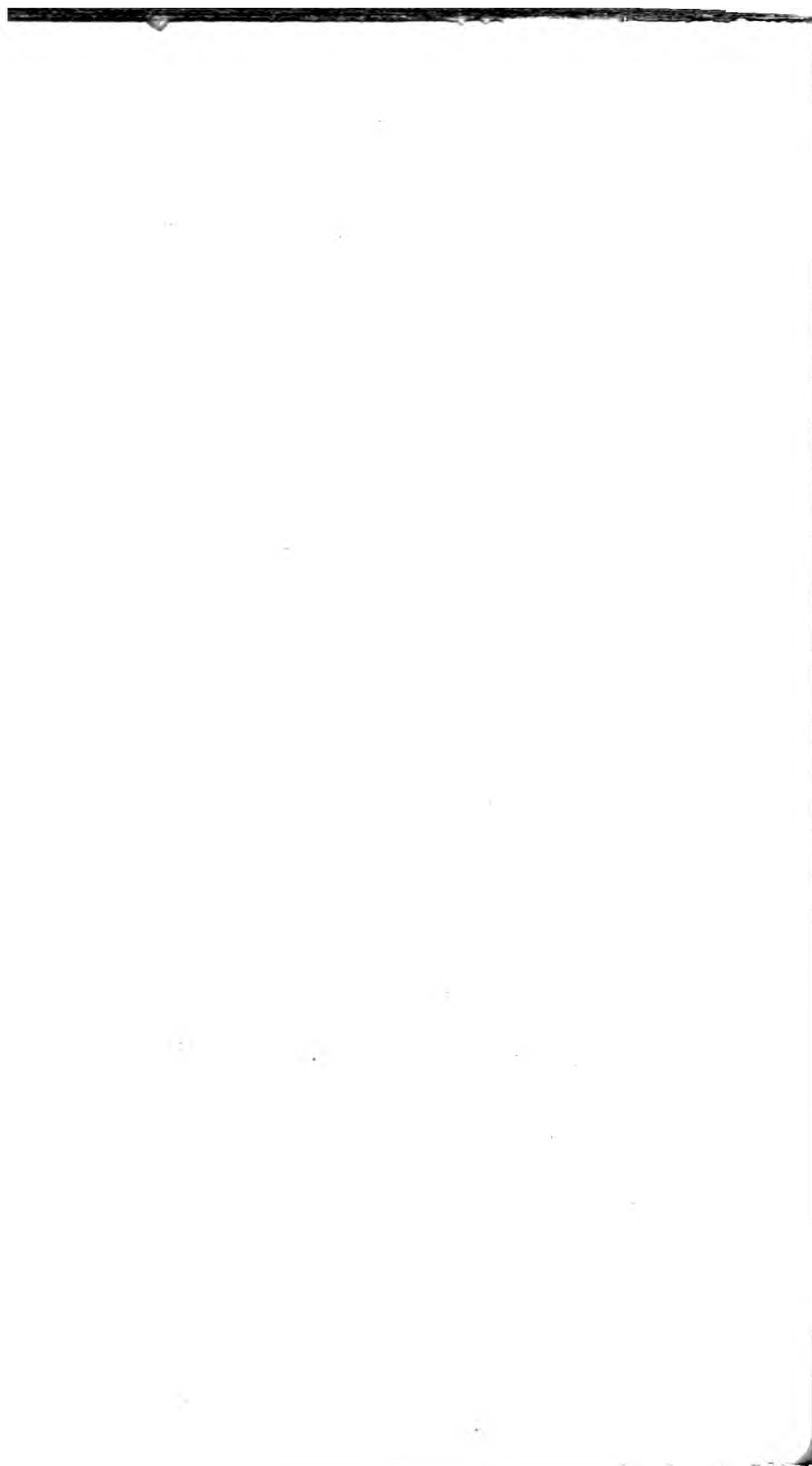
—◆—

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
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 chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that
night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
"Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed."

Another, on the same.

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

Ease was his chief disease ; and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light :
His leisure told him that his time was come
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath, (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cried, More weight ;
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *encrease* :
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.



TRANSLATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

TRANSLATIONS.

What wonder could be made, if with equal weight
Ghosts rise on earth in some pleasant year,

Pyrrha: For whom it'd be made
To wreath the golden lock,

Pain in thy ruin? (I, love of, shall be

On faith and changed Gods' complexion, and yet

Enough with that wish, and then
Unwound shall admire!

Who now enjoys thy wisdom, all who

Who always recant, always outside

Hopes thee, of nation's gate,

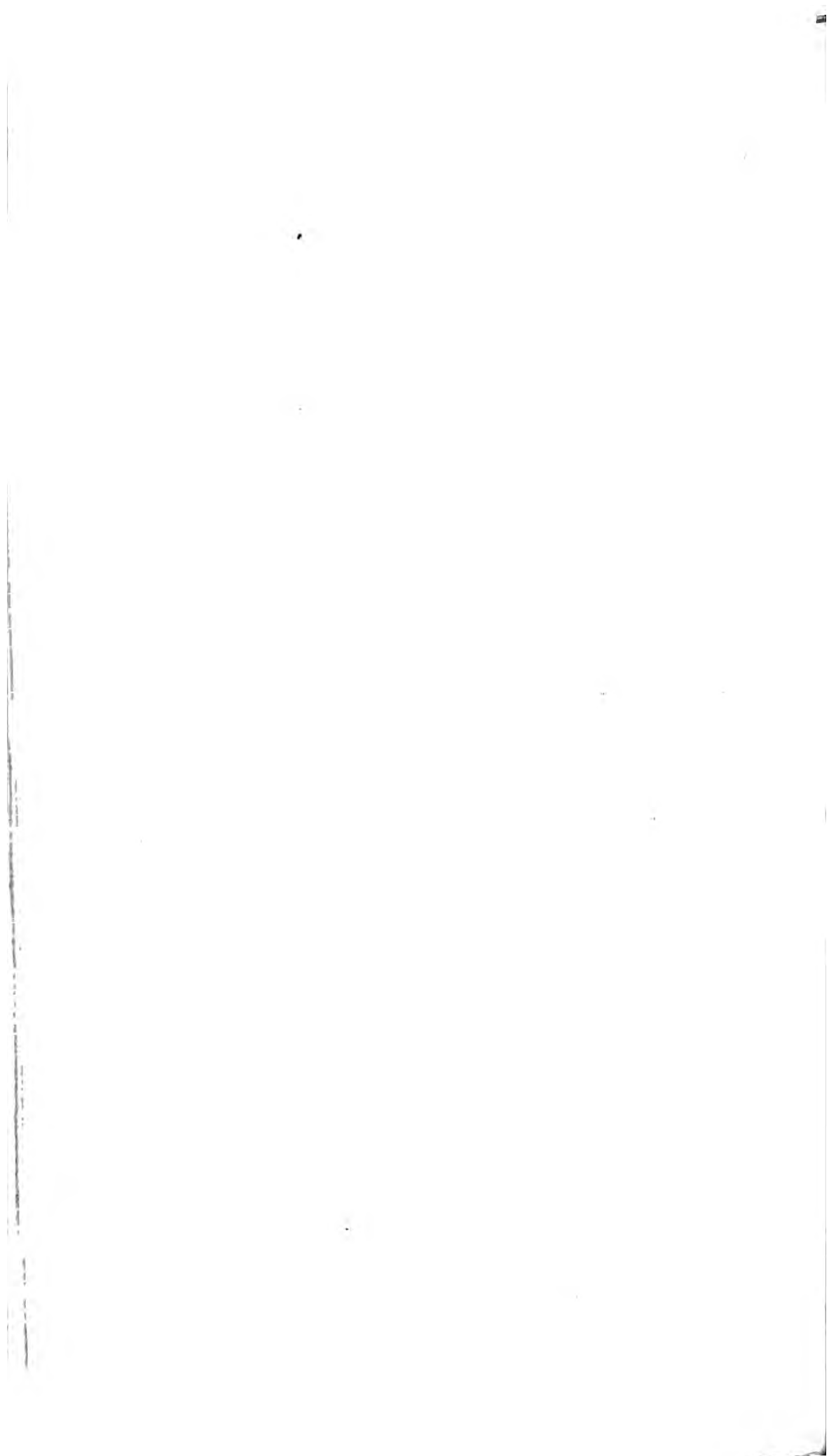
Unbudding, Hesper, they, ...

To whom that sacred seal at first, ...

Victory, the sacred will declare to have long

My dear, and dropping words, ...

To the stern God of sea.



TRANSLATIONS.



THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE,

LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of sea.

FROM

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

*BRUTUS thus addresses DIANA in the country of
LEOGEZIA.*

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the
deep ;

On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers
in a vision the same night.*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;
Now void, it fits thy people : Thither bend
Thy course : there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope receiv'd of thee.

FROM DANTE.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore? where hast thou plac'd thy hope
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

Then pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free ;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise :
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace ;
What can be a juster in a state than this ?

FROM HORACE.

— Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders ? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

FROM HORACE.

— Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM SENECA.

— There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king.

PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE, 1653.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgement, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done Aug. 8, 1653. *Terzetti.*



WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth unstand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: He, who in heaven doth
 dwell,
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then
 severe,
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare: The Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,

Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
low

With iron scepter 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 sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

Aug. 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD, how many are my foes !
 How many those,
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they,
 That of my life distrustfully thus say ;
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee, through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count ;
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept ; I wak'd again ;
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ; for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

Aug. 10, 1653,

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

Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn ?
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity ?
To love, to seek, to prize,
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart ;
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd and do not sin ;
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say,
Who yet will show us good ?
Talking like this world's brood ;
But, Lord, thus let me pray ;
On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast encrease their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep ;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie ;
As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

Aug. 12, 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh ;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear ;
I' the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight ;
Evil with thee no biding makes ;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st ; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye ;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will, in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low,
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress ;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.

For, in his faltering mouth unstable,
No word is firm or sooth ;
Their inside, troubles miserable ;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels 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 even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long ? Turn, Lord : re-
store
My soul ; O save me for thy mercies sake :
For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days :
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my
prayer ;
My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd
 With much confusion; then, grown red with
 shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L M VII.

Aug. 14, 1653.

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite
against him.*

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

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

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

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire ;
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PSALM VIII.

Aug. 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth !
So as above the heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth,

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

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast
set

In the pure firmament ; then saith my heart,
O, what is man that thou remembrest yet,

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

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

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth,
O Jehovah our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth !

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.



1. THOU Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep*
Give ear *in time of need?*
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-spread;
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
2. In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might.
3. Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

4. Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer !

5. Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears ;
Their bread with tears they eat ;
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6. A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe ;
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.

7. Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8. A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.

- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
10. With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *over-spread;*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall.
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11. Here branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12. Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence ?
13. The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots ;
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
14. Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine ;
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine.

15. Visit this vine which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.


16. But now it is 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* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string.*
 3. Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound,*
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
 4. This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe ;*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
 5. This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*

When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;
The tongue I heard was strange.

6. From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free :
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.

7. When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call ;
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round ;
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.

8. Hear, O my People, *hearken well* ;
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me :

9. Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee,

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 wandering 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 fair*
To bow to him and bend ;

But *they, his people, should remain,*
Their time should have no end.

16. And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1. God in the great assembly stands
 Of kings and lordly states ;
Among the Gods, on both his hands,
 He judges and debates.

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

3. Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Despatch the poor man's cause;
And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws.

4. Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

5. They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on ;


The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And out of order gone.

6. I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High ;

7. But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.

8. Rise, God ; judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 
1. Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace ;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
 2. For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously ;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
 3. Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep ;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
 4. Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be ;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
 5. For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,

- Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6. The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's brood
That in the desert dwell,
7. Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8. With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9. Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast ;
To Sisera ; and, as *is told,*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When, at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repuls'd and slain,
10. At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.

11. As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed ;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled*,
So let their princes *bleed*.
12. *For they amidst their pride have said,*
By right now shall we seise
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
13. My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find ;
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.
14. As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze ;
15. So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase ;
16. And, till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
17. Asham'd, and troubled, let them be,
Troubled, and sham'd for ever ;

Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and 'scape it never.*

18. Then shall they know, that Thou, whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Most High, *and Thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !

2. My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3. There even now the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of *rest* ;
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
Even by the altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode ;
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

4. Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise !

5. Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways !

6. They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground ;
As through a fruitful watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

7. They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.

8. Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear ;

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

10. For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best*.
I, in the temple of my God,
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin *for evermore*.

11. For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright* ;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

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

PSALM LXXXV.

1. THY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack ;
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2. The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe ;
And as 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
Towards us, *and chide no more.*
5. Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus ?

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us ?

6. Wilt thou not turn and *hear our voice*,
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee 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 miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11. Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,
Shall bud and blossom *then* ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down *on mortal men.*
12. The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good ;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13. Before him Righteousness shall go;
His royal Harbinger :
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. **THY** *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray* ;
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*.
2. Preserve my soul ; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just ;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3. Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call ; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul ; for Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.
5. For thou art good, thou, Lord, are prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6. Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7. I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on the 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 toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.

14. O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15. But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art 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 strenght,
And save thy handmaid's son.

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

PSALM LXXXVII.

-
1. AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast ;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is 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.

PSALM LXXXVIII.



1. LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry ;
And all night long before thee *weep*,
Before thee *prostrate lie*.
2. Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend ;
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.
3. For, cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie ;
My life, at *Death's uncheerful door*,
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4. Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit ;
I am a man, but weak alas !
And for that name unfit.
5. From life discharg'd and parted quite,
Among the dead to *sleep* ;
And like the slain in *bloody fight*,
That in the grave lie *deep*.

- Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6. Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7. Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me ;
 Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
 And all thy waves break me.
8. Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
9. Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 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 wonderous acts be known ?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion ?
13. But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent ;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth 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 terrours undergo,
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;
Thy threatenings cut me through :
17. All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
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 skip, like rams
 Amongst the ewes ; the little hills, like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean ? And why skipt the mountains ?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?
 Shake, Earth ; and at the presence be aghast
 Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last ;
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush !

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God.
For his &c.
O, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heaven, and Earth to shake.
For his &c.
Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens so full of state.
For his &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the 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-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run.

For his &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land,

For his &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israël.

For his &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his &c.

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

For his &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

For his &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrëan 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 Israël,
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery.

For his &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his &c.

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

For his &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.



NUMBER I.



CONSIDERING it as a duty incumbent on me to preserve a brief history of Cowper's compositions relating to Milton, I annex the following, which appeared as a Preface to the first edition of his *Miltonic Translations*, as an Appendix to this volume. To render my account of those compositions the more satisfactory, I embraced every opportunity of giving it in the words of my departed friend.

In the autumn of 1791, he was invited by his bookseller, Mr. Johnson, to engage in the project of preparing a magnificent edition of Milton. The proposal had much to please, and little to alarm his

fancy ; for he esteemed both the intelligence, and the integrity of the person, who was to conduct the business ; and he was animated with a fervent desire to promote the glory of his favorite poet. Yet such was the genuine modesty, with which Cowper used to contemplate his own extraordinary mental powers, that his native diffidence induced him at first to decline the invitation. A letter that he wrote to Mr. Johnson, after thinking more deliberately on the subject, contains the following expressions.

“ Weston, Sept. 6, 1791.

“ I have at length brought myself to something like a hope, that I may perhaps prove equal to this business, and in consequence have resolved to attempt it : but must depend on you for my implements. Newton’s edition I have, but have nothing more.”

Writing to his friend, Mr. Rose, in the same month, he thus completely explains the extent of his new undertaking.

“ The Lodge, Sept. 14, 1791.

“ You, who know how necessary it is for me to be employed, will be glad to hear, that I have been called to a new literary engagement, and that I have not refused it. A Milton, that is

to rival, and if possible to exceed in splendor Boydell's Shakespeare, is in contemplation; and I am in the editor's office. Fuseli is the painter. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write original notes; to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text. I shall have years allowed me to do it in."

Although the translator seems, in this letter, to have taken some pleasure in reflecting, that a great length of time was to be allowed for his performance, he had a mind naturally fervent, that loved to grapple itself, without delay, to a laudable enterprise, and not to recede from its work, while any part of it remained unfinished. With this spirit he immediately began his translations; and in November 1791, he thus informed his friend Mr. Hill how he advanced in the work.

"I have made a considerable progress in the translation of Milton's Latin poems. I give them, as opportunity offers, all the variety of measure, that I can. Some I render in heroic rhyme, some in stanzas, some in seven, and some in eight syllable measure, and some in blank verse. They will altogether, I hope, make an agreeable miscellany for the English reader. They are cer-

tainly good in themselves, and cannot fail to please but by the fault of the translator."

Cowper proceeded so chearfully in his work, that although he did not begin the series of his translations till towards the middle of September, 1791, he had nearly completed the whole before the end of that year.

On the 10th of December, he gave the following account of himself, and his advancing performance, to his friend Mr. Hurdis.

"I am much obliged to you for wishing that I were employed in some original work, rather than in translation. To tell the truth, I am of your mind; and unless I could find another Homer, I shall promise (I believe) and vow, when I have done with Milton, never to translate again. But my veneration for our great countryman is equal to what I feel for the Grecian; and consequently I am happy, and feel myself honorably employed whatever I can do for Milton. I am now translating his Epitaphium Damonis; a pastoral, in my judgement, equal to any of Virgil's bucolics, but of which Dr. Johnson (so it pleased him) speaks as I remember contemptuously. But he, who never saw any beauty in a rural scene,

was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral.
—In pace quiescat!”

It appears probable from a subsequent letter to the same friend, that the whole series of Cowper's translations from Milton was completed in February 1792, for in that month, he said to Mr. Hurdis :

“ Milton at present engrosses me altogether. His Latin pieces I have translated, and have begun with the Italian : These are few and will not detain me long. I shall then proceed immediately to deliberate upon, and to settle, the plan of my commentary, which I have hitherto had but little time to consider.”

Letters written before my first acquaintance with Cowper, have supplied the preceding account of the origin, and progress, of this posthumous publication; what I have yet to add concerning it will chiefly consist of a few particulars, that I learned in the course of my own intimacy with Cowper.

That intimacy commenced in consequence of my writing to him in February, 1792, on hearing, that we had been represented as rival biographers.

His reply to my first letter was liberal, and friendly, in so high a degree, that I shall indulge

an honest pride in transcribing the following passage :—

“ I rejoice that you are employed to do justice to the character of a man, perhaps the chief of all, who have ever done honour to our country, and whose very name I reverence. Here we shall not clash, or interfere with each other, for a Life of Milton is no part of my bargain. In short we will cope with each other in nothing, but that affection, which you avow for me, unworthy of it as I am, and which your character and writings, and especially your kind letter have begotten in my heart for you.

“ Every remark of yours on Milton will be highly valued by me.”

The kindness of Cowper made me anxious to afford him all the encouragement, and assistance, in his new undertaking, that sympathy and friendship could supply. As Milton was to each of us an object of constant admiration, and at this time of immediate study, for different purposes, we mutually took a pleasure in animating each other to the prosecution of our respective works. In the summer of 1792, when Cowper was my guest in Sussex, our attention was doubly devoted to Milton, for after fulfilling my promise of imparting to my

friend that life of our favourite poet, in which I had then made some progress; I had the great pleasure of revising with him all his translations from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton. We compared the versions continually with the originals, and the excellent translator in the course of this revision made many considerable improvements in various parts of his work. Let me here remark, to the honour of Cowper, that with all his poetic powers, he was ever willing to receive, and to avail himself of friendly criticism, with a spirit equally modest and grateful. Our sentiments concerning the many compositions, which we examined together, were so happily in unison, that we had no difference of opinion upon any one poem of the diversified collection; and we most cordially agreed in thinking, that the verses addressed by Milton to his father are the most exquisite, and delightful, in the whole series of his Latin poetry. They have a peculiar tenderness and dignity of sentiment, united to the most delicate and powerful expression.

Of this charming poem, Dr. Symmons has added a translation in rhyme to his animated life of Milton. His translation has considerable merit; but my opinion of the respectable author's taste and candour is such, that I persuade myself he will agree with me in thinking the blank verse of Cowper, in expressing the same ideas, has more hap-

pily caught the sweetness and spirit of the original.

Another favorite of Cowper's, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, has been translated in part, and elegantly translated, by Langhorne; but, I trust, I am not influenced by any undue partiality in preferring the version of my friend.

He finished his revisal, and correction, of all the translated poems, while he was with me in Sussex: but at a period much later, and when his spirits had suffered the most deplorable depression, his compassionate kinsman, with whom he resided at Dereham, contrived to amuse his mind by reading to him these translations, and by inducing him to retouch a few passages. It is worthy of remark, that, dejected as he was, he made a considerable improvement in his conclusion of the *Ode to Rouse*, by new-modelling the four last lines. His kind relation added a memorandum with a pencil at the bottom of the page, by which it appears, that the improvement, I speak of, was made by Cowper on the 22d of August, 1798, a time, when the calamitous state of his health gave a peculiar interest to every exertion of his mind.

But to return to the happier season, when he spoke cheerfully at Eartham of what he had already done, and what he intended to do, as an editor of *Milton*! Although the translations were completed,

the more burthensome part of his undertaking, a projected commentary, was hardly begun—but to this he looked forward with chearful hopes, and he thus expressed his own feelings on the subject in writing to Mr. Johnson.

“ *Eartham, Aug. 21, 1792.*

“ *————— Since our arrival here Mrs. Unwin has seemed daily to recover strength, so that I have hopes of carrying her back to Weston, about the middle of September, in such a state of health as will consist with a little more diligence and constancy on my part in the work, you have given me to do.*

“ *I thank you for setting my heart at rest from the disquietude, I felt, when I wrote last, on the score of time, lest I should not be ready at the moment. I long nevertheless to be making a progress; and shall not allow myself to loiter merely because I am not pressed. In truth I have no wish at present more sincere, or ardent, than to finish my Miltonic labours, that I may find myself at full leisure for poetry, having learned by experience, that to divide my attention between two objects, is to give neither of them a sufficient share of it!”*

When Cowper first thought of forming a com-

mentary on Milton, he felt the want of a proper collection of books for that purpose: but he had several friends, who took a pleasure in the hope of supplying him with every thing he could require: One sent him that rarity of Italian literature, the *Adamo of Andreini*. Another a copy of Bentley's Milton, containing many very severe censures, in manuscript, against the presumptuous editor, written probably when the book was published in 1732. These smothered embers of ancient animosity (to borrow a metaphor which Cowper used on another occasion) he was far from wishing to rekindle; for although he did not scruple to join a host of eminent writers in blaming the arrogance of Bentley, (in one of his letters he alludes, with much pleasantry, to the Doctor's contentious spirit) yet he considered the bitter squabbles of literary men as a disgrace to literature; and thought it most worthy of a scholar and a Christian, rather to suppress the hasty occasional virulence even of angry wit, than to give it new circulation.

The task of pointing out the numerous absurdities of Bentley, in his endeavour to improve the poetry of Milton, would not properly have belonged to Cowper, had he continued his commentary, because that painful task had been sufficiently, and temperately, performed by Doctor Pearce in his judicious "*Review of the Text of Paradise Lost.*"

When Bentley's unfortunate Milton first appeared, "it was received (says Mr. Todd) *with disgust and derision!*" It has given rise to various angry invectives against the veteran of criticism, who was at that time so far advanced in the vale of years, that he ought perhaps to have been universally treated with pity, rather than anger; for his Milton was a work of the great scholar's declining days, and seems to prove, that he was then sinking into that most pitiable dotage, to which the acutest of human minds are liable; especially those active minds, whose ardour may have hurried them into excesses of mental labour! But Bentley had rendered himself an object of much satirical indignation: he had indulged his spleen in the unbecoming, and perilous, habit of speaking very contemptuously of other eminent writers. He had superciliously offended an irritable race, whom however he regarded so highly, that he shewed something like a desire to be reckoned one of their tribe, for, in the preface to his Milton, he applied to himself the following words of a great poet.

"Sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis."

Whatever might be the Doctor's credulity, or incredulity on this topic, he had the temerity to insult Pope in conversation, by calling his Homer a

pretty poem; and the insult was so powerfully avenged, that its punishment can never be forgotten.

The irritability of authors appears to have been in all ages, a subject of regret to their friends, but the author, whose posthumous work I am now introducing to the public, either happily escaped, or had the virtue to correct in himself that infectious failing which a Roman poet who had studied mankind has mentioned as a characteristic of his fraternity.

The pure mind of Cowper was a stranger, in its own feelings, to the common animosities of the world; and he was, on all occasions, evangelically disposed to promote peace, and good-will among men. How much he was influenced by an amiable desire to avoid what might awaken, or increase, enmity, and bitterness of spirit, he has shewn in the course of these translations from Milton, by omitting to translate compositions of extreme severity against the Catholics, and by thus declaring his reason for the omission.

“ The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated ; both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton’s day, would be extremely unseasonable now !”

In writing to Mr. Johnson, on this subject, he explained his sentiments still further.

Weston, Oct. 30, 1791.

“We and the Papists are at present on amicable terms. They have behaved themselves peaceably many years, and have lately received favours from government: I should think therefore, that the dying embers of antient animosity had better not be troubled.”

The translator likewise omitted a few of the minuter poems, which he thought not worthy of ranking with the rest; a privilege, that the editor has also exerted!

When Cowper was preparing to comment on the *Paradise Lost*, his bookseller furnished him with an interleaved copy of Newton's edition: in this he inserted a series of occasional remarks, proceeding regularly as far as the 341st line of the 3d book. When he was with me in Sussex, I suggested to him a little alteration in his plan, supposing that his projected work might be more pleasing, both to himself, and his readers, if he converted a multitude of notes into a few dissertations, devoting one to each book of the poem. He approved the suggestion, and resolved to pursue it on his return to Weston.

But the distress of heart, which he felt in contemplating the shattered state of his venerable companion, Mrs. Unwin, and his own declining health precluded him most severely from advancing in this, and other literary intentions. To every reader, who has proper compassion, and respect, for the calamities of afflicted genius, the following account, which Cowper gave me of his fruitless endeavour to proceed in his work, must be interesting, in no common degree.

“ *Weston, Oct. 2, 1792.*

“ *Yesterday was a day of assignation with myself, the day, of which I said, some days before it came, when that day comes, I will begin my dissertations. Accordingly when it came, I prepared to do so, filled a letter-case with fresh paper, furnished myself with a pretty good pen, and replenished my ink-bottle; but, partly from one cause, and partly from another, chiefly however from distress and dejection, after writing and obliterating about six lines, in the composition of which I spent near an hour, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. An attempt so unsuccessful could have no other effect than to dishearten me, and it has had that effect to such a degree, that I know not, when I shall find courage to make another.*”

In a subsequent letter of the same month he says :—

“ The consciousness, that there is much to do, and nothing done, is a burthen, I am not able to bear. Milton especially is my grievance ; and I might almost as well be haunted by his ghost, as goaded with continual reproaches for neglecting him. I will therefore begin : I will do my best ; and if, after all, that best prove good for nothing, I will even send the notes, worthless as they are, that I have made already.”

Anxious, as Cowper was, to complete his design, the variety of avocations and afflictions, that increased upon him in his latter years rendered such a completion impossible. Yet I have reason to believe, that he actually finished two of the intended dissertations : but they have unfortunately perished in the confusion of his papers, and I can only afford his reader the mournful gratification of perusing the imperfect notes, that I have mentioned.

These I believe every reader of taste will contemplate with a melancholy delight, for they are sufficient to shew, that the minds of Milton and Cowper were most truly congenial, and to excite a sincere regret, that a commentator so worthy of our divine bard was calamitously precluded from attend-

ing him according to his intention. Let us however enjoy, what he has happily accomplished ! For my own part I am persuaded, that Milton could hardly receive an earthly honour more acceptable to his spirit, than the honour of having his Latin poems translated by Cowper. I feel a cordial satisfaction in beholding two poets so exquisite in genius, and so pure of heart, thus united in their posthumous renown. And hope these volumes may be found not unworthy of the two associated bards, who not only resembled each other in the purity and prevalence of their poetical talents, but in suffering as authors, though in very different degrees, both detraction and neglect :—The reputation of Milton in particular, after sinking like a Titan overwhelmed under mountains of obloquy and oppression, has arisen with all the energy of a giant refreshed by slumber, and taken its proper place of pre-eminence among the few names of universal celebrity, that are privileged to sleep no more.

APPENDIX.

NUMBER II.

A Latin Epitaph ascribed to Milton, with Cowper's opinion of it.

In March, 1793, when Cowper was preparing to publish his *Milton*, I sent him the Epitaph on Cardinal Mazarine, with the following account of the manner, in which it had then happened to engage my attention.

“ A very intelligent, and friendly collector of scarce books, sent me, the other day, from his own library, a little old miscellany, published by Gildon in 1692, containing the Epitaph on Mazarine, ascribed to Milton, exactly as I enclose it to you. I perfectly remember reading the Epitaph, when I was young, and admiring it so much, that many detached lines of it remained in my memory. In hunting for it among my own books, I find it in a

miscellany of several volumes, entitled *State Poems*, printed in 1703. The Epitaph is not ascribed to any author in my book ; but Milton is named, in the preface, as a contributor to the collection, and I find in the volume no other work that can be imputed to him."

*Julii Mazirini Cardinalis Epitaphium, authore
John Milton.*

Hic jacet Julius Mazirinus,
Galliæ Rex Italus
Ecclesiæ Præsul Laicus,
Europæ prædo purpuratus,
Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit ;
Ærarium administravit, et exhausit ;
Civile bellum compressit, sed commovit ;
Regni jura tuitus est, et invasit ;
Beneficia possedit, et vendidit ;
Pacem dedit aliquando, sed distulit, ²
Hostes cladibus, cives oneribus afflixit ;
Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,
Omnibus nocuit.
Negotiator in templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
Prædo in Ministerio,
Vulpes in Consilio,
Grassator in Bello,
Solutus nobis in pace hostis.
Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit aut vicit ;

Et nostro seculo vidimus
Adorari fugitivum,
Imperare civibus exulem,
Regnare proscriptum.
Quid deinde egerit, rogas? Paucis accipe.
Lusit, fefellit, rapuit:
Ferreum nobis seculum induxit, sibi ex auro nostro ³
Aureum fecit. ⁴
Quorundam capiti, nullius fortunis pepercit, ⁵
Homo crudeliter clemens;
Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
Plures ei mortes cælo irrogante, ⁶
Cui Senatus olim unam decreverat: ⁷
Vincenni se arcibus inclusit moriturus; ⁸
Id quidem apte ⁹
Quæ sivit carcerem;
Diu lædentem animam retinuit, ægre reddidit, ¹⁰
Sic retinere omnia didicerat,
Nil suâ sponte reddere.
Constanter tamen visurus est mori, quid mirum? ¹¹
Ut vixit sic obiit dissimulans,
Ne morbum quidem noverere qui curabant;
Hac unâ fraude nobis profuit;
Fefellit Medicos;
Mortuus est tamen, ni fallimur; moriens
Regem regno, Regnum Regi restituit;
Reliquit
Præsulibus pessima exempla,

Aulicis infida consilia,
 Adoptivo amplissima spolia, ¹²
 Paupertatem Populis;
 Successoribus suis omnes prædandi artes,
 Sed prædam nullam.
 Immensas tamen opes licet profuderit,
 Id unum habuit ex suo quod daret,
 Nomen suum.
 Pectus ejus post mortem apertum est;
 Tunc primum patuit vâstrum cor
 Mazirini,
 Quod nec precibus, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis move-
 retur,
 Diu quæsivimus, invenere medici
 Cor Lapideum.
 Quod mortuus ad huc omnia moveat, et administret
 ne mireris,
 Stipendia in hunc annum recepit,
 Nec fraudat post mortem bona fidei: ¹³
 Quo tandem evaserit forsitan, rogas;
 Cœlum (si rapitur) tenet, si datur meritis, longe abest.
 Sed abi, Viator et cave;
 Nam hic tumulus
 Est Specus Latronis.

—

Readings in another Copy.

¹ Galliæ Rex Italicus.

² Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit.

- ³ Ferreum nobis induxit, sæculum sibi
⁴ Ex auro nostro aureum fecit.
⁵ Quorundam Capitibus, nullius fortunis pepercit.
⁶ Plures ei a Cælo mortes erogatæ,
⁷ Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat.
⁸ Vicentinis se arcibus inclusit moriturus.
⁹ Et quidem apte.
¹⁰ Diu cedentem animam retinuit, ægre reddidit,
¹¹ Constanter tamen visus est mori, quid mirum ?
¹² Adoptiva amplissima spolia.
¹³ Nec fraudat post mortem vir bonus fidei.

—◆—
Extract of a letter from Cowper.

March 19, 1793.

“ Thanks for Mazarine’s Epitaph: It is full of witty Paradox, and is written with a force and severity which sufficiently bespeak the author. I account it an inestimable curiosity, and shall be happy, when time shall serve, with your aid to make a good translation of it—But that will be a stubborn business—Adieu.”

CONTENTS.



VOLUME I.

Introductory Letter to the Rev. Dr. Johnson, the kinsman of Cowper. Dedication, first printed in 1796. The Life of Milton, and Conjectures on the Origin of Paradise Lost, by William Hayley.

VOLUME II.

Paradise Lost, and the Fragment of a Commentary upon it by William Cowper.

VOLUME III.

A Translation of Andreini's *Adamo* by Cowper and his Friend of Sussex. Remarks on different editions of that Italian drama. Analysis of the drama, entitled *La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva da Troilo Lancetta*. Select Passages from a brief Italian Epic Poem, entitled *Adamo*, and printed before Milton visited Italy. An extract from the Italian Dialogues of *Manso*, relating to Adam and Eve. Milton's Plans of Tragedy on Adam. Cowper's Translations from Latin and Italian compositions of Milton, with the Originals, and a few Notes, relating to them.

VOLUME IV.

Paradise Regained. *Samson Agonistes*. *Comus*, and Poems of Milton. Appendix.—Number I. An Account of Cowper's writings, relating to Milton.—Number II. A Latin Epitaph ascribed to Milton with Cowper's opinion of it.

FINIS.



